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The Nation

42697

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, DRAMA, MUSIC, ART, AND FINANCE

VOLUME XC

FROM JANUARY 1, 1910, TO JUNE 30, 1910

NEW YORK
NEW YORK EVENING POST COMPANY
1910

42897

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JANUARY TO JUNE, 1910

(Nos. 2323–2348.)

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ERRATA.

Page 172, col. 3, line 47, for *Meudissant* read *Maudissant*.
Page 439, col. 2, line 23, for *Electress of Palatine* read *Electress Palatine*.
Page 440, col. 2, line 50, for *Harper's Magazine* read the *North American Review*.
Page 440, col. 3, lines 26 and 40, for *Mt. Wilson* read *Mt. Whitney*.
Page 455, col. 3, line 71, for *West Point* read *Norwich Military Academy*.
Page 462, col. 3, line 52, for *Sun* read *Inn*.
Page 488, col. 3, line 8, for *not* read *nor*.
Page 545, col. 3, line 42, for *England* read *Virginia*.
Page 591, col. 2, line 61, for *would accept* read *would at first accept*.
Page 591, col. 2, line 62, for *University of Geneva* read *medical school of Geneva College*.
Page 626, col. 2, line 69, for *Pareda* read *Pereda*.

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

FOUNDED IN 1865.

[Entered at the New York City Post Office as second-class mail matter.]

The *Nation* is published and owned by the New York Evening Post Co. Oswald Garrison Villard, President; William J. Pattison, Treasurer; Paul Elmer More, Editor.

Three dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada $3.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union $4.00.
Address THE NATION, Box 794, New York.
Publication Office, 20 Vesey Street.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 6, 1910.

The Week.

Thousands of friends of William H. Taft the country over have included in their New Year's wishes the hope that 1910 will give more power to his elbow. We are not among those ready now to pass finally upon the success or failure of his Administration; time will tell that story. We feel strongly, too, that sufficient credit has not been given to the President for many genuine achievements—the high character of his appointments to office, as a whole; the purifying and elevating of the census; the return to government by law; his insistence upon economy in national expenditure. These matters will more and more redound to his credit as time passes. Yet chroniclers of public opinion must record the widespread disappointment in Mr. Taft's Administration to date; the belief in many circles that it lacks vigor and administrative force. People would like to see more of the qualities not of Roosevelt so much as Cleveland; a little less good-nature and kindliness, and a great deal more strength in dealing with situations like the Pinchot-Ballinger imbroglio. But, after all, the most disheartening thing is Mr. Knox's Nicaraguan blunder, which has undone in a day the labor of years in South America, and upset all the great work of Mr. Root. Herein is revealed a genuine political shortsightedness, a lack of statesmanlike quality, to make the judicious grieve.

There is an inevitably comic aspect of the visit of the railway presidents at the White House. They were invited to give their aid in framing amendments to the interstate commerce law, but the only assistance they offered was stout opposition to all the amendments proposed. On the other hand, it is reported that President Taft "cheerfully" accepted a few minor verbal alterations urged by the railway men, but was sadly disappointed at their general attitude of hostility to the large changes he has in mind. But was anything else soberly to be expected from the conference? Was it a real conference at all? To some of the rueful presidents it might appear as if Mr. Taft had merely summoned them to ask them graciously in what sauce they preferred to be cooked. That they should then have protested that they did not wish to be cooked at all, ought not to have struck him with surprise. There was, in truth, an air of unreality about the whole proceeding. Men do not actually put their heads together under such circumstances. Besides, all concerned know that the real business is to be transacted elsewhere. Congress will be the true battlefield. Monday's meeting was only a preliminary flourish.

The point made by Dr. Immanuel Pfeiffer, president of the Postal Reform League, in an open letter to President Taft, regarding the price paid by the Post Office Department for the carrying of mail, is one which has been urged again and again in the past twenty years, but which seems to have great difficulty in gaining official attention. The big deficit on the carrying of second-class matter may be partly accounted for by a too liberal policy in the way of low postage rates, but it seems to be much more largely caused by high railway charges. This is a matter that should be promptly and energetically looked into and acted upon. Dr. Pfeiffer points out that the rate paid by the post office to the railways is the same as it was in 1878, while freight charges in general have been cut in two since that time.

The wise decision of the new Director of the Census, Mr. E. Dana Durand, to employ negro enumerators to deal with the negroes in the South will give the greatest satisfaction to the colored people of that section. It is not merely that they wish the offices as a means of getting ahead, but that they feel that there will be more accurate reporting of their progress if the work is in the hands of their own people. The coming census means much to them. In the face of widespread criticism of their usefulness as citizens and laborers, they naturally wish all of their advance as a race recorded in time for the semi-centennial of emancipation. That Mr. Durand's decision will be popular in the South is not probable; since he is, however, to employ white enumerators for the whites, the edge will be taken off any open fault-finding there may be.

The announcement Monday evening of the proposed amalgamation, under the auspices of Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co., of three trust companies, with something like $150,000,000 aggregate resources, illustrates from one point of view a tendency quite as characteristic of recent English and German banking as of our own. Both at home and abroad the movement has had its origin, first, in belief that greater strength and efficiency would be obtained through union of the sort than through separate existence of the institutions; secondly, in access to such facilities of capital and credit as may make acquisition of control of these separate institutions feasible; thirdly, in the wish of powerful groups of financiers to increase their power. The first-named motive is the most valid economic argument for the tendency, here and elsewhere. The second shows why the achievement has been possible to-day as it has not been in former periods when it might have been equally desired by banking interests themselves. The third is the point on which discussion of the matter by the general public will probably converge.

It is not possible to overlook the view of the movement entertained by the average man as he reads of the successive amalgamations, and it would not be reasonable to overlook that view, if it were possible; because public opinion is bound to be an essential factor in the matter. In so far as our own banking mergers of the sort are steps towards consolidating, in the hands of a few already very strong capitalists, a wholly unprecedented power over capital and credit, they will inevitably be regarded with more or less reserve. In any case, the question whether acquisition of such power is an economic evil, or not, depends for its answer on the use which would probably be made of it. It is easy to see how the concentrating and conservative use of resources so enormous might go far to correct or restrain some admitted evils of our banking system generally. The theory of a

Central Bank is itself based largely on the assumption that an institution of overshadowing power, conducted with the utmost conservatism, may be of the highest value, not only in providing a proper currency, but in averting financial crises and laying a firm restraining hand on speculative excesses. The phase of the present movement, therefore, which will appeal most strongly to the thoughtful mind, is the use to which the increased influence is likely to be applied. It is not always fully recognized by our great financiers how grave are the personal responsibilities which come with this acquisition of indirect control over such masses of fiduciary funds.

It is not Charles W. Morse's true friends that are already speaking of a speedy pardon for the convicted banker. He has enjoyed every advantage that ingenious legal counsel and our complex judicial procedure afford the man of wealth. After having the justice of his sentence practically affirmed by the highest tribunal in the land, it does not help a man's case to assert that, courts or no courts, he is bound not to stay in prison. It is a particularly unfortunate attitude to take at the present moment when public opinion is extraordinarily sensitive to the need of punishing crime in high places. Morse's lawyers did not exaggerate the wrathful condition of the public mind when they argued that their client should be tried elsewhere than in the community that knew him best. But whereas public anger had nothing to do with the banker's conviction in court, it must count heavily when the question of a pardon comes up. So long as there are Sugar Trust cases before the courts, it will be difficult for men like Morse to profit by executive clemency.

The Harvard Faculty of Arts and Sciences has adopted rules for electives in pursuance of the resolutions recently passed by the governing boards modifying the elective system. As might have been expected, a great breadth of choice still remains. The essence of the change consists in the requirement, on the one hand, of concentration of a considerable part of the student's work in one department of study, and, on the other hand, of so wide a distribution of the remainder of his work as will result in a certain rounding of his education. At least six of his courses—approximately one-third of the whole—must be "in some one department, or in one of the recognized fields for distinction"; and of these six at least four must be of an advanced character; that is, not beginners' courses. On the other hand, at least six of the remaining courses must lie quite outside the general group of studies in which the main work of the student is carried on; and, furthermore, must be widely distributed in those outside groups. For the purpose of securing this object in a systematic way, all the subjects of study in the college are divided into four great groups; and of the six outside courses at least one must be chosen in each of the three groups other than that in which the student's chief work lies.

The four great groups are, first, Language, Literature, Fine Arts, Music; second, Natural Sciences; third, History, Political and Social Sciences; fourth, Philosophy and Mathematics. These are subdivided, and concentration in the chief work of the student must take place mainly within one subdivision. There can be no question that the new regulations will have the effect of preventing both an aimless scattering of attention with little disciplinary training and an over-specialized education. That these results will be attained without any sacrifice of a salutary freedom of choice is equally evident; indeed, it is likely that further restriction of choice will prove desirable. The rules that went into force a year ago in relation to the attainment of a "degree with distinction" pointed in the direction of placing more emphasis on the disciplinary value of college work than had been the fashion in recent years, the changes now made in regard to the baccalaureate degree in general will prove a powerful agency in restoring the idea of such value to its proper place.

As though the newspapers had not enough to answer for in connection with the affairs of this planet on which we live, the superintendent of the solar department of the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, Mr. E. W. Maunder, seeks to put on their broad shoulders the guilt of spreading false intelligence about our neighbor planet Mars. Speaking at the recent meeting of the British Astronomical Association on the canal theory, he declared that "if the newspapers had not adopted the notion for the sake of sensationalism, nothing would ever have been heard of it." This is pretty hard on Schiaparelli, the father of the canal theory, and on Prof. Percival Lowell, the American champion of it. Moreover, it might be pointed out that if the newspapers have not suppressed the arguments of these and other astronomers as unfit for publication, they have been sinning in good company. "Meyers Konversations-Lexikon," for example, says, in its edition of 1906, that although the doubling of the lines of the canals is very difficult to see, and was therefore doubted at first, "the observations of the latest oppositions have completely established it." The only trouble about the newspapers' part in the affair is that they certainly do reach a large number of readers

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Americans will not, we trust, overlook the riots in Havana over the application to Havana negroes of the color line as drawn by American hotel keepers, or fail to notice that the dispatches speak of the intense bitterness of the anti-American feeling of the Cubans as a whole. After all we have done for them we have failed to win their affection or regard, for the simple reason that we can no more sympathize with their point of view than we can with that of the Filipinos. No color line was ever drawn or thought of in Cuba until the Americans came. Now that there is already burning resentment caused by it, Americans who desire the annexation of the island ought seriously to consider what a happy family, what contented new citizens, we should be acquiring. Curiously enough, those who desire to see American sovereignty established in Cuba are the very ones who have the poorest opinion of the Cubans. The average American in Cuba does not hesitate to let all the Cubans know just how contemptibly inferior he thinks them; yet he is quite willing to consider their being incorporated into this Union as fellow-citizens in a Territory which party exigency might at any moment change into a State.

Writs for the general election in England will issue from the Crown Office next Monday, January 10. The first pollings, under the law, cannot take place

before the following Friday, the 14th. It is expected that several boroughs will vote on that day. The Conservatives will be anxious to have as many London constituencies as possible elect their members early, for the sake of the "moral effect" which their expected gains may have upon the later pollings elsewhere. But a large number of the boroughs will pretty surely have their election on Saturday, the 15th. Saturday is regarded as the best day, for the reason that workingmen can take advantage of the half-holiday. With returns in from Lancashire and the most of London by Sunday, the 16th, we ought to be able to form a fairly accurate idea of the general result.

The position in which clear-headed Conservative statesmen find themselves in the present struggle in England is very sharply indicated in a letter from Lord St. Aldwyn, better known as Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Chancellor of the Exchequer at the time of the Boer War. He had been silent in the House of Lords, and in reply to a request for an explanation of his position, he states his views with equal frankness and force. He feels that the Lords were not justified in rejecting the Budget, it having always been held by "the wisest Conservative leaders of the past" that the objectionableness to the Peers of any taxes voted by the Commons was not a sufficient ground for their rejection; the only adequate justification would have been the incorporation of legislation foreign to the needs of the budget, and this Lord St. Aldwyn does not see in the present proposals. But while he had felt that rejection of the budget would be a mistake, he is emphatic in support of the Conservative position in the issue concerning the status of the House of Lords that is actually before the people. That issue is, of course, as it was bound to be, far broader than the question of the right of the Lords to reject a supply bill; a Liberal victory would threaten the impairment of their power in an infinitely more vital way. To Lord St. Aldwyn's mind, the reduction of the House of Lords to the position which he understands to be assigned to it by the policy of the Liberal party would "mean despotism under the mask of popular government"; and it is easy, therefore, to appreciate the feelings with which he, in common with others of the wisest Conservatives, witnessed the rash determination of the great majority of the Lords that resulted in putting the British Constitution into the melting-pot.

So many doleful things are said about the condition of the people of England that there is no harm in drawing attention to facts which every now and then come to the front and which are hard to reconcile with the view of a progressive increase in wretchedness. Among these are the statistics of mortality. When, for instance, we read that the deaths for the third quarter of the past year in England and Wales gave the astonishingly low annual rate of 11.6 per 1,000, we can hardly fail to conclude that people who are in a state of destitution cannot form a preponderant part of the population. When it is further stated that this rate is the lowest on record, and 3.4 below the average for the same quarter in the past ten years, we are confirmed in the disposition to believe that things are not growing worse at quite the rate that is sometimes represented. And if we turn to the statistics of mortality for whole years, we find that, while the total number of deaths in England and Wales in 1890 was 562,000, the number in 1907 was only 524,000—an absolute *decrease* of 38,000, or 7 per cent., in the deaths, while the population had *increased* from 28,763,000 to 35,348,000, or 23 per cent. And since it appears that lowering of the death-rate has been especially marked in the case of infants, the pessimist has not the refuge of ascribing the apparent improvement to the decline in the number of children born. It looks as though a great deal of steady progress was quietly going on, in some directions at least, alongside of the unsatisfactory developments we hear so much of.

The rare sort of patriotism which consists in subordinating special interests to the public interest was invoked by Joseph Reinach in the French Chamber of Deputies in his denunciation of alcoholism and his statement that the regulation of the liquor-trade is a national necessity. In France, the average consumption of alcohol is about three and a half litres; at Paris, the consumption is twice as great; at Rouen it is ten litres, and at certain northern maritime towns from twelve to fifteen litres. What are the consequences?

The increase of criminality and of insanity; of tuberculosis, of rickets, and of suicides; of the number of conscripts declared to be incapable of service. *C'est la race qui est atteinte.* And the national defence is compromised.

The propaganda against alcoholism is so sane in France (as in Germany) that it merits success. "We do not condemn the use of good alcoholic beverages in moderation," says M. Reinach. "We condemn the abuse of adulterated alcohols, scientifically poisoned. Finally, we wish to favor, by the reduction of the price of licenses, those drinking-places which sell only hygienic beverages." The reformers who seek to lift a great yoke from French labor are men of practical sense.

Constantinople reports another ministerial crisis. The Cabinet organized last May by Hilmi Pasha has resigned, and as usual the change is attributed to the "intrigues" of the Committee of Union and Progress. On the face of events that is not the case. The specific issue on which the Ministry has come to grief is the concession creating a monopoly of navigation on the Tigris and Euphrates rivers, which the Cabinet wished to grant to an English company. The leaders of the Committee of Union and Progress in the Chamber opposed the concession, not so much on the ground of the exclusive rights it created as for the reason that the Cabinet refused to lay the convention before the Chamber for ratification. A resolution to that effect was passed some weeks ago in spite of the fervent protests of the Minister of Finance, who argued that the economic development of the Empire would be seriously hampered if every commercial concession had to be submitted to tedious parliamentary discussion. The Chamber has remained firm, and the resignation of the Ministry followed. Far, therefore, from being another instance of the secret manipulation of cabinets by the Committee of Union and Progress, the event rather indicates a healthy state of independence on the part of the late ministers. It is a better augury for the parliamentary system in Turkey that the Government should be beaten in open debate than it would be to have its policies forced upon it by unofficial pressure from the Committee of Union and Progress or any other committee.

MONOPOLIES AND THE LAW.

Signs multiply that we are on the eve of the most serious attempt that has yet been made to grapple with the Trust problem. Attorney-General Wickersham's brief, presented last week to the Supreme Court in the Tobacco Trust case, is the latest manifestation of the spirit that has been asserting itself in so many directions. It is still far too early to predict with any confidence what will be the full result of all this activity, administrative and judicial; but there is one tendency which is becoming more and more manifest, and which historical experience gives reason to believe will have abiding and far-reaching results. This is the tendency toward the creation of a body of "judge-made law," which, as time goes on, will become more and more definite and authoritative, and which will accomplish, so far as any kind of law can accomplish, the desired object of keeping down monopolies in fields where competition is possible.

The great problem of the courts is to supply, by the establishment of precedents and by the comment accompanying their decisions, what the written law lacks in definiteness. The language of the Sherman Anti-Trust act is extremely broad. It has been ridiculed on the ground that if its literal terms were interpreted with full rigor, it would make impossible the most innocent, and the most necessary or useful, of business arrangements; and in some cases the decisions of the courts have been pointed to by critics as asserting that such undiscriminating rigor must be applied. But this view has been falling more and more into the background precisely when the courts have been manifesting the greatest energy in the enforcement of the law. This may seem strange, but in reality it is perfectly natural. So long as the courts were dealing only with the outlying questions, it was possible to suppose anything as to what they might do when they got to the heart of the matter; but when they grapple with the most vital issues, it becomes plain that they are going to do just what they, and especially the Supreme Court, have always done—that they are going to deal with the great question before them as a problem for statesmanlike insight no less than for technical skill.

Nor is it difficult to point out the predominant character of the definition that is being given to the law by the courts. It may, perhaps, be best indicated by a contrast. In determining whether a given contract or combination is unlawful, they do not adopt as a criterion the actual economic effects that it has brought about; they look rather to the nature of the means employed. The Tobacco-Trust brief of the Attorney General is addressed emphatically to this aspect of the question. It declares that "the defendants have persistently exercised duress, have practised wicked and unfair methods, and used their great power in oppressive ways"; it asserts that as a consequence of those methods "competitors have gradually disappeared, and the combination, now strongly entrenched, unduly restricts the business of those in the trade and prevents others from entering." Along these lines, and not in pursuance of any inquiry as to the "goodness" or "badness" of a Trust in its real or supposed effects upon prices or upon the country's prosperity, the courts have been determining whether the law against monopolization and against restraint of trade has or has not been violated. And along these lines must be sought any development, either of legislation or of judicial interpretation, that shall be consonant with the essential spirit of our laws. Not the apparent promotion of prosperity in each particular instance, but the prevention of kinds of conduct which, on broad grounds, have been decided to be inimical to the general welfare, must be the aim of the law.

From the economic standpoint one argument is made more conspicuously than any other against a general anti-monopoly law. It was put forward with force and clearness at the meeting of the American Economic Association by Professor Jenks in replying to Mr. Morawetz, who, both as a lawyer and as a practical railway man, had expressed unqualified approval of the Sherman act. Substantially the argument is that in some industries the economic forces that tend to the creation of monopoly are inherently so dominant that monopoly should in these be recognized as inevitable, and, in general, beneficent; and that the law should, in these cases, let monopoly take its course, reserving only the power to supervise and to tax. This, of course, is something quite different from the crude distinction between "good and bad Trusts"; but the argument is nevertheless seriously defective. It would have much weight against a prohibition based upon the mere magnitude of a combination; but against a prohibition relating to methods rather than results, it loses its virtue. If economic conditions are such as of themselves to make monopoly inevitable, what harm is there in forbidding recourse to devices expressly directed toward the suppression of competition? Let the proof of the pudding be in the eating. Let monopolies arise where, in the ordinary course of things, and without resort to unfair means, competition dies away; but do not let competition be killed with a club. The law does not *ordain* competition; it merely proposes to give it a chance to live. In any industry which is truly and in good faith a field marked out by nature for monopoly, monopoly you will have, even if the right of competition be guarded never so jealously; what we do not want is to see monopolies built up under protection of the law, upon some colorable plea of economic predestination.

THE BOSTON ELECTION.

The whole country has a deep interest in the outcome of the Boston Mayoralty contest, because of its experiment in city government which, if successful, will doubtless exert a wide influence upon municipal reform. This is an era of civic groping for light. In the West government by commission is the rage; here in New York a conservative new charter is under discussion and the experiment of direct primaries about to be tried. In Boston, according to President Lowell, the present system is a result of dissatisfaction with direct primaries. But already there are murmurings that all is not well with the new method of nomination, because there are not two, but four, candidates in the field. The recently adopted charter prescribes that anybody may become a candidate for Mayor who can file a petition bearing 5,000 signatures. It effectually does away with conventions and the ordinary nominating machinery, and is intended to obliterate all partisan lines.

This it may accomplish at some future time; to-day there are practically two Republicans running against one Democrat, for though James J. Storrow

is an Independent Democrat, he has of late years been so frequently on the other side that it is hard to make people feel that he is other than a Republican. A man of high character and standing, of considerable wealth, a prominent member of the strongest banking house in Boston, a graduate of Harvard who was seriously considered for the presidency of that institution, Mr. Storrow would be certain of election were there but two candidates in the field. Although open to attack by demagogues as representing the capitalistic class, he has given evidence of a patriotic and unselfish spirit, notably in his years of service as chairman of the Boston School Board. Against him is campaigning primarily an arrant Democratic mountebank, John F. Fitzgerald, ex-Mayor, whose government of the city has been widely stigmatized as the worst in its history. It was, in fact, so bad as to lead directly to the recent change in election methods. The Finance Commission appointed by Fitzgerald himself, found genuine Tammany Hall conditions in the favoring of friends, the building up of a personal machine, and an endless amount of "honest" as well as dishonest graft in the Fitzgerald administration. These facts about it are daily appearing in the Boston newspapers, virtually all of which, the *Transcript*, *Herald*, *Post*, *Advertiser*, *Record*, and *Traveller*, are working for Storrow, with the *Globe* not taking sides.

Fitzgerald makes no serious attempt to deny the detailed graft charges: his only boast is that the Finance Commission "couldn't find the money on him." One of the shocking features of his candidacy, to Boston especially, is that no doubt exists in the minds of many of its best citizens that he is supported by certain large financiers, who apprehend that under Mr. Storrow they will obtain no especial favors at the City Hall. They know this because of Mr. Storrow's character. They know by experience what kind of mayor Fitzgerald makes, and what kind of grafting goes on among his subordinates when he is in office, for five of those subordinates are now in prison at hard labor on account of their breach of trust. One source of his wealth was the *Republic*, a weekly newspaper which was ostensibly edited to meet the scanty intellectual needs of the City Hall bummers and heelers, and the other birds of prey who flock with a politician like Mr. Fitzgerald. But the *Republic* was not issued to be read; it was issued as an instrument of political blackmail. Its methods were thus described by Mr. Moorfield Storey—a man who does not make random statements—in a public address the other evening:

> There was a certain man who needed a permit from the city, and, after waiting some time for it, he called up the Mayor on the telephone and inquired about it. Mr. Fitzgerald, who was then Mayor, said that he had the permit right under his thumb, and remarked that the other party was not an advertiser in his paper, the *Republic*. When the other party signified his willingness to advertise, the Mayor said he would send a canvasser down right away. The permit and the advertisement were both granted.

Were it not for the candidacy of Mayor Hibbard, a weak and unsatisfactory executive, there would be no possibility of Fitzgerald's success. But Hibbard, vain as he is, and smarting under criticisms of his administration, has declined to take himself out of the race, despite great pressure and considerable outspokenness on the part of some of the Republican leaders. He deliberately declares that the only issue is between himself and Storrow; to which Senator Lodge has frankly responded that he is for Storrow's election. Gov. Draper has let it be known that his sympathies are also with Storrow. But the more Hibbard's party has disowned him, the closer he has stuck, and as the time for a candidate's withdrawal has passed, he must now remain in the race and may, perhaps, reimpose upon Boston, as the *Transcript* puts it, "one of the very worst régimes of graft known in American municipal history." It is not surprising that Hibbard's refusal to withdraw has filled Boston with rumors that, as in the old days in New York, the Republican organization is at heart desirous of Democratic success.

It is not an unfamiliar spectacle that is now seen in Boston. On the one hand is a demagogue, "a master of the arts of popularity," posing as the people's champion, promising parks, playgrounds, baths, everything he can think of; on the other, we have a candidate ideal in many ways, who will truckle to no class of men; who, when asked to promise that only "masters of the English language" would clean the streets, if he should be elected, flatly declined. If Mr. Storrow succeeds, the better and nobler Boston will rejoice; if he is defeated, the baser elements will have their innings, and another period of disgrace is in store for the Massachusetts capital. But this is the risk democracy ever faces. Men may construct the best of governmental schemes on paper; what the people will do for the working out of that scheme in practice is an entirely different question. Yet that is no reason for despair or for ceasing to experiment; for democracy learns by its mistakes, however slowly.

MAKING HASTE TO BE FAMOUS.

It is reported that Gardner Symons's fine landscape, The Opalescent River, which won the Carnegie prize at the current Academy exhibition, has been bought by an admirer who will present it to the Metropolitan Museum. True or not, the rumor has the merit of being highly characteristic of our way of doing things. Mr. Symons has just won his spurs, and we hasten to promote him to the company of Ruysdael, Gainsborough, Old Crome, Constable, and the men of Barbizon.

Now, it is doubtless better to show this confidence in his inspiriting work than to fail to see its quality. Yet Mr. Symons, we understand, is a young man, and will presumably paint pictures more meet for the company of the masters than his prize picture of this year. We raise the issue, agreeing that The Opalescent River is an uncommonly fine thing, because it suggests at once an inconsiderate attitude towards the Metropolitan Museum in particular, and even more strongly the vice of hurry that affects all our more ambitious efforts in art and life.

In a certain way, there is no reason why anything should not be given to the Metropolitan Museum. It already is passing full of collections—historical, ethnological, or merely curious—which have absolutely no relation to its purpose as a museum of art. We hope the future may effect a transfer of some of these alien exhibits to institutions where they properly belong. Meanwhile we must deal with facts as they are. There is, we repeat, no reason why anybody should not try to give anything to the Metropolitan Museum. But there is a reason why great and especial scrupulousness should be observed toward what in the language of retail commerce we may style its department of art.

There at least the usual standards and the decorous procedure common to art museums must be upheld. To make admission to the galleries a usual compliment for every youngster who paints a striking picture will be to divest that compliment of all significance and gradually to lower the level of the American collections. It is well to pay to the immediate achievement of a young artist the heartiest meed of admiration, and it is well also to show confidence in his future by not railroading him prematurely into a museum, as if his first success might be his only opportunity. Club committees of admission are justly cautious about candidates whose proposers cannot brook the customary delays.

Everywhere haste mars art among us. What is the reason for so resplendent a failure as the Congressional Library at Washington? Simply that haste precluded a thorough maturing of the general scheme and prevented the mural painters either from harmonizing their work with the whole or even doing their individual best. Why is the average tall building, in spite of its imposing mass, a poor thing to look at? Simply because the architect has hurriedly applied irrelevant ornament to the work of the engineer. Under commercial conditions these makeshifts may seem inevitable. But the vice of precipitancy runs through our whole social structure. Academe and Parnassus suffer violence, and the violent take them by force. How many university chairs have been occupied by glib young scholars whose achievement was mostly verbal, while sound learning languished in obscure position? How many an actress has rolled her pretty eyes at an audience to be extolled promptly as a star of magnitude? Young X drags paint slashingly across canvas, and we hasten to cite Goya and Manet to do him honor. Y has preached an appealing set of Lenten sermons; let us hasten to find a college presidency for this coming talent. Z has wonderfully tickled the post-prandial ribs of high finance—shall he be the secretary of a Trust, or pass merely for the greatest wit of our times?

Now, it is this amiable disposition to promote all our vociferous geese to swanship that makes America the land of opportunity. And it is fair to say that a certain number of swans do come of such heroic metamorphosis. On the whole, we think, more geese essay the finer rôle for a brief moment and disappear. Indeed, it is a question if the lavishness of applause and promotion is not a disadvantage to our real talent. An artist is frequently exalted to worse and demoralizing company, and forced to assume in his nonage the air of a master. Moreover, the readiness with which acclaim is conceded is only surpassed by the fickleness of our enthusiasms. Many a writer and painter has found himself famous by his thirties only to reach the forties a forgotten and disillusioned man. Where are the lions of yesteryear? is a question that a prospering talent may well ask itself constantly; and the prayer to be saved from one's friends may safely be added.

INFANT LITERATURE.

The appearance of the first number of the *American Baby*, a monthly magazine devoted to everything its name presumably calls for, reminds one of a similar enterprise recently propounded by the ingenious Mr. E. V. Lucas. Starting out with the self-evident proposition that no baby is admired sufficiently to please the mother, Mr. Lucas believed that there was room for a publication entitled the *Babies' Review*, modelled after one of the great London literary weeklies. As an example of its contents he cites the following:

NEW GIRLS.

"Gwendoline Frances Wilkinson," who has just been published by Mrs. Wilkinson of No. 23 Milton Mansions, Bedford Park, is one of the most perfect works we ever remember to have seen. The style is simple but wholly effective, the utmost finish being given even to trifles. The keynote of the work is sweetness and placidity, although a pleasant impression of something a little more positive is not lacking. The work is uniformly so healthy that a long life may confidently be hoped for it. England cannot have too much of this kind of boon.

Mr. Lucas's magazine would have based its appeal on flattery and addressed itself to young mothers only. A more serious purpose animates the *American Baby*, and it aims at a wider range. It addresses itself to fathers as well as mothers, and to sisters, brothers, grandmothers, grandfathers, aunts, uncles, cousins, and friends. It is one of the drawbacks of a magazine about babies that its readers must come from every class except the one to whose interests the magazine is devoted. On the other hand, once it is admitted that a baby's magazine appeals to everybody except babies, there are no limits to the circulation such a periodical may attain. If the new publication succeeds in divining what the babies want and in impressing it upon their natural protectors, it will have more than justified its existence. It will also warrant the fond hopes entertained of it by Mr. John Bigelow, who writes to the editor:

I am happy in learning that The American Baby is to have an Organ of Its Own, where the public can hear from it when it cries. I was once a baby myself, as most of my acquaintances pretend to have been, and I know what it is to bring up two parents, however well disposed they may be, in the way they should go, and not depart from it.

The only exception that may be taken to Mr. Bigelow's statement is that the *American Baby*, unlike the real thing, does not cry and get red in the face when it wants something. The prevailing tone is one of reason and good temper, and its list of contributors is impressive.

Yet it is striking testimony to the selfishness of grown-up people that the first signed editorial in the very first number of a magazine about babies should be entitled, "The Baby, the Problem of the Future." In other words, the article is not about babies at all, but about babies when they have grown up to be men and women. The editorial deals with the world's decreasing birth-rate, refers to its effect on the "social structure" in France, and emphasizes the danger in this country to the "native stock" which, "having created an empire, has about run its meteoric course." But, if babies could speak, they might say to the editor of the *American Baby*, "Look here now, are you interested in us *as* babies, or are we to you only an isolated factor in the general movement for the conservation of our natural resources? Are we to be treated as transitory phenomena in the evolution from nothingness to grown-uphood or are we, as Immanuel Kant would put it, Things-in-Themselves? The problem of the future—huh! The problem of the milk-bottle and the safety-pin is what we are interested in." And many parents will be inclined to join in the criticism. The hope of the future—yes, babies are that. But they are more conspicuously the midnight-marauders of the present, and the power behind the doctor's bills of the past. The amount of immediate outside attention the av-

erage baby can concentrate on itself compels most parents to let the future take care of itself.

As a matter of fact, our hypothetical baby might have gone on to point out that it does play a tremendously important rôle in the affairs of grown-up men and women, in our "social structures," and our "empires." But it plays that part in the present and without ceasing to be a baby; or better still, by virtue of its being a baby. Who holds together the Family, now that we know that Marriage is an outworn survival and that man's natural condition is, at the very least, polygamy? The baby. Who proves that woman-suffrage is or is not absurd—we are not quite sure which—if not the baby? Who is behind the hundreds of millions that are put every year into suburban real estate and subways? The baby. Who guides the hand that levels tenement blocks and puts in their place parks and playgrounds? The baby. Who organizes voluntary leagues to clean the streets which its elders cannot clean? The baby. Who contributes its pennies to build monuments and battleships? The baby. Who cures fathers with a moderate income of the vice of smoking expensive cigars? Again the baby. The amount of uplift and optimism contributed by our babies to the progress of mankind would fill a volume in the Library of the World's Boost Literature.

THE AMERICAN HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION.

It was inevitable that the twenty-fifth annual meeting of the American Historical Association, December 27-30, at New York, should take on many of the characteristics of a celebration, and that social functions should assume an unwontedly large place in the programme. New York presents too many distractions to visitors to be an ideal convention city; but everything that a generous and well-planned hospitality could do to make the meetings a success was done, to the grateful satisfaction of all concerned. A meeting of welcome and felicitation at Carnegie Hall, presided over by Mr. Choate and addressed by Gov. Hughes, Mayor McClellan, and President Butler; a breakfast at the Waldorf-Astoria in honor of the foreign representatives; luncheons tendered by Columbia University, the Teachers College, and the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company; a smoker at the City Club, and a reception by Mr. and Mrs. Clarence W. Bowen, vied with innumerable private functions in filling the scanty leisure between sessions; while clubs as different as the Grolier and the Metropolitan opened their doors to members. A novel feature of the programme was a series of historical tableaux, illustrating scenes and events in the early history of New York, presented under the direction of Mrs. Robert Abbé, of whose remarkable work with the City History Club some of the members of the Association then learned for the first time.

The presidential address of Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart discussed the use and abuse, chiefly the latter, of imagination in history. Professor Hart had no difficulty in citing numerous illustrations in support of his assertion that inaccuracy is a prevailing vice of the American people, not merely in historical writing, but also in the ordinary affairs of life; though one could but wonder at the necessity of reading such a lesson to a group of scholars and teachers who, for at least a generation, have been supposed to be devoting themselves to the study of "scientific" history. On the other hand, Professor Hart did not fail to point out with equal clearness, though hardly with so much pertinent illustration, the indispensable service of imagination to the historian who would really reconstruct the past, or awaken, in either himself or his readers, a vivid interest in a nation's annals. If the interest aroused by the address, as by the presidential address of Prof. George B. Adams, with a somewhat similar incidence, a year ago, is significant of the attitude of American historians toward their subject, there is ground for hope that the volume of historical writing that can be both read and enjoyed is destined to increase.

Of the general sessions, particular interest attached to the one which discussed, jointly with the American Political Science Association, British constitutional and political development with special reference to the centenary of Gladstone. Prof. George M. Wrong of the University of Toronto, in an admirable paper, sketched the growth of nationalism in Canada. At the same time he pointed out the various influences which, in spite of the enjoyment of practical independence, still hold the colony in affectionate loyalty to the mother country. Edward Porritt, speaking particularly from the standpoint of the reporters' gallery in the House of Commons, touched lightly some of the paradoxes of Gladstone's career, especially his general aloofness from the rank and file of his party. Ambassador Bryce, the only honorary member of the Association, emphasized Gladstone's conservatism and the contrast between his unrivalled acquaintance with the practical workings of the British Constitution and his comparative ignorance of English constitutional history; while Herbert L. Fisher of New College, Oxford, found an illustration of English political methods, as likewise of the strength of the imperial bond, in the achievement of political union in South Africa.

There was a notable attendance of European scholars, the list including, besides Mr. Fisher, Prof. G. W. Prothero of London, Prof. Eduard Meyer of Berlin, Prof. Camille Enlart of Paris, Prof. H. T. Colenbrander of Voorburg, Holland, and Prof. R. Altamira of Oviedo, Spain. A special session devoted to a discussion of the work of historical societies in Europe proved, unfortunately, somewhat of a disappointment, the papers being too long, and their contents hardly more than an enumeration of boards, commissions, and publications already quite familiar to scholars on this side of the water. Elsewhere, the visiting scholars took part freely and informingly in the discussions, while Henry Higgs of London, speaking for them all at the breakfast, gave felicitous expression to the debt of Europe to American learning, especially in economic fields.

More and more of the work of the Association is each year carried on in conferences, in which members interested in particular lines of work discuss their specialties. No less than ten such conferences, including one held jointly with the American Society of Church History, and two with the New York State Teachers' Association, were arranged for this year. Those on ancient history, and on the contribution of the Romance nations to the history of America, testified to a growing interest in historical fields which hitherto have not been much represented on these programmes. The conference on modern European history had before it such up-to-date topics as the political situation in Bosnia and Herzegovina, Bismarck as historiographer, and a proposed college course in contemporaneous history; the last a subject in regard to which there seems to be, in both colleges and high schools, a pronounced demand. Political history, apparently, is being left more and more to the political scientists, while social and economic matters occupy increasingly the attention of the historians. As for Constitutional history, once regarded as the highest aspect of the subject, about all that can be said is that its hold is not strong, notwithstanding a hopeful interest awakened by a conference on constitutional questions at the Madison meeting, two years ago. A conference of archivists, held under the auspices of the Public Archives Commission, brought together a considerable number of custodians, the main topic of discussion being the practical lessons to be drawn from the management of archives in the leading European countries. The conference of State and local historical societies, now an annual institution, showed gratify-

ing progress in the unification of work and the improvement of society publications. Lastly, the pedagogical work of the Association was represented by conferences on the recently published report of the Committee of Eight, on the teaching of history in the grades; and on the forthcoming report of the Committee of Five, in revision of the famous report of the Committee of Seven, on history in secondary schools, of which a preliminary account was presented.

The multiform activities of the Association, long since outstripping those of any other learned society in this country, continue to increase. Plans for a bibliography of English history, to be carried out jointly by a committee of the Association and a similar body of English scholars, are well in hand. A committee has also been created to make a preliminary investigation of the status of historical sites and buildings. The financial success of the series of special monographs, intended to contain the essays to which are awarded the Justin Winsor and Herbert B. Adams prizes, seems to be assured. A pressing need, for which, however, the funds of the Association are inadequate, is an index to the reports and other publications of the past twenty-five years. The Association goes next year to Indianapolis, with Prof. Frederick J. Turner as president.

PHILOLOGISTS AND ARCHÆOLOGISTS AT BALTIMORE.

Philologists have recently been pronounced by very high authority to be a gay folk, and doubtless the devotees of archæology, which is but the handmaid of philology, may be placed in the same category. The joint meeting of two such divisions of merry wights was, of course, bound to be most diverting, and in very truth it was so, from its first session on Tuesday, December 28, to its last, on the following Friday. The American Philological Association was celebrating the fortieth anniversary of its birth, and the Archæological Institute of America, the thirtieth of its own creation. The Johns Hopkins University welcomed its guests with all the courtly attention that its vicinity to the Southland naturally breeds, and out of special honor to Professor Gildersleeve, who was filling for the second time the presidency of the association, a very large number of his friends and former pupils came from near and far to the meeting. Numbers were present from Maine and from California, from Texas and from Wisconsin, and—a specially welcome sight—a number of delegates from the very active Canadian societies of the Institute had found their way across the imaginary boundary between their land and the rest of America. Despite the congestion of "papers" which has become chronic at the meetings, much more time than usual was given, or stolen away, for the quite as important renewal of old personal associations and formation of new ones. An afternoon was given up to a visit in a body to the Walters Gallery, the richness of which in amount and character of its treasures was a great surprise to most of the guests. An evening was devoted to the most formal of the birthday celebrations, a dinner attended by nearly two hundred of the initiated, and illumined particularly by the bright humor of Principal Peterson from over the border, and by the stately Hellenic eloquence of the Greek ambassador.

The annual address before the combined bodies, which was given, according to precedent, by the president of the Philological Association, harmonized most beautifully with the repute of philology as a gay science. It was a survey from the Galata-tower of all the varying mental landscapes upon which the windows might look. The tower became a light-house with a swiftly-shifting beam that darted, now here and now there, out into the vagueness of the surrounding dark.

News from the various archæological schools under the care of the Institute was most encouraging. The present director of the school in Rome, Jesse B. Carter, was reëlected for a term of five years, his administration for the past three years having been most brilliantly effective. Special gifts during the past year have made possible large additions to the growing library of the school. The endowment fund has now reached the sum of nearly one hundred thousand dollars, but more is urgently needed to obviate the necessity for constant appeals for subscriptions to meet current expenses. The school at Jerusalem has obtained two acres of land close to the city for a building-site, and hopes earnestly for the speedy gift of means for the erection of a permanent home. In our own country, the School of American Archæology has taken up its settled quarters in the old Governor's palace at Santa Fé, and is pushing vigorously its work of investigation. A generous gift by Mrs. John Hays Hammond makes possible the complete publication of the striking work in the Southwest, carried on by Dr. Bandelier now some twenty years ago.

Five new societies have been added to the Institute during the past year, located respectively in Winnipeg, St. John, Halifax, Buffalo, and Portland (Oregon). The Institute now includes thirty-two societies, with an aggregate membership of about three thousand. Prof. F. W. Kelsey of the University of Michigan was reëlected to the presidency. The gift of Mr. Loeb to endow a lectureship in honor of Charles Eliot Norton, founder of the Institute, has already been mentioned in these columns. The lectureship is to be filled from time to time by distinguished foreign scholars, who will lecture in various cities of this country and Canada. The first incumbent will soon be selected, and is expected to enter upon his task in the autumn of 1910.

The Philological Association received a report from its Commission on College Entrance Requirements in Latin, and continued the existence of the commission for another year. A committee was appointed to invite conference with representatives of other American, British, and German associations of kindred character, looking toward the holding at regular intervals of an international meeting. Interest in the scheme has already been expressed by distinguished members of the Classical Association in Great Britain, and of the Versammlung deutscher Philologen und Schulmänner. To both Association and Institute was reported the action of their committees in union with similar committees from a dozen other learned societies, and with the express support of the presidents of a considerable number of the larger universities of the country, in urging upon the trustees of the Carnegie Institution the support of approved projects of research in other fields than merely the physical and natural sciences.

The next joint meeting of the association and the institute will be held at Brown University during the Christmas holidays of 1910. The president of the American Philological Association for the coming year is Prof. Paul Shorey of the University of Chicago; the vice-presidents are Profs. John C. Rolfe of Pennsylvania and Thomas D. Goodell of Yale.

The papers presented at the various sessions were too many (nearly a hundred titles) and on too varied themes to render possible a brief characterization of them even by classified groups. Of some significance was the indication that Greek is by no means a dead, or even a dead-and-alive, subject in America. As one of the distinguished Canadian members wittily put it, the dead people are those who have not this wide intellectual outlook on humanity.

THE MODERN LANGUAGE ASSOCIATION.

More than one hundred and fifty members were present at the twenty-seventh meeting of the Modern Language Association, held at Cornell University, December 28-30. Both in the fraternity houses where the majority of the members were housed and in Goldwin Smith Hall where the meetings were held, ample opportunities were afforded for that social intercourse which is for many the chief attraction of such an occasion. President Schurman, in welcoming the Association as the guest of

the university, struck a note which is sometimes forgotten by students of language and literature. The modern languages, he said, must, if they are to hold their place in a course of liberal culture, be treated not as mere material for linguistic study or for purely utilitarian purposes, but as a content of thought in literature. Greek, he said, is gone and Latin no longer holds its own, partly because they were treated as fields for linguistic study; there is danger lest the modern languages meet a similar fate. From the difference in structure they do not give the same linguistic training as Latin, but the modern literatures have a cultural value superior to Latin, if not to Greek, and this culture the Association and its members must make the possession of the youth of America. Somewhat the same idea was voiced by Prof. M. D. Learned of the University of Pennsylvania, who gave the president's annual address on the subject, "Linguistic Study and Literary Creation." A rapid survey of the history of literary creation shows a corresponding energy in linguistic study. The work of certain authors would have been greater had they possessed wider and deeper knowledge of other languages and literatures. To increase literary production in America, which is the inheritor of the culture of Europe, the study of the European languages should be pursued effectively in the secondary schools, so that when the student enters college he may not be hampered by ignorance and carelessness. In college he may rise to an understanding of the message of great literature, and in the world he may thus become a creator of literature.

As usual, more papers were presented in the field of English than in that of any other language; in fact, about half the total number were primarily concerned with English, and of these the majority dealt with subjects of the seventeenth and earlier centuries. Problems of Shakespeare study were discussed in four papers. One of these, on "Shakespeare's Use of Prose," by Prof. Morris W. Croll of Princeton, contended that Shakespeare was not subjective in his use of prose, as some have maintained, but merely followed contemporary fashion. The new convention was to use prose for courtly conversation, as the old convention had been to use it for vulgar speech. The foreign courtly drama and the court plays of Lyly influenced Jonson, Chapman, and Day, and Shakespeare followed along. A similar protest against certain aspects of modern Shakespearean criticism was made by Prof. E. E. Stoll of Western Reserve University. Shakespeare is still interpreted as if he were familiar with the conceptions of modern science and philosophy, and as if his art were not three centuries old. This criticism traces the influence of such forces as heredity, and, setting at naught Elizabethan technique, discovers suggestions of subconscious thought and the subtle distinctions of racial, criminal, and morbid psychology.

Two papers, one dealing with the origin of the ballad, the other with the ballad or song in the making, were presented respectively by Prof. Arthur Beatty of the University of Wisconsin and Prof. John A. Lomax of the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas. The former showed that the prose tale, which the upholders of the communal origin of the ballad maintain is late, is really earlier than the ballad, and that it is just as much the product of the folk as the ballad. The second paper was the direct outcome of Professor Lomax's collecting of orally transmitted cowboy songs found for the most part in Arizona, Texas, and New Mexico, with Texas predominant. These songs have been taken down from the lips of ex-cowboys, from students, and from old Texas newspapers. In some cases, they exist in from five to twenty versions. Many of them are fragments, and one consists of an immense number of stanzas as if it were intended to last from one end of the trail to the other. These songs are a curious composite of conventional diction and a vital phrasing born of the ballad instinct of the race. In subject, they range from thoughts of home and mother to the heroism of outlaws like Jesse James, from love and religion to fighting and death. In some cases, the vernacular is remarkably poetic. The majority were written in the last sixty years and they are fast disappearing as the trail vanishes before the railway.

The unsolved problem of the teaching of rhetoric and composition always arouses discussion, and two papers, one by Professor Scott of the University of Michigan, the other by Prof. Lane Cooper of Cornell, brought up anew the vexing question. Professor Scott treated the subject of rhetoric as a science for graduate study and research. Professor Cooper inveighed against the fetich of the freshman composition, in which mere words are usually substituted for thought, and questioned whether the art of written composition could be taught at all. Matter should take priority over expression, since errors of thought are worse than errors of speech. The task is to get the student to clothe thought in expression. The general criticism expressed in the discussion was that even immature writing was worth while, if only as a preparation for newspaper work and business correspondence. The most immature student has something to say, if he can be made to say it; he has a personality to reveal.

Prof. J. E. Spingarn of Columbia University, the chairman of the committee appointed at the meeting last year to consider the form and content of the publications, presented a report recommending that the committee be continued for another year, that all dissertations for the degree of doctor of philosophy be excluded from the publications, and that a committee of not less than three or more than five publish a brief bulletin, containing among other things matters of personal interest concerning members of the association, and have power to spend, if necessary, not more than $400 in one year. The report was accepted.

The officers for the ensuing year are: President, Prof. Brander Matthews of Columbia; vice-presidents, Profs. J. W. Cunliffe of the University of Wisconsin, J. D. M. Ford of Harvard, and A. B. Faust of Cornell. The present secretary and treasurer were continued. The next meeting will be held at the College of the City of New York.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Every bibliographical task to which Alfred W. Pollard puts his hand is certain to be well done. Now we have his "Shakespeare Folios and Quartos, a Study in the Bibliography of Shakespeare's Plays, 1594-1685," published by Methuen & Co., to accompany their facsimile of the Folios. Like these, it is issued in blue boards with linen back, and contains full-sized reproductions of title-pages of twenty-nine of the rarer quartos published prior to 1623. We are sorry to notice that the recently discovered "Titus Andronicus" of 1594 is not among them, though a lined transcript of the title is given.

The bibliographical information is fuller than that given by any previous writer and comprises some unusual particulars. In every case where a play was entered in the register of the Stationers' Company the entry has been quoted, and in the same way all transfers are entered in their chronological order. When a facsimile is not given, the transcript of the title is printed in types of different sizes showing approximately the variety of types on the original title-page. Head-titles (that is, the name of the play as set forth at the beginning of the text) and running titles (the form used at the top of each page or pair of pages) are added. Whether or not the play is divided into acts and scenes is indicated, and stage directions, except simple exits and entrances, are printed in full. Information as to the source of the text and its relations to earlier and later editions in quarto and to the first folio are also given. This, Mr. Pollard is particular to state, represents the conclusion of the editors of the Facsimile Quartos. The printer's name where indicated by initial letters or not given at all has been determined, so far as possible, by the typography. The same information is given for the later quarto editions, for the four folios, and for the spurious plays first collected in the third folio.

So much for the bibliography. More orlginal and more interesting is Mr. Pollard's story of the publication of the quartos and folios. He has, in a word, come to the defence of the editors of the first folio and the printers and publishers of the days of Elizabeth and James First, against the charges made by the "bibliographical pessimists" of whom Sidney Lee is chief.

This school, Mr. Pollard says, seems "to have piracy on the brain." By them the Shakespearean printers and publishers are set down as "equally stupid and dishonest, and none escape condemnation"; and they claim that the first folio was made up with "clumsiness and an excessive and inexplicable haste" from "the prompt-copies made by the playhouse scrivener," from "even less authentic transcripts in private hands," and from the quartos "tainted with . . . carelessness, incapacity, and surreptitiousness." But, again to quote from Mr. Pollard's Preface:

Optimism thinks the part assigned to the playhouse scrivener and the importance of the private transcripts dangerously exaggerated; it has heard of a prompt-copy in an author's autograph; it remembers that Shakespeare was himself an actor and manager as well as a playwright; it believes in the human dislike to throwing property away, even when it seems to have become useless. Lastly, it . . . finds that they [the editors] exercised care and discrimination in forming their canon, in substituting good texts for bad ones and in restoring passages which had been omitted. Doubtless everything might have been much better done, but, doubtless, everything might have been much worse.

An account of publishing in Shakespeare's day, the origin of the Stationers' Company, and the rules governing licenses granted by them, and the transference of the same, with a record of several piratical books, threatened or published with efforts for their suppression, make up the interesting first chapter. In The Good and Bad Quartos, Mr. Pollard examines the various quarto editions of the seventeen plays published before the first folio, and finds that of "Romeo and Juliet" and of "Hamlet" there were two widely different texts, giving, for the seventeen plays, nineteen texts, of which five are, "by universal consent, thoroughly bad." Two of these five were never entered on the Stationers' Register, two were not entered by the firm that printed them, and the other, "The Merry Wives," was entered and transferred the same day. In consequence the expression "diverse stol'n and surreptitious copies" of Heminge and Condell could only have referred to "Henry V" and "The Merry Wives," of which no authentic text was printed before 1623, and to the first editions of "Romeo and Juliet" and "Hamlet," of which corrected texts had already appeared.

Another chapter, on the quartos of 1619, tells of the nine common quartos, with various dates, supposed to have been printed by Thomas Pavier in that year. This chapter is illustrated by reduced facsimiles of the title pages. A tabulated census of existing copies of these nine quartos, compiled by George Watson Cole, is given in an appendix. But the chapter on the printing of the first folio brings out some new facts. A study of the use of the brass rules used to frame the pages satisfies Mr. Pollard that the book was virtually all printed at Jaggard's own office, and continuously, not in three sections at three or more shops, as has been claimed. The arrangement of the preliminary leaves of the first folio in the Grenville copy is decided upon as probably correct.

There is less to be said, of course, of the second, third, and fourth folios. Mr. Pollard, however, seems not to have noticed that the types of the fourth folio were almost certainly set at three different shops from a copy of the third folio, which was broken into three sections, as pointed out by this Bibliophile some two years ago. The first printer received the Comedies (pages 1-303 of the third folio); the second pages 305 (page 304 is blank) to 664; and the third pages 665 to the end. The act and scene headings are constantly printed throughout in each section in a distinct type. These headings throughout the first portion are printed in plain italics, the capitals measuring about 5-32 of an inch in height. In the second section a somewhat similar, but larger type, the capitals measuring a full 3-16 inch in height, was used. In the third section a still larger type was used, the capitals having prominent kerns: what the printers call "swash" letters. The printer of the first part had a set of large initial letters, about one and one-fourth inches high, the prominent decoration being a sunflower. One of these initials is used at the beginning of each play from "The Tempest" to "The Winter's Tale." The printer of the second part started out by using a smaller ornamental initial N for King John, much like that used in the third folio, but in the case of all the other plays he used only a plain block letter, and not always uniform in size. The printer of the third part also used only plain block letters of different sizes for his indented initials.

The Baconians are always able to give us startling news about Shakespeare's books; otherwise, it seems as if Mr. Pollard's volume were almost "the last word" on the subject.

Correspondence.

THE ASTUTENESS OF THE LORDS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: After all, what is the action of the House of Lords in throwing out the Budget bill and appealing to the country but a case of that reputed panacea of all ills, so much heralded by experts in government—the Referendum? And that, too, at the hands of an "effete, obsolete, antiquated, superfluous" branch of legislature that advanced thinkers have long since desired to abolish as an anachronism and a relic of barbarism, etc.! Really, at this distance it looks as if the pampered minions of mediæval feudalism had stolen a march on the pushful sociologists of to-day. The Commons are professedly solicitous for the welfare of the common people, whom theoretically they represent. "Very well," say the Lords, "let us hear from the common people; this is a novel and revolutionary scheme of taxation, involving vast economic and social changes in this country; before we approve the scheme, let us hear from your friend, the common man, whom you profess to represent." Logically considered, the position is unassailable. If the country on appeal should favor the original Budget, the Lords could then pass it with perfect consistency on the ground of having received the information they desired from the country. But if it should happen that the country did not favor the bill, the position of the Commons would be awkward indeed; they did not correctly represent their constituents, and were forced to appeal to them—disastrously.

Thoroughgoing democrats in America will sympathize with the Commons in their efforts to tax the unearned increment of land values. Defending the Budget lately in a speech at Albert Hall, Mr. Asquith described that measure as consisting chiefly of "Taxes on the accumulations of the rich and the luxuries of the less well-to-do, and a moderate toll on monopoly values which the community itself has, either actively or passively, created." An absolutely just system of land taxation would undoubtedly appropriate for the benefit of the community all increase in land values arising from the labors and necessities of the community at large. The House of Lords naturally opposes such a scheme as Lloyd-George's, which is frankly a move against the unearned increment, and the House of Commons naturally approves of it. The Lords probably know as well as the rest of the world that a reform in land taxation is in the air. Whenever the nation demands it, the Lords will accede to the popular will, as they have always done. If they had thrown out the bill without making an appeal to the country, the Commons would have appealed; if the Liberals had won at the polls, the cry for the abolition of the House of Lords would have been heard again with redoubled vehemence. Lord Lansdowne's amendment anticipated all that, and set the Lords in an absolutely correct position before the country; they have vindicated the wisdom of the existence of a second chamber, whatever be the result of the election. To an American student of party manœuvres the inference is irresistible that all the political astuteness of the realm is not lodged in the House of Commons.

E. L. C. Morse.

Chicago, December 30.

ENGLISH FOOTBALL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Permit me to comment on the letter entitled "English Football" which appeared in your issue of December 2. Those remarks are fairly applicable if they were confined to the college alone, but are not applicable to "English football," for the simple reason that the colleges, whether Eton, Harrow, Oxford, or Cambridge, are an insignificant factor. The absorbing interest of the football "fans" in Great Britain is centred not on the college, but on the great professional teams, and professional football in England arouses greater enthusiasm and attracts far more spectators than does professional baseball in America. "There is no game which occupies in England the position held by football in America," says your correspondent. Any one familiar with games in England knows that football dominates outdoor sports. During the autumn, winter, and early spring months, in fact, it is the national game. Three codes are played, namely, soccer, Rugby Union, and Northern Union, the last being a modified form of Rugby on a professional basis. The cream of British Rugby talent is to be found in the ranks of the Northern Union clubs, whose strongholds are the industrial centres of the northern counties. But the popular game is "soccer," as fully 95 per cent. of the professional clubs and fully 90 per cent. of the amateur clubs in Great Britain play

football as governed by the laws and regulations of the English Football Association, which is now the recognized authority not only in the British Isles, but in France, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Denmark, Sweden, Austria-Hungary, South Africa, Argentine Republic, in fact anywhere where "soccer" as a sport is played. Your correspondent is not favorably placed—geographically—to pass judgment on 'English football," else he would not say that "soccer" is not exciting enough for most Englishmen. Had he lived in Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Newcastle, Birmingham, and witnessed the immense crowds—crowds greater than ever attended any Harvard-Yale game—that flock to see the professional league teams, or had he seen the still more exciting struggles in the annual contests for possession of the historic English cup, which have several times attracted more than a hundred thousand spectators, he would never have said that "soccer" is not exciting enough.

As regards the alarming increase of fatalities in the American game, something ought to be done. This season of two short months, with its comparatively few games, has above thirty deaths to its credit, or rather discredit; more than have occurred on all the British Isles for the *last twenty-five years*, although there are more football matches played in England alone on one ordinary Saturday afternoon than in America during the whole two months of the intercollegiate season. Again, the season is four times as long in England and during the winter not a dozen or two, but scores of matches—important ones at that—are played on frost-bound ground, where it is not only difficult to maintain a foothold, but is in a sense dangerous for both life and limb. Strenuous games are played under such conditions, yet no one ever hears of a fatal accident. One reason for this is that in England, no player can be tackled or interfered with in any way, unless in actual possession of the ball. Mass plays, piling up, bucking the line, and other such hooligan tactics are unknown, and would not be tolerated by either referees or spectators. The rules committee, after the agitation of 1905, has signally failed in evolving reforms to open out and make the game safer; so the only real and lasting solution is to eliminate the intercollegiate game and displace it with Rugby as now played in Great Britain, California, British Columbia, Australia, South Africa, and New Zealand. Your correspondent is wrong, where he states that Rugby as played in the colonies tends to something like the American game, the only difference being in New Zealand, where they play eight backs, seven forwards, as against the orthodox eight forwards and seven backs.

JOHN MORGAN.

Salt Lake City, Utah, December 28.

JEREMY INDEX IN CAMBRIDGE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It was my privilege to receive by post the following magnanimous offer. I retain the punctuation as well as the wording of the original, and would comment only that the varied vocabulary of the letter might well have justified the author in including English composition in his list of courses.

Cambridge, 12—10—'09.

Dear Sir: Situated as I am, here in Cambridge, Mass., I can supply you with courses, *as given in Harvard Univ.*,—in English Literature, History, Gov—ec—Philosophy, Fine Arts, etc.—I can supply these courses in outline or in minute detail.

If you will write me stating the subjects, and the particular part of these subjects, in which you are most interested, I will let you know just what I can supply you, and on what terms.

yours Very truly.

———.

P. S. *Strictly confidential.*

The worthy labors of this purveyor of other men's brains surely deserve wider publicity than his modest postscript would imply that he expected. If his methods are perhaps more surreptitious than those of Jeremy Index in the appended bit of dialogue from Fielding's "Author's Farce," at any rate our worthy Cambridge gentleman, like his eighteenth century ancestor, may plead that he only desires to live by his goods, and that you cannot get them cheaper at either of the universities.

Bookweight. So, Mr. Index, what news with you?

Index. I have brought my Bill, Sir.

Book. What's here? . . . Hum! hum! hum! Sum total, for Thirty-six Latin motto's, Eighteen Shillings; ditto English, One Shilling and Nine-pence; ditto, Greek, Four, Four Shillings. These Greek motto's are excessively dear.

Ind. If you have them cheaper at either of the Universities, I will give you mine for nothing. . . .

Book. Well . . . I desire you wou'd be a little more reasonable in your Bills for the future, or I shall deal with you no longer; for I have a Fellow of a College, who offers to furnish me with Second-hand Motto's out of the Spectator for Two-pence each.

Ind. Sir, I only desire to live by my Goods, and I hopo you will be pleased to allow some difference between a neat, fresh Piece, piping hot out of the classicks, and old thread-bare worn out stuff that has past thro' ev'ry Pedant's Mouth.

E. K. Broadus.

University of Alberta, Strathcona, Alberta, Canada, December 31.

POE AND COLERIDGE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Undoubtedly, as Professor Woodberry ("Edgar Allan Poe," I, 178) and Professor Prescott ("Poe's Critical Essays," xxxi) have pointed out, Poe had been reading Schlegel in Black's translation when he declared, in the *Southern Literary Messenger* for June, 1836, that in the short poem the "effect will depend, in a very great degree, upon the perfection of its finish, upon the nice adaptation of its constituent parts, and especially upon what is rightly termed by Schlegel, the *unity or totality of interest.*" Yet even here it seems likely that Coleridge had preceded Schlegel as Poe's teacher. Schlegel (in Black's translation) says: "De la Motte, a French author, . . . would substitute for Unity of action, the *Unity of interest*"; and approves the substitution. *Totality*—a rather unusual word then, if one may judge from the fact that the examples of its use in the Century and Standard Dictionaries (with one significant exception, a quotation from the seventeenth century divine T. Adams) are from later writers—is not used by Black in this connection. But Coleridge, as far back as 1796, had written and printed a little disquisition on the sonnet in which the following passage occurs:

> The sonnet then is a small poem, in which some lonely feeling is developed. It is limited to a *particular* number of lines, in order that the reader's mind, having expected the close at the place where he finds it, may rest satisfied; and that so the poem may acquire, as it were, a *Totality*—in plainer phrase, may become a *Whole*. It is confined to fourteen lines, because, as some particular number is necessary, and that particular number must be a small one, it may as well be fourteen as any other number. (Globe edition of Coleridge, p. 543.)

This little essay, originally printed in 1796, was reprinted as "Introduction to the Sonnets" in the 1797 edition of Coleridge's Poems. The book may not have reached the libraries of Baltimore or Richmond or the University of Virginia or West Point in Poe's time, but if it did we may be sure that Poe read it. There is something about the style of this youthful dash at criticism—its particularity, its assurance, what Coleridge afterwards characterized as its "petulant presumption"—that sounds much more like Poe than Coleridge. And there is the apparently unusual word *totality*, marked as such by the explanatory parenthesis, "in plainer phrase, . . . a *Whole*."

H. M Belden.

Columbia, Mo., December 27.

Literature.

TWO HISTORIES OF GERMAN LITERATURE.

A Brief History of German Literature. By George Madison Priest. Preceptor in modern languages, Princeton University. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

A History of German Literature. By Calvin Thomas, LL.D. Professor of Germanic languages and literatures in Columbia University. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

Causes of various kinds, deeply rooted in the country's past, have tended to darken and confound the writing of German literary history and criticism. Political, social, racial, religious animosities have often, in Germany, displaced the calm contemplation of artistic values, and, to this day, German men of letters quite unashamedly confess that the rival tendencies of literature assume in their eyes the nature of a deadly combat or *Kampf*.

The foundation of the new empire merely changed the quality, but scarcely weakened the force, of those extraneous conflicts into which literature is so ruthlessly cast. The now dominant Prussian ideal, so attractive in itself, of the state as not only a political, but a cultural, entity to whose quite rigid nature all currents of the national life shall and must contribute, has led further to produce criticism that is almost fiercely blind and consciously unliterary. Ernst Moritz Arndt, to take an extreme example, must be made out to be an eminent poet; Heinrich Heine must be a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. For these are the estimates which the welfare of the *Kulturstaat* demands.

Men of such high repute as Goedeke and Scherer have not been free from these secondary preoccupations; such a man as Gotthold Klee (upon whose popular "Outlines of German Literary History," Mr. Priest has based his volume), simply sees nothing in a work of art save its tendency. Hence it is that a look upon German literature by a thoroughly instructed non-German like Professor Thomas is, in a high degree, refreshing and valuable.

Herr Klee and Mr. Priest have made no attempt at vital literary history. The book is a bare chronicle of facts interspersed with brief characterizations, which are either patriotic or empty. If, for a moment, the authors become interpretative, their phrases are stereotyped. On De la Motte Fouqué, their chief comment is that "a true and patriotic heart beat in his breast"; for the versification of two lyrists so sharply divided in their metrical effects as Mörike and Geibel, they have but the same facile adjective; and this ingenuous method culminates when we are instructed that the "Westöstliche Divan" is "a remarkable series of poems in which Goethe mingled personal experiences and thoughts from his reading," and are asked to accept as a description of a highly individual style—Schiller's—that it is "refined and full of feeling, majestic, rich in figures of speech and melodious." The few passages for which Mr. Priest alone is responsible are far more intelligent, but Herr Klee's breast is impervious to any but the patriotic emotions.

The final chapter of the volume demands a special word of warning. Contemporary production is always a perilous field for the historian. But in this instance, the judgments delivered on that interesting and vital literature which has arisen since 1888 seem hardly in any case to represent the critic's personal contact with his authors. To call Max Halbe "a clever playwright" is to invite the accusation that one has not read him. "Jugend," "Mutter Erde," and "Eisgang" may not be masterpieces of the first order; but that piercing regret, that intimate love of the soil, that earnest search for inner freedom from which these plays sprang are anything one pleases—except clever. Equally inadequate are the judgments on Sudermann, Fulda, Liliencron, and, especially, on the admirable Viennese Arthur Schnitzler, whose novels are not even specified. Nor, since place was found for, say, Busse and Ompteda, is it possible to account for the omission of Otto Erich Hartleben, whose "Rosenmontag" performs, at least for us his contemporaries, that noble catharsis through pity and terror, which is the aim of tragedy, and of Otto Julius Bierbaum, who, in "Gugeline," has struck out melodies as plangent and haunting as the strains of his own magic Fiddler.

As a brief reference book on the mere facts of German literature—but as such alone—has Mr. Priest's volume a positive value. From this point of view only a few corrections need be suggested. It is a mistake to say (p. 41) that in the "Nibelungenlied" stanza "the first half of the line contains four stresses throughout." Only the last hemistich of each stanza has four stresses; all the others have three. Nor is it accurate to assert unqualifiedly that "the rhyme is masculine," since the very opening stanza of the epic contains three pairs of feminine or double rhymes. The account of Wilhelm Hauff (p. 282) is a sad muddle. Hauff's famous fairy-tale is not "Das steinerne Herz," but "Das kalte Herz"; the "Phantasien im Bremer Rathskeller," far from being a "collection" of short stories, is not even a single short story, but a quaint and rather longish prose phantasy; and one looks in vain for any mention of Hauff's "Memoiren des Satan," as excellent a piece of imaginative satire as the language possesses.

Quite different from Herr Klee's careful guarding of the patriotic flame in the domain of letters is Professor Thomas's "German Literature." Here the two dangers of the brief history—unbased theorizing or else sterile list-making—are equally avoided. A sufficient but not unduly severe exclusion has left space for the most significant facts and for a fairly full interpretation of them. Above all, from these interpretative passages there speaks—a rare phenomenon in the world of scholarship—a human voice! To illustrate this as well as Professor Thomas's fine and flexible insight one cannot do better than quote from his account of Luther:

> Whether the abuses which he sought to remedy were exaggerated by him, as Catholic writers have always contended; whether the evils complained of might have proved remediable by a patient and temperate effort within the church, as Erasmus and his friends believed; whether Luther's substitution of bibliolatry for ecclesiolatry made matters fundamentally better for the religious progress of mankind—all these are questions on which the modern mind can hardly fail to have an opinion.

One hesitates to take exception to any of Professor Thomas's judgments. It is quite clear, however, that he has permitted himself to be somewhat influenced by the virulence against Heine with which a whole class of German critics is afflicted. He writes:

> What wonder is it if the Germans of today decline, on the whole, to concede to him that towering importance commonly ascribed to him in English books? He was a great lyric poet, they say, but what else? . . . Where are the great imaginative works which entitle him to be regarded as the inheritor of Goethe's mantle? . . . Heine's fame must rest on his verse, and not on what he chose to call his service in humanity's war of liberation.

To this criticism several answers suggest themselves. If Heine was a great lyric poet, a singer of the race and lineage of Catullus and Shelley, his towering importance in the history of literature is at once conceded. He may not have been a soldier in humanity's war of liberation. It matters as little as that Shelley was not the inspired social philosopher he dreamed himself. Great imaginative works, architectonically great at least, Heine did not produce. But did Goethe, with the single exception of "Faust," produce an imaginative work of authentic and universal appeal? Could one not, with certain changes of phrasing, justly apply to Heine Professor Thomas's own admirable warning in regard to Goethe—to look for his preeminence in no one period of his life, in no one phase of his work, rather in the totality of his many-sided, richly impassioned, marvellously flexible genius? Nor should it be forgotten that Heine, however debatable the substance of his controversial prose, was a stylist of the first order—the earliest German man of letters to seek and invariably to find, not the typical adjective, but the *mot juste*, the inevitable and electrical word, and that he is still the foremost German practitioner of rhythmic and impassioned prose—the rival of Flaubert on the one hand, of De Quincey on the other.

But it is not upon a note of disagreement that one cares to take leave of Professor Thomas's "History of German Literature." By the simplicity of its style blended with an occasional happy trenchancy of expression, by temperate wisdom, by the ripeness of its scholarship, the book is the best English contribution to the subject with which it deals.

CURRENT FICTION.

Ann Veronica. By H. G. Wells. New York: Harper & Bros.

This is not an improvement on "Tono-Bungay." It takes us into that realm of Mr. Wells's mind which is peopled by creatures almost as fantastic and remote from nature as Mr. Shaw's. However delightful it might be to have everything in this world changed into something else, we cannot conceal from ourselves the dull fact that at present everything is what it is. Ann Veronica is a reduction to absurdity of a current and experimental phase of feminine experience. She has more brains than her brothers or her father, and does not see why she should not have equal liberty of judgment and action. The father is a pompous fool, who relies on platitudes and arbitrary commands. His ideal is the swan-like middle-Victorian maiden, and he does not

know what to make of his ugly duckling. But she, being endowed with the hard common-sense of a Vivie Warren (to whom her creator more than once compares her), presently comes to open revolt. She abandons the paternal and suburban roof, and sets up for herself in London. Here she falls into the toils of a clever married man, and escapes him only because she is temperamentally stronger than he, and because she is unembarrassed by the ordinary feminine qualms and facilities. It is true that she has a special safeguard in her love for another man. Her discovery that he also is married leads her into a truly feminine debauch among a band of riotous suffragettes. She comes from her month in prison with no desire to reassert her right to the ballot, but otherwise unchastened.

Up to this point the story, with the exception of an uncompromising scene with the would-be seducer, is rather whimsical than anything more. But the rest of it—the last fifth or so—belongs to that species of modern fiction which can only be described as harassing. Ann Veronica finds it doesn't matter that the man she loves is not legally free. Nor does it matter that his bondage is due to his wife's refusal to divorce him on statutory grounds. They need each other. He has made no advances to her, but she virtually proposes to become his mistress. He loves her, and after saying (one is not quite sure that Mr. Wells sees the humor of this) that "this is very sudden," and that Ann Veronica has "placed him in a very exceptional position," he accepts her. They go off together to Switzerland, and we participate in a rapturous honeymoon, and eavesdrop at some appallingly intimate conversations. There are no qualms or penances on either side. Then, after a gap of four years, we find them again in London. The elopement has put an end to his career as a scientist; but he has become the dramatist of the hour. Something has happened to put their relation upon a legal basis. The curtain falls upon them dining Ann Veronica's now meek and complaisant father, who remarks that all's well that ends well, and praises the wine. Perhaps it should be said that such persons, such incident, such a scene as this final one, are not so much remote from nature as from art—the lightsome and ingenious art, at least, of Mr. Wells.

The Glimpse. By Arnold Bennett. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Again the Protean Mr. Bennett shifts his form. Only the other day we were expressing surprise that that severely realistic masterpiece (as it seemed to us), "The Old Wives' Tale," should have come from the rather wildly romantic pen which wrote "Hugo" and helped write "The Statue." In "The Glimpse" is effected a sensitive, mystical, Bensonian kind of thing. It is a study of life from the standpoint of one who has passed beyond life. To make the contrast as strong as possible, the central figure and story-teller is represented as a modern of the utmost sophistication. He has exhausted the resources of society and of culture. Successful authorship has left him indifferent. Only the rarest refinements of literature and music please him; and his satisfaction in them is embittered by the gross contempt in which the world at large holds them. Marriage has defrauded him: the woman to whom he has been united by a great and mutual passion has, in course of years, become only a friend.

In a mood which bids him find hope for the future in a renewal of devotion to his wife, he discovers that she has a lover. The shock tells upon a weak heart, and he apparently dies. Here begins the real experience, which we shall not try to describe. It differs from other imaginary experiences of the sort in that the freed spirit hovers for a time, helpless and alone, near the husk from which it has been thrust rather than escaped. It has a jealous interest in the attitude of other and moving bodies toward that still one. Gradually it detaches itself from the body and from the world, and lives through eons of a sort of sublimated human experience in some vague other-world. On the verge of a new existence, it is called back to the human body. Only a few hours have passed, and the wife has, from grief and remorse, attempted suicide. In brief, he recovers and she dies. The conclusion, which involves the bringing together of the dead wife's lover and her sister-in-law, is something of an anticlimax. The book as a whole lacks the masterly certainty of touch that marks "The Old Wives' Tale," which, we must suppose, represents the real and mature artist among these numerous Arnold Bennetts.

A Gentle Knight of Old Brandenburg. By Charles Major. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Since the startling and somewhat inexplicable success of "When Knighthood Was in Flower," Mr. Major has stood in the foremost ranks of Purveyors Extraordinary to Her Majesty The Public, of predigested history, sweetened to taste, and adorned with a frosting of romantic inaccuracy. In the present volume, however, there is a minimum of frosting. The author has wisely selected a period of absorbing dramatic interest, and transcribed it with spirit and comparative simplicity. The tempestuous wooing of the gentle Wilhelmina is in itself a romance, and to its present setting forth unaccustomed interest is given by assigning the hero's place to the unsuccessful suitor, the Margrave of Schwedt, the Gentle Knight of Brandenburg. It is indisputable that in this perverse world of ours true courtesy, unimpeachable integrity, and unselfish love may coexist in an unwieldy and grotesque body with conceit and an unseemly taste for beer; but when that fact is exploited in a romantic novel, it is a healthful sign that demands recognition. So finely does the fat little Margrave play the god of the machine, that there is no incongruous note in the close of the book, which crowns his noble sacrifice with the tragic dignity of death. The majority of the personages represented are the graceful and well-costumed puppets to which we have grown accustomed, but there are many touches of delicate humor and pathos in the figures of Adolph and his mother the Margravine.

Putting on the Screws. By Gouverneur Morris. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

The dainty binding of this book is the fit garment of a tale both pretty and pleasant, making no undue demands upon either the mental or the monetary exchequer. It is one of those modern fairy-tales so popular in the magazines as an anodyne after a harrowing exposure of social evils, where goodness prospers beyond the dreams of avarice, and every one is good. The Coles family, to be sure, do undergo a period of probational anxiety before Aunt Margaret casts aside her mask of deafness and poverty, and stands revealed as a dispenser of gifts as liberal as Tarapatapoum herself; but when they meet each fresh test of adversity with renewed fortitude and grace the reader is in no doubt of the ultimate apotheosis. This gentle story of triumphant virtue, penny-dip though it be, shines like a good deed in a naughty world of fiction.

MARIE ANTOINETTE AND LOUIS XVI.

Marie Antoinette. By Hilaire Belloc. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.75 net.

Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. By Lieut.-Col. Andrew C. P. Haggard, D.S.O. Two volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $6 net.

The interest of most persons is, not in history, but in people; and they are impatient of any interpretation of history which tends to subordinate the individual. So the Protestant movement means Luther and Calvin, the fall of Rome means Alaric and Theodoric, and the French Revolution means Marie Antoinette, Louis XVI, Mirabeau, Danton, and Robespierre. It is needless to point out the folly of such a reading of history, for it meets a demand at once genuine and universal. The most the historian can do is to see that the biographer, in adjusting his focus for the

one life in which he is interested, does not wilfully distort the whole picture.

This canon of criticism is at once invoked in dealing with the biographies of Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI. Many a time have their lives been written, but seldom with impartial judgment, and never with a full study of the influences that moulded them, and determined their fate. The present volumes are no exception. They are absolutely dissimilar in style, treatment, scope—everything but prejudice. Both are frank apologies for the life of the queen; both misinterpret history in their sympathy with her. Or rather, let us say, they view the Revolution so exclusively from her standpoint as to mislead a reader who is not forewarned. In the overthrow of ancient privilege, in the establishment of middle-class rule, the greatest individual obstacle was, undoubtedly, the strong-willed woman who called in the troops around Paris and Versailles, and so caused the attack upon the Bastille; she who nerved the King to whatever action he could be nerved into taking, against the new order. There was every reason, to be sure, why she should betray the French plans of campaign to the enemy, her brother. But that does not make her the less guilty. The tragedy of her life began in its gay and self-indulgent youth. She was no person upon whose caprice the welfare of a nation should depend. The King, that acme of kindly stupidity, managed fairly well during the first years of his reign, before the Queen gained her ascendency. Her whims, if indulged in private life, would have been more or less innocent. In a queen they were worse than a blunder. This is the true tragedy of her life—her irresponsible responsibility, her failure to understand, and consequently her own deliberate choice of the road to destruction. Of course, these biographies do not go into this. They are concerned with the brilliant fortunes of the gay young Austrian; the gossip and life at the court of Versailles; the relations between King and Queen; the darkening of social life at court during 1789; the march of the women in October; the gilded prison of the Tuileries; the tragic close with its strong human appeal.

Yet nothing could be more unlike than these volumes. Mr. Belloc is a master of style. His rhetoric is graphic. His thought is direct and incisive, his virile and masterful presentation of men and events is a triumph of literature. Yet his book is just so much more dangerous than the long, garrulous, and quite uninspired biography of king and queen by Col. Haggard. For Mr. Belloc is not a simple-hearted gentleman, amusing his leisure with a courtly tale; he is a deliberate apologist who chooses to pervert history in order to arrange his *mise en scène*. His book is about as untrustworthy a performance as ever came from the pen of a master of rhetoric—which is saying a good deal. It opens with the attempt to prove that the "Diplomatic Revolution of the middle of the eighteenth century sprang, like every other major thing in modern history, from the religious schism of the sixteenth!" That Reformation was to him the great catastrophe. Had it succeeded all over Europe, "The spirit of Rome would have vanished as utterly from her deserted provinces, as had that of Assyria from hers." Humanism, according to M. Belloc, is a Catholic thing. This is on a par, as an interpretation of history, with his attempt later to prove that the reason Marie Antoinette developed a liking for gambling was because of the lack of an heir to the throne! It is natural that such playing with events should be careless of detail and of statement. When Turgot entered upon his ministry "the Republic was in sight; already Napoleon was born!" (p. 114). What connection have Turgot's reforms with Jacobinism? "There is not one of us but has come upon a dozen such unions" (p. 62) as that of an imaginary marriage of Louis XV and Madame du Barry! That lady was not the spiteful piece Mr. Belloc makes her out to be, and it is absurd to suppose that she owed her influence over the king to the fact that she had "the same brow and forehead" as Pompadour (p. 63). How does the author know that, at the end of her last day's journey to Versailles, Marie Antoinette's "curiosity and the vitality of her years had forbidden her to feel fatigue" (p. 64.)? Or that her mother had carelessly passed by the mention of Du Barry in the note of Mercy (p. 43)? Or that when she danced with Chartres (Orleans), at her first ball at court, the young *dauphine* felt that "something chilled her"? Frequent indeed are the demands here made upon the imagination. And yet Mr. Belloc is a most brilliant writer, and capable of thought; and one enjoys his bad book—as a romance.

Col. Haggard talks to one as he would to a child. He takes you into his confidence. "Now, dear reader," he almost says, "if it were possible I should like to have this story turn out differently, but don't blame me!" In offering you his confidences, however, he wins your own. He is a good, old-fashioned story-teller. His biography in its two good-sized volumes, leaves little out that can well go in. He has read history to advantage, too, in spite of his failure to understand what the Revolution was all about, or in any case to convey a correct impression. He at least has read the decree of August 11, 1789, and other such documents. It is a better book than its inspired neighbor, because it is so straightforward that only the utterly uninitiated will be led astray by it.

A life of Marie Antoinette remains to be written.

The Mystery of Education and Other Academic Performances. By Barrett Wendell. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. $1.25 net.

In these four addresses the persuasive qualities of Mr. Wendell's wit appear once more to advantage. The title essay and that on the Study of Literature have a gradual Socratic approach that is charming and enlightening. One may doubt if the paradox of a higher education which leaves no perceptible residuum in actual acquirement will ever be wholly elucidated. Here we learn chiefly that intelligent sympathy and its wise radiation as power are the real aims, and both the latter-day dispersion of undergraduate courses and the eccentricity of much postgraduate research are held up for disapproval. This address was delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Johns Hopkins University, and, unless the gentleness of the manner prevented, it should have done them good. What the Newark school teachers thought when they were insidiously led on to the perilous brink where the simple study of literature goes over into Comparative Literature, we have no means of knowing. It should have encouraged them to hitch their pedagogical wagons to the star of the humanities.

Most interesting to those who have followed Mr. Wendell's career at Harvard was the address on the Study of Expression delivered before the College of Charleston, South Carolina. In most respects it is a recantation, an admission of bankruptcy of that elaborate system by which all comers were supposed to learn how to write. The results of an unsuccessful experiment, which he stalwartly insists had to be tried, is that it is futile to teach English composition "as a thing apart." It must grow out of personal interests which cannot be improvised at certain hours of academic schedules. Proficiency comes out of much reading, thinking, and feeling. In a sound education all courses would make for workmanlike expression. Since they do not, we may possibly believe instruction in composition to be still a necessary evil.

The address on Poe, given at the University of Virginia, seems to us at once the most ingenious and sophistical of these academic performances. What is said about the specific gift of the man, his isolation, his keen romantic glamour, his moral indifference, is excellent; but when Mr. Wendell goes on to say that a genius which had nothing of North or South in it is therefore a precious bond between the sections, he implies false axioms of equivalence. For fairness' sake we quote the statement upon which the cirenicon of Poe is based:

> No other romanticism of the nineteenth century was ever so serenely free from

limitation of material condition and tradition; none, therefore, was so indisputably what the native romanticism of America must inevitably have been.

If we are to argue so, we must also concede that American romanticism began and ended with Poe—a fact which rightly makes his talent precious, but hardly constitutes a bond between Puritan and Cavalier. By the same token we would engage to prove, say, at the University of Durham, that Shelley, being at once wholly detached and the quintessence of British individualism, is a tie between the hearts of Wessex and Northumberland. Public speakers are usually under the burdensome obligation of proving something agreeable and socially expedient.

For good measure is added a poem in heroic couplets, "De Præside Magnifico," to wit, President Eliot. It is genial and witty, and doubtless served its turn well; but it was possibly a mistake to reprint it. The rhymes fail to answer each other with a satisfying bang. It gives the impression of having been thought out in blank verse to which rhyme has been added subsequently and without relish.

Journals of the House of Burgesses of Virginia, 1742-1747 and 1748-1749. Edited by H. R. McIlwaine. Richmond, Virginia.

This is the second volume of the Journals of the House of Burgesses of Virginia published during the year 1909, and the seventh in the series. It contains the Journals for two Assemblies, or six sessions. The editor gives in the preface a useful summary of the most important acts of each session.

The first session of the former Assembly began on May 6, 1742. Gov. Gooch had returned in 1741 from the unsuccessful expedition of Admiral Vernon against Carthagena, in which he had commanded the Virginia troops, instead of Gov. Spotswood, who had died June 7, 1740, just before the expedition was ready to sail. During the Governor's absence, the Rev. James Blair, commissary of the Bishop of London and President of the Council, acted as Governor (1740-41). In the meantime, the House of Burgesses appointed the usual standing committees, and the committee of claims was busy with claims of the widows of those whose lives were lost in the unfortunate affair of Carthagena. Furthermore, a tobacco law was passed, and other legislation of considerable importance.

The second session opened September 4, 1744, more than two years after the first closed. The tobacco law was again changed, and a special act for the suppression of gambling was passed. The number of laws passed was forty-six, as against the thirty-three of the previous session. An act laying an increased tax on skins and furs for the support of William and Mary College was passed, and an act allowing free negroes, mulattoes, and Indians, "being Christians," to testify in cases involving these classes. The county of Albemarle was formed from Goochland in this year, and the town of Port Royal on the Rappahannock was established. The third session (from February 20, 1745) was called by the Governor on hearing the news of the uprising of the followers of the Young Pretender. In its course, both Governor and House manifested their strongly Protestant sentiments and sympathies. As in an earlier session, the House of Burgesses now showed its jealousy of the Council and zeal in maintaining its rights and privileges. One need not discuss in detail the acts of the fourth session of this Assembly, of only six days' duration (from July 11, 1747). Finally, the fifth and last session of this Assembly opened March 30, 1747, to make provision for rebuilding the Capitol, which had been destroyed by an incendiary fire. Now began in earnest the dispute between the House and the Council as to the removal of the capital. The House favored a site on the Pamunkey; the Governor and Council preferred Williamsburg. The Governor finally dissolved the Assembly, and called a new one to meet on October 27, 1748, which continued in session to May 11, 1749, though a recess was taken from December 17, 1748, to March 2, 1749. The Governor recommended Williamsburg as the site for the Capitol, and action on the report of the committee on revision of the laws. The first subject was discussed as bitterly as before. The bill for a town on the Pamunkey was defeated by five votes, and that for rebuilding the Capitol at Williamsburg was passed by two votes. Later, a bill for a town at Newcastle, and the erection of public buildings there, was passed by two votes, but was rejected by the Council, the Williamsburg bill having already received the Governor's signature. The dispute continued, and the Governor prorogued the Assembly. The editor remarks that the acts passed by this Assembly "constituted a mass of well-digested legislation which is a worthy monument of the ability of the leaders of the colony at the middle of the eighteenth century."

Whatever criticism may be made of the House of Burgesses of Virginia, especially for their disputes with the Council, and their stickling for their rights and privileges, it must be conceded that it was a working body, patriotic and energetic, and much more democratic than the Council itself. The last action taken by this Assembly was the appointment of a committee of five of the most prominent members to see to the printing of the revised laws, and to the disposition of official copies of them. As for the Governor himself, one is impressed by his religious attitude throughout his administration, and, in his final address to the Assembly, by his exhortation that this body "continue steadfast in the communion and doctrines of the Church of England," in "a religious regard for the clergy," and in "a legal indulgence to Dissenters." These last were not yet regarded as on an equality with members of the Church of England, for the recommendation with respect to them reads, "there is not anything can contribute more to the reformed interest, or the public weal, than a legal indulgence to such Dissenters, who, under the required proof of their fidelity to our civil establishment, lead quiet and inoffensive lives." Yet the events of the next twenty-five years welded the people of Virginia politically into a united whole.

Essai sur Leconte de Lisle. By Jean Dornis. Paris: Librairie Paul Ollendorff. 3 fr. 50.

There is a good deal of the card catalogue about M. Dornis's essay—the kind of thing an attentive reader might make by partitioning his author into topics such as sense of color, feeling for nature, and so on, and noting apposite quotations, which are then sorted and connected by a tissue of comment and transition. To be sure, this process, if persisted in as M. Dornis does persist in it for 350 pages or thereabouts, will finally give the reader a kind of familiarity with the poet; though it does not orientate him particularly or quicken his critical ideas. But, then, M. Dornis's attitude toward his author is not precisely critical; it is unreservedly enthusiastic, even rhapsodic. Though he recognizes, as far as it is admirable, the poet's grandiosity—the singular atmosphere of vastness or spaciousness diffused through such poems as "le Sommeil du condor"—he fails to recognize the equally curious sense of unreality which makes even the poet's Greek pieces so un-Greek, and which in connection with the former characteristic lends all his figures a singular air of something seen in a fever—large, remote, and vivid, but somehow fantastic and insubstantial like pasteboard *cartons*.

Besides, the cautious reader cannot fail to suspect M. Dornis in his enthusiasm of exaggerating his author's importance as a philosopher. As a matter of fact, Leconte de Lisle was deeply interested in the successive religious beliefs of the world—indeed, he is occasionally, when his inspiration flags, rather too much of a cosmologist. But it was always the panorama of faith that interested him; and it is going too far to make his main preoccupation religious—it was so obviously something else: what he himself would have called ar-

tistic. As he says in his own person: "Le premier soin de celui qui écrit en vers ou en prose doit être de mettre en relief le côté pittoresque des choses extérieures." And his frequent luridness, ferocity, and satanism, particularly in his pictures of mediævalism, confirm his confession. It is, no doubt, an inverted sort of picturesqueness that he elicits from his subject in such cases; but in this respect it has its parallel in Baudelaire; while as for his zoölogy or natural history, it would be interesting to compare him with La Fontaine. In reality, then, it would probably be nearer the mark to reverse these relations and make his philosophical development depend upon his artistic; for iconoclast as he was, he carried his idolatry of art so far as to believe no statesman proper to his office without a clear vision of artistic beauty. It is always a little dangerous to convert poetic themes into philosophical theses; and M. Dornis, like many other critics, does not seem to have escaped entirely unscathed.

On the other hand, while his enthusiasm has in this way thrown his critical faculty into partial eclipse, it has also led him into faults of taste which are sometimes more English than French —*emphase* and in particular expatiation and the kind of development into which he has been drawn by the conscientious desire to make the utmost of every hint and suggestion of the poet's. These failings are more or less evident everywhere, though they are painfully obtrusive in such chapters as "la Vie passionnelle" and "la Conception de l'amour." In these matters we shall probably never understand the Frenchman. In short, the great defect of the book is that it is too long; it would be better digested, better in every way, if it were a third of the size.

Fernando Cortes. By Francis Augustus MacNutt. (The Heroes of the Nations Series.) New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.35 net.

This book is virtually an expansion of a biographical introduction which the author prefixed to his two-volume edition of the "Letters of Cortes," published more than a year ago (see the *Nation*, July 16, 1908). To judge from his preface, Mr. MacNutt had a chance to profit by the reviews and criticisms of his earlier work before the present one saw the light; if this be so, it is unfortunate that he failed to avail himself of his opportunity, for his latest production, far from being an improvement, is really not the equal of its predecessor. In that work Mr. MacNutt showed clearly that the earlier verdicts on Cortes were far too severe; in the present one, he almost topples over backwards in his anxiety to defend his hero, and, in our judgment, is as much too favorable in his verdicts as his predecessors were the reverse. That the conqueror of Mexico was a great soldier and statesman no well-informed person to-day is disposed to deny, and to judge from his preface, Mr. MacNutt (who is "not aware of having glossed over or condoned either the regrettable flaws in Cortes's private morals or the several acts of duplicity and excessive cruelty which so seriously detract from the admiration his great achievements would otherwise unreservedly command") does not seek to do more than represent him as such. But when we come to the book itself we find that its initial promise of impartiality is scarcely fulfilled. No amount of "judging according to the standard of contemporaries" justifies the author in absolutely ignoring the strong evidence that Cortes strangled his first wife, Catalina Xuarez, in bed, and in speaking casually of her "unlamented death." The whole story of the arrival and suspiciously timely death of the visitador, Don Luis Ponce de Leon, is treated with almost equal inadequacy. Moreover, the book will prove disappointing to those who are interested in Cortes from other points of view than that of conqueror of Mexico. His career in Spain and North Africa as a lieutenant of Charles V has never been thoroughly worked up, and, as there are abundant materials available for so doing, it is a matter of surprise and regret that Mr. MacNutt has not utilized them; he has dismissed in less than 30 of his 475 pages the entire European career of his hero. Edward Armstrong, in his life of Charles V, gives quite as much information concerning Cortes in the disastrous expedition against Algiers in 1541, for instance, as does Mr. MacNutt in this biography. The index is inadequate. Many important names are omitted, and the references under those that do appear are almost invariably incomplete.

We have dealt much in criticism, but should be unwilling to leave the impression that the book is utterly without value. Its bias in favor of Cortes makes it a salutary corrective to the older writers who erred in the opposite direction; the author has used a considerable amount of material not accessible to his predecessors (it is a pity that the last volume of the Hakluyt Society's publications, with its admirable translation of one of the four extant accounts of the conquest of Mexico by eye-witnesses, appeared too late for his purposes); he tells his story in a straightforward and on the whole attractive manner; and the errors of detail are not numerous. But the reader instinctively feels at every turn that Mr. MacNutt has not "read all around his subject," that his background is insufficient, that he is not, in short, a really trained historian. We cannot conclude, however, without remarking that his book, with all its shortcomings, deserves much better paper and printing than its publishers have apparently been willing to afford; certainly it cannot compare, in these respects, with the earlier volumes of this series.

Notes.

President Nicholas Murray Butler's lectures at the University of Copenhagen have appeared at Paris (Cornély), in a translation by Mme. Emile Boutroux, and with a preface by Emile Boutroux, under the title "Les Américains."

From Boston is announced the early publication of "In Unfamiliar England," by Thomas D. Murphy (L. C. Page & Co.). The new volume will be uniform with its author's "British Highways and Byways."

Elliot Stock will publish on February 1, for David Cuthbertson of the Library of Edinburgh University, a volume entitled "Thirty-three Years' Adventures in Bookland."

An endowment of one thousand dollars annually for three years has been made to the Glasgow University for special lectureships in Scottish history and literature. In 1912, it is hoped, a chair of Scottish history will be permanently endowed from the surplus of the Historical Exhibition to be held in 1911.

Owing to the death of Vernon Harcourt and other unforeseen circumstances, no publication for the present year has yet been issued by the Selden Society. The work is only delayed, and the Council hopes that two volumes will be completed at an early date and distributed to subscribers for 1909, one being a volume of the Year Book Series and the other being Star Chamber, Vol. II.

Two volumes are added to the new Scott published by Henry Frowde: "Waverley" and "Guy Mannering." Inexpensive as are these reprints, they combine the attractions of clear type, fair white paper, and woodcuts which, in their quaintness of tone and lack of the hard, photographic finish, are thoroughly in character.

"What is the use, in the little time we have, of trying to read books? Dr. Hornbrooke gives us the cream of literature with no bother to ourselves." Such was the testimonial, says the "foreword," of a busy business man to the author of "The Ring and the Book, an Interpretation" (Little, Brown & Co.). Perhaps that is about all that needs to be said for this posthumous volume by the fourth president of the Boston Browning Society. Written in 1903, five years before the publication of "The Old Yellow Book," it contains one or two errors of fact, such as the statement that the original source gives us no information about Pietro and Violante. Otherwise, so far as it goes, Dr. Hornbrooke's work is impeccable. It is almost entirely free from silly moralizing, and it attempts practically nothing in the way of criticism. In fact, the main difference between "The Ring and the Book" and "The Ring and the Book, an Interpretation," is that Browning's version is 477 pages long, and in verse, while Dr. Hornbrooke's version is only 235 pages long, and is, for the most part, in prose. If that is the way to get the cream of literature, why, then, this should be the cream of "The Ring and the Book."

An essay on travels, through the ages, with due attention to the sentiments on the subject expressed by worthy men and scholars, could hardly fail to be an interesting work. One would find material enough, were he to neglect all but English and American sources. Richard Lassels, Gent., was right in thinking, long ago, that "travelling makes a man sit still in his old age with satisfaction." Such are one's musings in rereading James Russell Lowell's "Fireside Travels," issued by Henry Frowde, in the Oxford Library of Prose and Verse. It is true that this kind of writing has been thoroughly commercialized nowadays, and that its worst enemy is the so-called "three-color process." Yet nothing can blind us to the excellences of that small portion of travel-literature which pleases and lives. Perhaps the best of travel books might have been written without even "going a journey." You may find your antipodes without a voyage to China, as the author of "Fireside Travels" himself assures us, and one of the best books in this same genre is, assuredly, the "Voyage autour de ma Chambre." As for the book by Lowell, what part of Lowell's writings is more charming than the initial essay on Cambridge Thirty Years Ago? As E. V. Lucas writes in the introduction to this pleasing reprint, one would not be surprised to hear a reader remarking on it that it is very like Stevenson in parts, "and no doubt it is like Lamb, too, in others."

In preparing his edition of Gower's "Confessio Amantis" for the Clarendon Press and the Early English Text Society in 1900, G. C. Macaulay's attention was called by J. Fitzmaurice-Kelly and by the librarian of the Escorial to the existence of an old Spanish translation in manuscript, almost contemporaneous with the original (see his Introduction, pp. clxvii-clxviii). This Spanish translation has just been published, under the title: "Confision del Amante, por Joan Goer, Spanische Uebersetzung von John Gowers Confessio Amantis, aus dem Vermächtnis von Hermann Knust nach der Handschrift im Escorial herausgegeben von Adolf Birch-Hirschfeld" (Leipzig: Seele). The volume is a portly one of 510 pages of text, 22 pages of contents (also from the MS.), and a glossary of 18 pages for the peculiar Spanish words and for the proper names. An interesting feature of the translation, made by one Juan de Cuenca, is that it rests upon a Portuguese version from the English, made by an Englishman, Robert Payne, canon of Lisbon. The Spanish manuscript is of about 1400, and Robert Payne's Portuguese conforms to the earlier, 1390, version of the English "Confessio."

The general significance of this Spanish version is self-evident; for its value in detail we must wait until Gower students in Europe and America have had time to compare it line by line with the original. Meanwhile, Professor Birch-Hirschfeld's remarks (p. iv) strike us as too meagre even for a provisional note. At any rate, the book will force us to reconstruct some of our current views. The genius of Chaucer has so completely overshadowed Gower's labored efforts that one feels startled at the discovery that in the eyes of what the French call "contemporaneous posterity" the "Confessio" should have totally eclipsed "Troilus and Cressida" and the "Canterbury Tales." The sobriquet, "Moral Gower," gains for us fresh significance. From Sidney Lee's admirable study of the "Beginning of French Translation from the English" (Bibliographical Society Transactions, 1907), one learns that Continental renderings of English were quite late, namely, from the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth centuries. But now we know that Spain, in her "Confision," was ahead of France by nearly two centuries. In every respect the present publication marks a new point of departure in English literary study.

Dr. Benjamin Rand has brought out a companion volume to his "Modern Classical Philosophers," giving us this time a series of selections from "The Classical Moralists" (Houghton Mifflin Co.). By "classical" he does not mean Greek and Latin, but standard, for his authors range from Xenophon to James Martineau; and the present volume would perhaps have been better distinguished by title from its predecessor if he had called the earlier group "metaphysicians" rather than "philosophers," for much of the writing of his "moralists" is philosophy in the purest form. As in the earlier volume, the selections are of sufficient length and significance to offer a rapid yet fairly complete survey of ethical theory from its beginnings in Greece down almost to the present day. A few pages at the end might have been added, we think, to exhibit what Socialists and a certain type of reformers are pleased to call the New Morality, but, with that possible exception, Dr. Rand has, in our judgment, displayed rare tact in choosing and discarding. Two of the texts, Abelard's "Ethics, or Know Thyself," and Henry More's "Enchiridion Ethicum," appear here for the first time in English, having been translated for this work by Prof. E. K. Rand of Harvard. Altogether, these two volumes are invaluable as text-books and as agreeable summaries for the general reader. In particular, we have been impressed by a characteristic difference between the "Philosophers" and the "Moralists." In the former the lion's portion went to the Germans from Kant to Schopenhauer, who made a section of 296 pages, while the only considerable stretch occupied by the English was 132 pages, which went to Locke, Berkeley, and Hume. In the volume of "Moralists" the proportions are quite reversed. Here the German school does indeed fill 108 pages, but against them are the three great English groups: from Hobbes to Cumberland (44 pages), from Locke to Adam Smith (177 pages), and from Mill to Martineau (144 pages). The present reviewer has in particular taken the occasion to read carefully the pages of the deistic group (Locke, Clarke, Shaftesbury, Mandeville, Wollaston, Butler, Hutcheson, Hartley, Hume, Smith); he has been struck anew by the richness of meaning and the sanity of expression that characterize the movement, and by the value of such a bird's-eye view as is afforded in these selections.

In "The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets" (Macmillan) Jane Addams gives another collection of human examples which seem to assert the malorganization of our society. Here are young girls driven by love of gayety and the normal gregariousness of sex into the streets, and thence into the only rendezvous for young folk—the dance hall. Here are boys normally full of love of adventure rebelling against the treadmill work of the factory. Again, a whole population is left to take its notions of romance and the ideal from the moving-picture shows, whose staple is revenge or dishonest mirth. Finally, in the Jewish immigrants who have carried ideals of national regeneration from Russia, we have an imposing body of political idealism, which if directed might be potent for good, but as it is dies into the prevailing commercialism or smoulders in dangerous discontent. Miss Addams knows her people, and no one will gainsay that here are perils of mind and body that want vigilance. Whose vigilance? That is the bitter question that after all must be asked, and never is satisfactorily answered. Miss Addams imagines cities that will provide for and regulate the recreation of the young. Something of the sort is already done in playgrounds and halls. Hull House and many another settlement have proved the theatrical enthusiasm and capacity of working people, but here is evidently the very slenderest offset to the biograph. In short, so far as Miss Addams's purpose is not descriptive, she appeals to a sort of collective humanized wisdom that simply has never existed. What she imagines to be the better regulation of life in classic and mediæval times was not imposed by authority, but was the instinctive demand and product of the people it benefited. That the people must learn, is the hard lesson of history. One may substitute only in a very limited measure the superior for the average intelligence. The soundest suggestion in this book, to our thinking, is that, if young workers were shown the relation of their task to the whole process of making the finished product, intelligence would relieve the necessary drudgery of work. Again, one asks, Who is to teach? but this time more hopefully. It might actually pay the manufacturers to make such an appeal to mind. In general we welcome such studies of the normal and exceptional hazards of a civilization become too precipitately industrial. We believe there is a great work of social readjustment and rehabilitation to be done. We regret merely the obsession of an omniscient State or city that is to set the crooked things straight. Social movements have always worked piecemeal, from person to person. No government has done much more than to confirm a beneficence already existing. Miss Addams's authority rests, not upon her visions of a prescient democracy, but upon the fact that she has pursued valiantly the usual hand-to-mouth task of social reform, quite as St. Francis undertook it seven hundred years ago.

Bits of the verse, and an occasional story or legend, of Gustavo A. Becquer have been done into English, but now we have a good section of his collected *obras* translated by Cornelia Frances Bates and her daughter, Katharine Lee Bates, under the title "Romantic Legends of Spain" (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.). This group of "Leyendas" represents the solidest and most enduring part of Becquer's work, though his "Rhymes" must be studied by one who would know the affinities of his talent, and his "Cartas Literarias desde mi Celda" for the higher reaches of his style. The pres-

ent translation has been executed with elegance and accuracy, if we may judge by the few comparisons we have made with the original. Remarkable is the fact that this version of Becquer was begun and partly done by Mrs. Bates after she had first taken up the study of Spanish at seventy. Professor Bates put the finishing touches to what thus becomes a pious memorial of her mother.

In the "Cathedral Cities of Spain," by W. W. Collins (Dodd, Mead & Co.), the illustrations by the author are what make the book. There are more than sixty reproductions in color, and as these are from sketches of the noblest architectural monuments of Spain, the result is striking and often very beautiful. We instance the cathedral of Leon shown by starlight and Segovia at sunset. The text gives dryly the historical and artistic details, but it is the artist's work that constitutes the charm of the volume. It is one which all who have seen the originals, here so brilliantly rendered, would be glad to possess.

The reader of William Dean Howells's earlier sketches of residence and travel on the Continent and in England turns with eagerness to his new book of "Seven English Cities" (Harper & Bros.). In the first of these papers, the traveller confesses to "a modest liking for Liverpool," which is, however, tempered by the reflection that Liverpool "and the like English towns" lack "any social consciousness." The six other cities are Manchester, "Smokiest Sheffield," York, "the mother of the American Athens," and a brace of Welsh resorts. There is a word, too, of racing and royalty at Doncaster, and some rural excursions, and a final chapter called "Glimpses of English Character"—with more than its share, this last, of interest and of meatiness. Neither his references to the harmless necessary Baedeker, nor those to his notebook, contribute so much to the attractiveness of these sketches as does Mr. Howells's exquisite stylistic skill. It is the artfulness and the artistry of the performance—and nothing more—which keep one from yielding to the temptation to call it, finally, perfunctory. There are a great plenty of photographs as illustrations, and a few drawings.

"In the Abruzzi," by Anne Macdonell (Stokes), is something more than a book of travel. While it betrays only passing personal acquaintance with the self-contained folk who inhabit the dorsal eminence of Italy, it is informed by a keen sympathy and a real enthusiasm. Moreover, the histories and collections of folksongs and tales have been drawn on freely. The result is a blend that should be useful to the intending visitor, and agreeable to the stay-at-home. In the journal of Keppel Craven, a peculiarly insensitive and stately Briton, who from his coach disapproved of the Abruzzi nearly a hundred years ago, a real treasure of a humoristic sort has been disinterred. Twelve color prints after aquarelles by Amy Atkinson give a fair notion of the scenery. Where the author has been particularly successful is in suggesting the romance of the region. In an Italy chiefly material it has been a perpetual reservoir of enthusiasms. Thomas of Celano, of the "Dies Iræ"; John of Capestrano, who made "the great refusal" of the Papacy—these are typical figures. Rienzi fled thither for peace, and later Tasso. Zealots of the impossible readily arise there. The elder Rossetti, Don Oreste de' Amicis (for a time a Messiah), Gabriele d'Annunzio are characteristic figures of the century past. Ancient mystery is still alive in these mountains. Near Scanno you may see St. Dominic adored with accessories of serpent worship of a suspiciously pagan sort. Or are the snakes merely a pious reminiscence of the thaumaturgy of Moses? Witches and warlocks still abound. Pilgrims traverse the barren uplands on foot. Yet who would see this primitive country should do so soon. The "American money" is trickling in; the young people have views; Socialism shows its face. In general our author has been careful to give references, but the compilatory character of the book makes it at times difficult to be sure of the distinction between what has been seen and what merely read.

It is a satisfaction to commend the translation of Rudolf Eucken's "Lebensanschauungen der grossen Denker," produced by Williston S. Hough and W. R. Boyce Gibson, which bears the English title, "The Problem of Human Life, as Viewed by the Great Thinkers from Plato to the Present Time" (Scribner). Eucken was in 1908 awarded the Nobel prize for literature and his philosophical writings are distinguished, not only for clearness and penetration, but also for chasteness and elegance of style. Dean Hough and Professor Gibson have rendered his eloquent pages exceedingly well, and it is interesting to note that both Mrs. Gibson and Mrs. Hough collaborated in the work. A better introduction to the history of philosophy than this volume of Eucken would be difficult to find. The discussion is clothed with vital interest, and the criticism of the chief systems of thought from Plato to Nietzsche and the Socialists is sustained on a high level by the constant relation of philosophical opinions to their practical embodiment in literature and religion, and in the lives of nations and individuals. Eucken is a spiritual idealist, and his idealism is held with an intensity, and an appreciation of the truth and force of opposing tendencies, which few have equalled. In its German form his work has long been known to the discerning. It has passed through seven editions in the original, and it may be hoped that it will gain like vogue among English readers, a result which the character of the translation is designed to further.

One may have an aversion to all attempts to portray the religion of a particular class or condition of men, in the conviction that humility before God is not served by the assumption that college men, or Englishmen, or haberdashers, or any other part or parcel of humanity, stand in need of a particular type of faith; yet one may find much to commend in President David Starr Jordan's essay on "The Religion of a Sensible American" (The American Unitarian Association). Very wisely, President Jordan has not handled his subject abstractly, but has set forth the religious convictions and teachings of a colleague, Prof. Wilbur Wilson Thoburn, who died some ten years ago at the early age of forty. Professor Thoburn, a biologist, was in the habit of making addresses on earnest subjects to the students at Stanford University, and from the notes of these addresses, with much discriminating comment and essay of his own, President Jordan has described a useful type of piety, not Isaian in passion, nor Johannine in vision, but kindly and gentle, insistent on the moralities, and above all things sincere and candid.

The Theological Translation Library, which has introduced to English readers a large number of valuable works of German critical scholars, now includes a second volume of Pfleiderer's "Primitive Christianity," translated by W. Montgomery (G. P. Putnam's Sons). This volume, following the first on the work and writings of Paul, treats of the gospels of Mark, Luke, and Matthew, and contains sections on the Acts of the Apostles, the Preaching of Jesus, and the Faith of the First Disciples. Pfleiderer holds more closely to the views of Baur than many recent scholars, but his "Urchristentum" has won high place as one of the most discerning studies of the origins of the Christian religion, and this volume should be studied by those who are inclined to grant too ready acceptance to Harnack's opinions on the character of Luke as historian.

The most scholarly convert from Roman Catholicism to Protestantism for several decades is doubtlessly Count Paul von Hoensbroech, who, before his change of church relations, was a prominent Jesuit. He now publishes a work entitled "Vierzehn Jahre Jesuit," of which the first volume, called "Persönliches und Grundsätzliches," with the sub-title "Das Vorleben: Die Ultramontan-Katholische Welt, in der ich aufwuchs," has been issued by Breitkopf & Härtel of Leipzig. The work is particularly valuable for the discussion of the pedagogical principles of Jesuitism and the practical way in which these are applied. All things considered, the discussion seems fair and objective. The book is a real contribution to pedagogical literature.

The University of Leipzig received on the occasion of its recent semi-millennium celebration endowment funds amounting to almost one and a quarter million marks. The most characteristic jubilee volume issued in this connection is the work entitled "Die Universität Leipzig, 1409-1909; Gedenkblätter," the joint product of Profs. Erich Brandenburg, Count Georg Vitzthum zu Eckstädt, Albrecht Kurzwelly, Jakob Strieder, Theodor Brieger, Ernst Kroker, Max Brahn, Paul Kühn, and Wilhelm Bruchmüller. It is issued by Meyer & Quelle (Leipzig).

Hirzel and Bernays published in 1875 the first edition of "Der junge Goethe," which contained, in chronological order, almost every known product of the young poet's pen, including letters, up to September, 1776. The idea appealed to scholars and the work began at once to be referred to as a standard publication. As time went on, more manuscripts of early writings and many important letters of that period were discovered and the work sank in importance because of the gaps in it. A second, revised, edition is now being published by the Insel-Verlag of Leipzig, with Max Morris as editor. Judging by the first volume, which recently appeared, the new edition will be a worthy successor to the first. It is the editor's plan to incorporate in this collection all known products of young Goethe's various activities up to the time

of his departure for Weimar. The only exception to be made is in the case of the drawings of the Swiss journey. Of these enough of the most characteristic are to be included to give an adequate idea of the young man's gifts in this field. Apart from this omission (which is excused on the ground that Vol. XXII of the Publications of the Goethe Society contains all these drawings, and the reproduction of all of them here would incur too much expense), the series will include all the writings of the period, together with all the letters, school exercises, diaries, note books, public utterances, printed articles, legal documents, book dedications, album verses, etchings, drawings, and conversations. The sixth volume is to be a commentary on the five volumes of text. This will be the first time that such a comprehensive commentary has been undertaken, and it is badly needed, particularly for the early letters. Merris's last volume will be eagerly awaited by Goethe scholars.

William Arnold Steevens, who for thirty years occupied the chair of New Testament interpretation in the Rochester Theological Seminary, and was a writer on philological and Biblical subjects, died January 2 at Rochester. He was born at Granville, O., in 1839, and was graduated in 1862 from Denison University. Later he studied at the Rochester Theological Seminary, at Harvard, Leipzig, and Berlin. Among his publications were "Select Orations of Lysias," "Commentary on the Epistles to the Thessalonians," "Outline Handbook of the Life of Christ" (with Ernest D. Burton), "Harmony of the Gospels for Historical Study" (with Ernest D. Burton), and "Life of the Apostle Paul."

From Germany is announced the sudden death of Karl Krumbacher, professor of mediæval and modern Greek at the University of Munich. Born in 1856, he made several voyages to the Orient, published numerous important articles on Greek mediæval philology in the memoirs of the Academy of Munich, and founded in 1892 the *Byzantinische Zeitschrift*.

Science.

Sir Joseph Banks, the "Father of Australia." By J. H. Maiden. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Truebner & Co.

To call Banks the Father of Australia brings surprise to readers who are unfamiliar with the important part which he took in the exploration of the southern continent. Banks accompanied Capt. Cook in his famous voyage to Tahiti to observe the transit of Venus in 1769. After accomplishing successfully the object of their visit, they sailed around New Zealand, and then decided to push west in order to see something of the Continent, which had been already touched by the Portuguese and the Dutch. In the council which arrived at this decision to sail westward, Banks had undoubtedly great influence, and in the subsequent activities along the eastern coast he held a prominent place. But although we learn from his modest journals how hard he worked and how much he accomplished, his name and fame were wholly overshadowed by the reputation of the commander, James Cook. Banks was apt to give too much credit to others, and his friends often protested against his too great modesty. But, on the other hand, Linnæus went too far and claimed too much for him when he wrote to his botanical correspondent Ellis in 1771 that "the new-found country ought to be named Banksia from its discoverer, as America was from Americus." Cook and Banks reached the mainland on April 28, 1770, at a place which was so rich in unknown plants that it was offhand named Botany Bay. After a short time they sailed northward, just missing by the merest chance the magnificent harbor lying a few miles from Botany Bay, and now known as Sydney. From the first hour of his landing until the last of his life, Banks never lost his great interest in the natural history and the development of Australia, and his efforts to improve the welfare of the young colony were never relaxed. But he did not, during his lifetime, receive due credit for this interest and these efforts. It is therefore proper that Australia, and especially the mother colony of New South Wales, should add to existing memorials of Banks another which shall express more fitly the high esteem in which he should be held.

The present volume by Mr. Maiden is to aid in this purpose. The author says in his preface:

> To be quite frank, the work has only two objects: to disseminate information concerning Australia's greatest early friend, and to suggest that my readers may be pleased to open their purse-strings for the purpose of establishing a memorial to him.

He who thus expresses himself is the government botanist of New South Wales and director of the Botanic Gardens, Sydney. He has long been a resident of the mother colony and is familiar with its early history, rich in botanical traditions. To no better hands could have been entrusted the charge of bringing together the interesting features in the life and work of Banks.

By his long connection with museums, Mr. Maiden has learned what will interest the public, while his training as a systematist has taught him the value of perspective and proportion in arrangement. Therefore we find that many of the striking points in the career of Banks are brought out in strong relief But the author has felt so fully the necessity of keeping his volume within narrow limits that he has sometimes, so to speak, merely labelled a fact or an inference, much as he would deal with his specimens in an exhibition case, whereas, with more room at his disposal, he would have given a more detailed account.

It was not so much, however, by his own journeys as by his direct contributions to the journeys and work of others that Banks is most widely known. He supported many botanical assistants and artists of the first order, one of the chief workers under his patronage being "princeps botanicorum," Robert Brown. He spent his ample income generously and very discriminatingly and withal most modestly. Banks was president of the Royal Society from 1778 to 1820, an age in which some of the most important advances in natural and physical science were made. Mr. Maiden has described clearly and with good taste certain peculiarities possessed by Banks as presiding officer, but he justly emphasizes the fact that he possessed broad scientific sympathies.

One of the most attractive features of this interesting volume is a chart of the Admiralty survey of the east coast of Australia, on which is given for comparison the marvellous chart by Capt. Cook. It is not too much to say that one could safely sail along the eastern coast by Cook's chart alone, the positions and soundings are so well given. We congratulate the Memorial Committee upon the excellence of the volume which they entrusted to Mr. Maiden, and we wish them great success in their endeavor to establish in New South Wales a dignified memorial of their great benefactor.

Drama.

Rudolf Besier's "Don," the latest production at the New Theatre, is one of the best light comedies that have come out of England in some time. Although lacking in proportion and improbable in spots, owing to exaggerations of a kind common to youth and inexperience, it is a genuine and, in the main, consistent study of life and character, written in a bright satirical vein, very neatly constructed, and full of effective situation. The hero, nicknamed "Don" by his betrothed, on account of his Quixotic disposition, is an idealistic scholar and poet, and a practical humanitarian. Almost on the eve of his own wedding, hearing that a young woman, to whom he had more than once played the good Samaritan, had been driven to desperation by the cruelty of her husband, Albert Thompsett, a fanatical Calvinist, he deserts his betrothed to rush to her rescue. Finding her in a state of abject misery and terror, he promptly carries her off from her home, watches over her by night, in all brotherly innocence and tenderness, at a hotel, and conducts her the next day to the rectory of his own father, a high dignitary of the Church of England.

Strong in the consciousness of his own integrity, and in his belief that beneath the roof of a Christian priest his companion will find the sympathy and succor of which she is so much in need, he expects the heartiest welcome and commendation. Actually he encounters a storm of reprobation. And it is in the nice discrimination of character exhibited in the behavior of the personages assembled that the peculiar merit of the comedy consists. General Sinclair, a pom-

pous, blustoring, thick-headed brigadier, the prospective father-in-law, instantly puts the worst possihle construction upon the whole affair, ridicules grossly the possibility of any other explanation, and declares the engagement with his daughter at an end. Mrs. Sinclair, a sharp-witted woman of the world, though no less incredulous than her husband of Don's story, is much amused by it, and, mindful of her daughter's future and of scandal, counsels deliheration. The Rev. Canon Boddington, Don's father, while unwilling to admit his son's guilt, denounces him vigorously for breaking the law of God and man by separating man and wife. Mrs. Boddington, Don's doting but silly mother, vows that her boy is spotless, but evidently the victim of a designing woman. None of them for an instant dreams of accepting Don's story at its face value. Ann Sinclair, the bride-to-be, is indeed eonvinced at last of her lover's good faith, but vows that she will never marry him if the injured husband gets a divorce, as in that event he will be bound to marry the rejected wife. In the end truth prevails, and there is a general and logical reconciliation. But the chief artistie worth of the play does not reside in its story, interesting and life-like as it is—in spite of the weaknesses previously alluded to—but in the legitimate outgrowth of incidents from the prescrihed conditions and the conflict of character. Here is a real eomedy of life and manners, satirical, witty, vivacious, amusing, and freighted with a pregnant moral. The management of the New Theatre is entitled to warm congratulations upon its acquirement and capital performance of such a piece.

At one of the cheaper Chicago theatres an interesting experiment has been successfully made in the production of William Vaughn Moody's "Great Divide." According to witnesses, both in applause and in discreet silence an audience, to whose judgment many of our so-called "popular" successes are not submitted, thoroughly appreciated the play.

Henry Arthur Jones, having written the one-act piece, "The Knife," in whieh Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bourchier are acting in the Palace Music Hall, in London, is inclined to think that there is a great dramatic future for the halls. "Serious plays are just now at a very great discount with English playgoers," he says in an interview; "while the same thing in one act forms only an isolated item among many in the evening's entertainment at a variety theatre, and offers the audience a chance of escaping from their serious mood as quickly as possible. For this reason I think we shall see serious plays more and more finding their homes at variety theatres." He quickly adds, however, that he has not himself given up writing longer plays—and that he has finished "a serious comedy," which will be produced as soon as he can get "the right people and the right theatre."

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's latest play, "The House of Temperley," was produced in the London Adelphi Theatre ten days since, and deals with the prize ring and its patrons. The old British champion, Tom Cribb, is one of the personages, being impersonated by Bassett Roe.

What is most interesting ahout the new play by Marcel Prévost, at the Théâtre du Gymnase, in Paris, is the fact that, though its staging follows the successful puhlication of the novel of the same name, the play was written first, as was the ease with Ohnet's "Maître de forges." The new Prévost production, "Pierre et Thérèse," discloses, however, few dramatic elements. On the issue of the romance, its theme was exposed in our Paris correspondence: it deals with unsavory high finance and the relations of a masterful husband and his wife after the disclosure of the husband's lack of integrity. Like much of current French fiction, "Pierre et Thérèse" is tarred with the stick of Nietzscheism, and Nietzsche is. just now, a name to conjure with.

At the Comédie Française Tristan Bernard has read to the players his new comedy, "Le Peintre exigeant," which will have for its two principal interpreters Mme. Kolb and Georges Berr. Romain Coolus's comedy, "Le Risque," is to be succeeded at the Théâtre Réjane by an historical piece, "La Reine Margot," and at the Théâtre Antoine is announced the acceptance of a new play by Gabriel Trarieux, "L'Aveu."

The death of Agnes Booth (Mrs. John B. Schoeffel) is reported from Boston. She was in her sixty-third year, and had been one of the most eompetent actresses of her time. In tragedy, she established a permanent reputation hy her thrilling Constance; and she scored notable successes also in Juliet, Julia, and other parts. Upon such melodrama as "Jim the Penman" or "Captain Swift" she conferred artistic value by her picturesque and vivid acting, while in such a dainty piecc of domestic comedy as Bronson Howard's "Old Love Letters" the delicacy of her execution was delightful. She possessed, also, a large amount of eomic force. Her performance in W. S. Gilbert's "Engaged" must be recognized among her most finished achievements. Her life work was finished several years since, hut old playgoers will not soon forget her graces of manner and of utterance.

Music.

A Book of Operas. By Henry Edward Krehbiel. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75 net.

Stokes's Encyclopædia of Music and Musicians. Revised and enlarged by L. J. de Bekker. Frederick A. Stokes Co. $3 net.

A year ago, Mr. Krehbiel issued a book entitled "Chapters of Opera," invaluable for reference and entertaining for those, in particular, who have attended performances in the New York opera houses during the last quarter century, of which it presents a record. His new volume is of an entirely different character. It might be said of it that, as music begins where words end, so it begins where other books on the opera (by Upton, Singleton, Davidson, Annesley, etc.) leave off. Like those writers, he gives the stories of the operas, but these are merely the pegs on which he hangs diverse comments and information. From Streatfeild's and Apthorp's admirable books on the opera it differs in not attempting a complete survey of the field from earliest times to the present, but in selecting seventeen of the best and most popular operas and subjecting them to a much more complete analysis than any of the other writers referred to had space to indulge in. The operas here chosen are "Il Barbiere di Seviglia," "Le Nozze di Figaro," "Die Zauberflöte," "Don Giovanni," "Fidelio," "Faust," "Mefistofele," "La Damnation de Faust," "La Traviata," "Aïda," "Der Freischütz," "Tannhäuser,""Tristan und Isolde,""Parsifal," "Die Meistersinger," "Lohengrin," "Hänsel und Gretel." To these operas, Mr. Krehbiel applies the method he used in his "Studies in the Wagnerian Drama," not only presenting the plot, but delving into its sources and giving details about other versions. His chapters are thus made interesting to students of mythology and folklore, as well as to musicians. To illustrate these aspects, quaint facsimiles of mediæval documents are introduced, together with abundant citations in musical type. No one can fail to enjoy these operatic masterworks more thoroughly after reading about them in such a volume. One may think the author hypercritical in his strictures on the later version of "Tannhäuser," which gives Elizabeth insufficient time to go up the hill, die, and come down again on a bier; but theatric exigencies were more important in this case than considerations of time and space, and the change made was necessary to avoid an anti-climax.

The Stokes "Encyclopædia of Music and Musicians" appears in a revised version which is brought up to date in an appendix of eleven pages, containing topics overlooked in the first edition, as well as others which time has added. Among the latter are "Elektra," Strauss's new opera, which is to have its American première this month, and Frederick S. Converse's "Pipe of Desire," which may possibly also be heard before the end of the season. Three columns are given to this unheard opera by Converse—an amount of space contrasting oddly with the single columns given to two of the most important composers of the last century, Grieg and Franz. This disproportion, which affects other topics in this enclopædia, is its chief blemish.

Before Mr. Hammerstein built his Manhattan Opera House the operas of Massenet were heard here infrequently. Now we have them once or twice a week, and extremely well done. Every year, too, Mr. Hammerstein adds new ones. Since November we have heard for the first time "Hérodiade" and "Sapho." To-morrow occurs the American première of "Griséli-dis," a *conte lyrique*, in three acts and a prologue, the book by Armand Silvestre and Eugène Moraud, and first produced in Paris in 1901.

The Richard Strauss week arranged for Munich at the Prince Regenten Theater puts "Feuersnot" on June 23, "Salome" on June 24, "Elektra" on June 26, three festival concerts in the new hall at the exposition on June 25, 27, and 28, and two matinées at the Künstler Theater on June 24 and 26. The Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra will, on this occasion, play in Germany for the first time.

The successor to F. G. Edwards in the editorship of the *Musical Times* of London is Dr. W. G. McNaught.

Carl Zerrahn died December 29 at Milton, Mass., in his eighty-fourth year. Born in Mecklenburg-Schwerin, he began the study of music in his twelfth year under Friedrich Weber, and later pursued his studies at Hanover and Berlin. In 1848 he came to this country. His uninterrupted record of forty-two years as the successful conductor of the Handel and Haydn Society is perhaps unparalleled in musical history.

Art.

ART MUSEUMS AND EDUCATION.

Simultaneously the official bulletins of the Metropolitan Museum and the Boston Museum of Fine Arts contain news of educational endeavor. These activities correspond in an interesting manner to the contrasting types of museum involved. At Boston, by thinning out the public exhibits, giving the fine objects space, light, and emphasis, the work of popular education is done in the very arrangement. Special guidance is still offered, as it was in the old building, but it is less needed. So the Museum, having in its new home established an ideal series of study collections, now takes the next step and offers courses of collegiate rank. It is still only a promising beginning, but, evidently, as the staff grows with the collections, there gradually might be formed a school of higher technical study in the history of art comparable to the Ecole du Louvre at Paris.

It ought to be a bit humiliating to New Yorkers to recall that a matter of five years ago Columbia University, the Metropolitan Museum, and the National Academy of Design, with some fanfare of publicity, formed an alliance for precisely the work that Boston has quietly begun without preliminary advertisement. In New York the movement has halted at the sounding manifesto, we are forced to conclude less for want of money than of ideas. Possibly a responsibility split in three inherently makes rather for good intentions than for substantial achievements. In any case, the work that the Metropolitan Museum might and should do for higher education in art is as yet not even a well digested project. It is fair to add that the staff had been overburdened with a mass of acquisitions superadded to collections in disorder. The initiative for academic instruction should have come from its allies. One may envy the Boston Art Museum a staff of trustees which at a pinch can supply lecturers of authority when a new educational enterprise is in hand.

Meanwhile the Metropolitan Museum has been gradually perfecting a humbler but very necessary work, that of conducting the average visitor through the labyrinth of the galleries. Jumboism rules supreme at Central Park East. The Museum is already one of the largest, and will probably be the very largest existing. It has refused to temper its plenitude to the average capacity, after the Boston precedent. Naturally, it becomes and will increasingly become bewildering to the plain man. We are satisfied that the time will come when it will envy Boston its division into exhibition and study collections. Yet at present the Metropolitan does a plain duty in offering competent guidance to all who are enterprising enough to desire it. The plan, which is possibly not so familiar as it should be, is a simple one. On previous appointment small groups of persons are shown the collections by an expert guide. When desirable, such visits are preceded by informal illustrated talks in the lecture-room. Already this service has found a gratifying response from the public. Aside from this work, the Museum has begun and hopes rapidly to extend a more specific instruction among school teachers, schools, and social settlements. We are convinced that much of this work might be accomplished more successfully by an arrangement so select and eloquent that there should be small need of words to emphasize its meaning. But since the Metropolitan, by its tradition, the nature of its building, and the conviction of its authorities, is committed against so radical a reform, we welcome all compensatory efforts to make the collections more useful.

Landscape Painting. By Birge Harrison. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

This book is made up chiefly of informal talks given before art classes, with the addition of a few magazine articles. Mr. Harrison justifies the somewhat casual quality of these studies by saying that they are "straight from the shoulder." But, alas, such a forthright blow may be delivered into the air, and such seems to be the present case. Landscape painting was not made out of whole cloth by Crome and Constable. Both drew largely from the Dutch, whose quality is strangely underrated. Nor was vibration discovered the other day by the French. Not to mention Velasquez, the Italians Guardi and Tiepolo knew all the modern tricks except that of consistently juxtaposing the primaries. In fact, almost everything said about the old masters evinces insufficient knowledge and appreciation.

But the book is frankly modernistic and must be judged on that basis. A certain heartiness and anecdotal freshness doubtless made these talks interesting. In cold type they are painfully thin. Take the summary and wholly negative treatment of the big theme of composition. Is "refraction," with its definite scientific meaning, a happy term to describe the interaction of adjoining colors? As for "values," Mr. Harrison accepts the orthodox definition which supposes reference to a monochromatic scale. We are aware that this is the accepted view among painters, and as a rough and ready rule it does well enough. But it seems also an inadequate explanation of what is essentially a balancing of colors. There certainly are true values which if photographed isochromatically would appear false, that is, are not referable to the imaginary black-and-white scale. "Refraction" in Mr. Harrison's sense, should cover values as well. The whole matter is one of give and take between adjacent color areas. It is good news that values can be successfully taught in the art schools. If so, nothing can prevent the rising of legions of new Puvises and Cazins.

The loose-jointedness of the author's argument appears nowhere more clearly than in the essay on impressionism. Impressionism, he says in effect, is to set down honestly and fearlessly your own vision of nature. Of course such a definition would exclude only fakers and conventional decorators. Impressionism means, not as is often maintained, a procedure, but a peculiar kind of seeing. The artist endeavors to transcribe a scene grasped in the twinkling of an eye. He deliberately excludes memories of similar scenes and all data contributed by other senses than that of sight. He draws as fully as he may upon pure sensation (or, more accurately, perception) untempered by reflection. Psychologically, such impressionistic vision is a sheer impossibility. Associations inevitably attach themselves to every retinal stimulus. Practically, however, one may keep the latent associations relatively in abeyance. Such a man is said to have regained "the innocence of the eye," and is, whatever his technic, an impressionist. The whole issue is not of veracity but of immediacy.

Mr. Harrison's vein is so amiable that we regret these necessary strictures. Yet how can one welcome a book that is calculated to confirm students and art lovers in an unreflecting contemporaneousness? Of that there surely is enough already. The real task is to enlarge the culture of these classes—to set our art in its just relations with ourselves and with that of the past. The book is handsomely printed and con-

tains twenty-four cuts after landscapes by recent or contemporary European and American painters.

Bernard Berenson's new book, "A Sienese Painter of the Franciscan Legend," is to be published this month by John Lane Co., and has for its hero Stefano di Giovanni, called Sassetta.

Among the exhibitions are a retrospective one of the works of William M. Chase, at the National Arts Club, which opened on the evening of January 5, with a talk on art by Mr. Chase; pictures by Willard L. Metcalf, until January 13, at the Montross Gallery; pictures by George Inness, jr., and portraits by J. Carroll Beckwith, at the Brandus Gallery, and portraits by Zeima Baylos, at the Ralston Galleries, until the 24th.

The winter exhibition at the Academy of Arts at Berlin, which opens January 27, is to consist of British and French pictures of the eighteenth century. A considerable portion of the exhibits will come from the Emperor's private collection. An exhibition of paintings by living American artists will follow at the Academy.

To the well-known series Les Villes d'art célèbres (Paris: H. Laurens) have been added "Caen et Bayeux" by Henri Prentout, and "Oxford et Cambridge" by Joseph Aynard. These pamphlets have something like a hundred good cuts apiece, with sufficient historical indications. Their usefulness for the student of architecture —since these towns are centres of mediæval style—is obvious. They will also appeal to the leisurely tourist. It seems to us that M. Aynard, whose heart is plainly on the Isis, is a little insensitive to the general spaciousness of Cambridge, and especially to the fascination of the Fenland. It is not wholly fanciful to think that because of their respective scenery Oxford could more readily produce a Samuel Johnson and a Newman, Cambridge a Milton and a Newton.

Jacques Androuet du Cerceau is at least a name to the student of French art. One meets him as a pioneer of etching. As the introducer of the fully developed "Roman style" in building and decoration, he is even more famous. Architects of antiquarian bent are likely to know his greatest work, which has been reprinted, "Les plus excellents Bastiments de France." It is this class of readers which will especially welcome "French Châteaux and Gardens in the XVIth Century"; a series of reproductions of contemporary drawings hitherto unpublished, by Jacques Androuet du Cerceau, edited by W. H. Ward (London: B. T. Batsford), and imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. Here are twenty-three collotype plates, in folio, selected from Du Cerceau's original drawings, preserved in the British Museum. These are the originals for "Les plus excellents Bastiments," but are naturally far finer in execution than the engravings, and sometimes richer in details. Many are bird's-eye projections of châteaux, with their entire surroundings, and here the landscape gardener will, sometimes only with the lens, be able to glean geometrical designs for mazes or simpler plats. Amboise, Ancy-le-Franc Blois, Bury, Chambord, Ecouen, Fontainebleau, Gaillon, The Louvre, Madrid (or Boulogne), Montargis, La Muette, St. Germain-en-Laye, St. Maur-les-Fosses, the Tuileries, and Vallery are the châteaux merely delineated by Du Cerceau's exquisite pen. Among the designs fairly attributable to him are those of Verneuil, Charleval, both existing in various trial versions, and the pavilion at Gaillon, called the Maison Blanche. Besides, there are remarkable ideal designs for a château in the form of a Greek cross, and another in the form of a square. Du Cerceau's activity as a writer and antiquarian has led many persons to suspect that he was not a practical designer. They are appalled by the 1,930 engraved plates that issued from his studio. But in a man of the Renaissance it does not follow that the active and academic functions are incompatible. Leon Battista Alberti, an active builder, also produced an enormous amount of antiquarian, critical, and miscellaneous writing. Even Baldassare Peruzzi, surely a productive genius, seemed gladly to squander his inventiveness in vast ideal designs similar to those of Du Cerceau. In any case, Du Cerceau had an important place as a propagandist of neo-Roman forms, and of severe geometrical design. His teaching, if not his building, marks the transition from the disorderly picturesqueness of the later Valois to the regularity of Louis XIV and Mansart. Beyond 1585 we cannot trace him. The collapse of the Protestant cause apparently engulfed him. But his ideal châteaux are the earnest of Versailles to come, so idiomatically French, after all, was this advocate of the Roman manner. Mr. Ward has limited his editorial contributions to indispensable notes of a biographical and bibliographical sort, and to concise explanations of the plates. This often involves much labor of an original kind, such as only his colleagues are likely to appreciate. It is emphatically a working album for the architect's cabinet, but even the layman will enjoy the delicate precision of Du Cerceau's drawings, and such simplified graphic representation of complicated chapters in building as one finds notably in the plates devoted to Fontainebleau and the Louvre.

Walter Shirlaw died in Madrid December 26, and was buried, December 29, in the English Cemetery. Born in Paisley, Scotland, in 1838, he was brought to this country in 1840. Originally a bank-note engraver by profession, he exhibited his first painting in the National Academy in 1861. Seven years later, he entered the Chicago Academy of Design, and from 1870 to 1877 he studied in Munich. He made a specialty of *genre* painting, but he also did much noteworthy work in decoration and in illustration. He was the first president of the Society of American Artists.

Finance.

STOCK EXCHANGE AND "MANIPULATION."

Perhaps the most impressive fact about last week's so-called "Rock Island corner," in the course of which the stock went up 31 points in the first ten minutes of business on the Stock Exchange, and down 31 points within the next hour or so, was the fact that the public at large appeared to accept the occurrence as a natural incident of present-day Stock Exchange trading. The attitude of people around the Stock Exchange, who knew what the machinery of the movement must have been, was even more singular. While Rock Island was being pushed up from 49¾ to 81, selling of other stocks became so urgent that Reading broke 2½ points within half an hour, Union Pacific 2⅝, Pennsylvania 3⅛, Amalgamated Copper 3¾, New York Central 4, and Southern Pacific 5⅛. A period of indignation and denunciation followed in Wall Street; this, however, grew somewhat fainter as Rock Island stock descended again and the other stocks in question recovered. Next day, the general market having in the meantime returned to equilibrium, professional Wall Street lost all interest in the episode. All that was left of the hot indignation of the day before was the committee of investigation, promptly named by the governors of the Stock Exchange.

The incident, nevertheless, leaves several interesting questions in its train. How was the extraordinary pushing-up of Rock Island's market price accomplished? What did it signify, in its relation to the Stock Exchange and investment situation generally? Why did Wall Street sell all other stocks, while this one was rising, and then change its mind so suddenly? Why did the governing committee take action which reflected its belief that something requiring discipline had occurred? And what, if anything, was to be expected as a result of the curious "Rock Island affair"?

Each of these questions admits of a definite and interesting answer. It was not known, on Monday, at any rate, whether a "short interest" had or had not been really driven into a corner, but no illusion existed as to the main source of the buying orders. They were accepted without dispute as emanating from "inside interests" who had for some time been busily engaged in creating artificial movements in the stock, by way of persuading the public that it was really active, and really of the value indicated by the quoted prices. The favorite Wall Street theory was that gentlemen engaged in this worthy occupation had been accustomed to allot to brokers selling orders in quantity sufficient to match the buying orders, thus keeping the price in their own control; but that on this occasion, for reasons variously surmised, they had put in the buying orders and forgotten to have the sellers there.

What this explanation, whether right or wrong, signified as to the Wall Street conception of the stock market of the season, is not difficult to discover. No Stock Exchange house referred to such

manipulation of values as either improbable or unusual. On the contrary, the only curiosity expressed was, how the machinery, which had been so continuously and smoothly in operation, should suddenly have got out of gear. This appeared to concede the whole question of manipulation, and of creation of artificial values by something like sharp practice.

Wall Street sold all the other stocks, while Rock Island was rushing up, because it knew by experience the extremely dangerous situation created by an actual corner. When it was discovered, on the morning of May 9, 1901, that more shares of Northern Pacific stock had been sold for delivery on that day than existed outside the safe deposit vaults of two great banking houses which were buying furiously for control, the price of the "cash stock" rose from 160 to 1,000. Some of the outstanding contracts for delivery had been made by professional "short sellers"; some by international bankers under cabled orders from European holders, the actual shares being shipped by steamer from London. Both sorts of sellers had relied on borrowing the stock for delivery, but they now knew that the stock could not be borrowed. At delivery hour, the penalty for defaulting on a contract, or the exaction of any price the buyer chose to impose, would confront them. It was not strange that financial houses thus caught in the machinery should have started to realize on their other speculative holdings, or that, as a consequence, such declines should have occurred, on May 9, 1901, as 37 points in Union Pacific, 60 in Delaware and Hudson, 31 in St. Paul, 35 in Atchison, 32 in Rock Island, and so on through the list.

When it was announced that a "settlement price" had been agreed on by the two banking houses, and that bloodmoney would not be exacted, Union Pacific went up at once 36 points from its low price of the corner day, Delaware and Hudson 55, St. Paul 22, and the others similarly. That recovery, too, was followed by assurances on the Stock Exchange that nothing had happened, and that the thing was only an accident. The governing committee did not investigate the corner, but the facts were very soon known to everybody. In the present case, the facts are not yet known, but the most unpleasant inferences are being drawn from the occurrence, barely six months after the formal investigation of such practices by a committee named by the Governor of the State.

Possibly this condition of affairs answers also the last of the above inquiries, as to what should be the sequel of the episode. The most that can be said at present is, that this public exposure of disreputable methods, employed by wealthy capitalists on a great market for investment securities, is not a happy incident of the period. It is certainly the less welcome, in that the report of the White committee on these very practices is to be submitted by the Governor to the New York State Legislature this week. Possibly this is why the Stock Exchange governors have the matter seriously in hand, and it may also explain why Wall Street rumor persistently asserts that they will take some positive action when the Rock Island affair, and their own sub-committee's report upon it, come up for final consideration

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BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution, for the year 1908. Washington.
Arnold, M. Poems. With intro. by A. T. Quiller-Couch. Frowde.
Basily-Callimaki, Mme. de. J.-B. Isabey. Lemcke & Buechner.
Blaine, R. G. The Calculus and Its Applications. Van Nostrand. $1.50 net.
Campion's Works. Edited by S. P. Vivian. Frowde. $3.40 net.
Carman, B. The Rough Rider and Other Poems. Mitchell Kennerley. $1 net.
Dante's Quaestio de Aqua et Terra. Ed. and trans. by C. L. Shadwell. Frowde. $1.50 net.
Denison, T. S. A Mexican—Aryan Comparative Vocabulary. Chicago: T. S. Denison.
Dowd, W. B. James Grant, a Model American. Boston: Riverdale Press, Brookline.
Eighteenth Century Literature; an Oxford Miscellany. Frowde.
Hawkin, J. C. Horæ Synopticæ. Second edition. Frowde.
Keats. Poems published in 1820. Edited, with introduction, by M. Robertson. Frowde. 85 cents.
Keats-Shelley Memorial Bulletin, Rome. Edited by R. Rodd and H. N. Gay. Macmillan Co.
Lyell's Travels in North America in the Years 1841-2. Edited by J. P. Cushing. C. E. Merrill Co. 30 cents.
Marsten, F. E. The Mask of Christian Science. American Tract Society.
Meredith, G. Memorial edition of works. First two vols. Scribner. Sold in sets or by sub.; $2 per vol.
Nixon-Roulet, M. F. Our Little Hungarian Cousin. Boston: Page & Co.
Oxford Studies in Social and Legal History. Edited by P. Vinogradoff. Vol. I. Frowde.
Pope's Rape of the Lock. Edited by G. Holden. Frowde. $3.40 net.
Porter, W. N. A Hundred Verses from Old Japan. Frowde.
Report of Chief of the Bureau of Construction and Repairs for the fiscal year 1909. Washington: Gov. Ptg. Office.
Report of Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance for the fiscal year 1909. Washington: Gov. Ptg. Office.
Report of Chief of the Bureau of Yards and Docks for the fiscal year 1909. Washington: Gov. Ptg. Office.
Report of the Librarian of Congress: For the Fiscal Year Ending June 30, 1909. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Report of Paymaster-General of the Navy for the fiscal year 1909. Washington: Gov. Ptg. Office.
Report of Secretary of Smithsonian Institution for year ending June 30, 1909. Washington: Gov. Ptg. Office.
Report of the Surgeon-General, U. S. Navy for fiscal year 1909. Washington: Gov. Ptg. Office.
Reynolds, M. The Treatment of Nature in English Poetry. Second edition. University of Chicago Press. $2.70.
Spenser's Poetical Works. Vols. II and III (The Fairie Queene). Ed. with biog. intro. by J. C. Smith. Frowde.
The Library and the School. Harper.
The Pageant of English Poetry. Frowde.
Wendland, S. F. Erdklänge. Privately printed.
Whipple, G. M. Questions in School Hygiene. Cornell Study Bulletin. Syracuse, N. Y.: C. W. Bardeen.
Wilcox, E. W. Sailing Sunny Seas. Chicago: W. B. Conkey Co.
Wilkinson, S. The University and the Study of War. Lecture del. Nov. 27, 1909. Frowde.
Woolley, E. C. The Mechanics of Writing. Heath. $1.

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The Week.

Washington dispatches of all colors represent the divisions in the Republican party as acute and threatening. Acrimony is daily increasing. So grave is the situation rapidly becoming that even Republicans are admitting the high probability of party disaster in this year's elections. Unless the breach is healed, the loss of the next House is set down as certain. Representative Crumpacker, an old Congressional hand, deliberately stated the opinion Monday that, if the party were to stand by Cannon, and make the fight on that issue, not a single Republican Representative could be elected in Indiana. Thus far, it must be confessed, the efforts to avert or remove the trouble have been neither well-judged nor successful. President Taft long sought to be neutral. He smiled impartially at insurgent and at regular. Of late, he has seemed to be drawn into the controversy against his will, and came very near threatening to take from the rebellious Congressmen their patronage. But he speedily saw that this would be to identify his Administration with the Cannon-Aldrich machine, and to involve himself in the ruin plainly hanging over it; so that he made haste to withdraw from an untenable position, and to make it clear that the support he wanted was for Republican policies, not for the party organization in Congress. But as the President has eased up, the party managers have stiffened. They are now proposing to read the insurgents out of the party; or else to call a caucus on every legislative matter of any importance and compel every one to swear to vote for what the majority decides is best.

By no such rude repression can the Republican crisis be met. The rebellious Congressmen have behind them in their States a vast body of dissatisfaction and complaint. It is in the attitude of these Republican voters that the real crisis exists. Their discontent has many causes. In the tariff revision they felt that they were cheated. The continued high and rising cost of living, whether to be directly connected with the tariff or not, they charge up against the party in power. But the main point of their restlessness and their protests is their fear, in some cases amounting to a belief, that their party has ceased to be truly representative; that it is delivered over to an oligarchy, bound hand and foot; that intrigue and bargaining have taken the place of free discussion, and that the plain people of the farms and shops are left out in the cold. Now, it is plain to a tyro that such a revolt against what are believed to be tyrannical methods cannot be stopped by the use of methods still more tyrannical. The repressers and floggers at Washington will have to try again.

At the front of President Taft's recommendations in regard to amending the Interstate Commerce act we should put the creation of a "United States Court of Commerce." It is most likely to pass. Reforms that carry new offices with them always get a considerate hearing from politicians. They will think twice before frowning upon a plan to appoint five additional Circuit judges, with their appurtenant clerks, marshals, etc. This fact will give an initial impetus to a project which has, besides, something to say for itself. President Taft dwells upon the delay of railway cases in the Federal courts. He does not say that the congestion is greater than that from which other litigants have to suffer. We understand that it is not, and that the Federal courts are much better up with their business than, for example, the Supreme Court of New York. Still, there are some good arguments for setting up a court especially competent to hear and determine cases growing out of the commerce law. And the scheme of assigning circuit judges to this work, with the power to return them to other judicial labors as the occasion may warrant, is much wiser than establishing a fixed and separate Court of Commerce, like the Court of Claims or the Customs Court. A right of review would lie, in any event, in the Supreme Court.

Another important recommendation is the proposal to forbid one railway to buy the stock of a competing line, and to regulate the issue of railway securities. Mr. Taft's message last week was awaited to throw some light on the question. The message, however, advises merely that after the passage of such law,

> No railroad company subject to the Interstate Commerce act shall, directly or indirectly, acquire any interests of any kind in capital stock, or purchase or lease any railroad of any other corporation which competes with it respecting business to which the Interstate Commerce act applies.

But this outlining of a legislative plan is followed by the suggestion that, "for the protection of the minority shareholders in securing them the best market for their stock,"

> It shall not operate to prevent any corporation which, at the date of the passage of such act, shall own not less than one-half of the entire issued and outstanding capital stock of any other railroad company, from acquiring all or the remainder of such stock; nor to prohibit any railroad company which at the date of the enactment of the law is operating a railroad of any other corporation under lease, executed for a term of not less than twenty-five years, from acquiring the reversionary ownership of the demised railroad; but that such provisions shall not operate to authorize or validate the acquisition, through stock ownership or otherwise, of a competing line or interest therein in violation of the Anti-Trust or any other law.

It is evident that this would leave the case of a given railway contemplating a given purchase both intricate and hazardous. It might be impelled to go into the market hurriedly to buy 50 per cent. of another road's stock, in order to qualify itself to acquire the remainder after the law had passed; but, then, on reflection, it would see the plain intimation in the concluding sentence of what we have quoted from the President, and would perceive that it would make the purchase at its own peril, under the anti-Trust act.

President Taft's statement of his reasons for removing Mr. Pinchot is unanswerable. It is couched, too, in language of fine restraint and just feeling. The step which he has taken must have cost him dear, as his admiration and even personal affection for Mr. Pinchot have often been freely expressed. But there was nothing else to be done. The dignity of the Presidency and discipline

in the public service must be upheld at all hazards. Mr. Taft well knows that, by the course he has been forced to adopt, he exposes himself and his Administration to bitter attack. From now on the thing for all right-minded men to insist upon steadily is the duty of sticking to the real point. That does not concern itself with personal consequences or political effects, but with the great governmental policy which lies behind the whole controversy. Chief Foresters and Secretaries and even Presidents may come and go; parties may be split and beaten; but what the people will demand is that the public resources be kept for public uses, and not permitted to be filched away by designing and tricky men. To this end, the Congressional inquiry must be searching and fearless.

"The demonstration fails, but the principle remains the same." This utterance of the professor of chemistry is very much what municipal reformers will have to say about the result of Boston's Mayoralty election Tuesday. It was felt all over the country to be big with consequences reaching far beyond that city itself. Good citizens were everywhere watching eagerly for the outcome, to discover whether a method had been found of eliminating party politics from municipal elections, and a system devised by which character and intelligence might easily rise to the control of public affairs. But the high hopes have been apparently blasted. Mr. Fitzgerald has been chosen Mayor in spite of the united opposition of the Boston press, and in the teeth of extraordinary efforts put forth by the best civic forces. Yet, while deploring the event, we may find it intelligible. For one thing, the lesson is writ large that political salvation will not come automatically through any electoral device. Boston had seemingly worked out a plan by which partisan motives and appeals would be got rid of. Party designations were excluded from the ballot. No political convention, not even a party primary, stood behind the candidates. Yet the result appears to show that even if you cast out politics with a fork, back it comes. It was substantially the Democratic vote which elected Fitzgerald; it was practically the Republican and independent vote that was cast for Storrow. This is the sardonic comment of the fact upon the theory of the framers of the "Boston plan," that it would "divorce municipal elections from party politics, State or national."

Four of the Sugar Trust weighers have been sentenced to jail for a year —an ominous indication of the possible outcome of the whole prosecution. Whether the very mild character of the sentence was justified by the facts is a question on which opinions may reasonably differ; but that there was a great crime behind that committed by these petty agents, a crime calling for very heavy punishment, is a thing on which all honest men are agreed. Indeed, the leniency of the judge in passing sentence is justifiable only on that ground; and the judge himself stated that he would have gone still further in the direction of clemency if the men had acknowledged the truth as to the masters in whose service they were acting. In other words, the whole community, including the judge in the case of these weighers, is morally certain that responsible chiefs in the Sugar Trust were guilty of systematized stealing, and corruption of the Government service. But are any of them going to be punished? And is the truth going to be brought out concerning the prostitution of the public service to the desires of the Sugar Trust? Unless signs shall soon be forthcoming that real results will be got out of the criminal prosecutions, the country will insist on a Congressional investigation.

One of the speakers at a public dinner in Kentucky broke down several times in the course of his remarks. His chagrin was more than he could bear, and, leaving the table, he shot himself. The tragic incident is a reversal of ordinary conditions. Every year thousands of after-dinner speakers go on emitting words long after they have forgotten what they wanted to say, and frequently without being aware of the fact. The thought of pistol or poison as a way out usually suggests itself to the listeners, but not to the speaker. After-dinner oratory as a whole will appear to the future historian of our civilization as a survival of barbarism which prescribed that a hundred men should sit around a table and be bored to death by a half-dozen of their own number, who were nearly frightened to death. The ordinary citizen of good education and sound moral training can say more foolish things and break more rules of grammar during a ten-minute speech at a banquet than he will be guilty of the rest of the year in his private capacity. There has been a marked tendency of late to bolster up public dinners with one or two professional after-dinner humorists. To such men, and to the few men who have something to say and can be counted upon to say it, post-prandial oratory might be restricted with great benefit to the national temper and digestion.

The list of estimable persons dubbed "The American Academy of Arts and Letters" has been criticised because its membership—of which two-thirds is made up of New Yorkers—reveals once more "the proverbial inability of New York to see beyond the Hudson River." But London some time since stole a march on New York in the affair of academies. It seems, however, that the "British Academy" is composed of mere critics and the like; and, according to the London correspondent of the Chicago *Dial*, its activities in organizing the recent Milton celebration, the Tennyson centenary, and a funeral service to George Meredith in Westminster Abbey, "have awakened a spirit of revolt among our men of letters—that is to say, among imaginative writers." Apparently, the novelists and poets who are refused entry to the Elysian Fields of Britain, cannot forget that in France, where the Academy is an older and not less respectable institution, even such frivolous writers as Alfred Capus and Marcel Prévost receive seats. Here in America the Academy-makers are more eclectic still, and admit to membership the painter and sculptor. This lends fresh point to the description of Americans as a nation of "joiners."

The object proposed in the circular note addressed by Secretary Knox to the governments signatory to the last Hague Convention is of inestimable importance. It is nothing less than the establishment of a permanent court of arbitral justice, to which any matters in a controversy between any two governments may be submitted without either the delays or the perplexities attendant upon the creation of a special tribunal to deal with the particular case. Besides these advantages, a permanent

court would have other advantages scarcely less important. As the note points out, its decisions would be judicial in fact as well as in theory, whereas the constitution of a special arbitral tribunal is almost inevitably such as to point to a decision in the nature of a compromise; and owing to this circumstance, as well as to the permanency of the tribunal, its decisions would gradually build up a substantial and effective body of precedents. It may be doubted, however, whether the particular proposition advocated in the note is desirable—namely, the making of a general arbitral tribunal out of the international prize court established in 1907 by the Hague Peace Conference. A court that is to be invested with powers so comprehensive and far-reaching should be constituted with express reference to the functions it will exercise. To enjoy a jurisdiction truly effective in a domain full of unexplored difficulties it will need all the weight and authority that can be furnished to it.

Among all the arguments of British protectionists against the free-trade policy, the silliest is that which insists on the decline in the percentage which British goods imported into various countries bear to the total volume of their imports; and yet this argument appears to be seriously and prominently put forward in the present Parliamentary contest. When Chamberlain began his crusade, it happened to be possible to assert that the absolute amount of exports of British goods had shown a rather slow growth recently, and had indeed been stationary for a few years; and this lent some show of merit to the otherwise worthless argument as to relative amounts. It would be obviously absurd for the little pair of islands that constitute the United Kingdom to expect under any system to maintain its ratio of exports in face of the rapidly-growing population and the natural development of countries that not only have far greater area, but are almost newcomers in the field of modern industrial activity; an absurdity the nature of which may best be seen if, instead of comparing with the whole world, we compare with the single country of the United States. If, with our vast natural possibilities and rapidly increasing population, our exports have doubled, say, in fifteen years, is that any reason why England should expect to do the same? The marvel is that her exports should have grown in absolute volume as they have; for, after a brief period of standstill, as above mentioned, the figures began to soar up again.

Special interest attaches to the opening of the Prussian Diet last Tuesday. The belief is that the Chancellor, as Prussian Minister-President, will offer a bill at this session to cure some of the evils of the three-class franchise system which Bismarck himself denounced as incurably vicious. It is not expected that the Government measure will be so far-reaching as the public desires, but any reform will be welcome. The truth is that much as the reactionary Prussian Junkers and their friends among the bureaucrats would like to see the present system continue, the dangerous suffrage riots of last year have made it plain that at least half a loaf must be given to those eager for wider democracy. Just how intolerable the situation is appears from the existence of 2,214 electoral districts in each of which there is only one voter in the first class, and ninety-five in which the second class consists of only one voter. The Social-Democrats, who poll 23.8 per cent. of the total vote, have only 1.5 per cent. of the Deputies, while the Conservatives, who number only 16.6 out of every 100 voters, chose more than 47 per cent. of them. All the other parties, except the Poles, have a larger percentage of representation of delegates than of votes. Obviously, this furnishes government, but nothing that can be termed a representative government, and it must be altered even if the Social-Democrats should benefit thereby.

Battleship-mania, *Febris Dreadnoughtensis*, where it exists at all, is a disease that affects the masses. There is more calculation than mania, and more politics than fever, in the Dreadnought craze that attacks parliamentary leaders and jingo newspaper editors. Where the noise about battleships is not due to self-interest, it is most often due to downright silliness. Such is the statement that Austria-Hungary is to have sixteen Dreadnoughts by 1913. Germany, incomparable, irresistible, inflexible Germany, which has been striving might and main, so we have been told, to build Dreadnoughts, has none at present, and will have at most thirteen by four years from now. This after years of effort. Austria in the next three years is to turn out a little matter of sixteen Dreadnoughts just as easily as saying it. Presumably, the sixteen Dreadnoughts are to be equipped with four batteries each of Austrian members of Parliament, firing 2,000 inkwells and 4,000 picturesque epithets every minute. Austria's sixteen battleships would be merely ridiculous if not for the fact that a statement like that is immediately caught up by the war-mongers across the Adriatic, who, of course, point out that Italy must have twenty-four Dreadnoughts, which in turn necessitates an increase in Austria's output to thirty-two Dreadnoughts.

Secretary Knox attacks diplomatic problems of the first rank as easily as he would discharge a refractory window-cleaner in the State Department. His note on Nicaragua was the first example. The note concerning the neutralization of the Manchurian railway is a second example. When Secretary Knox begs to suggest to Russia and Japan that it might be a good thing if they handed over their respective sections of the Manchurian railway to be managed as an international enterprise, he seems to imply that both nations are anxious to get a white elephant off their hands. Yet asking Japan to give up her portion of the Manchurian railway is asking her to give up one of the few substantial results she has gathered from a war that cost her so much blood and treasure. Even if it were proved true that Japan uses her Manchurian lines for the purpose of getting her goods duty-free into Chinese territory, the obvious procedure would be to protest against such a practice. To call upon Japan to neutralize her railway, is to call upon her to confess that she has been violating the principle of the open door and China's custom laws. That in itself would be enough to shipwreck the plan, if in addition the Manchurian railway did not figure prominently in Japan's plans for the future. So long as rumors of Russo-Japanese friction in Manchuria persist, it will be idle to expect either Japan or Russia to weaken her strategic position in accordance with the proposals of our State Department.

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THE PRESIDENT ON THE ANTI-TRUST LAW.

The thing to do with the anti-Trust act, according to the President's message to Congress, is to let it alone. He frankly states that he had thought of recommending certain changes in the law, but has come to the conclusion that none is necessary. Two complaints have been made of the anti-Trust act. One is that it is too sweeping; that in the broad cast of its net it catches harmless and even useful combinations of capital as well as those that are monopolistic and oppressive. The other is that the meshes of the net are so large that scoundrelly corporations escape. Thus there has been a demand, on the one hand that the rigors of the law be relaxed, on the other that they be intensified. But the President shows that the long but sure process of judicial interpretation has relieved us from the need of doing either. Under the decisions of the Federal courts, increasingly clear principles have been and are being established which make it possible to strike down monopolies and hurtful combinations, while holding that innocent agreements, made in the orderly development of business for the purpose of obtaining economies of production and management, are not obnoxious to the law. A close examination of the cases which, under the anti-Trust act, have been brought before the Supreme Court convinces the President that there is "strong reason for leaving the act as it is, to accomplish its useful purpose, even though if it were being newly enacted useful suggestions as to change of phrase might be made."

We regard this as an entirely sound position. Some people are terribly afraid of "judge-made law," but almost all important laws are, in the end, judge-made. That is to say, we cannot be sure of the scope and force of any given statute until it has been passed upon by the courts. And law-makers sometimes see their creations undergo surprising changes in the course of judicial interpretation. The Fourteenth Amendment of the Constitution is the classic example. Its main intent has been partly nullified by the courts, while some of its incidental phrases have been erected into great bulwarks of property. This is not, perhaps, a happy instance of judge-made law, but still it shows what the process necessarily is. The Sherman Anti-Trust act is now nineteen years old, and only to-day are we working out, through decisions of the courts, into a precise understanding of what are its limitations and what its essential vigor. If the statute were to be hastily changed, the changes themselves would then have to be submitted to this same process of judicial determination, and it might be years before business men could know where they really stood. It is much better to stop with the clarifying and enforcement of the original act to which we have now nearly attained, and which we may confidently hope fully to reach when the Supreme Court decides the Tobacco case and the Standard Oil case, now before it.

If any one would know how strong is the evidence for the President's view that the courts are making the anti-Trust act a powerful weapon against monopolistic oppression, while preventing it from interfering with the legitimate march of great business, he should read the brief of the Attorney-General in the case of the American Tobacco Company, in which the argument closed. We are passing no judgment on the charges made against that corporation, though if one-half the averments made are true, it has been guilty of practices which are as shocking morally as they are criminal legally. The value of Attorney-General Wickersham's brief goes beyond his arraignment of the defendant, for it gives a complete review of all the cases decided under the anti-Trust act, and traces the way in which the courts have beaten out its meaning and effect.

It has been said, for example, that the decision of the Circuit Court in the Tobacco case would logically shut every large corporation out of business. This has been used as an argument against the law from absurd consequences. But the Attorney-General puts all this at rest. He declares that the Government "will not attempt to support the extreme construction" of the anti-Trust act; and he goes on to show how the courts have been careful to discriminate between combinations which are merely "an incident to orderly growth" and those which directly obstruct the free flow of commerce, stifle competition, make secret covenants in restraint of trade, and practise "unfair, wicked, or oppressive methods." We cannot, of course, go into the details of Mr. Wickersham's review of the judicial decisions; we merely say that it fully justifies the President's conclusion that all this matter may safely and most wisely be left to the courts. Mr. Taft, with a seeming glance towards Africa, declares that it is impossible to write into a statute a legal distinction between a "good" and a "bad" Trust. All that the law can do is to provide the penalties for monopoly and oppression; the courts must decide whether a given corporation has made itself liable to them.

When President Taft passes on from the generally satisfactory nature of the anti-Trust act as construed by the courts, to a recommendation of a Federal incorporation law, it is hard to follow him. This part of his message seems very like a *non sequitur*. Some will be swift to say that the President, after showing how the courts are successfully restraining and breaking up illegal combinations, is proposing a refuge for them under a Federal charter. Nothing of the sort is in his mind, we may be sure; and we admit that some of the arguments for a voluntary Federal incorporation have force. First, however, the people will insist upon seeing the exact terms of the national incorporation law; and, secondly, the States will certainly be jealous of anything which would seem to impair their right to regulate and tax their own corporate creations. Indeed, so formidable are the political obstacles to the enactment of any such law as the President proposes, as to make it virtually certain that the project will not even be brought to a vote in this session of Congress.

GOV. HUGHES'S MESSAGE

The special message which Gov. Hughes sent to the Legislature will attract more widespread notice than his regular annual message of the same day. In the former, he takes up a matter which is of deep interest to other States, as well as to New York, and discusses it in a way which is certain to command attention throughout the nation. There has been much curiosity as to what Gov. Hughes would do or say respecting the proposed amendment to the Federal Constitution authorizing the levying of an income tax. Would he approve it? Would he oppose it? Would he dodge it? Well, what he has

really done is to study it, and to present the fruits of his study in a form which has given a leading to the discussion in other States, and which will result, as Washington already confesses, in the failure of the amendment.

Gov. Hughes starts out by agreeing that the national government ought to be clothed with the power to lay an income tax in times of emergency. To the principle and chief aim of the pending amendment, he gives his entire assent. But he urges the Legislature not to ratify it, on the ground that the actual text of the amendment is so loosely drawn as to admit of a serious Federal encroachment upon the borrowing powers of States and cities, and ought, therefore, to be resisted by them. This point has been made before, but by no one else with the clearness and cogency of Gov. Hughes. By citation of Supreme Court decisions and by reasoning from the nature of the case, he makes it evident that to confer upon Congress the power to tax incomes "from whatever source derived," would break down the Constitutional implication that the general government should not tax the securities of States and municipalities. Their bonds are offered and sold tax-exempt; but if the income from them could be taxed by the Federal authorities, the borrowing capacity of States and cities would be obviously cut into, with an increase of the interest rate and of the burdens of the taxpayers.

It will doubtless be said, and indeed Gov. Harmon has already said, that this is only an indirect way of attacking the amendment; that we ought to "chance" it, and trust Congress to exempt from tax the securities of States and municipalities, or to the courts to avert the danger by "construction." But Gov. Hughes does not take that view either of the law or of his duty. In stepping forward as a jealous guardian of the privileges of the States, he is but doing what he has many times before done—namely, exalting the powers and responsibilities of local government. His attitude in this matter of the amendment is in line with his general disposition to call upon citizens everywhere to work out their own salvation where they stand. The line he has taken is almost sure to be followed in many States. If the amendment is defeated, in consequence, it will not be his fault, but the fault of those who drew it carelessly and hurried it through Congress without duly considering what would follow.

It would be a pity if the Governor's special message on the income tax should overshadow his other recommendations to the Legislature, for many of these are of great importance. In his account of the finances and the needs of the State, Gov. Hughes shows again that patient attention to detail and that grasp of broad policy which his other state papers have led us to expect from him. While the Governor sees the big things, he does not allow the smaller ones which are significant to escape him. In his recommendations concerning the regulation of the use of automobiles, he accepts the view which has been urged in the *Nation*, that a severe penalty should be imposed upon the very act of running away after an accident. We note, too, that Gov. Hughes has had his eye upon the judicial decisions affecting race-track gambling, and asks the Legislature to carry out the intent of the law by making the public laying of odds a crime, even if no paraphernalia for recording the bets are used. He also recommends again that the telephone and telegraph companies be brought under the jurisdiction of the Public Service Commission.

The part of the Governor's message which will be read with the deepest interest, however, is that relating to election and primary reform. This is the matter still nearest his heart. Upon it he reaffirms the position in which he has been so strikingly sustained by the people of the State, and renews his former recommendations. Gov. Hughes is of the mind of many reformers who think that elective offices are needlessly multiplied, and would favor "the short ballot." He points out, however, that in order to obtain it many changes would have to be made in the laws and Constitution. More pressing and more feasible is the adoption of a form of ballot which would do away with the absurdities and abuses of the existing "party-column" ballot, and put the party man and the independent upon an exactly equal footing. This improved ballot the Governor strongly recommends, and the Legislature ought certainly to establish it. The only new point in what Gov. Hughes says about primary reform is that the law should compel money spent in primary contests to be publicly accounted for, and that the amount should be limited which any candidate for a nomination may lay out. Throughout the discussion of this whole subject the Governor's tone is dispassionate while dead in earnest; and it is safe to say, considering the light which the Legislature has seen, that the session will not pass without some kind of constructive action.

THE SCHOOL QUESTION IN FRANCE

The din of battle between Church and State in France will undoubtedly sound for many years to come. Just now the conflict rages about the person of the humble schoolmaster; except that "humble" does not apply to the French schoolmaster as it does to every other schoolmaster on earth. Some one has said that a Frenchman with an idea is one of the most terrific forces in Nature. And inevitably the school-teacher in France is as much exposed to the ravages of the idea as any class of citizens. The dominant ideas in France at the present day are clericalism and anti-clericalism, militarism and anti-militarism, trade-unionism among government employees and the denial of the right to strike. All of them have found concrete expression in the schoolroom. A somewhat parallel situation would be in New York if our public-school teachers, instead of filling the newspaper columns with demands for equal or higher pay, were to be accused of spreading the doctrines of tariff-revision or woman-suffrage among their pupils.

The situation in France is complicated. First stands the question of the public schools versus the clerical schools. Since Jules Ferry began the campaign for the *école laïque* in the early eighties of the last century, the movement has been steadily towards the public school and away from the church schools. The movement was hastened by the campaign against the congregational schools waged after 1902 by Premier Combes. It has been forwarded by the events that have followed the separation of Church and State. At the present day the public elementary schools have about five and a half million pupils, the congregational schools have a little less than a million and a quarter, and the public schools are the faster growing. This is the ideal of the

école laïque, and it is supported by the vast majority of Frenchmen. There is a strong party which is in favor of wiping out congregational teaching and conferring on the state the "monopoly" of education. But the bulk of moderate opinion, with the present French Government, is in favor of letting events take their course.

But the public school (*école laïque*) is one thing, and the principle of neutral teaching (*neutralité scolaire*) is another. Neutral teaching decides that if religious instruction has no place in the schools, anti-religious instruction is equally out of place. And it is of the violation of the principle of neutrality that the Church accuses the schoolmasters of France acting under dominant "Freemasonic" influences. Many Frenchmen who are against the Church on the question of the lay school are with the Church in protesting against the dissemination of anti-religious views in the elementary schools. And, further still, many Frenchmen who are not with the Church on either question, nevertheless find that the principle of neutral instruction is violated by schoolmasters who teach anti-patriotism, class-hatred, and revolutionary trade-unionism. In short, the French schoolmaster seems to have laid himself open to the same charge on which Socrates was sentenced to drink hemlock.

Jean Louis Forain's mordant cartoons on the subject picture the extreme pro-Catholic view. A schoolmaster is giving a lesson in European history. He recites: "In those days, the Church having grown very corrupt, a German monk named Luther . . ." The implication is that a French schoolmaster in teaching French Catholic school children is never so happy as when he can take a kick at the Church and exalt Germany! A cartoon by Abel Faivre shows one of a large number of boys, out for a walk with their teacher, taking his hat off to the *curé*. "You are a very nice boy," says the *curé*. The teacher grunts: "He is my youngest pupil. I have had him only for a couple of days." In another picture by Forain somebody asks a little boy: "Does your teacher ever mention the name of God?" "Yes, sir, when he swears." Now, it must be said at once that Forain and Faivre and other Catholic polemics grossly exaggerate. The revolutionary and anti-religious virus has entered, of course, into the schoolmaster as it has into very many Frenchmen of all occupations. But the Government maintains that the schoolmasters who abuse their position in such ways are few in number. And most moderate people in France side with the Government.

The Catholic newspapers go on to show, and here a good section of the moderate press is with them, that many of the text-books used in the public schools are as bad as the teachers that use them. It will be recalled that the French bishops a few months ago pronounced the ban on a large number of such text-books. The *Temps* admits that the majority of school manuals are unobjectionable, but finds a good many others that are not. It quotes definitions of God, for the use of children:

> Imagine a being who is always good and to whom we owe everything; such a being would be God. And such a being, *if he exists*, we ought to love and honor.
>
> *If God exists*, then all great thoughts and noble deeds must be agreeable to him, no matter in what soul they arise. And, *if he does not exist*, man's duty still remains the same.
>
> Is it because they love God that those who believe in Him go to church? Yes; but they might omit going to church, and still be acceptable to God.

Patriotism fares no better:

> Is military glory true glory?
>
> We admire the great conquerors, and look upon them as great men. Yet they are often only great criminals, the shame of history and the scourge of humanity.
>
> Do not measure the intellectual stature of a man by the glint of his gold lace or the height of the feathers on his hat.
>
> Remember, above all things, that we are citizens of the world.

And there are protests against the inclusion of episodes of the Prussian war from Zola's "Débâcle" in reading books for French boys. But the French proselyting spirit is nothing if not thorough.

ONCE MORE THE FALLIBLE EXPERT.

At Vienna, a few days ago, a political trial of high dramatic interest was suddenly brought to a dramatic conclusion. Its outcome is admitted on all sides to be of the highest importance for the internal politics of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. To the outsider there is just as much interest, perhaps, in the fact that another German savant has been caught napping. Dr. Bode of Berlin may now exchange condolences with Dr. Friedjung, the eminent historian and publicist of Vienna. If Dr. Bode is a little better off, it is because he has behind him the august authority of the most infallible of the Hohenzollerns. Dr. Friedjung had behind him only an heir-apparent, and his confutation is beyond dispute.

The trial in question was upon charges of slander and defamation brought by the Serbo-Croatian members of the Croatian-Slavonian Diet at Agram against the Vienna *Reichspost*, in whose columns the slanders were first disseminated, and against Dr. Friedjung, who repeated the false accusations, with additional charges of his own, in the *Neue Freie Presse*. The Serbo-Croatian Deputies were accused of complicity in a conspiracy against the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, having for its ultimate object the unification of all the Southern Slavs in an independent kingdom. The Deputies were charged with being in the pay of the Servian Government, which had spent over a quarter-million dollars in subsidizing secret agents and Slav politicians in Austria-Hungary. Dr. Friedjung's conclusion was that the tyrannical measures adopted by Baron Rauch, the Governor of Croatia-Slavonia, were justified by the necessity of breaking up the dreadful conspiracy.

The learned doctor's charges finally put into plain words what the anti-Slav newspapers had been darkly hinting at for some two or three years. Up to 1906 the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir to the throne, had been regarded as Slavophil in his sympathies. For one thing, there was his wife, the former Countess Chotek. For another, there was the growing arrogance of the Pan-Germanists within and without Austria, who were busy parcelling out the Hapsburg domains with little regard for the feelings of the man who must soon be called to reign over them. In the reorganization of the monarchy which people believed inevitable after the death of Francis Joseph, it was taken for granted that Francis Ferdinand would lean heavily on the Slavs, investing them with the balance of power as between his German and his Hungarian subjects. But from a journey which Francis Ferdinand made through Dalmatia and Herzegovina in 1906, he seems to have brought back grave suspicions of the loyalty of the southern Slavs. His attitude changed and the tone of the Government press with it. There was much insistence on the need

of guarding the integrity of the monarchy against danger from the south. And that argument was not the least among the reasons brought forward to justify the incorporation of Bosnia and Herzegovina in the autumn of 1908.

Thus the Croatian-Slavonian Deputies came into court under a cloud of treason. They came out of court not only exculpated, but hailed on all sides as enlightened patriots whose well-considered plans for promoting the welfare of the monarchy and their own welfare within the monarchy had been totally misunderstood by a stupid and badly victimized Government. Dr. Friedjung's case collapsed when the documents upon which he had based his accusations, and which he had received from "the most eminent quarters," turned out to be clumsy forgeries. The learned doctor accused M. Markovitch, president of the Slav League, a Serb association for the furtherance of popular education, of having presided on November 2-3, 1908, at secret meetings in Belgrade. Detailed reports of the supposed proceedings were contained in two documents that constituted the backbone of Dr. Friedjung's charges. But M. Markovitch had no difficulty in showing that on the two days in question he was in Berlin, which is some distance from Belgrade. Another document purported to be a report from a high official in the Servian Ministry of Foreign Affairs to the Servian Premier. This paper, dated June 4, 1907, spoke of a loan about to be concluded, which loan was concluded in May, 1906. It was numbered 3,027, whereas in June, 1907, the latest document in the bureau concerned was numbered 1,040. It was dated in the new style, whereas Servia uses the unreformed calendar, like Russia. There were other ridiculous blunders. Dr. Friedjung offered what was a practical retraction in court.

And here is where the reputation of the expert suffers again. Dr. Friedjung is probably the most eminent of living historians in Austria. He is *the* authority on Austro-German affairs in the critical period from 1859 to 1870. He is emphatically an historian of the document. But what shall be said of the learned historian who accepts forged Croatian documents as easily as the French General Staff accepted documentary evidence against Dreyfus? If Dr. Friedjung could be led so badly astray on an event six months old and capable of verification in the newspapers, is there not room for doubting the infallibility of his mental processes when applied to "Der Kampf um die Vorherrschaft in Deutschland, 1859-1866," or "Der Ausgleich mit Ungarn"? Human liability to error becomes little short of astounding when error is so obvious and inexcusable.

Since all is well that ends well, the Dual Monarchy is even inclined to congratulate itself on the outcome. The suspicions which have grown up between the Slav peoples of the south and their future Emperor are now expected to disappear. As a consequence, the harsh policy pursued by Hungary in Croatia-Slavonia, which is under its direct jurisdiction, will apparently have to be modified. Baron Aehrenthal, who is believed to have been the instigator of the Friedjung charges, has received something of a setback. But the cause of enlightened administration will profit by having it shown once more that "the government which depends on 'secret documents' is nine times out of ten the victim of its own agents." The classic instance is Abdul Hamid II, for whose daily consumption conspiracies were continually manufactured by his diplomatic representatives all over Europe.

PRECOCITY AND GENIUS.

The phenomenon presented at Harvard University the other day, when young Sidis, a boy of eleven, gave a paper on Four-Dimensional Bodies before the Mathematical Society, is something quite different from that of the arithmetical prodigy, or lightning calculator. By some peculiar endowment, these prodigies are enabled to perform almost instantaneously arithmetical operations which, by the usual processes, involve a great amount of labor. Some of them have even been able to answer, in a few seconds or minutes, questions relating to the decomposition of large numbers into prime factors, which do not admit of being answered by any known mathematical process other than that of repeated and tedious trial. What special faculty makes these feats possible is a mystery upon which, we believe, very little light has been thrown; but it may be set down as certain that the faculty is something very different from intellectual power in the ordinary sense —not only different from general intellectual power, but also different from that special form of intellectual power which is the equipment of the great mathematician. These prodigies are unable to say how they arrive at their results; nor do they build up a system which carries them beyond the achievement of particular feats and leads to the establishment of new truths or of fruitful generalizations.

Though the reports of what was actually contained in young Sidis's communication to the Harvard Mathematical Society are too meagre to permit of any appraisal of its value, enough is indicated, both in that report and in the boy's previous history, to show that he possesses extraordinary intellectual power in general and that in particular he has the makings of a great mathematician. If, as it appears, he has discovered—or rediscovered—and demonstrated fundamental theorems concerning figures in four-dimensional space, one cannot help feeling that he gives promise of adding one to the short and splendid list of those whose names are landmarks in the history of mathematics. That list, brief as it is, includes several the early flowering of whose genius is not less remarkable than the greatness of their powers. Pascal, without access to any books or instruction in geometry, constructed for himself, before the age of eleven, a geometrical system substantially equivalent to the first book of Euclid, and before he was sixteen completed a wonderful treatise on conic sections, based chiefly on his own researches; Galois was killed in a duel at the age of twenty, but left behind him work the development of which has given occupation to two generations of mathematicians; William Rowan Hamilton, a prodigy in languages in his early boyhood, acquired, without other teaching than that of the books he seized upon and devoured, such mastery of the most profound parts of mathematics that the astronomer royal for Ireland is said to have declared. "This young man, I do not say will be, but is, the greatest mathematician of the age." Young Sidis's attainments in languages, chemistry, and other subjects, and his later intense devotion to mathematics, suggest the story of Hamilton; and his choice of vector analysis —an outgrowth of Hamilton's quater-

nions—as his first subject of study at Harvard, is at least an interesting coincidence.

The idea that precocity—or at any rate precocity of any such character as this—generally dies down into mediocrity has very little foundation. Some actually go so far as to think that the very fact of unusual brilliancy in a child at so early an age is a prophecy of little ability when he grows up; a notion that rests upon the same fallacy as that which regards the children of highly gifted parents as less likely to be highly endowed than other children. They are vastly more likely to be thus endowed—as Galton conclusively demonstrated in his "Hereditary Genius"; but great genius is so extremely rare that, in spite of the chances being enormously in their favor, as compared with other persons, the children of highly gifted parents have still only a moderate chance of attaining similar distinction. And it is the same way with children who early show great talent. But, of course, there is precocity and precocity; in some cases, we see merely flashes of an early maturity; in others we see early maturity; in others we see early indications of great and unusual powers.

Another question raised in connection with young Sidis is that of training versus native endowment. Dr. Boris Sidis, the eminent psychologist who is the boy's father, is said to regard his son's achievements as indicating that by proper methods of instruction several years could be cut off from the time actually employed in bringing boys up to the college or university stage. With the proposition itself we have no particular fault to find; but that young Sidis's exploits serve in any degree to establish it we deny without hesitation. The part played by native genius is so manifestly predominant in this case as to nullify any general application. This is evident on the face of the matter; but confirmation of the strongest kind is given, if any were needed, in such precedents as those of Pascal and Hamilton, both of whom made the amazing mathématical conquests of their youth without any outside help whatsoever. And it is equally unnecessary to consider another view that has been ascribed—though, like the one just mentioned, probably erroneously ascribed—to Dr. Sidis. This is the theory that, with a proper personal hold on a boy, you can turn him out a mathematician or anything else. There is no doubt a wide range in which most young men of intellectual power can freely choose their field of distinction; but it is equally certain that the range is strictly limited in most cases. The faculty for mathematics is as distinctive as that for poetry or music; if you take enough pains, you can train almost anybody of ordinary endowment to turn out verses or to compose some kind of music; but you can't make him a poet or a musician. To be a mathematician you must have mathematical insight, the mathematical vision; and if young Sidis, like young Hamilton, has that along with remarkable gifts for language and other things, this does nothing whatever to disprove the existence of the thousands of boys who, while gifted in other directions, are blind to the beauties and deaf to the harmonies of mathematics. In fact, we are loath to believe that from the performances of one extraordinary child a man of science would feel disposed to draw any conclusion at all that runs counter to the results of the age-long experience of mankind.

SWISS NOTES.

NEUCHÂTEL, December 27.

Professor Hilty of Berne, who died not long ago, had just completed and published the twenty-third volume of his "Politisches Jahrbuch." Besides being a very useful encyclopædia of general public affairs, this work was especially remarkable for Hilty's original contributions to it. As an historian he could take a dispassionate view even of contemporary events. In this last volume of the year-book he assumes an almost prophetic manner. After an optimistic review of the progress and present condition of the Swiss federation, he writes with caution concerning the future. The preparations being made for war, in all European countries, threaten not only public law, but the neutrality of Switzerland, including its posts, railways, and customs. He warns his countrymen of the danger which may be incurred in case they seek the protection of any of the great Powers. Under such circumstances, he observes, Switzerland is in danger of sacrificing its federal system, with the equilibrium between the central and cantonal governments, to a "military idea" which indeed is convenient but not in keeping with Swiss traditions. Hilty makes a part of his programme the admission of women to the suffrage, especially in order to improve public morals, and to suppress alcoholism, gambling, and lotteries which threaten the "demoralization of our republic." He closes this species of valedictory by saying that the power of Switzerland is and always must be moral, not physical.

Two notable members have been added to the faculty of the University of Geneva. Eugène Choisy, a *pasteur* at Plainpalais, a frequent contributor to English and German reviews, and a prolific author, succeeds Professor Chantre, in the chair of historical theology. His published works deal chiefly with Geneva during the Reformation period, and he founded a museum where memorabilia of early Protestantism are preserved. It shows how greatly Genevan theological opinion has changed, that a teacher in the institution founded by Calvin should have been chairman of the committee which had in charge the erection of the expiatory monument to Michael Servetus. Dr. Charles Werner of the same university has been made professor of philosophy and the history of philosophy. Although a young man, he attracted some attention on a recent memorable occasion by sustaining his doctoral thesis on "Aristotle and the Platonic Idealism," which was "attacked" by authors of international celebrity, such as Windelband of Heidelberg, Boutroux of the French Institute, Bridel of Lausanne, and Flournoy of Geneva. Notwithstanding this formidable opposition, the degree was conferred *maximâ cum laude*.

The people of Berne are proud that the Nobel prize should this year have been awarded to Emil Theodor Kocher, the leading professor of surgery in their university. Professor Kocher is sixty-eight years of age and a native of the Swiss capital, where he began his medical studies. He continued these in Berlin, Paris, and London. Among his teachers were Billroth and Langenbeck, who in their day were held to be the leading surgeons on the Continent. Professor Kocher is especially famous for the work which he did in army surgery, and for devising and carrying almost to perfection the operation for extirpation of the thyroid gland. He conducted a series of experiments, to learn the effect on the body of wounds inflicted by the modern small calibre bullets. But during the last twenty years he has made a specialty of the thyroid operation. The results of his epoch-making work were given to the Berlin Congress of Surgeons in 1883. Previous to that time no one had been successful in removing the gland. At first it was found that those who underwent this operation suffered later from cretinism. Professor Kocher, by his researches into the function of the thyroid, avoided this unhappy effect. He has up to this time performed two thousand operations of the sort, and holds the record for a minimum percentage of deaths.

The beauty of the Alps and the an-

tique remains of certain Swiss towns have not restrained those who seek to exploit their native land for the sake of "tourist facilities" and other modern but tasteless "improvements." Adolphe Tièche, an excellent painter in water-colors, attempts to counteract this unfortunate tendency, and to make the people of Berne appreciate the beauty of the old town by publishing in a portfolio (Berne: A. Francke) about two dozen sketches of the place as it was in the eighteenth century. These are admirably executed *à la sanguine*, and are accompanied by a short preface in which the artist says:

> I have made these sketches especially for the Bernese, who know so little of the real riches of their city, and who coldly delivered the most charming and graceful building in all Switzerland (the old Musée Historique) to the pickaxe of the destroyer.

He adds that large modern structures have disfigured the *cachet* of the ancient city, and that only in the last few years have people begun to open their eyes to this. Modern Berne has indeed been lavish in putting up imposing and even splendid buildings, of which the native is justly proud, but which have rivals elsewhere. To those, however, who have love of the past, artistic taste, or even ordinary curiosity, the charm of the Swiss capital lies not so much in the ambitious architecture and decoration of the Federal Palace and of the Art Museum, as in the old towers, arcades, and fountains grouped against the snowy background of the Bernese Oberland.

A correspondent of the *Journal de Genève* refers to Jean-Jacques Rousseau as one of the precursors of aviation. While secretary to the Venetian ambassador at Paris (1762), Rousseau wrote to Grimm concerning his own efforts to construct a flying machine. These seem to have been as unsuccessful as his endeavors to change the method of musical notation. The letter will be found in his "Correspondance littéraire."

A. Alexander.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The fourth volume of Dr. Thomas Lindsley Bradford's "Bibliographers' Manual of American History" (Philadelphia: Stan. V. Henkels & Co.) is in the hands of the subscribers. This covers R to Z, Nos. 4528 to 6056. Our notices of preceding volumes have not been very complimentary, and about all that can be said of the present volume is that it is no better and no worse than the others.

Neither the Williamsburg edition nor the London edition (both 1754) of George Washington's "Journal" is given, only the reprint by Toner (1893). Under Underhill's "News from America" (1638) no mention is made of the fact that the Deane copy which sold for $180 in 1898 lacked the plan or that Lord Sheffield's copy, which brought $1,250 in 1908, possessed it. The Beckford record of £605 on Smith's "Historie of Virginia" (1624) is given, but without the statement that it was a large paper copy. At the end of the record of John Smith's books are reprinted James Lenox's notes on the plates and maps in Smith's books published in *Norton's Literary Gazette* for March 15, 1854. Some additions and corrections have been discovered since. These are incorporated in the E. D. Church Catalogue, a work which Dr. Bradford might have consulted with profit in the case of a great many titles.

The eighth edition, for 1910, of James Clegg's "International Directory of Booksellers, and Bibliophile's Manual" (London: Eliot Stock; New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.) is just received. The numerical summary of addresses gives the total number of booksellers recorded as 12,163, of whom 4,060 are in England and Wales and 2,354 in the United States. Generally the entry is a single line only, but in some cases specialties are mentioned. The number of public libraries recorded is 4,774, of which 1,443 are in the United Kingdom and 1,274 in the United States. Other information, such as lists of auctioneers, record and literary searchers, bookbinders, etc., sizes of books, postage rates, lists of periodicals, etc., is included.

The Grolier Club published in December a bronze medallion portrait of Emerson, designed and modelled by Victor David Brenner and cast by John Williams. The medallion is seven and one-fourth inches across and is, in general, uniform with the Hawthorne, Lowell, and Poe medallions already issued by the club.

Members of the Bibliographical Society of America have just received Volume III of the "Proceedings and Papers." The most important single contribution in the volume is the "Bibliography of the Official Publications of the Confederate States of America," by Hugh A. Morrison of the Library of Congress. Other papers of interest are "Lincoln Collections and Lincoln Bibliography," by Daniel Fish; "Manuscript Hunting," by Dr. E. C. Richardson, and "The Coöperatively Printed Catalogue," by H. W. Wilson.

The Society of Dofobs of Chicago has issued the "Second Book of Dofobs." It is a quarto, limited to fifty copies, and contains, among other contributions, "Deliberations of a Dofob," by Adrian H. Joline of New York, a pleasant rambling essay on the pleasures of old bookishness, or, as he calls it, "Dofobery"; "Adventures of a Manuscript," by William K. Bixby of St. Louis, being the story of the manuscript of Scott's "Harold the Dauntless"; two letters of Hawthorne and a letter of Dickens, here first printed, and other pieces.

The Merwin-Clayton Sales Company of this city will sell on January 20 a portion of the library of Charles Burr Todd, including a long series of books on the Quakers, a copy of Rumsey's "Short Treatise on the Application of Steam" (1788), and other books of interest.

January 18, the Anderson Auction Company will hold a sale of autographs, including the collection of James J. Casey. Among important names included are Washington (an A. L. S., dated 1798, and an L. S. dated 1778), Lincoln, Grant, Jefferson, Hamilton, Lafayette, Wordsworth, Dickens, Swinburne, and others.

January 19 and 20, they sell the library of the late George M. Diven of Elmira, N. Y. Smith's "History of the Province of New York," first edition (1757), a piece cut from the title, but with the rare folding view; an extra-illustrated copy of Irving's "Life of Washington," the large paper edition of 1855-59; about one hundred titles on the Alps, mountain climbing, and allied subjects; a complete set, twenty-three volumes, of the publications of the Selden Society, and a collection of Shakespeareana are worthy of mention.

Correspondence.

DATES OF "THE RING AND THE BOOK."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: One may fairly expect accuracy in important dates—to say nothing of minor ones—in a biography of a famous poet. Yet, in recently perusing several discussions of Browning's "Ring and the Book," I was surprised to discover that no fewer than three distinguished critics had made a (seemingly) inexcusable blunder in referring to the genesis of that poem. Arthur Symons, who is apparently the original sinner, and who perpetuates his mistake in his 1906 revision, asserts ("Introduction to Browning," revised and enlarged edition, p. 152) that the poet picked up the square yellow book upon which he founded his masterpiece, at Florence, "one day in June, 1865." Sharp ("Life of Browning," p. 116) repeats the error, probably following Symons. He adds (p. 119) that Browning, on the afternoon on which he made his purchase, read the book from end to end. "The midsummer heats had caused thunder-clouds to congregate above Vallombrosa and the whole valley of Arno: and the air in Florence was painfully sultry. The poet stood by himself [Mrs. Browning died in 1861] on his terrace at Casa Guidi, and . . . his mind was busy in refashioning the old tale of loveless marriage and crime." Birrell (Globe one-volume edition of Browning, introductory note to "The Ring and the Book," p. 649) varies the comedy a trifle by reference to a "'memorable day' in June, 1862, when he [Browning] picked up, at a stall in the Piazza San Lorenzo in Florence, the 'square old yellow book.'"

On the other hand, Herford ("Life of Browning," p. 169) declares: "The story of Pompilia took shape in the gloom and glare of a stormy Italian night of June, 1860, as he watched from the balcony of Casa Guidi." He does not vouchsafe the date at which Browning bought the Yellow Book. Hodell ("The Old Yellow Book," p. 237) says: "He had discovered it amidst the rubbish of a market harrow in San Lorenzo Square. This was in June of 1860." Mrs. Sutherland Orr ("Life and Letters of Browning," Vol. 2, p. 378) irritates one's curiosity by remarking that "it has often been told, though with curious confusion as regards the date, how Mr. Browning picked up the original parchment-bound record." She offers no suggestion as to the solution of the "curious confusion." Dowden, however ("Life of Browning," p. 252), is absolutely explicit. He gives the date of purchase as June, 1859, and adds:

> As he leaned by the fountain and walked through street and street, he read, and had mastered the contents before his foot was on the threshold of Casa Guidi. That night

his brain was a-work; pacing the terrace of Casa Guidi, . . . be gave himself up to the excitement of re-creating the actors and reënacting their deeds in his imagination. . . . When in the autumn he journeyed with his wife to Rome, the vellum-bound quarto was with him.

The most important point, of course, is that Browning had roughly sketched at least parts of his treatment of the theme during the lifetime of his wife, the "Lyric Love" to whom, in an ever-memorable passage, he dedicated the finished work; and that his plans were rudely and pathetically disturbed by the shock of her death. Sharp might have avoided his ridiculous mistake if he had remembered the fact which Herford states (p. 169): that shortly after Mrs. Browning died the poet left Florence forever. He could hardly have been standing, therefore, on the terrace of Casa Guidi in 1865! Whether Herford and Hodell or Dowden is correct with reference to this memorable night on the terrace, I have been unable to ascertain. The circumstantial nature of Dowden's account would seem to throw the balance in his favor, but for the fact that he obtained all his details from Browning's own lines in the first book of the poem (Globe edition, pp. 650 and 655):

That memorable day,
(June was the month, Lorenzo named the square)
I leaned a little and overlooked my prize
By the low railing round the fountain-source.
. . . . . .
Still read I on, from written title-page
To written index, on, through street and street.
. . . . . .
I fused my live soul and that inert stuff
Before attempting smithcraft, on the night
After the day when,—truth thus grasped and gained,—
The book was shut and done with and laid by.
. . . . . .
The while I read and read,
I turned, to free myself and find the world,
And stepped out on the narrow terrace, built
Over the street and opposite the church,
And paced its lozenge-brickwork sprinkled cool.

Mrs. Orr (p. 378) quotes the following from a letter of Browning to Miss Isa Blagden, dated September 19, 1862: "My new poem that is about to be; and of which the whole is pretty well in my head —the Roman murder story you know." But in none of his published letters of 1859-60 does he refer to the discovery of the Yellow Book. HARRY T. BAKER.

Beloit College, Beloit, Wis., January 3.

PETRARCH AND GERBERT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a review of a recent work on Petrarch, the following sentence is quoted from one of his letters as giving the "keynote" of his eager activities as a scholar and humanist:

If you love me, commission faithful and learned men to search through Tuscany, ransacking the bookshelves of the religious houses and of the men who are most addicted to study, and find means to discover something that will appease or stimulate my appetite. For the rest, you must know that I have made the same request of friends in England, France, and Spain.

For those who may be too prone to find novelty in the labors of this great humanist in promoting the revival of learning in the fourteenth century, I would offer the following parallel from the darkest depths of the "dark ages." It is from a letter of Gerbert, who was born in Aquitaine about the year 950, and died as Pope Sylvester II, in 1002. The letter was written some time before he became Pope, and therefore at a period when it has been supposed that men in fear and trembling were awaiting the dreadful year 1000, which was to bring the world to an end. My extract reads:

I am eagerly collecting a library; and as formerly at Rome and elsewhere in Italy, so likewise in Germany and Belgium, I have obtained copyists and manuscripts with a mass of money and the help of friends in those parts. Permit me likewise to beg of you also to promote this end. We will append at the end of this letter a list of those writers we wish copied. We have sent for your disposal parchment for the scribes and money to defray the cost; not unmindful of your goodness.

This passage could easily be duplicated from other letters of Gerbert, and from the writings of other men of the next generation. HENRY OSBORN TAYLOR.

No. 135 East Sixty-sixth Street, New York, January 3.

ANARCHICAL vs. PETRIFIED SPELLING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I note Dr. Cooper's letter in your issue of December 9, in which he refers to my address "On Some Life Ideals," and deplores the spelling used there, calling it a "caricature of English." I heartily agree with Dr. Cooper that, in spelling, as in any other human activity, all tendencies "on the part of the careless, inaccurate, and anarchical" should be vigorously combated by "all persons of good taste." However, I disagree with Dr. Cooper in his condemnation of the spellings used in my address. Far from being arbitrary, I endeavored to follow closely the amended spellings recommended by the American Philological Association (Transactions, 1886, Vol. XVII, 127). These spellings were also endorsed by the Philological Society of England, the Modern Language Association, and the Spelling Reform Association. They are also approved by the Standard Dictionary (page xvii). As a matter of fact, out of the twelve words cited by Dr. Cooper, nine are found in the list printed in the above-mentioned volume of Transactions (liv, hav, abstaind, litl, dremt, curage, dubld, tripld, atmosfere). V. KARAPETOFF.

Cornell University, January 3.

JEAN DORNIS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In reference to the review in the *Nation*, January 6, of the "Essai sur Leconte de Lisle," by Jean Dornis, it may be worth noting that the catalogue of the Boston Public Library gives "Jean Dornis," author of "Leconte de Lisle intime," 1895, as the pseudonym of Mme. Guillaume Beer, at whose country house, I believe, Leconte de Lisle died.

Apropos of this poet, I should be glad if some reader of the *Nation* would explain the reference to "le Gardien pensif du mystique oranger," in "Epiphanie" ("Poèmes tragiques"). GEO. N. HENNING.

Washington, D. C., January 8.

Literature.

RECENT VERSE.

The Poems of William Winter: Author's Edition. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

The Collected Poems of Arthur Upson. Edited, with an Introduction, by Richard Burton. Minneapolis: Edmund D. Brooks.

Drake: An English Epic. By Alfred Noyes. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Last Poems. By George Meredith. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

The Poems of Oscar Wilde: Authorized Edition. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.

New Poems. By William Watson. New York: John Lane Co.

New Poems. By Richard LeGallienne. New York: John Lane Co.

As a poetical season this has been in some sort one of recollection, illustrated chiefly by familiar names. In some cases it is the poet's last appearance. Even where this is not so, it is given us to renew old acquaintance; the stranger can wait—he is sure of the morrow. In such a mood, the very limitation of Mr. Winter's poetry—which may be first considered—its decidedly personal and occasional character, seems an added attraction. Any one who will take pains to recall the part he has played in life and will read this final edition of his collected verse in connection with his recently published reminiscences, will have little reason to regret that his inspiration has been so largely centred in his own experience. Indeed, it is to this susceptibility to his immediate circumstances, to the promptings of friendship and affection, that his most memorable work is due—his poems to Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, Augustin Daly, and Henry Irving.

To be sure, there is much about the *facture* of his verse which seems a little old-fashioned nowadays. There are few vivid figures; few hard, compact, and diamantine phrases. The rhymes are frequently far from "rich"; from the modern "artistic" point of view there is something slightly archaic about the diction and the poetic convention. If anything, the moral is overobvious; it is, in a word, all very "facile." But such matters are of small importance. As Mr. Winter's own lines, "At Arlington," illustrate, even a taste for moral commonplace has not always proved incompatible with good poetry. It is more on disposition than on workmanship or even thought that the charm of a minor poet depends. And Mr. Winter's, as revealed in his verse, is admirably quiet, reflective, reminiscent—rather preoccupied with partings and death, but of a calm and reassuring

temper, unvexed by the suicidal doubts and perplexities of the century.

Through the red glare, the scorching light,
The din, the havoc, and the blight
Of clamorous wrath and hideous haste,
That make this life one dreary waste—

such lines, so common in contemporary poetry, are characteristically exceptional with him. Now and then he seems on the point of being troubled by such matters, as in "Orgia" and "After Long Years"; but poems of this kind usually turn out unreal or experimental. It is only in the "Monody for Augustin Daly"—which contains some of his best writing, whatever its debt to "Locksley Hall"—that he appears to suffer a genuine revulsion of feeling:

Ah, what pictures rise in mem'ry, and
what strains of music flow,
When we think of all the magic times and
scenes of Long Ago!
. . . . . .
Worn and weary with the struggle, broken
with the weight of care,
Low he lies, and all his pageants vanish
in the empty air.

But the mood passes finally. And in "The Rubicon," where, like so many other poets before him, he speaks his own farewell, his habitual serenity reasserts itself—a serenity neither blind nor fatuous, but the result of a happy and amiable mixture of the elements:

One other bitter drop to drink,
And then—no more!
One little pause upon the brink,
And then—go o'er!
One sigh—and then the lib'rant morn
Of perfect day,
When my free spirit, newly born,
Will soar away!

If it must be said that there is little unequivocal evidence of distinct poetic genius in the two handsome volumes of Arthur Upson's "Collected Poems," there is at least every indication of literary taste and refined sentiment. Like Mr. Winter's, though naturally without the same richness of experience or maturity of character—Arthur Upson was drowned at thirty-one—much of his work is personal and occasional, and represents in some measure that desire to "literatize" life to which a person of reading and cultivated mental habit is prone. But with this lack of fulness and detachment it has many qualities to deepen regret at the untoward accident which put so untimely an end to the writer's life. Particularly attractive are the glimpses which the reader catches, through Dr. Burton's introduction and through the poems themselves, of the young poet, both as college student and as graduate, in the midst of his friends and his literary occupations, with his taste for *chinoiserie*, for pewter, and the like—a little of a dilettante, perhaps, but frank and unspoiled, and an agreeable exception to the usual run of educated young Americans.

But while delicacy and fancy, a kind of irradiated actuality, are the reigning characteristics of his verse, there are a few poems haunted by another spirit—as it were a kind of presence lurking behind the visible mask of things, as in the "Fantaisie et Réveil," which has a singularly Wordsworthian touch; or even a sort of indefinable *Erd-Geist* under the physical semblances of earth, as in the address to the ghost of "The Dead Geyser":

I sat in the forest at sundown,
On the trunk of a fallen tree;
There were calm, low lights to westward,
But shadows over me,
And the gold beneath the branches
Was wonderful to see.

Before me lay a circle
In the glow of the fading sky,
The rim of an outworn geyser
That brothered an age gone by,
With roots grown down in its fissures
As thick as a good man's thigh.
. . . . . .
Then up in the evening silence,
And up in the westward light,
And over the widening shadow,
He seemed to take his flight,
Alone in the awesome stillness,
So solemn and weird and white.

A chipmunk peeped from his burrow
Where the white dead pine-stem lay;
A night-hawk rose from his tree-tip
To spiral the muffling gray;
And the wandering breath of Summer
Seemed all at once taken away.
. . . . . .
The molten brass in the tree-boles
Had dwindled to a span;
So I rose with great thoughts crowding
In solemn caravan,
And crept through the shade, a shadow,
Who had set me down a man.

Whether Mr. Noyes's "Drake" properly deserves the name of epic, to which it formally lays claim, is largely a question of literary definition, and a matter of comparatively small importance. The attempt to write a national poem in twelve books and dear knows how many thousand lines, is, on the contrary, an extremely interesting experiment, and at this juncture a very significant symptom. The marvel is that such a poem as Mr. Noyes's should exist at all; much more, that it should have been published originally in a periodical. Unfortunately for criticism, the explanation is probably to be found in politics rather than in literature.

However that may be, the "Drake" as a whole is conspicuously a *tour de force*. When read consecutively it soon grows to seem tedious and dilatory. The style is exceedingly diffuse—the style of romance rather than of epic, a kind of modernized *romancero*. The interest is too exclusively picaresque to be very lasting. In spite of all the poet's efforts to diversify the action, it remains monotonous: there is only one figure, that of Drake himself, and that figure has but one face and expression, the set Nelsonian countenance of the British naval hero, which is too contracted to supply the entire human interest of a long poem. In the first four books we have the Doughty episode, involving some sort of moral pathos; but the other characters are virtually all abstractions—Spanish despotism, Romish cruelty and superstition, and the like. Meanwhile, the "English Bess" of the love-making, if such it can be called, is a personage as tenuous and evanescent as any of Tennyson's early idyllic heroines. Finally, there is about the entire effort a disconcerting indefiniteness of aim and motive.

On the other hand, when read piecemeal, the poem produces a much more favorable impression. For this reason, the original mode of serial publication had a decided advantage. For there is some circulation of life, some movement, in the parts and members of the poem, though it fails to animate the whole body with a single spirit. The mixture of naïveté and self-consciousness, natural to such a performance in such a generation, is rather winning; though the attempt to subtilize and mysticize the plain old freebooting narrative is false and unhappy:

Drake only knew that as the four ships plunged
Southward, the world mysteriously grew
More like a prophet's vision, hour by hour,
Fraught with dark omens and significances,
A world of hieroglyphs and sacred signs
Wherein he seemed to read the truth that lay
Hid from the Roman augurs when of old
They told the future from the flight of birds.
How vivid with disaster seemed the flight
Of those blood-red flamingoes o'er the dim
Blue streaming forest, like two terrible thoughts
Flashing, unapprehended, through his brain.

This is very characteristic. In spite of over-elaboration and preciosity, Mr. Noyes's descriptions are, all in all, the best things he does. In a kind of grandiose impressiveness his sea pieces are fairly comparable with Calderon's, in whose vein they are:

For through a mighty zone of golden haze
Blotting the purple of the gathering night
A galleon like a floating mountain moved
To meet them, clad with sunset and with dreams.
Her mast and spars immense in jewelled mist
Shimmered: her rigging, like an emerald web
Of golden spiders, tangled half the stars!
Embodied sunset, dragging the soft sky
O'er dazzled ocean, through the night she drew
Out of the unknown lands; and round a prow
That jutted like a moving promontory
Over a cloven wilderness of foam,
Upon a lofty blazoned scroll her name
San Salvador challenged obsequious isles
Where'er she rode; who kneeling like dark slaves

Before some great Sultan must lavish forth
From golden cornucopias, East and West,
Red streams of rubies, cataracts of pearls.

In short, it is the evidences of ingenuity and resourcefulness on the part of the author which form the most satisfactory part of "Drake," because the poem itself is mainly interesting as a problem, a set task in which the overcoming of difficulties is the measure of success.

There is not much in George Meredith's "Last Poems" to affect his reputation one way or another; not much that is likely to be of moment—save as a poet's last message is always momentous—to any but a thoroughgoing and indiscriminate Meredithian. Perhaps, at this instant, the most interesting pieces of the collection, which is a small one, are those which betray a certain anxiety for the character and the future of his country:

What figures will be shown the century hence?
What lands intact? we do but know that Power
From piety divorced, though seen immense,
Shall sink on envy of the humblest flower.

Our cry for cradled Peace, while men are still
The three-parts brute which smothers the divine,
Heaven answers: Guard it with forethoughtful will,
Or buy it; all your gains from War resign.

A land, not indefensibly alarmed,
May see, unwarned by hint of friendly gods,
Between a hermit crab at all points armed,
And one without a shell, decisive odds.

Significantly enough, fully half the poems in the volume, if not more, give evidence of the same preoccupation. Obviously, it is but the same symptom as Mr. Noyes's apotheosis of the British hero and his rapturous celebration of the martial spirit, which prolong in fuller tones and larger compass Meredith's own eulogy of Nelson and Trafalgar:

He leads: we hear our Seaman's call
In the roll of battles won;
For he is Britain's Admiral
Till setting of her sun.

It is something to have a definitive and authorized edition of Oscar Wilde's poetry at last. But even with all the material at hand and in trustworthy shape, it is still difficult, if not impossible, to pronounce anything like a satisfactory verdict upon the work. The memory of Wilde's histrionic personality is still too strong and immediate. It will intrude upon his verse, until admiration of the play is lost in suspicion of the actor. That it is all very clever, very brilliant, no one will deny. But, then, it seems all very professional too—an excellent demonstration of the lengths to which poetry can be carried as an acquired accomplishment. What most rouses admiration is so largely a matter of skill! If the merits of his workmanship are conspicuous, as indeed they are, conspicuous also is the fact that he is always at his best when he is most artificial. And the imputation to his sincerity is fatal. Even "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," the most effective and feeling poem that he ever wrote, is a *tour de force* in its *genre*. "The Sphinx" is as original in one sense as any he ever made, and yet consider the amount of rigmarole it contains:

When through the purple corridors the screaming scarlet Ibis flew
In terror, and a horrid dew dripped from the moaning Mandragores,

And the great torpid crocodile within the tank shed slimy tears,
And tare the jewels from his ears and staggered back into the Nile.

In fact, "The Sphinx" is a kind of decadent "Raven." For us who are so near at hand there is always the horrid doubt inseparable from his malicious delight in the *bourgeois épaté*, in the dumfounded philistine. It is impossible to do more than cultivate the disinterested mood and wait for the personal impression to fade away.

Mr. Watson's "New Poems" seems to have obtained a rather unenviable *succès de scandale* at the start. Poetically, there is little in the volume to recall the author of "Wordsworth's Grave." Among the exceptions, however, are the lines "To the Invincible Republic" of America, which are inspired by something of the same piety for the past and impatience of present degeneracy:

In peace to-day
Thou sit'st between thy oceans; but when Fate
Was at thy making, and endowed thy soul
With many gifts and costly, she forgot
To mix with these a genius for repose;
Wherefore a sting is ever in thy blood,
And in thy marrow a sublime unrest.
And thus thou keepest hot the forge of life,
Where man is still re-shapen and re-made
With fire and clangour. . . .
. . . Let it not be said
That if the peerless and the stainless one,
The man of Yorktown and of Valley Forge,—
Or he of tragic doom, thy later born,
He of the short plain word that thrilled the world
And freed the bondman,—let it not be said
That if to-day these radiant ones returned,
They would behold thee changed beyond all thought
From that austerity wherein thy youth
Was nurtured, those large habitudes of soul.

Of Mr. LeGallienne's "New Poems," "October Moonlight" is, perhaps, as characteristic as any. It has the kind of fancy, just passing into vagary, which is peculiarly his own:

The moon is up at half-past five,
She frightens me among the pines;
The moon, and only half-past five!
With half the ruddy day alive—
So soon, so high, so cold, she shines,
This daylight moon among the pines.

The moon is walking in the wood,
Her face is very white and strange;
The moon is coming through the wood,
Her face half-hidden in her hood,
Cold silver face whose hourly change
Blanches her cheek more white, more strange.

There is something about this—at once deliberately artless and premeditatedly nonsensical, a kind of artificial *naïveté*—which makes it somehow more satisfactory than its author's more serious efforts.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Winning Lady and Others. By Mary E. Wilkins Freeman. New York: Harper & Bros.

This is altogether the best collection of short stories that Mrs. Freeman has published. It marks a definite return to her original theme and manner, with such development of both as time should naturally have brought. Her experiments in other fields, if they have seemed in themselves of comparatively little value, have no doubt served their disciplinary purpose. At all events, in these studies of rural New England character, her hand seems firmer than ever.

If it were not for her comparative indifference to the out-of-door setting, she would strike us as very closely comparable to Mr. Phillpotts. The grimly humorous aspects of rustic life have a similar attraction for her; and when she gives herself up to the pursuit of humor, she is equally likely to fall into the commonplace. "Billy and Susy," the story of a pair of cats who are quarrelled over by two New England sisters on the ground of their supposed difference of sex, and who prove to be "both Susys," is the one story in the present volume which we could have done just as well without. The plot is not new, and the handling is rather clumsily farcical. In "The Selfishness of Amelia Lamkin" and "Old Woman Magoun," on the other hand, the writer is on her own ground. Amelia Lamkin is another case of over-developed "New England conscience"—a self-effacing type to be found on any Yankee countryside; while Old Woman Magoun is of a type hardly less common and not less difficult to portray—the Roman mother who stands ready to slay that which she loves for its soul's welfare. These are the pathetic or sombre aspects which Miss Wilkins was from the first most successful in presenting. The new thing in her—or the newer thing—is a vein of tender and unstrained sentiment which here yields a really beautiful study of what we rudely call "calf-love." "The Joy of Youth" represents the achievement of the writer who, because he is so faithful to the soil and the human beings he knows, succeeds now and then in creating something that the whole world

must recognize as its own. So what in a narrow sense seems most provincial—a sketch of La Mancha, of Simla, or of Thrums—will turn out to be of more general appeal than all the vague and pretentious fictions that spring up year by year—whose scene is Everywhere, and whose theme is Everything.

Friendship Village Love Stories. By Zona Gale. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Miss Gale's Friendship Village, an idealized New England in little, has captivated many readers somewhat surfeited with rural farce on the one hand and rural tragedy on the other. The author of "Pelleas and Etarre" deals frankly in sentiment, and is not at all afraid of lapsing into sentimentality. The present love stories, which have to do with the younger element in the community with whose elders we have already made some acquaintance, will appeal to the reader according as he has or has not tears to shed. Perhaps we ought not to flatter ourselves upon the fact that the soft flutter of sensibility is now out of fashion. At all events, there are plenty of people who do not care whether it is or not, whose classics are "Little Nell" and "The Cricket on the Hearth," and who welcome such a writer as Miss Gale as a cooling spring in a land of arid fact. Whether such a village as hers ever was on land or sea (and it seems about as likely in one case as in the other) does not matter. Truth, it has been asserted, is not the same as fact; she is a goddess nevertheless who somewhat stubbornly retains her angles, and may most comfortably be seen through rose-colored glasses. In that particular optical "line" the writer of the present volume of tales has much to offer.

The Pool of Flame. By Louis Joseph Vance. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Louis Joseph Vance is one of the most commercially successful of our junior yarn-mongers. The trick of fiction has, he admits, no mysteries for him. He just "loafs around" until an idea for a story occurs to him, and then dashes it off. Of course, he has to get up his local color; and his publishers express their gratification at his modern method of doing it. No arduous travel and first-hand observation are necessary for this adept. He merely lets his persons and events take him in fancy where they will, and thereafter reads up on the itinerary. The advantages of the method are evident. Mr. Vance is as untrammelled in his motions as Puck. The action of "The Pool of Flame," for example, ranges from Monte Carlo to Burmah, by way of Algiers and Alexandria; and nowhere is there a stint of color, fair if false.

The adventures of Capt. O'Rourke—The O'Rourke—are capably fashioned after their kind. That the theme is not of the utmost originality matters nothing in said kind. The Pool of Flame, in fact, is nothing more or less than a great ruby of fabulous price which has been stolen from the eye of a Burmese idol. It has left everywhere a trail of blood. The O'Rourke is offered a huge reward for its recovery. Being that chimera of the romancer, a "gentleman of fortune," and short of funds, he is pleased to accept the chance. But a French villain gets on the scent, and dogs him with a strange company of mercenaries. Indeed, the wretched Gaul actually gets possession of the jewel, and if he were not fatuous enough (after the habit of villains) to engage in a duel for it with the hero, there would be no story. Like "The Black Bag" and its fellows, this tale has merits of vivacity and youthful self-confidence which should strongly commend it to the sophomoric mood.

The Uttermost Farthing. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

This invention concerns itself with the endeavor of a "selfless" American man to save the reputation of a pure English woman, who, having invited him to elope with her from Paris into the country, has been thoughtless enough to die, en route, of heart disease. To escape from the train and to make her husband believe that she had been travelling alone is this hero's task. A very bad week ensues, and he must needs league himself with shady agencies before he has compassed his end. The cleverness of the book, such as it is, lies in the details of a certain sort of Paris clubs and cafés, the prefecture of police, the abode of the fortune-teller. The various characters are minutely photographed in their figures, habits, and speech; but though the main features of the plot are novel, the predicaments impress one as having been forced into the story as by a compelling hand. There is no luridness of vice, and there is abundant finish of diction, but even the best that the book has to offer is depressingly shabby in tone.

THE NEW TESTAMENT.

Introduction to the New Testament. By Theodor Zahn. 3 vols. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. $12 net.

The first German edition of this monumental work was published in 1897-99, the second in 1900, and the third, of which the volumes before us are an English translation, in 1906-07. As was to be expected, this work is characterized by exhaustive and accurate erudition, by logical acuteness, and by pronounced deference to tradition.

The thoroughness of scholarship is everywhere manifest, not only in the text proper, but also in the notes—lexical, exegetical, and historical—which are appended in fine print to each of the seventy-five sections of the work. This novel addition compensates for the omission of the customary treatment of canon and text.

The logical acuteness, suggestive of the scholastic theologian, is revealed not only in details, but in the arrangement as a whole. Here is, plainly, a constructive argument, each new point depending upon a previously established position. Opposing views of which the author is fully aware are regularly met, not directly by a rebuttal in detail, but by the reasoned presentation of a positive position. For example, Zahn points out at the start the probability that Galileans knew not only Aramaic, but Greek, thus preparing the way for the later statement that James, Peter, Jude, and John wrote in Greek the works which bear their names. So also at the outset we are reminded that Josephus, in preparing his "Jewish War" for Greek readers sought assistance from Greek scholars. This fact clears the ground for the hypothesis that Silvanus had a controlling hand in the Greek of First Peter, and explains the difference of style between this epistle and Second Peter, which was written without the aid of Silvanus. So, too, the Apocalypse of John, whose style bothered Dionysius overmuch, was written by the Son of Zebedee without assistance; while the Gospel and Epistles of John were, not impossibly, revised by friends who were better skilled in Greek than he. In this connection, the treatment of Second Peter may be instanced as an excellent example of argumentative skill. It is somewhat of a surprise at first to learn from Zahn that First Peter is addressed to Gentiles and that it betrays acquaintance with Paul's epistles to the Romans and Ephesians. When, however, we turn to Second Peter, the surprise vanishes, for it appears not only that this epistle is prior to Jude, but that it is addressed to Jewish Christians. It follows logically that the previous letter (2 Pet. iii, 1), written by Peter to the readers of Second Peter, must refer to a lost letter.

The most striking feature of this "Introduction" is, however, its pronounced deference to tradition. With the exception of the Epistle to the Hebrews, the Pauline authorship of which is denied, Zahn agrees with Athanasius in his famous letter of A. D. 367, and with modern orthodoxy, in holding that the writings in the New Testament come from the authors whose names appear in the codex titles. It is, of course, unfair to assert that Zahn is intending to present the case for tradition, as it is unfair to assert that Schmiedel or some other similarly-minded scholar is a lawyer speaking to his brief for the prosecu-

tion of tradition. *Unbefangen* is a difficult word to render into English. It is likewise unfair to say that Zahn does not cross-question tradition. The only point at issue is whether or not Zahn has stated, not the tradition, for the traditions are many and conflicting, but the most probable tradition; and whether or not the most probable tradition is supported by the internal evidence of the New Testament writings. It is admitted that, to estimate Zahn's conclusions, a knowledge of patristics is as essential as a knowledge of the New Testament. It is likewise admitted that in the field of early Christian literature Zahn's learning is probably unsurpassed. But it is a question not so much of the facts adduced as of the inferences which Zahn draws from the facts. Instead of venturing the opinion that in some cases Zahn has not indicated the most probable tradition, and that in other cases the tradition assumed as probable is incompatible with the internal evidence of the New Testament, the reviewer prefers to report some of Zahn's conclusions in reference to the gospels. Irenæus held that the Second Gospel was written after the death of Peter, while still later writers are agreed that it was written before the death of Peter. Zahn explains away the conflicting testimony by assuming that Mark was at work at his gospel in the summer of 64—exactness of date is a feature of this work of Zahn—or before the death of Peter; but did not publish it until 67, or after Peter's death. John xxi, to take another instance, was written with the consent of the son of Zebedee, but not by him. This fact might suggest that at least two persons had to do with the Fourth Gospel. But such a conclusion is forestalled by Zahn, who interprets the famous passage in Papias, which in the present form of the text naturally suggests two Johns, as meaning one John, charging at the same time that the so-called "presbyter John" owes his existence to the critical needs and devices of Eusebius, and, we may add, of Harnack. And John xix, 35, which does not at first blush suggest that it is written by the eye-witness, but which nevertheless is by the eye-witness, is so interpreted that the ἐκεῖνος is not "he that hath seen" but the Christ: a fancy as old as Erasmus.

Perhaps the most unsatisfactory part of the introduction is the treatment of the synoptic problem. Scant justice is done to the massive labors of Holtzmann and Weiss, and the astounding sentence appears:

> Up to the present time, no one of the investigations of the synoptic problem can be said to have produced results which have been generally accepted, or that can lay well-grounded claims to acceptance (II, 418).

The oldest gospel is not Mark, but Matthew, not the Greek Matthew, but the Aramaic Matthew of which Papias is assumed to speak. This original gospel was written in Palestine in 62, and was used by Mark. Luke, writing in 75, is independent of Matthew, but uses Mark. Finally, about 85, the original Matthew appears in Greek dress, a translation revealing a knowledge of Mark, but not of Luke. Why Mark omitted Matthew's story of the infancy or why there is such a linguistic affinity between Matthew and Luke at the points where they agree together against Mark, are difficulties which Zahn has not solved.

As for the translation, the fact that it was made under the supervision of Prof. M. W. Jacobus is a sufficient guarantee of its accuracy. The style of the original, as Zahn himself wittily admits in his preface to the translation, is not free from obscurity. The translators, however, students of Hartford Theological Seminary, have succeeded in giving a readable reproduction, though at times a tangled sentence needs recasting. The presswork is, in general, excellent. A special word of commendation is due to Professor Thayer for the admirable index.

Something of Men I Have Known. By Adlai E. Stevenson. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

Disappointing books, like disappointing people, rouse our resentment in proportion to the high hopes they have defeated. The first fifty pages of the former Vice-President's reminiscences hold out the promise of an exceedingly successful experiment in the art of the light memoir. These first chapters deal with the author's early career in Congress. The fact that there is a laugh or two on every page does not at first arouse suspicion, since with the fun goes a plentiful supply of intimate comment on men whose names fall sufficiently short of fame to profit by what Mr. Stevenson has to say about them. There are anecdotes about William R. Morrison of Illinois and Proctor Knott and Senator Blackburn of Kentucky, of which any volume of personal recollections would be proud.

But after the brilliant initial spurt comes a sudden stop, and every page makes it only too sadly apparent that what the author has set out to do is to compile a volume of funny stories of the kind that fills the exchange columns in the newspapers. The jests take on a suspiciously familiar air, and all pretence at writing from personal knowledge is cast aside. The habit of printing the point of the joke in italics, after the good old British fashion, grows irritating when the reasons for retelling the joke are not very apparent. Hence we are finally compelled to admit that for all the long list of well-known names Mr. Stevenson calls in review in his later pages, there is barely one to which he adds an illuminating touch, or even a fresh bit of information.

An instance in case is the chapter on Stephen A. Douglas, of whom our author writes with a pleasantly effective warmth of feeling. But though Mr. Stevenson was twenty-three years old when Douglas and Lincoln fought out their historic series of debates, there is nothing in the present account to indicate that Stevenson ever met Douglas or ever heard him speak. His story is largely a compilation from other authors, a method he employs in his chapter on the Mormons and elsewhere. Without a cheering "I" or "I remember" in it, the chapter on Douglas might as well have been written by a man born twenty years after the civil war.

The pity is all the greater because at intervals the book flashes up into a semblance of its earlier promise. The sketch of old John Reynolds, Indian fighter and Governor of Illinois, is done in a tone of delightfully sustained satire. Better yet is the old-time country doctor whom the writer once asked: "What, in your judgment as a medical man, is to be the final destination of the human soul?" "Brother Stevenson," replied Doctor John, "the solar system are one of which I have given very little reflection." Doctor John belonged to the "epleptic" school of medicine, objected to giving "written proscriptions," asserted in regard to a rival practitioner that "my books will show a greater degree of mortality than what his'n will," and once, with Mr. Stevenson acting as umpire, won a bet of five dollars by spelling "sugar" s-h-o-o-g-o-r-r.

A Journey in Southern Siberia: The Mongols, Their Religion, and Their Myths. By Jeremiah Curtin. With a map and numerous illustrations from photographs. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. $3 net.

This is the third and final volume of the posthumous series upon the Mongols by the late distinguished ethnologist and linguist, Jeremiah Curtin; the first and second being, respectively, "The Mongols: A History"—dealing with the career of Jinghis Khan and his immediate successors in Asia—and "The Mongols in Russia," the story of the Tatar conquest of Russia. It was the author's intention to make it a series of five volumes, the others to treat respectively of the career of Batu, in southeastern Europe, and of Tamerlane and the Mogul emperors in Persia and India; the present volume, descriptive of the home life, religion, and mythology of the existing primitive remnant, closing the series. He had collected much of the material when the end came, and the duty of arranging for publication what was already written devolved upon Mrs. Curtin, his companion in labors and wanderings.

The material for the present volume was gathered chiefly in the summer of 1900, among the Buriat: a fairly primitive Tatar tribe of Lake Baikal, in southern Siberia. This is the region in which Jinghis Khan began his terrible career seven centuries ago. The Buriat, constituting about 60 per cent. of a tribe numbering a quarter of a million individuals, are a pastoral people. Where not Russianized, they dwell in octagonal houses of a single room, with a fire hole in the centre of the earthen floor. In habit, thought, and physical appearance they much resemble our own Indians of the plains. In one form or another, milk of cows or mares, with the flesh of the same animals, is their almost exclusive diet. The open milk barrel is the household commissary, and its replenishing the daily duty of the housewife. As this barrel is never covered, it has always a thick scum of the filthy dust that fills the air from the constant tramping of the herds. The single daily meal consists of boiled meat, some dirty rye bread, and then milk: sweet, or sour, or curds, or skimmings, or *tarasun*, a colorless intoxicant distilled from the same milk when it is become too sour for any other use. Even the bread is made up in part from the solid residuum of the distilling.

While other Mongol tribes have accepted Buddhism, Mohammedanism, or Russian Christianity, the majority of the Buriat have retained their primitive shamanism, the very name of which is of Mongol origin. Every house, field, and pasture has its *ongons*, or protecting fetishes, hung up near the roof or fastened to upright poles. Mr. Curtin gives us here a good account of wedding, christening, and funeral (*i. e.*, cremation) rites, and of the great propitiatory ceremony of the horse sacrifice, which he himself witnessed. This last ceremony involves the slaughter of nine white mares, whose bones are burned upon stone altars, but whose flesh is eaten with accompanying litany and libation. We find here, however, but meagre detail of general ritual and belief, and must still consult for these matters Mikhailovskii as embodied in Wardrop's translation, "Shamanism in Siberia and European Russia," while for the economic condition and home life of this people, our best authority remains Melnikov. What we get from Curtin is a general picture of a half-savage, pastoral, and equestrian race, of few manly traits, inconstant, dishonest, mercenary, repulsively dirty in habit and surrounding, given over to drunkenness, immorality and cruelty, degenerate descendants of the merciless hordes that once carried massacre and desolation from the China seas to the German frontier. Melnikov's view is much more favorable, for he, while freely admitting their vices, considers them as ranking fairly high in industry, mechanical skill, and intellectual ability.

The myths, with which about half of the book is occupied, have their own distinct character. In virile strength they suggest the Mongol of world-domination, while in picturesque detail and abounding exaggeration we may trace the influence of the more cultured Oriental races which have given us the Arabian Nights. Their closest European counterparts are the hero tales of ancient Ireland.

Among them we find the Buriat parallel of the Bible tree of knowledge. There are numerous fine illustrations of the imaginative faculty of the Mongol, with here and there a touch of Mongol philosophy, such as:

> Soft meat needs no knife, and a true word needs no road.
>
> Once I have undertaken, I shall finish.
>
> With women, hair is long, but thought is short,—

to which last saying the women retort: "Short hair, short sense."

It is much to be regretted that so few etymologies are given, as these furnish the key to the real meaning of the myths themselves. The map shows deficient proofreading. There are several pages of notes and index, including an index of myth incidents, and President Eliot, the author's former instructor at Harvard, contributes a sympathetic preface.

A Literary History of the English People. Vol. III. From the Renaissance to the Civil War, Part ii. By J. J. Jusserand. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

The present instalment of M. Jusserand's history shows the same quality as the preceding volumes—erudition enlivened by humor and illuminated by brilliancy and charm of style—but it has the advantage over its predecessors of dealing with a group of writers of the first importance, and so affording a worthier test of the author's critical powers. Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and the other Elizabethan dramatists, Raleigh, Bacon, Herrick, Burton, and Browne here constitute the material of discussion, and, whether we agree with the author or not, the method of approach is throughout so new, the criticism so fresh and unhackneyed, the observations so manifestly the fruit of an extremely alert and wholly independent mind, that there is not a tedious page in the book. As we remarked in our notice of the First Part of this volume, M. Jusserand's method enables him to lighten his task to a degree that is not possible in histories of the usual type. Leaving aside the great body of less significant and intractable material to the handbooks of literature, of which there is never likely to be any lack, he aims at a general appreciation of the period or the *genre* through its most eminent representatives; and even in the case of these he does not attempt a systematic appreciation of their individual works. At the same time the volume conforms to the title of the work and is by no means a mere collection of essays on the great writers of the period. Indeed, M. Jusserand's skill in recalling before our eyes a past civilization—here the bustling London which furnished the Elizabethan dramatists with their audiences and imposed on them its tastes—was never displayed to better advantage. The artist comes to the aid of the critic, and it is the combination of these qualities that gives M. Jusserand his particular distinction.

The chapters devoted to Shakespeare, which constitute considerably more than one-third of the volume, are those, of course, which will at once attract the reader's attention. That the author's point of view is not the same as the English reader's will not be likely to diminish their power of interest. The difference is manifest in the space given to the defects of Shakespeare's work, of which we have here and there scattered through these chapters, a more searching examination than could be pointed to in any other book of Shakespearean criticism. Naturally, however, the English reader will not accept all of M. Jusserand's strictures (which, it may be remarked, take no account of the different periods of production), especially those which spring from a manifest want of sympathy with the romantic spirit. This want of sympathy, doubtless, is responsible for our author's incredible insensibility to the charm of Shakespeare's great comedies. To describe "Twelfth Night" as "chiefly filled—with filling," is surely a singular way of dismissing a comedy which, by its charm of humor, sentiment, and poetry, still delights audiences (to say nothing of readers) three hundred years after its first performance. We cannot be surprised, after this, that Benedict and Beatrice simply bore M. Jusserand, and that even Rosalind, who captivated Taine, seems to have failed to win the heart of his countryman. The same want of sympathy mars his criticism of "King Lear," and leads him to regard the wild scenes of the third and fourth acts of that play—the most stupendous expression of the Germanic genius—as mere "theatrical devices." It would be an injustice to M. Jusserand, however, if we should leave the impression that these limitations of sympathy overbalanced his admiration for the poet's work, as a whole. On the contrary, no one has expressed better the life-giving power of the great dramatist, his splendid lyrical capacity, and his magical gifts of language.

The excellent chapters on the prose-writers furnish less material for de-

bate; but the classical leanings of the author's criticism show themselves again in his treatment of the later Elizabethan dramatists. We are accordingly astonished to find Chapman singled out for especial praise—partly, no doubt, because he depicts Frenchmen with seriousness and dignity instead of with the crude and outrageous chauvinism of Shakespeare's history-plays. But the very wildness and improbability of the plots of Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, and the rest, which are a stumbling-block to M. Jusserand, will always obtain more readers for these dramatists than for their more regularly disposed contemporary. Altogether in his reaction from the excessive laudation which it has long been the habit to bestow upon the minor dramatists of this age—a habit which has increased especially since the establishment of dissertation-factories in our modern universities—M. Jusserand, it seems to us, has gone too far to the other extreme. Their characterization may be crude, their plots may frequently represent a threadbare romanticism or even confuse by imperfect construction, the touch of blood and lust may be too often on their work; some of the most important of them, *e. g.*, Webster and Middleton, may be destitute of any real rhythmical charm, yet they are practically all of them endowed with no inconsiderable share of vital energy, and they are nearly all able, even in otherwise unsatisfactory plays, to throw off with varying profusion beautiful fancies and images.

The present volume is better translated than the last, being free, especially, from the irritating inversions which gave that part of the English translation a strongly Teutonic flavor. A few Gallicisms, however, have crept in, such as "politics" for "politicians," "ignore" for "to be ignorant of," "expose" for "expound." *Anglia*, moreover, is a review, not a learned society, and it is singular in a book printed in this country to find the institution at New Haven called the "University of Yale."

The True History of the Conquest of New Spain. By Bernal Díaz del Castillo; edited by Genaro García. Translated into English by Alfred Percival Maudslay. London: Printed for the Hakluyt Society.

The Hakluyt Society continues to perform its chosen task of publishing English editions of rare works on early geography, conquest, and exploration, in such a manner as to command our warmest admiration. Its latest product is an accurate and carefully annotated translation of the first part of one of the four accounts by eye-witnesses of the discovery and conquest of Mexico by Hernando Cortés; and the remainder of this interesting narrative will doubtless soon be put forth in a subsequent volume. The original manuscript has always been kept at Guatemala, where it remains to-day; and the only exact copy ever made from it, which was edited and published in Mexico a few years since, by Genaro García, forms the basis for the present translation. A garbled version, compiled in 1632 by Friar Alonzo Remón of the Order of Mercy from a sixteenth-century copy of the original document, was, in the course of the nineteenth century, translated into English, French, German, and Hungarian; so that Bernal's story has not been by any means unknown hitherto. The untrustworthiness of Father Remón's work was, however, such as to make the appearance of the present accurate edition almost as valuable as an entirely new discovery.

Bernal Díaz del Castillo was born in 1492, in the famous town of Medina del Campo, in Old Castile, and emigrated to America in 1514 in search of adventures and riches. Most of his first three years there were spent in Cuba; in 1517 and 1518, however, he accompanied Capt. Francisco Hernández de Córdova and Juan de Grijalva in their preliminary explorations on the mainland; and in 1519 he joined the memorable expedition of Hernando Cortés. With Cortés he remained through the defeat of the army of Narvaez and the capture of Mexico in 1521; and though he found, like many others, that his share of the rich booty fell far short of what he had a right to expect, he did not desert his leader, but commanded various minor expeditions for the subjection of remote parts of the country. The superseding of Cortés, by the Audiencia of 1528 and subsequently by the first Mexican viceroy, Mendoza, in 1535, failed to better Bernal's fortunes, and finally, in 1540, he departed for Spain to seek justice at the hands of the Council of Castile. After the usual delays, he returned to America in 1541, armed with a couple of decrees which resulted in gaining for him "three towns of little worth" in Guatemala, where, save for one brief journey to Spain in 1550, he remained, poor but respected and beloved, till the day of his death in 1581.

Bernal was above seventy years of age when he began the writing of his "True History," and the story tells of the conquest of the mainland from 1514 to 1568. It consists of 214 chapters, the first 81—which take the account down through Cortés's dealings with the Tlascalans in the autumn of 1519—being translated in the present volume. Bernal did not pretend to be a man of letters; he confesses his slight knowledge of literature, and humbly begs his readers' indulgence. But his account is valuable as the simple, unaffected, straightforward narrative of a vain but honest, splendidly courageous, and thoroughly lovable old soldier. It only remains to add that editor and translator have done their work uniformly well, and that an excellent introduction and appendix, maps, illustrations, a glossary of Mexican, Spanish, and other foreign words, and a very complete bibliography, enhance greatly the value of the "History."

Marcus Whitman, Pathfinder and Patriot. By the Rev. Myron Eells, D.D. Seattle: Alice Harriman Co.

A zealous disciple and follower of the sturdy pioneer and martyr-missionary of Oregon recounts in this book the story of Marcus Whitman. The hero was a man of the John Brown and Stonewall Jackson type, of the sternest evangelical piety, great force of character, pursuing his aim with a singleness of purpose so narrow that he became quite blind to considerations which would have been obvious had his mind been broader. This is the latest deliverance in the long and acrimonious controversy as to whether or not Marcus Whitman saved Oregon to the United States. We think that no one man saved Oregon. The Northwest came to the United States because the American people poured into it overwhelmingly, England meanwhile being powerless to offer any counteracting tide. In the influx Whitman was no doubt a notable figure; but so, too, were the merchant-adventurers like Astor, the Methodist missionaries of the Willamette Valley, the captains of the emigrant trains, like Wyeth; chief of all, perhaps, Robert Gray, who carried his ship, in 1792, into the Columbia River, and thus established the first hold.

We think Dr. Eells makes clear by much testimony what has been denied—namely, that Whitman, in undertaking his famous winter journey across the continent in 1842-3, had prominently in mind the prevention of England, which at that time, through the Hudson's Bay Company, was seeking to secure herself in that region, and that his work to this end was effective. A main argument of the opposers of this view has been that for full twenty years after the journey no such claim was advanced as to Whitman's purpose. This objection Dr. Eells meets as follows: Whitman's mission-station was in close contact with the Hudson's Bay Company's posts, from which it obtained supplies and received protection. It was necessary, therefore, to be reticent about a plan to subvert their jurisdiction and turn the country over to the United States. Again, Whitman had been sent to the Columbia by the American Board of Foreign Missions to save souls for Christ. Critics said it was a departure from his proper work for him to give time and strength to a political scheme (much to his material advantage if it succeeded) however patriotic. It was wise therefore

to keep the facts in the background. Good worldly reasons for reticence, perhaps, but are such transactions fair and above board? In England the Oregon missionaries were accused of being tricky and treacherous, of abusing the hospitality and kindness of the Hudson's Bay factors (shown notably by John McLoughlin at Vancouver). Dr. Eells's pages give evidence that the officials of the American Board, and others, felt that Whitman was doing other work than that to which he had been assigned. Dr. Eells states his case naïvely, not appearing to see that the situation he describes suggests serious questions. Whitman possessed manly virtues, and had a hand in the saving of Oregon, and it is ardently to be wished that his course in the matter, and that of his friends, should be cleared of all suspicion of duplicity and unfaithfulness to their proper engagements.

Notes.

Through the Columbia University Press will be published a complete edition of the English and Latin works of John Milton, in verse and in prose. The editorship of this work is to be held by Prof. W. P. Trent, who has previously published a study of Milton, and whose biography and bibliography of Defoe, in three volumes, is promised for early issue. The Columbia University edition of Milton will run to at least eight large octavo volumes. It will be adequately illustrated and furnished with facsimiles of manuscripts and title-pages. Besides the standard library edition of the new Milton, there will be a limited large-paper edition.

Brentano's offer an edition of Oscar Wilde's poems in a volume uniform with their issue of his other works. It contains a biographical introduction by Temple Scott.

"Modernity and the Churches," a contribution by Dr. Percy Gardner to the Putnams' Crown Theological Library, is announced for early issue. The essay which gives its title to the volume was delivered before the Hibbert Summer School of Liberal Theology in Oxford, England, last autumn.

The Putnams are the publishers, also, of a fortheoming book for boys by Frederick Stanhope Hill (author of "Twenty-six Historic Ships") entitled, "The Romance of the American Navy." An historical work for grown-ups, to be issued by the same publishers, is "Britain at Bay," by Spencer Wilkinson, Chichele professor of military history at Oxford University.

During January and February, the Cochrane Publishing Company will issue, among other books, "Ideals and Conduct," by Uriel Buchanan, the exponent of the "new thought," and author of "The Mind's Attainment," and various books on Yogi philosophy.

The authorship of the story, "Margarita's Soul," has just been disclosed. The book is by Josephine Dodge Daskam Bacon.

On the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the proclamation of the kingdom of Italy, Leo S. Olschki, the Florentine publisher and bookseller, will issue a monumental edition of the "Divina Commedia," which it is aimed to make worthy, in scholarship and beauty, of the anniversary it memorializes. A new life of the poet by Gabriele D'Annunzio will precede the text. Count Passerini, editor of Olschki's *Giornale Dantesco*, will supply the commentary, which aims at comprehensiveness, and is printed on each page, parallel with the text; and the editorial revision of the text itself promises to be thorough. The book will be printed on hand-made paper especially manufactured by Miliani of Fabriano, with the watermark of Dante's head. It will be a royal folio, of about 600 pages, with broad margins. The leather binding, with bronze hinges, etc., is described as of the finest Italian craftsmanship. The edition is limited to 300 copies, and the subscriber's name will be printed on the flylcaf. The subscription price (prior to January 31, 1910) is 500 lire. Six additional copies, printed on parchment, with illuminations by Prof. Amedeo Nesi, and other embellishments, will be 3,000 lire each. Lemcke & Buechner of New York are the American agents, and it is announced that the work will be ready for delivery next autumn.

A plan was announced some time since for the erection of a statue of Ralph Waldo Emerson in the town of Concord. A committee was appointed to procure and erect such a statue, the members being George A. King, John S. Keyes, Moorfield Storey, Henry L. Higginson, Charles Francis Adams, 2d, Woodward Hudson, Edward J. Bartlett, George S. Keyes. The sculptor, Daniel C. French, who was, in youth, Emerson's neighbor and friend, undertook the work, and about $7,000 had been raised, out of the required $20,000, when the San Francisco earthquake diverted subscriptions to a more pressing cause The committee is now earnestly desirous of completing the work, and asks every friend of Emerson to send what he or she can, no matter how little, to Lee, Higginson & Co., No. 50 State Street, Boston, who will acknowledge all contributions.

The award of two Parisian literary prizes is announced. That of the *Annales* (3,000 francs) goes to Pierre Grasset, an earlier prize-winner with his "Conte Bleu." That of the Association des Critiques Littéraires (1,000 francs) is divided between Georges Grappe, author of "Dans le Jardin de Sainte-Beuve" and of the very recently translated study of Degas, and Alphonse Séché, the biographer, who has published an anthology, in two volumes, under the title, "Muses Françaises."

For their standard sets of novelists, Charles Scribner's Sons are now preparing a Memorial Edition of George Meredith, to be completed, according to the present estimate, in twenty-seven volumes. Two of these volumes, "The Shaving of Shagpat" and "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," are now before us. They are well printed, and the binding is in silk, uniform with the Outward Bound Kipling, the Thistle Stevenson, and the New York James. The illustrations include photographs taken for the edition by Frederick Evans, showing scenes identified by Meredith with his stories; they are to include also reproductions of the drawings made by Millais, Du Maurier, and others for the original publications. A considerable amount of new material is promised, of which we shall have occasion to speak when it appears. We have, in sooth, grown rather to dread this resuscitation of an author's ephemeral work, but in the case of Meredith the process may justify itself. One volume of this new material, containing the unfinished novel "Celt and Saxon," will certainly be welcome. Students of Meredith will also be glad to know that the concluding volume is to collect the various changes and deletions made by the author in the different editions of his works, together with a complete bibliography. Altogether the publishers are no doubt right in calling this the definitive edition of Meredith.

Helen Archibald Clarke is one of the writers who follow the trail of the poet. Having written of Browning's Italy and England, she turns now with a will to "Longfellow's Country" (Baker & Taylor Co.). Here she joins to æsthetic fervor something of our modern nature cult and love of out-of-doors. These fine traits, blended with enthusiasm for the life and character of her poet, readily suggest writing of a superlative sort; and yet enthusiasm is always worth the contemplating. On occasion, the author of "Longfellow's Country" makes much of little, it seems to us; perhaps the pains she takes to quote some passages from the poet's journal are unnecessary—as in the case of a commonplace note like this, of the view from Milton Hill, near Boston:

> Commands a grand prospect over villages, fields, forests, and the city, to the great sea itself, stretching blue and vapory beyond.

The comment is not felicitous: "We know that Longfellow loved the sea, not only because of his frequent references to it in his poetry, but because he speaks of this love more than once, *when clothed and in his right mind*, in his journal."

Not that this book lacks interest. For those who are curious as to the making of a poem there are reproduced, for example, newspaper accounts of the wreck of the Hesperus (not at Norman's Woe, but off Rowe's wharf, Boston), and a passage from Longfellow's diary (December 17, 1839):

> News of shipwreck horrible on the coast. Twenty bodies washed ashore near Gloucester, one lashed to a piece of the wreck.

Readable chapters about Gloucester—both the poet's and ours—about Newport and "The Skeleton in Armor," and about "Hiawatha" and the material for that poem—all these matters are here. And there are photographic illustrations of such places as figure in the various poems.

Rabbi Edward N. Calisch has attempted in a volume of 277 pages, including index and bibliographical appendices, to write the history of "The Jew in English Literature," as author and as subject from the earliest times to the present day (Richmond: The Bell Book and Stationery Co.). It is to be regretted that the scholarship he has brought to this ambitious task is quite unequal to the zeal displayed. In dealing with some of the famous repre-

sentations of the Jew, malignant or otherwise—Marlowe's Barabas, Shylock, Fagin, Daniel Deronda—Rabbi Calisch speaks with feeling and with an understanding of the ideals of his race which should make his criticisms suggestive to the Gentile reader. But in the main his treatise smacks of secondary sources, of second and third hand critical opinion, of bungling, futile compilation. He expresses pleasant disdain for those who quote without quotation marks; but he himself quotes—almost as great a sin in a work of this sort—with quotation marks, but without indicating the author. He also quotes by paraphrase, one must suspect, from bad and antiquated authorities—and this is a worse sin, if possible, than the one which he condemns. In the section devoted to the nineteenth century he presents without order or proportion a jumble of books, authors, and biographical sketches, some important, some not, some with dates, some without, dead with the living, helter-skelter in inexplicable confusion. A few specimens of the sheer blunders sprinkled through the pages will best illustrate the inadequacy of his account. He credits the dramatist Greene (p. 61) with a passage which he says very positively refers to an event that happened in 1594, oblivious of the fact that Greene died in 1592. He remarks (p. 93) that "the dominance of the religious element made itself apparent in the atmosphere of the theatre" in the later seventeenth century, the plays reverting in the Restoration period "to Biblical or Palestinean conditions"! He lists Rymer's "Fœdera," which belong to the early eighteenth century with the work of Matthew Paris and Roger of Wendover in the "Pre-Elizabethan Period" (p. 199). He refers to Gil Blas (p. 115) as if it were the name of an author. On the same page he spells Edmund Spenser with a "c." Choicest of all, he makes Oliver Goldsmith (p. 135) a nineteenth century novelist, and confirms the error in the appendix (p. 214) —the novel in question is "The Haunch of Venison," a fine piece of prose fiction with which all readers of Goldsmith are familiar.

The sixth volume of Dr. Elroy M. Avery's "History of the United States and its People" (Cleveland: The Burrows Brothers Co.), covering the period from the New York campaign of 1776 to the adoption of the Federal Constitution, has in general the same qualities of accuracy and proportion and the same profusion of pertinent and consummately executed illustrations as those to which the readers of this monumental piece of bookmaking are by this time accustomed. Special praise should be given to the maps and battle plans, which excel, both in historical value and in mechanical beauty, anything ever attempted in an American historical work. In certain other important respects, however, we cannot but feel that the present instalment of Dr. Avery's great undertaking is a disappointment. For one thing, the social and economic life of the period is almost wholly neglected, save for brief chapters on finance and on the treatment of the loyalists. When it is remembered that New England, for example, saw comparatively little of the Revolutionary War after the evacuation of Boston, and that large parts of the South were, for considerable periods, free from active military operations, the internal life of those sections obviously becomes of importance; but of that life, as of the period of recovery after the war and before the adoption of the Constitution, these pages afford but meagre details. Equally disappointing is the literary form. With a period possessing in a high degree the advantages of unity and incident, Dr. Avery gives us, at best, only careful narrative. Of the numerous dramatic situations with which his story deals, not one receives a really effective literary setting; while in more than one instance the style approaches dangerously near flippancy. The successes and tragedies of the making of a nation are serious, whatever a writer may think of them; and it is matter of regret that Dr. Avery, with the most favorable opportunity for good writing that the course of his narrative has yet afforded, should not only fail to rise above the accurate and the commonplace, but should also at times sacrifice dignity to what, with him, doubtless, passes in good faith as lightness of touch. Of positive slips in the text, whether of statement or of proof-reading, there are, happily, few. "Haynau," on page 3, becomes "Hanau" on page 102; while the soldiers who, down to page 314, take or hold "redoubts," thereafter fight over "redouts." The use throughout of "cannons" as a plural form, and of "privateers" (page 63) in the sense of privateersmen, is at least doubtful usage. Sir *Henry* Carleton (page 357) is obviously a slip for Sir Guy Carleton.

"Travels in Spain," by Philip Sanford Marden (Houghton Mifflin Co.), is a book for which the author engagingly admits that there is no excuse except as a record of his own pleasurable experiences. For a traveller on his first venture into Spain, who was without any special knowledge of Spanish history or characteristics, and whose acquaintance with the language was obviously only of the phrase-book sort, Mr. Marden contrives to avoid many of the ordinary pitfalls and to write with unfailing zest. He plainly enjoyed his itinerary so much that readers will almost regret that they cannot find more in it to repay them for their trouble in following him. Some amends are made in the shape of a number of excellent illustrations, after photographs.

A frank imitation of the Baedeker model, in both contents and style of printing, "Terry's Mexico" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) may be commended as a trustworthy handbook for travellers. Its information is full and up to date, and is given with a high degree of accuracy, so far as we have been able to test it. Not only a long and minute acquaintance with the country, but general sagacity and a good insight into Mexican character guide the author in his advice to tourists. His fair-mindedness is well instanced in his page on the famous but disputed Titian of Tzintzuntzan, where he gives the arguments for and against the attribution without deciding. Mr. Terry usefully gives the Spanish equivalent for many English words, but this part of his work is not without slips.

Prof. Emory R. Johnson's "Elements of Transportation" is a recent and valuable addition to Appleton's Business series. The author has undertaken to cover the whole field of transportation in a single elementary volume, and he has divided his study into four parts, dealing respectively with steam and electric railways, ocean transportation, and inland waterways. The general plan of treatment has been to discuss, in turn, each of the various agencies of transportation with reference to its origin and growth, the services which it performs, the relations of the carriers to each other and to the public, and the regulation of the services of the carriers by the government. The writer has covered in this single volume the salient points which he had already so well treated with more detail in his two books entitled "American Railway Transportation" and "Ocean and Inland Water Transportation." Although the work is adapted primarily to the needs of classes in commercial high schools and in private commercial and technical institutions, it is not without considerable value for normal schools and colleges as well.

Of the many volumes lately published about Bismarck, the most interesting and valuable is "Bismarck: ein Biographie," von Erich Marcks, of which the first volume, covering the period from 1815 to 1848, has just been issued by the Cotta'sche Buchhandlung of Stuttgart and Berlin. It contains the fullest account hitherto published of Bismarck's early youth and education, his wild and turbulent career as a student of the university, and his moral and mental development during the first thirty-three years of his life. Even as a country squire he was known as the "tolle Bismarck," and his landed estate, *Kniephof*, was called by the peasants *Kneiphof* (tippling grange). The author of the volume before us, a professor in the recently founded Hamburg Scientific Institute, was aided in his researches by Herbert Bismarck and other members of the family, who allowed him access to private papers in Friedrichsruh and Schönhausen. This first volume deals chiefly with personal characteristics and psychology: its data place us in a better position than heretofore for judging Bismarck's subsequent political career. Extremely interesting is the section entitled *Weltanschauungskämpfe*, or cosmological conflicts, which led him to renounce his belief in Christianity and to become a pantheist. This change, which began in his sixteenth year with the study of philosophical works, ancient and modern, especially Hegel and Spinoza, was rendered still more radical by the writings of David Strauss, Ludwig Feuerbach, and Bruno Bauer, so that, to use his own expression, he was "conducted still deeper into the *cul-de-sac* of doubt." This skepticism often takes a sardonic tone, as for example in a letter to his sister describing a stormy voyage to Norderney in August, 1844: "Some ladies fainted, others wept, and the stillness of the gentlemen's cabin was broken only by the loud praying of a Bremen merchant, who, before the tempest, seemed to think more of his vest than of his God. . . Still, his prayer saved us this time." His restless and quite melancholy state of mind continued for some years, and it was not until his marriage in 1847 that his so-called "conversion" took place—this as the result of outward circumstances and social considerations, rather than intellectual conviction. Portraits of Bismarck at eleven and twenty years of age are given in this first volume of Marcks's work, whose earlier pages are well written, though they are, perhaps, somewhat too numerous.

Several volumes have recently been add-

ed to the series of technical economic monographs edited by Prof. Ludwig Sinzheimer, lecturer in political economy at the University of Munich. The series appeals most forcibly to students and investigators within the fields of industrial history and commercial geography. This is due to the fact that the various volumes are prepared in conformity with the general plan of showing the economic significance of the progress of technical knowledge as applied to certain representative industries. The ninth volume, which is the latest yet published, was prepared by Dr. Franz Schaefer and is entitled "Die volkswirtschaftliche Bedeutung der technischen Entwicklung in der Papierfabrikation" (Leipzig: Werner Klinkhardt). Other studies which already have appeared in the same series deal with the sugar, shipbuilding, glass, sulphuric acid, celluloid, brick, wool, and shoe industries.

The Rev. Theodore Thornton Munger died at New Haven, Conn., January 11, in the eightieth year of his age. He was a graduate of Yale College and Yale Theological Seminary, and was active as a clergyman in the Congregational Church until his retirement in 1901. He was the author of fiction, essays, and a biography of Horace Bushnell.

James Barr Ames, dean of the Harvard Law School, died at Cambridge, Mass., January 8. He was born in Boston, June 22, 1846. He was a graduate of Harvard College (1868), and of the Harvard Law School (1872). From 1873 he had been a professor in the latter institution, and since 1895, dean. He compiled numerous volumes of cases, and was a frequent contributor to the *Harvard Law Review* and other publications.

Mrs. Flora Adams Darling, founder of two national patriotic societies and the author of several novels, died in New York city January 6, in the seventieth year of her age.

George Edward Graham, a newspaper writer and the author of two volumes of war correspondence, died January 6 at Los Angeles, Cal., aged forty-three years.

Peter Hay Hunter, D.D., of Edinburgh has recently died, aged fifty-five years. Among his religious books are "The Story of Daniel" and "After the Exile," and he was the author of several novels.

John Sibree, the last of the literary group of Coventry associated with George Eliot, died last month at an advanced age. Born in Coventry in 1823, he was educated at Mill Hill, and later in Germany. Besides being an educator, he translated Hegel's "Philosophy of History" (1857). He was described as knowing his Horace by heart, and as an ardent evolutionist; and with his figure readers of Cross's Life of George Eliot are not unfamiliar.

Francesco di Paolo Satolli, bishop of Frascati, archpriest of the Lateran Arch-Basilica, and prefect of the Congregation of Studies, died at Rome, January 8. He was born at Marsciano in 1839. He was created a cardinal in 1895. Three years earlier he had acted as first apostolic delegate from the Vatican to the United States. He made in all three visits to this country. He was an exponent of the Thomistic philosophy, and the author of a "Commentary on the 'Summa' of St. Thomas," in several volumes, of a "Course in Philosophy," and of essays on various topics, including "The Beautiful and True in Relation to the Study of Nature," "The Powers of the Soul," and "Variety of Systems and Essential Defects of Modern Philosophy."

From France comes news of the death of two men of letters: Ernest Quentin-Bauchart, a bibliographer of high standing—the author of "Les Femmes Bibliophiles de France," two volumes, "Mes Livres," etc.—at an advanced age, and Charles Louis Philippe, a novelist, at the age of thirty-five years.

From Strasburg is reported the death, at eighty-five years, of Ludwig Friedländer, professor of classical philology and archæology at the University of Königsberg from 1859 to 1892. The editor of Juvenal and Martial, and a contributor to Homeric literature, he was perhaps best known for his "Darstellungen aus der Sittengeschichte Roms."

Science.

Preventable Diseases. By Woods Hutchinson, A.M., M.D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50 net.

Of all writers on popular medicine, Dr. Woods Hutchinson deserves commendation for his accurate, forceful, and interesting presentation of matters which lie very close to health and happiness. His present book is an excellent example of his lucid manner of exposition. He has learned, that to be explicit, one must go to the very bottom of a subject, and hence every chapter of this volume explains to the reader the embryological significance and the pathology of diseases preventable through knowledge and caution.

The first chapter shows the defences of the body against the invasion of death-dealing diseases. There is, the author says, a true legacy of health, and lack of health represents to a great extent our wilful and perverse ways of living. The diseases which he considers preventable are adenoid growths, tuberculosis, pneumonia, typhoid fever, diphtheria, scarlet fever, measles, whooping cough, appendicitis, malaria, rheumatism, cancer, and the various odds and ends classified as psychoses.

The chapter on cancer is especially illuminating, and shows the origin, the prevalence, the characteristics, and the early diagnosis of this dread scourge. The only cure for cancer is early diagnosis and immediate operation. To quote:

Warts and birthmarks that are in any way subject to pressure or friction from clothing or movements should be promptly removed, as both show a distinctly greater tendency than normal tissue to develop into cancer. Cracks, fissures, chafes, and lumps of all sorts, especially about the lips, tongue, mammary gland, uterus, and rectum, should be early and aseptically dealt with; jagged remnants of teeth should be removed, all suppurative processes of the gums antiseptically treated, and the whole mouth parts kept in a thoroughly aseptic condition.

Headache he considers the most useful pain in the world, inasmuch as it is often the first danger signal that some wheel in the great body mechanism has slipped its cog. The final chapter deals with mental influences in disease, and touches lightly the much discussed psychotherapy.

A new "School Economic Atlas," by J. G. Bartholomew, F.R.G.S., with an introduction by L. W. Lyde, M.A., professor of economic geography in University College, London, is promised for early publication by Henry Frowde. Sixty-four colored maps are a feature of the announced publication.

Prof. Carl Runge's lectures on "Graphical Methods in Mathematics and Physics," delivered by him at Columbia University as the Kaiser Wilhelm professor, are to be published in book form by the Columbia University Press.

In "Makers of Electricity" (Fordham University Press), by Brother Potamian and Dr. Walsh, we have biographical sketches of some of the great discoverers in this branch of science. It is, in our opinion, a matter of importance that the works and lives of men like Gilbert, Franklin, Galvani, Volta, Ampère, and others should be made known to the students of electricity, and this office has been well fulfilled by the present authors. The book is no mere compilation, but brings out many interesting and obscure facts, especially about the earlier men. Thus, in connection with the experiments proving the identity of lightning and artificial electricity, the significant work of the forgotten Procopius Diviseh is related in a lively manner. The claims of the various rivals for the honor of the discovery are fairly discussed, the credit being finally given to Franklin. Besides the main purpose of the book, the authors, following the plan of their previous histories, attempt to show that adherence to the Catholic Church has not prevented, but rather promoted, scientific advance. It is certainly true that the lives of these investigators display piety and nobility of character, and the writings of most of them indicate a belief in immortality. But the real question is hardly proved. A majority of the men were not Catholics, and, in one case, that of the priest, Diviseh, his scientific work was stopped by order of his superiors. Yet whatever opposition there was in the past, at the present time this Church has undoubtedly accepted the right of scientific research. The book is attractively made up and the proofreading has been careful.

In France, the authorities have signalized the need of an institute of aeronautics, "analagous to the Institut Océanographique." No sooner said than done, for a gift of Henry Deutsch of $100,000, with an annual income of about $3,000, announced last summer, has been accepted, and the grounds for the new institution purchased. These are at Saint-Cyr-l'Ecole, near Paris, and the institute will be ready to open its doors by May, 1910. The institute is under the direction of the minister of public works.

Dr. A. A. Michelson, professor of physics in the University of Chicago, has been chosen president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science for the meeting to be held at Minneapolis next year. Dr. D. T. MacDougal, director of the department of botanical research of the Carnegie Institution, was elected president of the American Society of Naturalists at the recent meeting in Boston, and Prof. W. D. Bancroft of Cornell University has been elected to the presidency of the American Chemical Society. At the session of the American Physiological Association, Prof. W. B. Pillsbury was elected to the presidency of that organization.

Lardner Gibbon, said to be the oldest ex-officer of the United States navy, died suddenly at his home in Holmesburg, Pa., January 9. He was born in Philadelphia in 1829, and was appointed a midshipman in the navy eight years later. In 1851 he became a lieutenant. He conducted an expedition in the early fifties from the coast of Peru across the Andes and down the Madeira and Amazon Rivers. On this trip he travelled about 2,000 miles in a canoe. The government published a book written and illustrated by him describing this expedition. He was the first to suggest the building of a railway around the falls of the Madeira River, for the purpose of opening a highway from Bolivia to the Atlantic coast. The railway is now being built by the governments of Brazil and Bolivia. He resigned his commission in the navy on May 15, 1857, and during the civil war was in the service of the Confederacy.

Stephen Warner Baldwin died at Brookline, Mass., January 5, in his seventy-seventh year. He was one of this country's most prominent mechanical engineers, and an ardent advocate of improved industrial education. To the Artisan School at Syracuse and the Half Time Trade School at Worcester he gave generously of time and thought.

George Earl Church died in London January 5. He was born in New Bedford, Mass., in 1835, and served in the civil war as colonel and brigadier commander of United States volunteers. Earlier, he was resident engineer of the great Hoosac tunnel, and a member of the expedition which, in 1858, explored the southwestern frontier of Argentina. After the close of the civil war he served in Mexico as a champion of President Juarez, and as a war correspondent. Again, he opened up the tributaries of the Amazon to navigation. Of late years his activities had been principally concerned with London enterprises, and he devoted much time to historical researches and to writing. It is said that he was the only person, not an English citizen, honored with the membership of the Royal Geographical Society.

An official of the Natural History Museum of South Kensington, London, Dr. Richard Bowdler Sharpe, has died, in his sixty-second year. He was an expert on ornithology, and had published a study of kingfishers, a history of the birds of Europe, a "Hand List of Birds," etc.

Bouquet de la Grye, author of books on navigation and allied topics, has died, at the age of eighty-two years. Among his projects were a canal which should make Paris a sea-port, and an *horloge universelle*, or system by which, through the agency of wireless telegraphy, uniform time should be maintained throughout the world.

The professor of geodesy in the Technical School at Darmstadt, Germany, Dr. P. Fenner, has died in his fifty-seventh year.

Drama.

The Man Shakespeare and His Tragic Life Story. By Frank Harris. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $2.50 net.

"As biography this book must rank with Boswell's 'Life of Johnson'; as art, it must rank above it"—this is the statement sent out by the publisher. Who would not read such a book! From the title, we should have inferred another specimen of that species which passes rapidly into modest retirement among the Shakespeareana in the second-hand dealer's catalogue. Forewarned, we opened the volume, and soon perceived that "modest" was not quite the word to apply either to the biography or its author. From cover to cover, Mr. Harris is fairly gasping with astonishment and contempt at the stupidity of all his predecessors. He finds only three exceptions—"one authentic witness, Jonson, and two interesting though not trustworthy witnesses, Goethe and Coleridge—and nothing more in three centuries." "A man must be judged by his peers," he continues with splendid candor, and a little later he adds, "It looks as if the time for judging him [Shakespeare] had come." He believes that the "time for random assertion about Shakespeare . . . has passed away for ever," and that he himself has "heaped up" his proofs so as "to stifle doubt and reach absolute conviction." No wonder Mr. Harris finds it difficult to conceal his self-satisfaction.

We are not of that strict sect of Shakespearean critics which holds that the plays and poems throw no light upon the character of their author. Neither is Mr. Harris. On the other hand, we do make some distinction between drama and autobiography. Mr. Harris does not. He declares that Shakespeare's purpose was self-revelation as clearly as was Montaigne's. There is just one flash of sanity in Mr. Harris's method. Assuming that Hamlet was the poet's most intimate and complete piece of self-portraiture, he goes through the plays examining all the principal characters in search of Hamlet-traits where they do not belong. This portion of the study is not without suggestiveness, though Mr. Harris is not unique in discovering a certain family likeness in Jaques, Hamlet, Lear, and Macbeth. It is in the mad extreme to which he pushes his theory that he is unique. He would have it that Shakespeare, like an elder Rousseau, was deliberately laying bare his soul in one confession after another from the beginning to the end of his career. "A little earlier, and occupied chiefly with his own complex growth, he would only paint sides of himself; a little later, and the personal interest absorbed all others, so that his dramas became lyrics of anguish and despair." Accepting without question the identification of the "dark lady" with Mary Fitton, and the rival poet with Chapman, and "Mr. W. H." with William Herbert, he proves what is entirely uncertain by what is entirely unknown. If a twentieth part of Mr. Harris's "proofs" were sound, then Shakespeare with maniacal indecency spent his life in revealing to the public his amour with a dissolute woman of the court. Hamlet hesitating to kill Claudius is just Shakespeare hesitating to kill Pembroke; Othello jealous of Desdemona is Shakespeare jealous of Mary Fitton; "it is Shakespeare and not Antony who groans: 'O this false soul of Egypt' ": Lear railing at lechery is, etc.; Timon is "a scream of suffering" at the loss of Mary Fitton and the perfidy of Pembroke. As a result of this remarkable piece of synthetic criticism—Mr. Harris points out that Carlyle's "Cromwell" is the "only memorable attempt" at creative criticism before his—Shakespeare emerges at length as he really was: "gentle," "kindly," "winning," yet "inordinately vain and self-centred," a "parasite by nature," a "snob," a man of "overpowering sensuality," "weak," "irresolute," a poor sleeper, afflicted by "erotic mania," endowed with the "gift of gab." The processes by which Mr. Harris reaches this conclusion are as funny as the conclusion itself. Though we have not read all the absurd books in the world, we are almost tempted to declare that this is the absurdest.

The future work of Rudolf Besier, the young English dramatist, will be awaited with interest. He has a good deal to learn yet in the way of artistic restraint and proportion, but both of his plays recently produced in this city, "Don" and "Olive Latimer's Husband," widely different as they are in character, are distinguished from the great mass of contemporaneous pieces by the same striking and exceedingly uncommon qualities. These are definiteness of purpose, a logical dependence of the dramatic action upon the prescribed premises and the personalities involved, and a reasonable conclusion. In "Don," in the main a light comedy, truth triumphs over uncharitable misconstruction and all ends happily. In "Olive Latimer's Husband," a domestic tragedy, the degradation and misery arising out of loveless marriages for money are depicted with veracious power, and the action proceeds steadily to a catastrophe as complete as it is, under the circumstances, inevitable. In technical construction the piece is occasionally awkward. The sequence and location of the various scenes are often felt to be arbitrary rather than natural. But the scenes themselves spring from natural causes, and are emotionally powerful and substantially true.

Such weaknesses as exist lie not in the original design, but in the inexpertness of execution. It may be granted that the emotion is somewhat overwrought—with too much elaboration of accumulated detail—but these are only the errors of an anxious young writer, whose fertile imagination has not yet been brought under the control of artistic discipline. A really fine actress in the leading part could, doubtless, carry the play to success, but unless well acted it is too sombre to have much chance of popularity. The performance accorded to it here at the Hackett Theatre was fatally incapable. It is not the first time that a meritorious play has been discredited in this way.

Charles Frohman plans to erect a theatre in the East Side of New York city where will be presented good modern dramas acted by a succession of stars, at prices not to exceed fifty cents. The plays to be presented will be contributed without royalties, it is stated, by such playwrights as Mr. Barrie, Mr. Shaw, and Henry Bernstein. The new theatre, which it is proposed to place in Rivington Street, is planned for the coming season.

The next play at His Majesty's Theatre, in London, will be by Justin Huntly McCarthy. It is an historical Irish piece, in four acts, called "O'Flynn's Own." Sir Herbert's part will be that of an Irish soldier of fortune, and he will be supported by Miss Evelyn d'Alroy. The piece, which is of a gay, joyous character, will have music in it, and the period will be somewhere between Charles II and the Georges. It is a story of love and war.

"Madame Margot," the new historical play by Emile Moreau and Charles Clairville, produced at the Théâtre Réjane, in Paris, is less an historical *drame* than a refreshing piece of comedy. The heroine is the charming and risky daughter of the fourth Henry, and is interpreted by Mme. Réjane.

Arthur Bourchier is preparing his production of "Dame Nature," Fred Fenn's adaptation of Henri Bataille's "Femme Nue." This delectable piece treats of a Bohemian artist and his wife—formerly his model. The artist wins the *grand prix*, attains social eminence, and becomes a popular portrait-painter. One of his distinguished sitters is a princess, who falls in love with him and vows that a model is no wife for such a talented man as he. Then comes the big scene between the two women, in which each struggles for possession of the man. Finally, the wife realizes the hopelessness of the situation, and goes off with a former lover.

At the Berlin Schauspielhaus has been produced "Strandkinder," a new play by Hermann Sudermann. Emphasis may well be placed on the fact that the royal theatre was the place of production, for few really "modern" German plays have had their first performance on that stage. The "Versunkene Glocke," for example, was not given at the Schauspielhaus until last year, and not for some three years has Sudermann been acted there. There is, however, nothing dramatically heterodox about the new production. "Strandkinder" is based upon mediæval Prussian history, representing the feuds and tyrannies of the Baltic coast under the brutal reign of the knights who dominated it in ante-Hohenzollern times. The construction of the piece does not commend it to the critics, and it was received rather coldly at its first performance.

Klara Ziegler, whose death is announced at Munich, was born in 1844, and was for many years distinguished as a tragédienne. Her initial triumph was in the name-part of the "Medea" of Grillparzer. Six years ago she retired from the stage, but only after many years of earnest effort to revive the interest in German classical drama.

Music.

OPERATIC COMPETITION.

When Oscar Hammerstein gave New York a second opera house, all the experts felt sure that it would not stand, as such, more than a year; but it has survived three seasons, prospering at times astonishingly. Had it not been for this experience, there would have been more preliminary misgivings regarding the advisability of having a third opera—for that is what the two additional evenings of opéra comique at the Manhattan, and the two weekly performances at the New Theatre, virtually amounted to. It is now clear that it would have been wiser to let well enough alone. The opéra comique company had to be sent to Canada, where French is more widely understood, and the New Theatre performances, with few exceptions, have not been pecuniary successes. In neither case are the managers to blame; Mr. Hammerstein brought over the best musical comedians from Paris, and at the New Theatre also the operas have been presented for the most part with admirable casts and scenic backgrounds sufficiently attractive to interest the most blasé opera-goers. The explanation of the situation lies in the three words: "Too much opera." Even at the Metropolitan, it is the rule rather than the exception that speculators offer after eight o'clock excellent $5 seats for one-half to one-fifth of their value. No doubt there is a surprisingly great demand for opera in this city; but at present the supply exceeds it.

For some days personal and semi-official negotiations were even under way with a view to mitigating or eliminating the financially injurious competition between the Manhattan and the Metropolitan. It is certain that the Manhattan Opera House is not looked on with affection by the directors of the Metropolitan, but they have met the assertion that they are ready to buy out its owner at his own figure with the statement that no negotiations have been pending or are now pending. On the other hand, it seems certain that Mr. Hammerstein is a little staggered for the moment at his temerity in "fighting Wall Street"; that is, the millionaires who own the Metropolitan. It is to be hoped that this is merely a mood of temporary discouragement, for the closing of his opera house at the end of this season would prove a great loss to the musical world. He has put the professionals as well as the public under great obligations in many ways, notably by bringing over the best Parisian singers, and thus providing an opportunity to become acquainted with the operas of the modern French school. Since the first performances of Wagner's works in New York in the days of Seidl nothing has been offered to local opera-goers so unique and enjoyable as the Massenet and other Parisian operas, with Mary Garden, Dalmores, Renaud, Gilibert, and other great artists, and in an auditorium ideally suited to their style.

Nor has Mr. Hammerstein simply given first-class performances at his own house; he has also done a great deal to improve those given at the Metropolitan. It is undeniable that the older house had fallen into negligent ways from which it needed competition to redeem it. The Manhattan set a new standard in chorus singing, and it showed that new operas—tabooed at the rival house—can be made profitable provided they are produced with the right artists and amid the proper surroundings. If the manager of this house should now retire on his laurels it is feared that the Metropolitan would return to its old ways. Already there is talk of doing away with the double orchestra and the double chorus, which have made it possible to rehearse the operas properly, while increasing the number of performances. This would be a fatal step backwards, for it is the extra rehearsing, chiefly, that has made the performances given under Giulio Gatti-Casazza and Andreas Dippel so superior to most of those managed by Heinrich Conried.

It cannot be denied that the operatic situation is peculiarly difficult to deal with. The expense list of the Metropolitan is some $80,000 a week, and while the directors declare that they are interested in the cause of art alone, it is obvious that efforts must be made to keep within reasonable limits of expenditure. New York has practically a "corner" in great singers (all Europe bewails this fact), and these artists can be had only on high terms, and on promise of a given number of performances each season. The necessity of providing this number of performances for each and all has led to the invasion of neighboring cities. But those cities want only the best singers, and these do not like to be sent hither and thither because of the fatigue, the overheated cars, the damage to delicate vocal organs.

The latest plan is to have local opera companies in cities sufficiently interested, and to lend them some of our great

singers for a time. That plan is being tried this year in Boston, and will be tried next season in Chicago. If it fails, it will be because of the American habit of insisting on the best or nothing. The root of the difficulty lies in the scarcity of first-class artists. Even we, who have most of them, need more; and in other cities, American and European, the supply falls lamentably short of the demand. It is a mystery why the hundreds of conservatories in the world, and the tens of thousands of private teachers fail to provide the desired number of operatic artists when fame and fortunes are eagerly awaiting them. In the meantime, and till they are forthcoming, temporary relief might be provided by adopting a suggestion previously made in this journal. Why should not the Metropolitan and the Manhattan lend one another their best artists for occasional star-cast performances like those which Maurice Grau found so profitable and the public so enjoyable?

Report on The Star-Spangled Banner, Hail Columbia, America, Yankee Doodle. By Oscar George Theodore Sonneck. Washington: Government Printing Office. 85 cents.

In December, 1907, at the suggestion of President Roosevelt, Mr. Sonneck, chief of the division of music in the Library of Congress, received instructions from Herbert Putnam to bring together the various versions both of text and music, with notes as to the historical evolution, of "The Star-Spangled Banner," "Hail Columbia," "America," and "Yankee Doodle." It was an order not easy to carry out, as Mr. Sonneck soon discovered, because most of the literature on the subject is untrustworthy. He was thus compelled to spend much time delving for original documents, sorting, and sifting; and the result, with his deductions from the evidence, makes a volume of 255 pages. It may not be the last word on the subject, but is certainly by far the most scholarly treatise yet written. The last eighty pages are devoted to facsimiles and a helpful index.

In regard to "America," the author takes the ground that, being a British air, it belonged to the British colonists just as much as it did to the Britons at home, and is, therefore, not "borrowed." The tune of "The Star-Spangled Banner" also originated in England, and from these two "Hail Columbia" differs in that both words and music were written in the United States. We regret to add, however, that this is not something to be proud of, since it is in musical value far inferior to the other two. Nevertheless, it seems like an inspiration of genius compared with the vulgar "Yankee Doodle," the continued use of which as a national tune is a national disgrace. Mr. Sonneck devotes no fewer than 77 pages to "Yankee Doodle," because he found its history a maze of conflicting stories. He admits that the origin of the tune, after the most careful examination of the many different stories, still remains a matter of doubt. He does not sympathize with those who treat this tune with contempt, holding that there must be some redeeming features in a song which has appealed to our people for a century and a half. But this appeal has been, one takes comfort in retorting, on patriotic much more than on musical grounds. Mr. Sonneck tries to come to the reseue by declaring that "Yankee Doodle" "frankly appeals to our sense of humor. Critics, pedantic or flippant, have overlooked the fact that every nation has its humorous, even burlesque, patriotic airs, and that these are just as natural and useful as solemn airs—indeed, more so, occasionally. As a specimen of burlesque, even 'slangy' musical humor, 'Yankee Doodle' may safely hold its own against any other patriotic air." Now, this may be true so far as the words are concerned; but, as the author himself points out, the text or texts are now "practically obsolete." As for the tune itself, we have never known any one in an acclaiming multitude to take it humorously. It is applauded because of its patriotic and political associations. Used as it always is, "Yankee Doodle" is not comic, but painfully ludicrous. It has been pointed out that it resembles in its melodic intervals the "Hymn to Joy" in Beethoven's ninth symphony. Undoubtedly it does; but the difference between the two is the step between the ridiculous and the sublime. It is to be greatly regretted that Mr. Sonneck should have thus apologized for this vulgar tune. His book would have been the place to present weighty arguments against the further sanction of its use as a national air.

Max Kalbeck's biography of Brahms (Deutsche Brahms Gesellschaft) threatens to become as interminable as Glasenapp's (or even Ellis's) life of Wagner; and, like Glasenapp, Kalbeck issues complete volumes as part i or part ii of volume so-and-so. The latest volume, for instance, is called "first half-volume of part iii." It covers the years 1874-1881, beginning with the C minor symphony and concluding with the violin concerto and two overtures.

Among other important recent German publications are Kapp's "Franz Liszt" (Schuster & Loeffler); "Richard Wagner an Freunde und Zeitgenossen" (Schuster & Loeffler), and the seventh edition of Riemann's "Musiklexicon" (Hesse). In Kapp's book Liszt is treated both enthusiastically and critically, and his life is told more fully than elsewhere. The Wagner letters are 336 in number, most of them not before printed. They are addressed to King Ludwig, Nietzsche, and many others, the first being dated 1834, the last 1883.

No musician has been more talked and written about in the last two years than Ferruccio Benvenuto Busoni. He was born in Florence in 1862, and is the first Italian pianist since Scarlatti to win international fame. To-day he is celebrated as a pedagogue (he was Sauer's successor as director of the piano-master class in the Vienna Conservatory), as pianist, critic, and composer, even conservative England having recently acclaimed him as such. Like Liszt, he is much addicted to making transcriptions and arrangements of the works of other composers, and some of these have aroused the ire of pedants and conservatives to whom the letter is more sacred than the spirit. In 1891 Mr. Busoni made Boston his home, but soon went back to the more congenial atmosphere of Germany. Last week he returned for a concert tour in this country, playing at his first appearance Beethoven's Emperor concerto with the Philharmonic Orchestra. He provoked much enthusiasm, which was all the more eloquent as it was not aroused by eccentricities or sensational means, but by qualities of tone production, coloring, phrasing, and shading that place him in the front rank of pianists.

The remarkable pecuniary success won in this country last year by France's most prominent female composer, Cécile Chaminade, is doubtless responsible for the invasion of our realms by the English Chaminade, Liza Lehmann, who gave a concert in Carnegie Hall last Saturday, with the aid of a vocal quartet and a boy soprano. Mme. Lehmann is entitled to the distinction of having made song cycles popular in her native country. Her "In a Persian Garden" has, since its first production, some fourteen years ago, been sung innumerable times in England and America. It owes its popularity in part to the lines it is set to, selected from the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám; but as music, too, though it lacks individuality, it is far superior to most of the countless songs composed today by women. Mme. Lehmann will doubtless get a cordial welcome, especially from the women's clubs, throughout the country.

Scores of American sopranos, altos, tenors, baritones, and basses are singing today in European opera houses, especially those of Germany, and every year a few of them are honored by being brought back to be heard in our own opera houses. None of those who have come back in recent years has more deserved this honor than Clarence Whitehill. His success at the Metropolitan is the more noteworthy as it has been won particularly as Wotan in two of Wagner's Ring operas—a part often decried as tedious, but which, when well sung, is really most impressive. Mr. Whitehill is a true successor of Scaria and Edouard de Reszke in that he has learned the rare art of delivering the music with dramatic expression without sacrificing beauty of tone. That is not the present Bayreuth ideal; but it was Wagner's.

Samuel Simons Sanford, professor of applied music at Yale University, died January 6 in New York city. Born in 1849, he was a pupil of Klingman, Mason, and Mills, in this country, and of Rubinstein, Battiste, and Ritter, abroad. No American of our times has enjoyed closer relations with the great pianists of the Old World. His style of play was marked by power, accuracy, high expression, exquisite feeling, and every musical trait of a great artist whose admirers lamented that, by his own

choice, his listeners were so few. In 1894, he accepted the Yale professorship, being urged by friends to make some deeper and wider impress on the musical world than he had previously done. Returning habitually the checks mailed him for his salary, he undertook successfully the humdrum work of the teacher, with the task of developing, in coöperation with Prof. Horatio Parker, the musical department of the university.

Art.

SOME TENDENCIES IN MODERN ENGLISH ART.

LONDON, December 21.

Several interesting exhibitions of modern work are, or have lately been, open in London, their interest possibly being not so much in the work itself as in their general characteristics. A curious condition of affairs now prevails. Whatever their differences, almost all are agreed in shrinking from the knock at the door, not of the younger generation, but of the old masters. Some say that if only there were no old masters selling at fabulous prices, the millennium would dawn. Academicians have tried to bring on this millennium of the modern painter by devoting their winter exhibition wholly to modern work: a measure they have had already to abandon. Men who have not received even the official recognition they do not deserve cry out for a bounty from the state. Many see salvation in the creation of a Ministry of the Fine Arts or an English Luxembourg. And yet, for all the discontent and disappointment of genuinely hard times, a certain proportion of the younger men already have all the success they could ask for, are hailed Young Genius, and hear their work recommended as a safe financial investment for the collector.

These few are recruited chiefly from the International Society and from the new English Art Club, which has the advantage of including among its members influential critics, directors of national collections, and professors of art. The New English happens to be one of the exhibitions now open. For years the club was content to exhibit in a small gallery where the limited space necessitated careful selection. One result was a small but, especially in the beginning, suggestive and stimulating exhibition. Now the club has moved to larger quarters—to the historic galleries of the British Artists in Suffolk Street made famous by Whistler when he showed there—where there are one large and four small rooms to fill. With the consequently less rigorous selection, the standard is lowered. Effort is, in any case, slackened with success. Yet the older members who form a kind of inner group are still to the fore. Sargent is again represented, though only by a portrait not to be ranked with his most remarkable. It is a three-quarter length of an elderly lady, Mrs. Wedgwood, whose bonnet and cloak seem to mark the passing of a fashion rather than to make the fashion for all time as the great portraits of the world always do, and whose pose is as haphazard as if she had been caught in it by a snapshot. For all that, no other portrait in the collection rivals it in the expression of character or in technical skill. Sargent is said by the critics who make a business of discovering new geniuses to be a back number, still shining at the Academy, it may be, but vanishing when subjected to comparison with the younger generation. I note that even Mr. Caffin, writing of Harold Speed in *Harper's*, casts his doubts upon Sargent's continued supremacy. But the fact remains that there is not a painter in England—it is another matter on the Continent—who has the wonderful command of his medium that in Sargent approaches genius, though he may lack the finer qualities of the great masters.

On the same wall with Sargent's Mrs. Wedgwood hangs a large nude which, for Mancini, is an indifferent work, starred with his eccentricities of technique, yet seen, certainly, through artists' eyes and drawn with a master's knowledge. Farther on hangs a portrait of a Man from New York, by Augustus E. John, the most highly praised of the younger men, before whom, his admirers declare, Rembrandt and Ingres must bow diminished heads. Sargent and Mancini, at least, do manage, at the New English, to hold up theirs with no too serious strain. John's portrait is an able, sound piece of student's work, solidly painted, well modelled, but with no distinction in the arrangement and with more apparent attention concentrated upon the blue shirt and tie than upon the face. Whatever the future may disclose, the present work shows neither Sargent's vitality nor Mancini's subtlety. I did not find in the other portraits any invitation at all to comparison. I have seen better things by Gerald Kelly than his studies of Eastern women. Orpen, technically the most proficient of the younger New English men, shows, not portraits, but pictures with figures—a group of Travellers; a Child by the Sea; a Girl on a Hilltop—not one of which will add materially to his reputation. Nicholson sends nothing but one of his small, admirable studies of still-life. Of the landscape painters. Wilson Steer is the most prominent, as from the beginning of these exhibitions: all the more so because he understands the value of reserve in the art of exhibiting as well as in that of painting. His large Horseshoe Bend of the Severn is a spacious landscape of the kind Steer knows so well how to paint: a wide countryside stretching away under a vast expanse of sky. The feeling of space is here the chief merit, as it customarily is in his canvases. But this landscape has, too, his principal defect, which is an implicit reliance upon nature at the expense of composition, arrangement. He seldom shows the sense of line that is Claude's or Turner's, though, according to the modern critic, he eclipses Turner even as John overshadows Rembrandt.

The Goupil Gallery Salon is another of the principal early-winter exhibitions. The managers deserve credit for devoting their galleries for two or three months annually to contemporary work, while most of the other dealers prefer work by men whom death has "placed." Not more than one Academician contributes here, the New English men being so strong in numbers that the show seems little more than an echo of Suffolk Street. Orpen and Nicholson, Steer, Russell and Mark Fisher, Blanche and Gerald Kelly, are all here. Some, however, have been more generous to Goupil's in reserving for it their best work; and had Sargent also sent, there would be a better chance for a comparison between him and Orpen and Nicholson, who both have characteristic portraits. Orpen's two large canvases show each a single figure standing, bent as if swaying in the wind, with a suggestion of the movement he has lately sought to render in more than one of his portraits. It may be a chance that the wind apparently has caught them from opposite directions, but if designed for the purpose, the pictures could not balance each other better on the walls where they hang; and as a result the movement seems less natural than a deliberate convention. Nicholson's Girl with the Tattered Gloves is as conventional, but in quite another way. It is a half-length, sombre in color scheme; the girl is clothed in black even to the gloves on her folded hands. The repose and the decorative charm which make it a pleasure to come upon Nicholson's work in any collection of modern English pictures are not wanting here, though gained by an harmonious arrangement of flat spaces of color rather than by an intimate study of character or by a serious interpretation of life. A good Sargent would produce the effect of a real person framed on the wall if hung between the Nicholson and the Orpen. But this collection is not confined to the New English group: Le Sidaner has always a place at Goupil's. His new pictures are impressions of Lago Maggiore under snow and in the evening, the effect disturbed by that mannerism which grows upon him. Lavery and William Rothenstein also are contributors—as are many of that youngest group of all, whose names have as yet scarcely been heard outside of London.

The Portrait Painters' is the third large exhibition held at this season, though rumor says this year's is the last. Certainly it is the last year of the New Gallery: a fact to be regretted, for the gallery has played an important part in the art history of London during twenty years and more, and is one of the best lighted and best arranged in London. It is to be turned into a café, eating and drinking in public, to the sound of music, having become much more popular a pastime than looking at pictures. Every member of the Portrait Painters' has the right to exhibit, and some members have not enough merit to justify their exhibiting anywhere; so that the show is a curious medley. An attempt to increase the interest this year was made by showing, as a section apart, portraits of musicians and actors; but as these are mostly by members and of comparatively recent date, there is little to distinguish it from the rest of the collection. Nicholson and Orpen again reappear, as if no exhibition could be complete without them. The former's Lady Denman is certainly one of the most distinguished of the portraits—a full length on a larger scale than the Girl with the Tattered Gloves, but presenting, by much the same means, much the same effect. In his three small portraits here, Orpen is at his best: he has placed his sitters in elaborately furnished settings full of such detail as delights him. Not only he, but several of the younger portraitists are now accepted as prophets of a new school, which has returned to the subjects and treatment popular at the Academy when the Pre-Raphaelites made their famous revolt more than half a century ago. Nor can I say that I think they have surpassed the early Victorian Academicians in the old Academic game. Orpen first attracted attention by a little anecdote in paint in the manner of Frith; but Frith, even though he never could be mistaken for a master, could do this sort of thing far better, and his Derby Day or Railway Station, in the New English show, or at Goupil's, might shake the critic's confidence in the superiority of the modern school. Orpen's Prime Minister, in official robes, hung by Orchardson's masterly, well-known Sir Walter Gibbey, is weak and tentative. Neither is Alma-Tadema (who sends portraits, which have been seen before, of Paderewski and the etcher Lowenstam) put out of countenance by the younger generation. But there is nothing more vivid and brilliant in either section than Sargent's small head of Joe Jefferson. Blanche and Gerald Kelly are others who are seen at Goupil's, too. Charles H. Shannon belongs to much the same group; but because he has either more reticence or less facility, he does not figure in the other two galleries, showing here one new portrait, a Child, and contributing to the theatrical series his Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Like Nicholson, Shannon always seems more engrossed in his decorative formula than in his sitter, and both these portraits are overweighted with pattern. Other exhibitors among the more conspicuous are Strang, Ricketts, Pryde, and Cameron: whose work appears and reappears in one exhibition after another, outside of the Academy, until one might fancy the public was clamoring for them in art as it clamors for Hall Caine and Marie Corelli in literature.

I wonder that they do not shrink from such praise as more than half suggests that Rembrandt and Velasquez, Titian and Turner, only paved the way for them. Many of these artists are accomplished, but they suffer as much from one extreme of criticism as the Pre-Raphaelites in London, the Impressionists in Paris, suffered from the other. The truth is that the criticism of art has rarely fallen so low in this country. Some ten or fifteen years ago, art criticism was in the hands of men who knew, who could write, who were honest. To-day, your art critic is often enough a dealer in disguise, who uses his paper to advertise yesterday's purchases. Others are so identified with this or that group of artists that they could not criticise without prejudice even if they so desired. It is from these critics that the rank and file, who fear above all to be caught tripping, take their cue. They are not blind to see that Academic reputations have of late been perishing in the auction room; therefore Academicians have gone out of critical fashion. On the other hand, they find that artists, Whistler for example, who were not recognized in the Academicians' golden age, now increase in pecuniary value with every sale; therefore, it is sufficient for a young man to be scorned by the public for them to exalt him into a genius. In self-defence, they accept everything that appears to them serious as proof of inspiration from on high. When one remembers that Whistler had to wait a life-time before he won acknowledgment, and before his pictures, originally bought for a trifle, sold again for a fortune, it is almost comic to read the hysterical praise of those who have yet to win their spurs, and to follow the frantic effort to send up their prices. But the situation has its element of tragedy, and there is artistic disaster in store for more than one turned head.

I might add, as a word of warning to the American artist who is eager for "free art," that, overpraised as some of these English artists are, and inseparable from the financial aspect of art as the English criticism of it is becoming, their prices are still low compared to those that prevail in America. When an American collector, in an outburst of enthusiasm, gave five hundred pounds to Liverpool the other day for the purchase of pictures in the current exhibition there, three landscapes by men of considerable reputation were bought, though a painter of the same standing at home would probably not sell one of his landscapes for less than the whole sum. It will be at least interesting to watch the result if the collection now at Knoedler's here should be transferred to New York.

N. N.

"Schools of Painting," by Mary Innes, with supplementary material on American painting by Charles De Kay, is to he published in the spring hy the Putnams, and should prove an interesting and comprehensive sketch of its subject for the casual reader.

Edwards J. Gale, in "Pewter and the Amateur Collector" (Scribner) has in mind the beginner and shows a real sense of his needs. In the English and American field—other pewters are treated only in passing—he indicates patiently the points of fineness and simplicity of form, thoroughness of workmanship, stiffness and ring of metal, charm of color, and good preservation that must combine to make a piece worthy of the amateur's shelves. What is written is sufficient to put the heginner on his guard against the numerous reproductions. There is a special warning against Britannia metal masking as the choicer product, though the author admits grudgingly the older and hetter pieces of the more silvery composition. There is a reasonably full list of early American pewterers with description of their marks, a skeleton history of the manufacture in England, and forty-three excellent plates. Collectors of metal work invariably split on the issue of cleaning radically or slightly. Mr. Gale is of the radical persuasion. He goes down to the metal fearlessly, and even advises, under certain conditions, what seems the appalling process of grinding off enough metal to create a new surface. Here we cannot pretend to play the umpire. The hints on the proper display of a pewter collection—a really difficult matter—reveal the man of taste. But it is not true that hrass is always the "foe" of the gray metal. On the contrary, certain very pale Colonial or early Republican hrasses make charming accents among the colder pieces.

The twenty-fifth annual exhibition of the Architectural League of New York will open on January 30 in the Fine Arts building. An effort is heing made to render it of particular interest, since it marks the first quarter of a century of the league's exhibition work. An exhibit that will attract attention is the working drawings of Sir Edward Burne-Jones for mosaic decorations in the American Church of St. Paul, at Rome. On the margins are the written instructions of the artist to the mosaic workers. The drawings were discovered in a storeroom of the church by George W. Breck, formerly director of the American Academy at Rome, who will contribute to the league exhibition his cartoons for mosaics recently placed on the façade of the church, representing St. Paul expounding the faith. Among the architectural drawings Carrere & Hastings will

show those for the replanning of Baltimore, and C. G. La Farge those of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. F. D. Millet, E. H. Blashfield, G. W. Maynard, Joseph Lauber, and W. B. Van Ingen will send decorative paintings, and among the sculptors to be represented are Daniel Chester French, Augustus Lukeman, J. Scott Hartley, and Chester Beach. The exhibition will close February 19.

Frederick Moynihan, a sculptor, died in New York city January 9, aged sixty-seven years. He was born in the island of Guernsey, and was a student at the Royal Academy, in which he held a life scholarship. Among his works are bronzes of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart and of Capt. Stephen F. Brown, the latter a part of the Vermont State statue on Gettysburg battlefield.

Finance.

FOURTEEN PER CENT. MONEY.

The sudden rise of call money to 12 per cent. on the Stock Exchange on Monday of last week, and to 14 per cent. after official hours, with the reaching of 9 per cent. on Tuesday, of 8 on Wednesday, and of 7 on Thursday, excited the profoundest interest. It did not excite this interest because the rates were abnormal for the opening week of the year. On the contrary, 20 per cent. was reached at the opening of January, 1908, 20 per cent. in 1907, 60 in 1906, 14 in 1903, and 10 in 1902. Compared with those years, the high rate of this January was nothing out of the ordinary. The feeling of something like consternation over rates with which the new year opened, arose from the fact that December's money market, despite a manifest strain on bank resources, had been so consistently held down that the Stock Exchange had begun to talk of rates above 6 per cent. as something which it would not witness again.

Exhaustion of surplus reserves at the New York Associated Banks, and increase of the loan account to a figure exceeding the total deposit fund available for lending purposes, have always, heretofore, been accepted as a sign of genuine stringency, to which the call money market responded by more or less spectacular rates. Last October, the surplus bank reserve had fallen to $1,600,000. Half a dozen years ago, so weak a position, with the Western drain of currency continuing, commonly foreshadowed something like 25 per cent. call money. It resulted, the ensuing week, in only one day at 6 per cent. Built up by shifting of loans, the surplus got down again to $4,400,000 in November, but call money rose no higher than 5 per cent. In December, the excess of loans over deposits had mounted to $25,000,000, showing that capital and surplus of certain Wall Street banks were being drawn upon to an unusual degree for use in ordinary loans. But of this really urgent stringency, the worst result was a momentary 7 per cent. call money rate in the last days of December. Since January has never, during the dozen years past, produced a money rate as high as the maximum of December, the inference seemed obvious. The new year ought to be introduced with a maximum rate of 5 or 6 per cent. This is why last week's 14 per cent. rate came with something of a shock to Wall Street; it undoubtedly had some part in the sharp break in prices on the Stock Exchange, which began on the first business day of the year, and ran, in many important stocks, to 4 or 5 points before the week was over.

Several explanations have been offered for this January money rate, twice as high as the highest of the four preceding months. One is, that artificial expedients, such as assumption of bank loans by individual or corporate depositors, had been utilized on an unprece-

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dented scale to protect the surplus; that there were other demands on these accounts after January 1, and that the sudden throwing back of this mass of loans upon the banks caused an awkward situation. Another was that interior lenders, with a high bid for their funds at home, were no longer ready to accept a 6 per cent. New York bid. In general, it was frankly admitted that the real bank position, having been disguised in November and December, was bound to reveal itself when the all-around settlement week arrived. The New York bank statement, at the end of the week, gave little clue to the actual causes of the high money rates; that statement was, indeed, more perplexing than enlightening. So far from indicating on its face that loans of the Associated Banks had been largely increased by the reshifting to those institutions of credit obligations, it reported decrease of $14,000,000 in the loan account—a decrease, which, along with the gain in cash, usually looked for in this week, added $11,000,000 to the surplus reserves, leaving that surplus at $14,500,000, a higher figure than has been reached at the end of the first week of January in any of the past half-dozen years, except for a year ago. Taken by itself, such a seemingly strong showing would appear inconsistent with the money market of the week. But a somewhat sensational fall in foreign exchange, during the same week, was unanimously ascribed, on the sterling market, to renewed shifting of loans from New York to Europe; and it was also generally known that, at the higher money rates, some of our own interior banks rushed into Wall Street again as lenders. In other words, although the New York bank position was greatly strengthened, this was done by increasing considerably the market's outside indebtedness, at a time when such increase is not usually looked for, and as a result of abnormally high bids for money.

The story of the week leaves one question open—to what extent, if at all, the high money rates at the opening of the year foreshadow stringency later on. Perhaps it is safest to say that, since these high rates are the logical outcome of the millionaire speculation of the autumn, they are a sign that similar money market disturbances must logically be looked for, if the recent practices of wholesale manipulation on the Stock Exchange are to be resumed. It is a highly interesting fact that, in the published forecasts of the coming year, by financiers and financial critics on the numerous markets, home and foreign, there has been a distinct trend of opinion towards the probability of a "high-money year" in 1910.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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Broadley, A. M. Doctor Johnson and Mrs. Thrale. Intro. essay by T. Seccombe. Lane Co. $5 net.

Chaffers, W. The Collector's Handbook to Keramics. Scribner. $1.50 net.

Chancellor, E. B. Lives of the British Architects. Scribner. $2 net.

Colby, L. E. Talks on Drawing, Painting, Making, Decorating for Primary Teachers. Chicago: Scott, Foresman & Co. $1.50.

Day, L. F. Windows: A Book About Stained and Painted Glass (third edition); Nature and Ornament. Vol. II. Scribner. $7.50 net, and $3 net, respectively.

D'Indy, V. César Franck: A Study. From the French, with intro. by Rosa Newmarch. Lane Co. $2.50 net.

Documentary History of American Industrial Society. Edited by J. R. Commons and others. Vols. I and II, Plantation and Frontier. Cleveland, O.: Arthur H. Clark Co. $50 net per set of 10 vols.

Douglas, H. A. Venice and Her Treasures. Scribner. $1.50 net.

Fernow, B. E. A Brief History of Forestry. Toronto, Ontario: University Press.

Geographical Atlases in the Library of Congress. Compiled under direction of P. L. Phillips. Vol. I, Atlases; Vol. II, Author List Index. Washington: Government Printing Office.

Goodwin, W. The Up Grade. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.

Gotch, J. A. The Growth of the English House. Scribner. $3 net.

Intercollegiate Debates. Edited with intro. by P. M. Pearson. Hinds, Noble & Eldredge. $1.50.

Ircton, R. E. A. Central Bank. Anthony Stumpf Pub. Co. $1.50.

Kitson, C. H. Studies in Fugue. Frowde. $1.50.

Lambert, W. H. Abraham Lincoln (an address); The Gettysburg Address: When written, how received, its true form. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

Libro Azul. Ministerio de Relaciones Exteriores y Culto de la República Argentina.

Lindgren, C. The New Salesmanship. Chicago: Laird & Lee. $1.50.

Lyman, A. J. The Christian Pastor. Crowell. $1 net.

Marden, O. S. Do It to a Finish. Crowell. 30 cents net.

O'Sullivan, J. M. Old Criticism and New Pragmatism. London: M. H. Gill & Son. $1.20 net.

Partridge, A. Passers-By. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.

Raupert, J. G. The Supreme Problem. Buffalo, N. Y.: Peter Paul & Son.

Reports of American Bar Association. Vol. XXXIV. 1909. Baltimore: Lord Baltimore Press.

Renwick, G. Romantic Corsica. Scribner. $3 net.

Ruville, A. von. Bayern und die Wiederaufrichtung des Deutschen Reichs. Berlin: Hermann Walter.

Scholefield, G. H. New Zealand in Evolution. Scribner. $3 net.

Sturgis, R. A History of Architecture. Vol. II. Baker & Taylor Co.

Temple, W. Essays. Edited by J. E. Spingarn. Frowde.

Torrey, C. C. Ezra Studies. University of Chicago Press. $1.50 net.

Villiers-Wardell, Mrs. Spain of the Spanish. Scribner. $1.50 net.

Walker, H. W. Wanderings Among South Sea Savages. Scribner. $2.50 net.

Watkins, E. Shippers and Carriers of Interstate Freight. Chicago: T. H. Flood & Co.

Wernaer, R. M. Romanticism and the Romantic School in Germany. Appleton, $2 net.

Wilson, G. G., and Tucker, G. F. International Law. Fifth edition. Chicago: Silver, Burdett. $2.50.

Young, J. L. Satan's Reception of John D.: a Satirical Poem. Knapp Press. 25 cents.

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[Entered at the New York City Post Office as second-class mail matter.]

The *Nation* is published and owned by the New York Evening Post Co. Oswald Garrison Villard, President; William J. Pattison, Treasurer; Paul Elmer More, Editor.

Three dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada $3.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union $4.00.

Address THE NATION, Box 794, New York.
Publication Office, 20 Vesey Street.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 20, 1910.

The Week.

The insurgent cause in Washington is distinctly looking up. It has now achieved the clear and general recognition of the fact that Speaker Cannon has become an intolerable burden to the Republican party. Even his warmest friends concede that he can never be Speaker again. If he were to announce that he would not seek that office in the next Congress, it would only be making a virtue of necessity. And if he refuses thus to take himself out of this year's Congressional elections as an issue, the loss of the next House stares the Republicans in the face. More and more of the members of the "organization" are admitting this. They declare bitterly that the attacks on Cannon are most unjust, yet the effects they cannot blink. Even the faithful Dalzell is now said to be shaken, and to think that the Speaker will have to make the great sacrifice. It is rather strange to find such hardened politicians hesitating at all. They are the great political realists. They have always preached the gospel of acting on facts, not on theories or sentiment. To urge a course upon them as right has been in vain unless you could show them that right made votes. Well, here they are with the votes obviously slipping away from them, yet they stop to talk about the cruel wrong of the assaults on the Speaker. Are Dalzell and Payne and Dwight suddenly to become idealists?

He would be a bold and rash man who should undertake to characterize any particular act of the Democratic party as the most inexcusable piece of folly and stupidity that it has committed for years; we shall not therefore undertake to make this assertion in regard to the selection of Congressman Rainey of Illinois by the Democratic caucus as one of the two members of the party to serve on the Ballinger-Pinchot investigating committee. The only thing, so far as we are aware, for which Rainey is known in the country at large is his having made a blatherskite speech in Congress, putting forward absolutely baseless charges of corruption in connection with the Panama purchase. That those charges affected the brother of President Taft—and, if we are not mistaken, even the President himself, more or less—happens to aggravate the case, but it is by no means the main point. The main point is that this man, who is now singled out by his sapient fellow-Democrats to represent them in an investigation imperatively requiring judicial impartiality, is notorious for having made utterly irresponsible and wanton charges in a set speech on the floor of the House, and then having done nothing whatever to back them up when they were denied and proved baseless. The union of the insurgent Republicans with the Democrats gave the minority party such an opportunity as has rarely come to it. But it insists on using this opportunity for performing the utterly superfluous operation of once more writing itself down an ass.

In appointing Henry S. Graves, director of the Yale Forestry School, as Chief Forester in succession to Mr. Pinchot, President Taft has shown a strong desire to keep that branch of the public service up to its previous level of intelligence and efficiency. Of course, no new man can have the ear of the country as Mr. Pinchot had. And people will be entirely right in keeping a watchful eye upon the Forestry Bureau to see if there is to be any letting down in its methods.

It is a rare day, these times, that does not bring to notice some aspect of the problem of advancing prices and cost of living; and it is a rare instance that does not present some complexity peculiar to itself, and thus illustrate the difficulty of the problem as a whole. Two such statements have just appeared, each interesting in its own way. One is an elaborate exhibit coming from the railway interests, and designed to show that, while the cost of supplies and the cost of labor have both increased about 30 per cent. in ten years, freight receipts per ton-mile and passenger rates per mile have remained about stationary; and that therefore no further increase of wages can be made without raising railway rates. The argument is clearly not conclusive. The question whether a railway is operated profitably, or how profitably, turns not only on the level of rates, but also on how fully its plant is kept in use; and as a matter of fact everybody knows that, in spite of higher prices and higher wages, the railways have been doing vastly better in recent years than they did ten years ago. The other statement to which we refer is that announcing the change of the architect's commission from 5 per cent. to 6 per cent. In this case, one is curious to know why the automatic increase in the commission due to the increase in the cost of building was not sufficient to offset the increase in the architect's expenses. A reason is assigned in the greater complexity of the architect's duties, and probably this is quite sufficient; but it is very interesting—and very human—that the fact of the automatic increase is entirely overlooked.

Gov. Hughes has confirmed the report of his decision not to accept another nomination for the Governorship. He puts the matter in a way that has to be taken as final. The reason he assigns for determining to return to the practice of the law is that he is in duty bound to make provision for those dependent upon him. Against this nothing can be said—especially by those who have refused to make the salary of the Governor of New York large enough to admit of the office being held by a man without private means to draw upon. There is, however, a sense in which it will not be possible for Mr. Hughes to retire to private life. He may refuse to hold office, but he will remain a public character. It is inconceivable that his fellow-citizens will not call upon him from time to time for advice and moral impulse in great questions. He could not if he would refrain from using his high prestige to serve the public.

The board of directors of the American Sugar Refining Company, in its report for the year 1909, takes occasion to say, in regard to the weighing frauds, that it "has no reason to believe, and does not believe, that any executive offi-

cer or director of this company had any knowledge of or participation in this fraudulent underweighing." Possibly this may suffice to make the stockholders comfortable in their minds. But the directors expressly assign as one of their motives in making the report "the legitimate interest which the public has" in the affairs of the company, and the desire to "correct the widespread misrepresentation and unjust criticism to which it has been subjected"; and it is therefore pertinent to remark that what the directors do *not* believe can go but an extremely small way toward affecting public opinion in the case. What is it that the directors *do* believe? What is their theory of the way in which those corset-steels got into those seventeen holes in the seventeen weighing-machines? If no executive officer or director of the company knew about the frauds, who was it that caused them to be committed? Why has not the company been doing the one obviously necessary thing to throw the guilt from its own shoulders? Why has it not exposed the true authors of the crime? Mere non-resistance to the Government's inquiry, to which they point with pride, is but a small part of what the situation called for.

Meanwhile the swift indictment of the secretary of the Sugar Trust is a startling reply to the assertions of its board. Indictment, of course, does not mean conviction. Innocent men are frequently indicted. But the success of the Government's prosecution heretofore makes it likely that it is on this occasion also well fortified with facts. In either case, the Trust's management is gravely indicted in the public eye; for only incompetent or corrupt managers can have rascally subordinates—to the profit of their company—for a long term of years. We have no desire to see Mr. Heike convicted merely as a victim to popular clamor. But if he is guilty, his conviction will do a world of good. The doctrine, so widely held, that rich rascals are immune while poor ones go to jail is less warmly cherished now that Charles W. Morse resides in the Atlanta penitentiary. It will still further be weakened if one of the men higher up in the Sugar Trust should don a prison suit. At any rate, the Trust which complains that it must advertise in order to get its side before the public is now to have its day in court—to prove its innocence if it can.

The bill against the "white-slave" traffic, which was passed by the House last week, is particularly to be commended in respect of the severity of the penalty that it prescribes. There are some crimes in regard to which the all-important matter is that the punishment that they invite shall be so terrible as clearly to offset any inducement to their commission; and this is eminently a case of that kind. The vile creatures who practise it do so in cold-blooded calculation and not under the stress of sudden temptation or necessity. Let it once become generally known that to be caught really means ten years' imprisonment at hard labor, and there will soon be nothing left of this infamy. That is what the Federal bill provides for any participation in the traffic so far as it is connected with interstate transportation. But so far from relieving State and city authorities from the need of vigorous prosecution of the matter, the enactment of the Federal law should serve only to intensify their determination. This is not a thing which must be tolerated in view of the weaknesses of human nature, but, on the contrary, a thing which it is disgraceful not to stamp out utterly. State laws should provide penalties of the utmost severity for it, and police, prosecuting, and judicial officers should apply the laws in their fullest rigor. A sentence of six months in the workhouse is absurdly mild for a crime second to none in loathsomeness and iniquity.

The science of flight moves on towards perfection in accordance with the same law of vicissitude that guides every kind of progress. Last year's triumphs of the aeroplane in France were followed by a succession of disasters which must have chilled the bright anticipations of many an aviation enthusiast. But within a few days after the death of Delagrange, one of the pioneers of heavier-than-air flight, hope rises high once more with Paulhan and Curtiss at Los Angeles. In their performances the two men have shown themselves true to type. Curtiss, like the good American he is, concentrates his efforts on speed. He has risen from the ground faster than any of his rivals, and has made the fastest lap around a measured course. He has left it to Paulhan, the Frenchman, to soar above the clouds, cover great distances, and risk his neck in a dozen feats of bravura. Yet taken together, the work of these two men has shown that the aeroplane is being steadily broken to safer use. The ancient difficulties with false starts, halting motors, and bad propellers seem almost to have disappeared for the experienced man-bird. On the navigator's skill much still depends. But nerve and pluck are not rare qualities, and if aeroplanes are to be for a long time amenable only to the expert, no one, except the ambitious rich amateur, will complain. We live in an age of guidance by experts.

In the Chicago *Evening Post* there is a eulogy of the late Dean Ames of the Harvard Law School, by Merritt Starr. The writer lays stress upon the qualities which made Professor Ames no less the successful head of a great school than a great legal scholar. In our big, hulking universities the emotional element that binds the student to his alma mater during college days and after, centres largely about the figure of the dean. "Prexy" goes about the country making learned addresses, but the dean stays at home and winks a more or less indulgent eye over cuts and deficiencies, and intrenches himself in undergraduate hearts. "Prexy's" familiar diminutive and the fact that the dean has none by no means represent the ratio of true affection in which the two men are held by their students. Just what "Van Am" has been to Columbia men, what Shaler and Briggs have been at Harvard, few university presidents have ever succeeded in being. They may command five hundred professors and six thousand students with two-million-dollar budgets, and thirty-million-dollar endowments, and speak at a hundred banquets a year, but they have given up for it much of that human relationship which our colleges should hold in store for the student.

Canada's navy is at last launched—on paper. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has explained the Government's proposal to the Parliament at Ottawa. The Canadian navy is to consist of eleven ships to be built at a cost of $16,000,000—obviously not Dreadnoughts! Even the five cruisers and six destroyers will, the Premier

admitted, cost 35 per cent. more than the above figure, if the vessels are built at home. Yet if we know the stuff of which Canadian protectionists are made, they will insist upon having all their warships labelled, "Made in Canada." Like some of our own naval patriots, they would consider it more important to build ships than to have them. Behind the navy, however, lies the question of its control and use. Sir Wilfrid represented the naval policy as a part of the great plan of rendering Canada a self-sufficient and autonomous nation. But it was admitted that the Canadian navy would be at the disposal of Great Britain in any war. So the pretence of self-defence is thin: what could the little fleet of Canada do unaided against any naval power from which an attack might possibly come? It is too plain for denial that this step on the part of Canada means only a disguised contribution to the British navy. Yet it may well be maintained, as it has been by Sir Charles Tupper, that Canada is not a burden to the mother country, speaking in naval terms, "since without her harbors and coal mines on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, England would require a larger navy."

The *Frankfurter Zeitung* throws an interesting sidelight on the German aspect of the tariff difficulty with the United States. In order to retain the advantages of the minimum rates of our tariff, Germany must—aside from any special matters of controversy—continue to give us, after the expiration of the present reciprocity arrangement, her "conventional" or most-favored-nation rates on the articles in which we are interested. This can be arranged for by diplomatic exchanges, but in order to become effective it must have the approval of the Reichstag. This circumstance, says the Frankfort paper, has been seized upon by the high-protection people and the Agrarians as furnishing an opportunity to raise a great cry by which they hope to offset the discredit into which they have fallen through their opposition to the measures for reforming the finances of the Empire. They have been carrying on a bitter agitation against making any concession whatever to America, not so much, according to this paper, because of their opposition to the concessions in themselves as for the sake of making political capital. One feature of this campaign, as shown by extracts given by the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, is the spreading of the view that the United States is determined to have her own way in everything; a most approved plan for bringing on a war—tariff or other—being, of course, for each side to represent the other as absolutely determined to fight.

When the Russian constitutional movement began, about five years ago, it was still the fashion to speak of Nicholas II as the well-meaning but helpless tool of a vicious system. The habit held out for a year or two, until Nicholas II began to make it quite apparent that he was the conscious and ill-meaning tool of a system which he showed no desire at all to render less vicious. The Czar's congratulatory telegrams to the organizers of massacre, his august favors to the reactionary and landlord faction in the Duma, his easy compliance in the new crusade against the liberties of Finland, all testify to his unspoken attachment to the principles of autocracy and reaction. Now we have another instance of Nicholas II's benevolent attitude towards the principles of justice and progress. Imperial clemency has just been extended to two members of the reactionary Union of the Russian People, recently sentenced to seven years imprisonment in the Finnish courts for complicity in the murder of Professor Herzenstein about three years ago. Herzenstein was a leading member of the first Russian Duma. His cold-blooded murder, known as a political crime from the first, shocked the civilized world. The men really responsible have escaped and it has taken years to bring the humbler criminals to justice. The Czar's pardon, like the pardons and commutations bestowed on the perpetrators of the dreadful Bialystok massacres, leaves no doubt as to where the Imperial heart inclines.

The magnitude of the problem involved in the State Department's scheme for neutralizing the Manchurian railways will be realized when we recall the circumstances attendant upon our epic struggle for a share in the now famous international railway loan to China. For more than a year we have been at it, fighting for the privilege of lending China some of our money, and every other nation's hand has been against us from the start. First it was England that raised difficulties, then it was the French bankers, then it was the German bankers, and so on. And at the present writing the great international muddle is still on. Behind the affair is simply our own desire to get a share of expected Chinese railway profits, and the other nations' desire to keep the profit for themselves. Now consider the situation in Manchuria. There Russia and Japan are solely and separately the owners of many miles of railway, paid for by both with hundreds of millions of dollars and hundreds of thousands of lives. Bound up with the Russian and Japanese railways are Russian and Japanese schemes of future profit-taking, of economic and industrial development in their respective zones, and, more than all, their far-reaching plans, hopes, and follies of territorial expansion and empire. Such considerations make it plain why Russia should have refused its consent to the plan and why Japan is sure to do it in the immediate future.

The final condemnation of the Japanese as unfit to associate with Americans has been a little slow in arriving, but it was bound to come, and now we have it from Honolulu. The former Governor of the Hawaiian Islands used to have a sneaking fondness for the Japanese, but at last he has found them out. Ex-Gov. Carter now declares that he has carefully observed their recent conduct, and discovered it to be outrageously un-American. They have had a great strike, attended by "a reign of terror," and by "violence and brutal force." Any child would know that such things cannot breathe in the air of America. The Japanese, moreover, have been "swayed by certain leaders beyond all reason." Will Americans tamely submit to having such an obnoxious Oriental habit—absolutely unknown here—brought among them? Mr. Carter concludes by affirming that "Roosevelt was right," about the Japanese. Certainly, as about everything else; but which time was he right—when he praised the Japanese to the skies, and said that they ought to be allowed to become naturalized in the United States, or when he asserted that they should be kept away from our shores?

THE PRESIDENT AND CONGRESS.

When Mr. Taft's nomination for the Presidency was virtually assured early in 1908, one of the judges of the Supreme Court privately expressed a fear of what might follow. His apprehension was lest the new President might try to import into his office something of the autocratic methods he had been able to employ as Governor-General of the Philippines. This feeling was not at all personal to Mr. Taft. No one could accuse him of being a conscious usurper of power. His respect for the law and the courts was not called in question, any more than his native and simple democracy. But it was feared that his having had a free hand in unchecked administration in the Philippines might insensibly affect his attitude as an American executive. There might be upon him a subtle tendency to make himself also a judge and legislator. So far this justice of the Supreme Court—who could hardly be blamed to-day if he were to point to current events as at least a partial justification of his former disquiet.

The Washington dispatches are full of explanations of President Taft's attitude towards the factions in his party, and of his desires and decisions respecting legislation. He has made it clear that he will not allow his Administration to be tied up with the fortunes of Speaker Cannon. The "insurgents" may go on fighting in the House as they find opening and inclination, and the President will not say them nay. Of that affair he washes his hands. But he is represented as very determined in his demand that Congress shall accept his recommendations in the matter of lawmaking. Only there will he draw the line of loyalty to the Administration. If Congressmen wish to enjoy what a newspaper correspondent has elegantly called "the fruits of regularity"—it would not do to speak of them as the rewards of subservience—they must go into caucus and agree to abide by the Administration's legislative policies. Of course, the President does not set himself up as the fount of all wisdom and the originator of the measures which he is desirous of seeing enacted into law. He describes himself merely as the agent of his party. It is to carry out the party platform that he proposes to enforce discipline. But right there comes in the frank implication that he shall finally judge what were the real pledges of the platform which are to be redeemed by all the power of party organization and by the use of patronage.

Now, if this be really the position taken by the President, we can only say that it is based upon mistaken theory and misconceived facts. There is no such function of a President in determining with authority what are and what are not the vital points of his party's platform. Everybody knows how those convention promises are put together. They are often the result of a struggle in committee; sometimes of intrigue; occasionally of inadvertence. Take the case of the plank in the last Republican platform favoring postal savings banks. No one can pretend that this represented the mature and final judgment of the party. It was put in, along with other sops to various urgent gentlemen, with no clear intention to bind the party to a scheme which had not been thoroughly discussed, and in which the people had neither arrived at a strong conviction nor even shown much interest. Who shall say that it does not deserve to be ranked, as a platform obligation, with the demand for one-cent postage which appeared in at least one Republican "declaration of principles," but which no President has felt it a duty to urge his party to grant? It is, indeed, impossible for Mr. Taft to make himself the judge of what the platform compels Congress to do. The platform was the resultant of divergent views and more or less free conference among a large body of men, and so must be whatever legislation shall result. The President is entitled to his own opinions about the matter. He may express them as openly and as forcibly as he pleases. He may urge them upon Congress with all the argument and persuasion at his command. But he cannot set himself up as the only infallible interpreter of a platform which really admits of various interpretations. And if he goes further and proposes to discipline those members of his party who conscientiously differ with him, he sets up a rule which was certainly never contemplated by the Constitution, which has not the sanction of party practice, and which will surely cause many more heart-burnings and quarrels than it can cure.

No President is under obligation to bestow favors upon those who discredit his Administration and try to make his work appear a failure. That is understood. But from that, it is a long jump to saying that everybody who differs with the President about legislation becomes, *ipso facto*, an enemy of the Administration. Such a dissident may be, in fact, its best friend by helping to save it from a blunder. Those who oppose and delay the Federal incorporation law, for example, may well be doing Taft a greater kindness than those who ask him to push it on and to make it a test of party regularity.

But even granting that President Taft had a sound theory of his relations to Congress, it would still have to be said that he was ignoring an essential fact. This is that a great change has been wrought within the past three years. Congress is in no mood to submit to Executive dictation. Even in Roosevelt's last year, it plucked up courage to defy him. His special messages went disregarded, when they were not unread, and his power to dragoon Congress into doing what he wanted completely disappeared. Now, can President Taft for a moment imagine that Congress will give back to him what it wrested from Roosevelt? Having despised the swords of the lion-hunter, will it now tremble before the putter of the golfer?

CONSERVATION TO THE FORE.

The matters relating to the conservation of natural resources which are brought to the attention of Congress by the President in his special message are of fundamental importance to the country's future. It is, therefore, most earnestly to be hoped that public opinion will be clearly directed toward the attainment of the ends in view, and not be diverted toward any personal or controversial aspects of the situation. From Congress the President desires legislation properly recognizing the interest of the nation in such resources as mineral supplies, forests, waterpower, which can still be safeguarded as part of the national domain. These objects were not in view when the existing statutes were enacted. He asks, therefore, in the first place that fuller authorization be in the future given to the Secretary of the Interior for the temporary withdrawal of lands from the operation of the general statutes, and that such withdrawals as have recently been made be validated by Congress. His next rec-

ommendation urges the systematic classification of lands according to their use, and the reservation to the government of control over the mineral resources to be found even on such lands as may have been disposed of as agricultural. There can be no question either of the rightfulness or of the importance of these recommendations, and their immediate adoption should be imperatively demanded by public opinion. The President's recommendation in regard to waterpower sites is not so simple, but the object in view is no less clearly pointed out by the public interest, and it should be effectively provided for by the present Congress.

The real purpose of Mr. Pinchot's counter manifesto is not quite clear. In view of the very great service that Mr. Pinchot has rendered, it is greatly to be regretted that he is so fond of methods which smack of the spectacular. Instead of a moral broadside whose publication seems to have been timed with the intention either of breaking the force or of diminishing the credit of the President's message, it would have been more to the purpose if he had stated his views of what the message actually recommends. On its face, the message seems to cover very fairly the ground that Mr. Pinchot refers to in his manifesto. It is not a sermon or a muck-raking magazine article; but its chance of gaining attention in Congress will not be lessened by that circumstance. Mr. Pinchot is in a position to speak with authority on almost every aspect of the conservation question, and it will be a pity if he wears out his welcome with the great body of the people by constant indulgence in spectacular appeals to sentiment. It is unnecessary for him to reiterate the loftiness of his motives; he has had credit for that, even by those who have most clearly recognized the necessity under which he placed President Taft to remove him. The less he says about these generalities henceforth, the more weight will be carried by any definite pronouncement from him as to specific matters of legislation or administration.

In addition to the question of conservation, the President discusses in his message the subject of the improvement of inland waterways. But he does not dispose of this question by laying down any sweeping dogma, or declaring that great waterways projects must be adopted out-of-hand, because there is a popular demand for them in the region affected. There must be an authoritative ascertainment of the cost, and a reasonable assurance that the resulting benefit wi'l be such as to justify the undertaking. These conditions the President regards as having been fulfilled in the project for introducing dams into the Ohio River from Pittsburgh to Cairo, so as to maintain at all seasons a depth of nine feet; while his approval of the like project in the case of the Mississippi is more tentative. This is a much better way of treating such a question than that of Mr. Pinchot, who not only comes out flat for "the construction of the deep waterway from the Great Lakes to the Gulf," but who talks of the urgency of this scheme in language that could be justified only if the possibility of carrying it out would end with the slightest delay. We want all of Mr. Pinchot's ardor, but we want it kept effective; and it cannot be kept so if it is made cheap by misapplication or over-exploitation.

MUNICIPALITIES AND WASTE.

Let a kind word be spoken for that old offender, the misgoverned American city. Unkind words have been used in plenty. They are the commonplaces, and largely the true commonplaces, of all writing about American institutions. Twenty years ago Mr. Bryce found that our municipal system was our one conspicuous failure. Smaller men than Mr. Bryce have gone further than Mr. Bryce in declaring that our municipalities typify the bankruptcy of democracy. With the Boston election only a matter of last week, with New York's narrow escape from Tammany still fresh in mind, with the shame of the cities mounting high once more in Philadelphia and San Francisco, it would take something more than courage to deny the old charge. But if not denial, there may be palliation. A plea in extenuation may be especially directed towards the ancient complaint that all would be well with us if our cities were conducted as a merchant or a manufacturer conducts his business. It is well to remember here that if business is what the Sugar Trust understands it to be, Mr. Dooley was right in congratulating us upon our unbusinesslike methods of city government.

It is not quite fair to show how unbusinesslike our municipal governments are in comparison with municipal governments in England and Germany, if at the same time we refrain from comparing methods prevalent in American business with those of England and Germany. Is it in government alone that we are lavish, wasteful, criminally obtuse to the possible needs of to-morrow? Or is municipal extravagance only the accentuated expression of our general shiftlessness? We are at the present moment in the throes of a great conservation movement. Like a wild rich young man the morning after, this wild rich young country wraps a towel about its head and sadly contemplates—waste. We ponder upon land-waste and sigh to think that we have been getting ten bushels out of an acre that should have yielded twenty. We ponder upon water-waste and confess that we have done little to build up river and canal transportation. We plead guilty to fire-waste and admit that there is nothing to be proud of in letting millions of dollars of wealth go up in smoke every year where the other nations lose hundreds of dollars, or thousands at most. We plead guilty to timber-waste and coal-waste. We go further still and admit our blood guiltiness of life-waste, yearly killing and maiming men by the tens of thousands on our railways and in our mines and mills.

Therefore, when the critic of American institutions asserts that municipal extravagance proves American democracy a failure, he quite overstates things. It is not our democracy that is so much at fault, as our Americanism. If our business men—farmer, manufacturer, railway man, merchant—cannot go about their work without enormous waste, as judged by European standards, what reason is there to expect that our municipalities should be run as thriftily as Hamburg or Manchester? The fair test would be to compare municipal economy with individual economy in Europe, and municipal economy with individual economy in this country. Graft is not peculiar to democracies. Russian government contractors can hold their own against all comers. And in Germany and England, too, there is little doubt that it is more costly to govern cities than to run factories. That our own municipal standard of efficiency falls short of our business standard, it

would be idle to deny. Wasteful as our business men are, our city rulers are still more wasteful. Corrupt as some of our corporations are, many of our municipalities are equally corrupt. But always it should be remembered that, in fairness to ourselves, civic misrule must be judged not by foreign standards, but by our own general standard of carefulness and economy.

This is not a plea in favor of Mr. Charles F. Murphy of New York and Senator McNichol of Philadelphia. It is merely an attempt to show cause why America's urban citizens should not despair of the cities they live in. The forces for civic betterment that have done so much good work among us and seen so much of it undone, must be assured that their fight is not fruitless. And one way of keeping up heart is to be aware that we are not as black as in our discouragement we are tempted to paint ourselves. When we are not so preposterously rich as we have been up to the present, we may come to bear down more sharply on waste and graft. When we stop hewing down our forests in a fury of immediate profit-taking, when we stop burning up our factories and warehouses, when we give up cultivating our fields with a lick and a promise, we may learn, too, how to rule our cities moderately well. Enormous waste is not indigenous to democracy.

THE ENGLISH ELECTIONS.

The results of pollings so far in England make certain the return of the Liberal party to power. The Liberals and Labor members will probably have a fair working majority, even over the combined vote of Conservatives and Nationalists. On the other hand, the Conservatives have made enough gain over their phenomenal showing of weakness four years ago to give warning that the victorious party must make sober use of its opportunity. With this result most well-wishers of England will, we believe, feel that they have good reason to be satisfied. What gave this Parliamentary contest its exceptional interest, in the outside world as well as in Britain, was the feeling that the situation had in it the seeds of something like revolution; but nothing like revolution, it may now safely be said, is to come.

Although the great new issue was precipitated by the challenge of the Lords and the aggressive acceptance of that challenge by the Liberal Government, there is no reason to believe that any extreme form of treatment will be applied either to the composition of the House of Lords or to the extent of its prerogatives. Its pretension to the right to reject a finance bill has already been effectively disposed of by the popular verdict: effectively, because it had against it from the beginning every serious authority, past and present, without distinction of party. In appealing to the people to support that pretension, the Lords not only challenged the House of Commons, but sought to overthrow a thoroughly established part of what, for want of a better term, is called the British Constitution. A negative answer to such an appeal is final. When so great a legal authority —and a Conservative, too—as Sir Frederick Pollock treats with absolute contempt the contention of his own party that the Lords had a "legal" right to their action; when he cites the unanswerable precedent of Lord Salisbury under circumstances offering far more justification for the assertion of the Lords' right of veto, and winds up his statement by expressing the hope that the average voter, while he understands little about legal arguments, will show the Lords that he "does understand what is meant by people minding their own business"—when this kind of talk represents the view of men of weight and authority, it is plain that no thought will be entertained of appeal from the people's verdict. Nor is it too much to expect from the instinctive good sense of Englishmen that the victors will refrain from pushing to extremes the advantage of such a victory, and thus endangering its substantial results.

If the Opposition had won, there would have been much more ground for the apprehension of something like a revolutionary change in the British political system. In the first place, the defeat of the Budget through the action of the House of Lords would, under the circumstances, have been calculated to give a most powerful impetus to the agitation for radical change, both Constitutional and economic. For, after all, the central motive in the rejection of the Budget was to be found in its bearing on the personal pecuniary interests of the peers themselves. It was the taxes on land and wealth—their own land and wealth, particularly—that they regarded as an innovation so dangerous as to justify their attempt to revive a dead prerogative. Had their appeal been successful at the moment, is it to be supposed that the agitation for more equitable taxation would have ceased? On the contrary, it would have gained new momentum from the association of that issue with the claim of the House of Lords to block any measure of taxation that trenched upon their own pecuniary immunities; and something far more radical than what is now to be expected would have been the almost certain outcome.

But while the issue was made ostensibly on the Budget and on the Lords' right of veto, the campaign of the Conservatives was fought chiefly on the issue of protection; and their victory on this issue would have portended a change in English politics which may well be regarded as even more serious in its political consequences—not to speak of the economic results—than that which we have been considering. A protectionist England we have had in the past; but a protectionist democratic England the world has not yet seen. To combine democratic government with the maintenance of a vast Empire is a task of tremendous difficulty, with which England has been accustomed to grapple; but she has thus far been exempt from the influence which the struggle for protectionist favors exercises over the politics of every country in which it has place. In her internal government, it would bring into Parliament those malign forces which it has brought into the legislature of every protectionist country; and while Mr. Chamberlain's most plausible argument in its favor has always been that it would make possible a closer union between the mother country and the colonies, there is at least as much reason for fearing that it would operate as an agency of discord and dissension. Thus far, the ties of sentiment and consanguinity have proved adequate for the maintenance of union and loyalty; but once begin to measure the mother country's claims to her children's affection by the amount of tax she is willing to put on foreign imports, and who shall guarantee that the bargaining and

bickering will not produce discontent and perilous estrangement?

Taken in itself, the free-trade victory is matter for hearty rejoicing. In the face of the most doleful stories of widespread unemployment, and with every possible use of the standard protectionist arguments, the attempt to overthrow the system under which England has grown and flourished for more than half a century has once again broken down. The result is all the more notable because the underlying idea of the protectionist propaganda—that what is a gain to the foreigner must be a loss to yourself—might have been expected to derive a great accession of force from the present condition of British feeling toward Germany. It was hoped by the protectionists to make a serious inroad into the free-trade ranks even in Manchester, but their efforts have met with no success. It is not the last time the battle will have to be fought; but the hands of the free-traders have been so strengthened that, unless times should be much worse than is now expected in the next few years, a long respite from serious attack upon the right of Englishmen to buy where they please may be expected. To preserve that right inviolate is felt by many Englishmen to be a duty that has almost the force of a religious obligation; and it is to the able, fearless, and uncompromising assertion of this principle in the face of every form of attack, that its maintenance through all these years must in a very great measure be ascribed.

A MAGAZINE'S JUBILEE.

With its last issue for 1909, the *Cornhill Magazine* completed a half-century of existence. To most Americans, the *Cornhill* means Thackeray; and to come upon its jubilee number in the flesh is apt to give a thrill not unlike what one may have in London on suddenly being confronted with a living Russell Square, after having thought of it all one's life as peopled only by the creatures of Thackeray's mind. It seems strange to find that, in addition to the reality of the Sedleys and the Osbornes and Becky Sharp (surely a deeper reality than almost anything in one's actual experience of mankind), the ordinary reality of every-day also belongs to Russell Square; and so, for the true Thackeray lover, if he happen also to have a proper amount of ignorance of English periodical literature, it will seem strange to find that there is something else about the *Cornhill* than its great tradition of having had Thackeray for its first editor.

What these other things are, it is pleasant to read in the jubilee number of the present month. As in the case of our own *Atlantic*, whose half-century was completed in 1907, the editor and the publisher take a justified satisfaction in the thought that they have maintained the standard set in the beginning, and are serving as nearly as possible the same ends. "There is still," says the editor, "the Thackeray touch; still the *Cornhill* note"—by which, of course, is not meant the touch of Thackeray the master of fiction, but of Thackeray the editor; and in glancing over the past, he can point not only to Thackeray's latest books, but also to "the last pages of Charlotte Bronte, the first appearances of many a poem by Tennyson, Robert Browning, Mrs. Browning, Meredith, and Swinburne, and of many a collected volume by Matthew Arnold, by John Addington Symonds, by Leslie Stephen, by Robert Louis Stevenson," which first saw the light in the *Cornhill*. For a dozen years, Leslie Stephen was the editor. Thackeray himself retained the editorship only a little more than two years; the pangs which his sensitive nature endured, especially in connection with the rejection of manuscripts, were too much to permit a further continuance of editorial duties. Nor were these rejections always due to lack of merit in the contributions; it is almost startling to be told that the publication of Ruskin's "Unto This Last" was discontinued in deference to a storm of indignant protest called out by this attack upon economic "orthodoxy." And more is suggested of the past in this retrospect of the magazine's history than is conveyed by mention of the notable productions that appeared in it. Thus we are reminded that when Macaulay died in his library, the first number of the *Cornhill* was on the table beside him, open at the first page of Thackeray's "Lovel the Widower"; and an anecdote of Leigh Hunt is told, which reads exactly like a Skimpole page out of "Bleak House."

But after all is said and done, it is the fact that Thackeray was its first editor which gives to the appearance of this jubilee number its great interest for others than habitual readers of the magazine. The opening article by Thackeray's daughter, Lady Ritchie, brings home to us his genial and kindly and manly figure; and we enjoy the story of George Smith, the publisher's, happy thought of establishing a magazine whose mainstay should be a serial novel by Thackeray, and of the delightfully complete success that followed. Elsewhere the present editor argues successfully that—methodical Trollope to the contrary notwithstanding—a man of Thackeray's quality might be a most effective editor, from the strictly practical standpoint, even if he did sometimes mislay a manuscript or put off till to-morrow what he certainly ought to have done to-day. And in still another place we have a facsimile of proofs corrected by Thackeray which may give to a mere editorial worker the comfort of a fellow-feeling. There he will find, in Thackeray's characteristic handwriting, not only many a little change—and he will note that, without exception, it is a change for the better—but a totting up of figures which shows that Thackeray was looking closely to the number of lines he had saved, to see that they amounted to a clear page in the aggregate. A little thing like this gives a touch of reality that extended narrative might fail to convey.

When our children and grandchildren, half a century hence, shall be looking back to the present time, will they have anything to match the recollections that gather round the days of Thackeray and Dickens? It may be thought that such a question springs from the fond illusion of the *laudator temporis acti*. But it is not so. There are many things as wonderful in our times, perhaps there are some things far more memorable or more important; but there is nothing to match the delights or the enthusiasms created by the literature of those days. And the proof of it is in the actual experience of men who are not only still living, but still in the full vigor of life. They remember what it meant when a new novel came from the pen of Thackeray or Dickens or George Eliot; does anybody feel a thrill of excitement at the announcement of a novel by Mrs. Humphry Ward or H. G. Wells? And there

is still another test. What character in any novel written since the "mid-Victorian" days has become a household word? Who is the Becky Sharp, or the Sam Weller, or the Pecksniff, or the Colonel Newcome, of the last three decades? Whatever the reason, nobody has struck the chord that vibrates in men's hearts and minds as did the great ones of those days. And perhaps one reason for the change lies in a characteristic of our times that certainly is dominant in other fields and that may have its reflection in literature. Different as possible in all other respects, the great masters of English fiction in the flowering-time of the Victorian age had in common a broad and deep humanity. Their thoughts were not centred on particular problems, either of psychical analysis or of moral or social reform. Particular abuses were, indeed, made the subject-matter of many of Dickens's novels, and Thackeray has been charged with insularity by critics who have not had the faculty to see that the microcosm of English society was for him but a representation of all human nature; but, whatever the medium they employed, the thing with which they really worked was the fundamental passions and longings and weaknesses and affections of mankind.

WHAT TO EAT.

It is exasperating to the normally healthy man to be informed by some self-constituted authority what diet he must adopt. Yet such authorities and such diets confront one at every turn. This form of gastronomic introspection is peculiarly American; while the Frenchman eats his half-chicken with much the same sauce as did Montaigne and the Englishman untiringly orders beef and puddings, the American must experiment with predigested wheat or raw celery and nuts. Then the novice gives up everything, in order to devote himself to spreading the new-found gospel of longevity.

The arguments advanced by enthusiasts in favor of their diets are often interesting, even when absurd. Predigestion is advocated on a pre-supposition, to wit, that the human stomach is no longer capable of performing its proper function—so degenerates the body where the spirit grows. Propagandists of raw food rest their case on man's descent: our simian ancestors could procure only raw foods, hence it must be the best form of nourishment for the human anthropoid. But why draw the line short of snakes and lizards, the true delicacies of the simian age? All these food conceits spring from two causes: first, a disordered digestion, without which no one ever experiments with foods—on himself; secondly, a little knowledge, worse than ignorance, of human physiology and anthropology.

In the homo-simian period evolving man lived on raw vegetables; as his increasing intelligence made the capture of animals less difficult, his diet became more and more carnivorous, and he gradually discarded acrid roots and seeds from his bill of fare. It was not, however, until he learned the art of hunting and fishing and setting traps that meat assumed more importance than vegetables. During the ages that mark the transformation in human nourishment, the digestive functions also underwent adaptive changes. With the decrease in the use of raw vegetable matter, for example, the power to digest uncooked starch was lost, because it was no longer essential; and doubtless many other functions were modified to meet food environment.

The use of fire marked the final period in the evolution of the human dietary. Cooking not only rendered meats savory, but unlocked vast supplies of heretofore unavailable materials. Roots and seeds too hard even for strong teeth were rendered soft and palatable; and so, in time, it dawned upon the lord of creation that it was less laborious to make his women cultivate the soil and grow these edible roots than it was to hunt and trap. After the discovery of cookery, vegetables slowly superseded meat again, just as previous to that time the painful ascent through the anthropoid and homo-simian period is notable for a gradually increasing animal diet, which reached its height in the hunting stage when man was chiefly carnivorous.

It appears, then, that we cannot arrive at a rational conception of perfect aliments by reasoning from what our forebears ate. Through the ages there has been a wonderful accommodation by man to his food supply, and this is perhaps not the smallest factor in his successful competition with other animals. This adaptability of the human digestion is not sufficiently taken into account. A common error is to regard the human diet as definite with an ideal suitable for every one, any deviation from which is either morbid or sinful. On the contrary, it is an individual affair; as there are various types of intellect, so there are different types of digestive function. One may thrive on uncooked food. Another feels himself best when he eats no meat. If the chosen food suits the demands of his individual being, it is for him the ideal. And notwithstanding a stupendous amount of scientific research on the subject, we have no completely satisfactory way of estimating what an individual's nutritive demands really are.

There is no food that is particularly adapted to repair worn-out brain cells or increase brawn. Sausage and black bread have furnished the nutriment for thinkers as stalwart as any that ever broke their fast on cereals and fruit. This suffices to disprove Savarin's "Dis-moi ce que tu manges, je te dis ce que tu es." There are, aside from salts and water, only three nutrient elements—proteins, fats, and carbohydrates—and these in different proportions occur in all foodstuffs, whether they be of animal or vegetable origin. So far as science knows to-day, there is not a special food for the man who exercises his wits and another for him who uses his muscles; at most it is a question of quantity—the brain-worker needs less. The whole sum and substance of diet for the healthy man is "know thyself" and be temperate. Every man over thirty not a fool understands what foods agree with him; this is individual and obeys no law but idiosyncrasy. The common sin is to refuse to cease eating when one has had enough.

The worst thing about fads when they encroach upon the festive board is that they kill all festivity and change what should be a pleasant occasion into something of almost funereal solemnity. The habit of introspection so engendered is at the base of many a deranged digestion. The normal man does not ponder the advisability of partaking of some toothsome dish unless it recalls unpleasant memories of a past experience. And who has not suffered at table, tormented with hunger and eager for the tardy roast which is delayed that his neighbor may have leisure to masticate and thoroughly insalivate his soup? Beneath our napkin our thumbs deride while

we endeavor to see the funny side of life, and we say with wise Montaigne, "I hate those remedies that importune more than sickness."

NEW FRENCH FICTION.

PARIS, January 6.

"La Croisée des chemins" (Plon), the new novel by Henry Bordeaux (who is not yet forty), sets him still further on in the straight way to the Academy. It is well written and composed; the story is dignified and attractive, and the descriptions, while frequent and pleasant, take no undue place; and the moral of the book transpires from the events without any preaching pages. It is the exact contrary of the French novel in the foreign sense. Aside from its literary *tenue*, it is as Christian as are the stories of René Bazin; it is redolent of the old French worship of the family as the essential unit of society, far more truly than the works of converted Paul Bourget; and in the one fatherland of France, it excites to the love of the home province most, as does Maurice Barrès.

All this is to note the illuminating growth of yet another conservative power in the newer French literature. It is a phenomenon worth noting, this revival in a people's head and heart of all that Revolution and Romanticism, Naturalism, and the uprootings of Paris centralization, of fashion and politics and irreligion, were supposed to have quenched finally in French life. Naturally, critics complain that Henry Bordeaux is a Puritan in his reverences and a bourgeois in his attitude toward respectable people with homestead and property. Even critics admire the human movement in his stories and their thrill of feeling, which is most often a pathos for men rather than a stirring of women to tears.

Fifteen years ago, his hero, Pascal Rouvray, was a rapidly rising young doctor of the Latin Quarter, where the unending advantages of Paris (faculty and schools and hospitals and—publicity) work together for medical celebrity. The death of his father, a Lyons doctor, discloses to the young man one of those family secrets that touch to the quick that traditional French life in which all the members of a family stand together in defending the honor of each. To Englishmen and Americans who think Frenchmen have no homes (while Frenchmen think we have no families) this tragic obligation of the grandfather's debts, which the father's labor of a lifetime had not sufficed to clear away, comes strangely to break the young man's career and his love. For the ambitious modern girl, Laurence Avenière, who willingly betrothed herself to a coming man of Paris, will never bury herself with him in the provincial city. Yet there alone he can do his duty to his family name; to his mother who, French-fashion, has offered the sacrifice of her *dot*—her own and only fortune—for the payment of the debts of the family into which she married; and to younger children who would be left straitened and without their own opportunity in life, if he should selfishly pursue his Paris career. He suffers, but he gives up science and love for family and takes up his father's practice in Lyons.

Thirteen years pass and the work which duty imposed is done. Pascal is free to return to Paris and take the place in the central Faculty which his talent and attainments warrant. He finds Laurence married to an *arriviste*, who, from the start, broke with family and provincial ties to enter politics, and has become a Minister of the Republic. With all her ambitions filled, she has no peace until she has brought to her feet again, from his own wife and children, her old lover. She has never forgiven him for preferring the honor of his family to worldly honor with her. She has no longer a heart. The scene is striking where she derides him and tastes her revenge. Contrite from this final, belated lesson (which should have been needless), Pascal returns homeward, never more to waver in that family faith to which he has sacrificed so much and which is so high above all fleeting passion. Note that in each of the three really great novels which Henry Bordeaux has given to the world, a woman who has been unwilling to sacrifice to duty is sacrificed in the end to family, which holds or conquers the man. This is another upset to English prejudices of French life.

"Aimer quand même" (Plon) is a harmless love story—also of a doctor, who *quand même* is faithful and clears his betrothed of a charge of murder! It is from the lady who signs herself Jean de la Brète, a signature which scarcely enters into literature, but which secures a heavy sale for her books. They are well and pleasantly written and reflect faithfully the literary ideals of middle-class people like the greater number of us; and they can be read in families. "Les Naufrages du 'Jonathan'" (Hetzel—two volumes), is a posthumous *voyage extraordinaire* by Jules Verne. During his whole lifetime, this most popular of authors worked in virtue of a contract made with his publisher at the beginning of his career, binding him to so many volumes a year. He was in advance of his work, which explains this continued output after death.

"La Mère Patrie" (Lemerre), by Maurice Montégut, is a more than usually interesting sample of this author's work, which is very well known in France. Here he crosses not only the frontiers, but the Atlantic Ocean. In Canada, members of the hostile races, French and German, meet and make "un tumulte de peuples." Such books, in which the story is more important than the literature, are beginning to find an English-reading public. As the publisher sagely observes, "they reject the sub-romantic which makes our contemporary literature so anæmic." "Totia" (Messagerie des Journaux), by Jean Box, is a "colonial romance" of unusual background—a French colonizer's romantic adventures along the Black River far back in Tonkin.

"L'Amie lointaine" (Plon), by Raymond Casal, is another novel likely to upset the average English idea of French high life. The hero is as great a sportsman as he is distinguished in all the walks of life. On Scotch moors, in Albania and the Pamir, he shows his prowess—and this is not improbable, for all mighty hunters know such deeds of Empress Eugénie's nephew in more varied and distant regions. The book is full of the charm of healthy nerve and muscle, in spite of its dazzling people of quality.

"Roman pour ma fiancée" (Calmann-Lévy), by Henri de Noussanne, is a thrilling Nationalist plea that Frenchmen should marry French and not foreign women, but with cosmopolitan chapter-headings from Sterne and Theocritus, Goethe and Montaigne. English Josy does not marry the handsome French officer, when she finds she would be but an apple of discord in the closed circle of his military family. There is emotion, and, strange for such a book, real and plentiful humor scattered through the pages.

With Camille Lemonnier's "La Maison qui dort" (Fasquelle), we have Belgian robustness and much idyllic grace, careless of worldly distinction. Of the other two stories of the volume—"Au beau pays de Flandre" and "Un Mari"—the last leaves a certain Flemish Rabelaisian taste in the mouth, rather than that odor of the human beast which has infected, off and on, this writer's work, since, at the age of fifty, he was seduced by Zola's worst methods. He is now past seventy; and his literary production of forty years is, in many ways, the strongest in Belgian fiction, and very high in French.

"Afrancesada" (Fasquelle), by Tancrède Martel, a younger writer of historical romances, leads off like the best stories with which G. P. R. James held breathless some of us when we too were young. Only the Frenchman's story is swifter, more explosive, among Napoleon's dragoons in Spain; never was a heroine of war more hawk-like in danger, more dove-like in fast faith and sheer self-sacrifice of love; and all the heroes are much more than six feet tall. The historical part of the book has been worked enough to allow the author to dedicate it to Frédéric Masson, who knows all about Napoleon and his men.

This writer is already worthy of note, and, doubtless, to be heard of later.

"It was in the year 1107 or 1106. A young provincial was entering Paris by one of the two bridges which led into the city. He was called Pierre Abélard or Abeilard, as they spelled it then. Those of his time bear witness that he was tall of stature and handsome of feature beyond the common." Thus opens "La Passion d'Héloïse et d'Abélard" (Ollendorff), by Madame Jean Bertheroy, which is printed with Gothic tracery round each page. Since her "Cléopâtre," in 1892, this learned and eloquent lady has roamed far and wide through the ages in her historical romances. She has had the honors of the *Revue des Deux Mondes;* thrice she has been crowned by the Academy; and it is evident that her books are much read in France. For other than French readers, she has been happy in the choice of her new subject. It was not all humor that made Mark Twain hunt for the "tomb" in Père Lachaise; cool Emerson knew that "all mankind love a lover." And here there are two of them (which is not always the case): frenzied in passion, sublime in resignation, with the faith and philosophy of the twelfth century and its local stained-glass color. Perhaps the book will be chiefly welcome because it makes a praiseworthy effort at accuracy in narration and description, something which the literary remains of the romantic pair and all that has become known about them and their age in recent research have made possible. The book will not attenuate the stream of pilgrimage to the Paris cemetery.

S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Some notes about the various contemporary editions of Pope's "Essay on Man," compiled from Marshall C. Lefferts's books, were printed in the *Nation* for September 14, 1909. Mr. Lefferts's collection of editions of "The Dunciad" is equally notable. He has been able to acquire several editions not described by either of the two writers on the bibliography of "The Dunciad," W. J. Thoms and Col. Francis Grant. The following is a list, with points of identification, of the earlier editions:

(1.) The first edition was published on May 28, 1728, with imprint "Dublin, Printed, London, Reprinted for A. Dodd, 1728." Notwithstanding the statement by Pope in his Preface of 1736, regarding "the first five imperfect editions of the Dunciad, printed at Dublin and London in octavo and duod. in 1727," and the statement in the imprint that it was "Dublin, printed, London, reprinted," this is certainly the first edition. It may be distinguished by the misprint in the first line of the text, "Book and the man I sing," instead of "Books and the man I sing." Evidently, a few copies only were printed and privately circulated. It is one of the rarest of eighteenth century books. There are at least three copies in America: the Lefferts, the Grant copy, which brought £75 in May, 1900, and is now in the Hoe library, and the Locker-Lampson copy, which belongs to Dr. James B. Clemens.

(2.) The second edition, or, perhaps more accurately, the second issue, as it was printed from the same types, was issued almost immediately. It is distinguished by the correction of the misprint in line 1, which now reads, "Books and the man I sing." In the note respecting John Heywood on page 5, "Interludes" is altered to "Enterludes." Whereas the first edition is printed in fours on half-sheets (being thus an octavo), this edition is printed in sixes on half-sheets (making it a 12mo). On the verso of the last leaf an advertisement of "The Progress of Dulness" has been added. Mr. Hoe obtained the Grant copy, which brought £50 in 1900, and Mr. Chew owns a copy. Mr. Lefferts has never been able to acquire one.

(3.) The next edition is a very curious book, unknown to either Thoms or Grant. Mr. Lefferts is of the opinion that it was an unauthorized edition, printed, probably, by the pirate, Edward Curll. As it has been asserted by some that this is actually the first edition, we may describe it more fully and point out the variations between it and the earlier issues. The imprint is the same, but the title vignette is a small square type-metal ornament, made up of two pieces, instead of a basket of flowers, as in the two earlier issues. The text of the poem throughout is page for page with the earlier issues, but the preface is differently spaced, page viii containing twenty-two lines instead of fifteen. While the type used is similar, the ornaments are different, and from the very profuse and often incorrect use of capital letters it seems probable that it was set up at a different printing office. The frontispiece of an owl on a pile of books is a different engraving, but copied from the one used in the original edition. The last page contains an advertisement of "The Progress of Dulness." As this advertisement appears elsewhere only in the second edition, this was probably printed from a copy of our No. 2. In the first edition of the "Key to the Dunciad," advertised on May 29, 1728, as published by Curll, there is a correction, referring to line 76 of the poem. "For Glad chains—read—Gold chains." Now "Glad chains" is correct, although "Gold chains" appears in this edition and this edition only. In the quarto edition of 1729 Pope referred to this error, as follows:

> The ignorance of these moderns! This was altered in one edition to gold chains, showing more regard to the metal of which the chain of Alderman are made than to the beauty of the Latinism and Greecism, nay, of figurative speech itself.—*Lactas segetes*, glad, for making glad, etc.

(4.) The fourth edition of "The Dunciad" is distinguished by having on the title-page the words "The Second Edition." The printer probably considered Nos. 1 and 2 as identical, and, if he knew of No. 3, ignored it as unauthorized. In line 159 (p. 23) "Spirits" has been corrected to "Spirts."

(5.) The fifth edition, the earlier form of two bearing the words "The Third Edition" on the title, has also been unknown to previous bibliographers. Except for different tailpieces, Books i and ii agree with No. 4, being without the changes and corrections found in the next. Book iii agrees exactly, apparently, with No. 6.

(6.) The second of the two forms with "The Third Edition" on the title-page. In this variety some names are given in full which had previously been indicated by initials or by asterisks or dashes. For example, Book ii, line 310, "Sh—" becomes "Shadwell"; line 353, "T—d" becomes "Toland"; line 364, "C—re" becomes "Centlivre," etc.

(7.) All the preceding editions have the same imprint: "Dublin, Printed; London, Reprinted by A. Dodd. 1728." This edition seems to be the first actually printed in Dublin. The imprint reads, "London: Printed, and Dublin Reprinted by and for G. Faulkner, J. Hoey, J. Leathley, E. Hamilton, P. Crampton, and T. Benson, MDCCXXVIII." As the word "Spirts" is correctly printed, it almost certainly followed No. 4, and was probably printed from a copy of that edition, neither No. 5 nor No. 6 having reached Dublin at the time.

(8.) This edition is a quarto, and has a new title, "The Dunciad, Variorum. With the Prolegomena of Scriblerus. London. Printed for A. Dod. 1729." It was the first in which Pope publicly acknowledged the authorship of the poem, and, as it contains much new matter, it is called the first complete edition. It is one of the commonest of all the old editions.

(9.) The first octavo variorum edition. The bookseller's name in the imprint is "Dob" instead of "Dod," but the title otherwise is word for word with No. 8. The vignette on the title, an ass with a backload of books, has been reëngraved and the edition may be considered unauthorized.

(10.) The second Dublin edition "From the New Quarto Edition done at London," with imprint: "London: Printed, and Dublin Reprinted by and for James Hoey, and George Faulkner, MDCCXXIX."

(11.) Another Dublin edition, with imprint: "London: Printed and Reprinted, for the Booksellers in Dublin, MDCCXXIX."

(12.) The earliest edition with Gilliver's name in the imprint, which reads: "London: Printed for Lawton Gilliver at Homer's Head, against St. Dunstan's Church, Fleetstreet, 1729."

(13.) With the same imprint as the preceding, but with the words "The Second Edition, with some Additional Notes." Mr. Lefferts has two copies, one with the genuine, the other with the reprinted leaf P3. All copies which he has examined contain reprinted leaves, inserted on stubs, for D3 and E2.

The above thirteen editions were all printed in 1728 and 1729.

The next edition seems to be the one included in Pope's "Works," Vol. II, a folio, with imprint: "London: Printed by J. Wright for Lawton Gilliver . . . 1735." Mr. Lefferts has identified no less than nineteen other editions and variations printed before the appearance of Warburton's edition of Pope's works in 1751. Space permits only a note of the first edition of the Fourth Book: "The New Dunciad: As it was Found In the Year 1741," London, printed for T. Cooper, 1742; and the first complete edition "The Works of Alexander Pope," Vol. III, part i and Part ii, 1742. In this and later editions Colley Cibber was enthroned as king in the place of Theobald. A comparison of the text of several editions shows various changes, substitution of names, etc., made by Pope

to further his various literary quarrels, or for other reasons.

The auction sales of the coming week are none of them important. In Philadelphia, Stan. V. Henkels sells, January 28 and 29, American history and bibliography of Dr. Thomas L. Bradford, including several rare loyalist tracts printed in New York by Rivington in 1774, Confederate imprints, a large number of sale catalogues of libraries, etc.

In New York, the Anderson Auction Company, on the afternoon and evening of January 24, sells a collection which includes, among other rarities, a copy of the "Trial of Daniel Disney," Quebec, 1767, of which only one other copy can be traced.

On January 25 and 26 the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company offers the library of Frederic B. Savage of Newburgh, N. Y., and on January 27 a large collection of natural history and sporting books.

Correspondence.

THE FUNDAMENTAL FALLACY IN MR. BOOTH'S BACONIAN ACROSTICS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Last spring Mr. W. S. Booth attempted to shatter forever the delusion of three centuries that Shakespeare wrote his own works. In a learned and ponderous volume he maintains that Bacon's name appears repeatedly in acrostic signatures in the First Folio edition of Shakespeare's plays: *ergo*, Bacon wrote the plays. Those acrostic signatures represent what their discoverer calls a "string cipher." In reading them you start from an initial F standing in a prominent position, and read along the lines to the first initial R. This you mark. Then, still reading along the lines to the right and left alternately, you mark the first initial A you meet, then the first initial N, etc., until the initials marked by you spell FRANCIS BACON. If the final N comes out in an inconspicuous place, the cipher is worthless; but if the final N, like the first F, falls in some specially significant position the acrostic is said to be "keyed" by this fact, and is accepted by Mr. Booth as an intentional signature of Bacon.

Now, unquestionably the arrangements of letters which Mr. Booth calls acrostics do exist; but the whole question is, Are these intentional signatures or merely accidental combinations? This is a problem, not of literary taste, but of mathematical demonstration; and as such I propose to consider it.

If you start from any initial F, in Shakespeare or any other author, you will, by going far enough, be able to find in succession all the initials for Francis Bacon's name. They will stand out among the other initials (which you skipped) something like this: FiuRcAtNConmISwyaBAnmrCsOtN. In other words we can lay this down as a fundamental fact, that every initial F in Shakespeare begins a spelling of Bacon's name which differs from Mr. Booth's acrostic signatures in nothing except that it is "unkeyed"; that is, that it begins and ends anywhere in the middle of the text instead of in salient positions. Such a combination of words as that represented by the above row of initials we will call an "unkeyed cipher"; and by studying these unkeyed ciphers we can determine their relation to the keyed ones of Mr. Booth.

I found by examining hundreds of these unkeyed ciphers that they occur, not only with great frequency, but also with great regularity. I found in the second place that the average length of these unkeyed ciphers was just about the same as the average length of the corresponding keyed ones in Booth. This looks suspicious, for we should naturally expect intentional acrostics to be much shorter than accidental ones.

Now, keeping this in mind, let us see how far chance might be depended on to produce such a number of keyed acrostics as Mr. Booth found. Ignoring for the sake of convenience such signatures as BACON and BACONO, let us consider all signatures which begin with an F. The first thing needed to make a keyed acrostic possible is a solid block of verse or prose with an F in a prominent position; for example, as initial of a word at one corner of the block. I found that according to Mr. Booth's own methods there were about 600 such blocks in the First Folio.

Now, let us look at any one of these blocks. It already has a prominent F from which to start; and this F must be the beginning of either a keyed or an unkeyed cipher. But a moment's reflection shows us that it is the beginning, not of one unkeyed cipher, but of a multitude of them. In the first place, it begins eight different unkeyed ciphers, according to the eight different spellings of Bacon's name used by Mr. Booth: F. BACON; FRA. BACON; FRAN. BACON; FRANCIS BACON; FRAUNCIS BACON; FFRAUNCIS BACON; FRANCISCO BACONO; FRANCISC-O-NOCAB. Then, also, we have the compound signatures, two forms of the name meeting in the middle of a block or following each other to reach across it. Each of these must be regarded as a distinct form; for the parts, if taken separately, would cease to be keyed. There are at least six of these compound acrostics: FRAUNCIS BACO-N-OCAB; FRANCISC-O-CSICNARF; FRANCISCO BACON-O-NOCAB OCSICNARF; FRANCISCO BACON-O-NOCAB; FRANCIS BACO-N-OCAB SICNARF; FRANCISC-O-NOCA-B-ACONO. Hence our first F has already become the starting point of fourteen unkeyed ciphers.

But further, each one of these fourteen can be read in six different ways: on initials; on terminals (*i. e.*, both the first and last letters of words); on all letters of words; on outside letters around the margin; on initials of outside words around the margin; on capitals. (See Booth, page 36.) Hence we now have six times fourteen, or eighty-four, ciphers. And, lastly, each of these can be read in two directions, starting toward the right or starting toward the left. Consequently, there are no fewer than 168 unkeyed ciphers dangling like the arms of a cuttlefish from our one F in the corner. Moreover, we can make all of these end somewhere in the block; for Mr. Booth will read to the end of the passage and then backward, and hence we also can.

The next question, and a very important one, to which the preceding paragraph is simply preliminary—is this: How many words in this block represent the end of ciphers read from the F in the corner and terminating on one of the letters of the word? There would not be 168 of these, for frequently two or more ciphers will end on the same word. Nevertheless, the number will be large; for most of the ciphers are of different lengths, reaching all over the page; and they do not all end on the same letters. Turning to modern authors, I picked out a large number of pages or paragraphs which had an F in one corner, and laboriously worked out the different unkeyed acrostics. I found that for blocks of less than 350 words the total number of "end words" (words on which ciphers actually did end) ranged from one-eighth to one-sixth of the total number in the block. Hence we must be safe in assuming that at least one-tenth of the words in any representative block will be words on which unkeyed ciphers (if started from the corner F) will end.

Now, all that is necessary to produce a keyed acrostic is to have one of these "end words" occur in a significant position, thereby keying the cipher of which it represents the terminal. The possible significant places are five in number, one at each of the three remaining corners of the block, one on the word next to the F-word in the same line, and one directly under it on the line below. What are the chances that one of these "end words" will be found in one of these five positions and give us a keyed acrostic?

Suppose that we have an F-block containing some 200 words. We have not examined it; but since in every block the number of "end words" appears to be at least one-tenth of the whole number, we feel sure that somewhere in that block there are twenty words or more terminating unkeyed ciphers. Each of these has 200 possible positions, for there are 200 words in the block. Five of these 200 positions are significant. Hence each "end word" has five chances in 200 of appearing in a significant position and keying the cipher which stretches between it and the starting point. But since there are twenty "end words" and each has five chances in 200 of being keyed, there are twenty times five chances in 200, that is, 100 in 200, or one in two, that we shall have one keyed cipher in the block. In the same way there would be one chance in two in any block of reasonable size.

Of course the above method is not absolutely accurate. For the sake of simplicity I have disregarded certain factors; and consequently there will be a margin of error in my results. But this margin of error should not be large; for the practical question under discussion the above results are accurate enough.

Now apply this reasoning to Shakespeare's First Folio. That contains about 600 F-blocks; consequently, with one chance in two for each block, it should produce some 300 keyed ciphers; or, making all possible allowance for errors and uncertainties, we should expect to find in practice somewhere between 200 and 400 of them, in accordance with the natural laws of language. Mr. Booth found a little over 100; consequently there must still be a large number awaiting discovery.

The same reasoning may be carried further to explain away double acrostics and all the other phenomena which Mr. Booth found. His acrostics are not the signature of anybody, but simply such natural combinations of letters as occur in any author.

A most convincing thing about the above mathematical proceduro is that it has worked out with me in practice. The number of keyed ciphers which I have found has been about half of the number of blocks examined. A reader who doubts my conclusions may work out a dozen blocks or so for himself and decide. By the keyed acrostics acquired in this way, I have already proved that Bacon wrote "Heretics," a book previously attributed to G. K. Chesterton; that under the *nom de plume* of Ethel Allen Murphy he published a poem last year in *Appleton's Magazine;* that he worked with my fellow instructors and myself on our new book, "Theory and Practice in English Composition," and that he collaborated with the authorities of Yale University in producing their last annual catalogue. By this method, no doubt, with a little industry, one could prove that the amatory songs of Burns were written by Ira D. Sankey; that Robert Ingersoll composed "Paradise Lost," and that "Baron Munchausen" was the scientific masterpiece of Huxley. Verily, some are born great authors; some achieve great authorship, and some have great authorship thrust upon them.

FREDERICK E. PIERCE.

Yale University, January 12.

MILITARY TRAINING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Allow me to suggest that, in your article on "Professional Military Training" in the *Nation* of December 23, you do not give sufficient importance to the fact that the absence of such training in youth is not necessarily a bar to the acquisition of military distinction in middle life. Cromwell's military service did not begin till he was more than forty-two years old. Yet he takes a very respectable place among the generals of the world.

Thomas Graham, after he was raised to the peerage as Lord Lynedoch for his services in war, led a purely civil life till, when still a civilian, and nearly forty-five years of age, he joined the staff of Lord Mulgrave, on his way to Toulon in 1793, as a volunteer aide-de-camp. (He was born in 1748.) His first commission as lieutenant-colonel commandant was dated February 10, 1794. In his regiment, the Ninetieth Foot, he had as his lieutenant-colonel the officer who afterwards became celebrated as Lord Hill. Lord Lynedoch won the glorious victory of Barrosa over the French.

In the civil war I have heard it was the case that no general who had not been trained at West Point ever earned great distinction in command. This could not have applied to the Confederate cavalry leaders, for I believe neither Mosby nor Forrest had been at that celebrated training establishment. It is not every general or every admiral, however trained, who becomes eminent as a war commander.

The case of navies, to which you refer, is, I submit, peculiar. To be a fairly efficient naval officer every man must have a fair mastery of two quite distinct professions, viz., that of the sea and that of war. This essential condition is very commonly forgotten. The necessity of combining the two callings makes early training indispensable. The indispensability is less apparent in other services. The great Robert Blake, if he had no naval, had had, at any rate, a good deal of nautical experience before he held a command in a war fleet.

CYPRIAN A. G. BRIDGE,
Admiral H. B. M.'s Navy.

London, January 3.

POE'S "SILENCE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of December 30, Professor Killis Campbell of the University of Texas attributes a sonnet, entitled "Silence," beginning:

> There is a silence where hath been no sound:
> There is a silence where no sound may be:

to Edgar Allan Poe on the ground that it appeared in *Burton's Magazine,* September, 1839, signed "P.," and because of its resemblance to Poe's sonnet of the same title, of which he thinks it may be an earlier variant. The sonnet in question is from the pen of Thomas Hood and appeared in the *London Magazine,* February, 1823. It may be found on page 36 of the first volume of Hood's "Poems," edited by Alfred Ainger, Macmillan, 1897. It is also to be found as No. cliii of the "Sonnets of This Century," edited by William Sharp. In the notes on page 297, a comparison is made between it and Poe's sonnet, which is there printed in full. The two questions of interest are, first, how Hood's sonnet came to be printed in *Burton's Magazine* with the signature "P."; and secondly, how far Poe was influenced by it in writing his own sonnet. HENRY WILDER FOOTE.

Ann Arbor, Mich., January 4.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am glad to be set right with regard to my "early draft" of Poe's "Silence." My reasons for attributing the sonnet to Poe were, first, that, as published in *Burton's,* in September, 1839, it was subscribed with the initial "P.," a signature which Poe had used in republishing two of his juvenile poems in *Burton's* for the month immediately preceding, and which he later used several times with his publications in the *Broadway Journal;* secondly, that, inasmuch as Poe was one of the editors of *Burton's* and had used this signature with his poems in the August issue, the readers of *Burton's* would naturally assume that this poem was his also, and that he would accordingly have put in a disclaimer to it, if it were not his, as he did with several other things erroneously ascribed to him; thirdly, that Poe was fond of the theme with which the poem deals, using it not only in his sonnet on the subject, but also in his "Spirits of the Dead," "Al Aaraaf" (part i), and "The Valley of Unrest," and in his essay "Silence: A Fable." Just why Poe affixed his initial to Hood's poem, I am unable to say. Perhaps, he thought this an easy way of turning a dollar. Perhaps —and this is the more plausible theory, I think—he merely wished to hoax his public, a thing he delighted to do.

KILLIS CAMPBELL.

University of Texas, January 8.

COLLEGE-ENTRANCE REQUIREMENTS IN LATIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of October 24, 1907, you printed a letter in which I urged, with special reference to Latin, two vital objections to the prevailing college-entrance requirements: the lack of uniformity in the definitions of a given subject, which makes it necessary to teach students preparing for different colleges in different classes, though their work is the same in kind and aims at the same result; and the viciousness of quantitative standards. Prof. William T. Foster emphasized the first of these objections in your issue of December 10, 1908, and he also took the Latin requirements as the example which best showed our evil state.

At about the time that Professor Foster's letter appeared the American Philological Association, acting upon petitions from the classical associations of New England, the Atlantic States, and the Middle West and South, established a commission on college-entrance requirements in Latin, in which the schools should be represented as well as the colleges. The commission has recently made a unanimous report, containing definitions of the Latin requirements which it is hoped the colleges generally will accept. Furthermore, the commission lays the stress in the entrance examinations upon sight-translation, a qualitative test, reducing materially the amount of prescribed reading and allowing a wide range for the other reading of the schools. Copies of this report can be obtained from the secretary of the commission, Prof. Walter Dennison, the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich., or from the undersigned. JOHN C. KIRTLAND.

Exeter, N. H., January 11.

Literature.

REMINISCENCES OF JOHN W. FOSTER.

Diplomatic Memoirs. By John W. Foster. Two volumes, with illustrations. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $6 net.

During the heated campaign of 1872, John W. Foster, Republican chairman in Indiana, secured the return of a Republican Legislature. Barometrically interpreted, this indicated the election of Grant, and nearer home it insured the reëlection to the Senate of that patriotic statesman, Oliver P. Morton. In return for his political life Senator Morton, after dinner one night, asked General Foster to look over the list of Federal offices and choose the one that most pleased him. The General, though attracted by the glamour of the diplomatic service, took a modest view of his own capacity, selecting the least important of the ministries, the Swiss. Instead, he was sent to Mexico, where he witnessed the turbulent aftermath of the French adventure and the founding of the permanent dictatorship of Diaz.

Technically, this Indiana lawyer in his middle thirties had the slenderest qualifications, for his new career. On examination, he could not have secured a secretaryship. On the other hand, a man who had commanded a cavalry division before his thirtieth year, who had succeeded in the law, and made a name for

himself in the politics of the most political of States was not, as the sequel proved, unfitted to stand before kings. This instance lends weight to Mr. Foster's present opinion that while there should be more promotions from the lower grades of the diplomatic service and a greater permanency of office, the way should remain open for appointment from civil life. During the eight years in Mexico, the new diplomat had every chance to show his quality. As he did in subsequent and far more important missions, he set himself seriously to learning the language, to cultivating friendly relations, official and unofficial, with the Mexicans, to uniting the resident American colony, and to extensive travelling. Friction between American and Mexican forces on the Rio Grande, vexatious and sometimes fraudulent claims, made his position an uneasy one. Something like an annexation plot at Washington delayed our recognition of Diaz for months after the other Powers. From this invidious position Mr. Foster came away without sacrifice of dignity, though he was obliged once to withdraw from an anti-American demonstration at the theatre. Through two revolutions he had maintained the good will of all parties, and years later, when the Republic of Mexico needed a counsellor in the very delicate cases connected with the fraudulent La Abra and Weil claims, she naturally turned to Mr. Foster. On the matter of provocation to Mexico Mr. Foster is guarded, but he evidently believes that certain partisans of Hayes were willing to accept war as a counter-irritant to the sting of the disputed election. He thinks that Diaz, being in a position to name his successor and insure order, should have retired after his second term. The dictatorship has retarded the normal growth of Mexican politics.

Promotion to the Russian Ministry was the reward of faithful service in Mexico, and in June, 1880, Mr. Foster presented his credentials to Alexander II. At Petersburg began a notable acquaintance among diplomats. Lord Dufferin, Marquis Tseng, Count Nigra, M. de Giers, Prince Gortchakoff are still great names. Here Mr. Foster had the satisfaction of hearing the prince who was so soon to be Alexander III declare that the Russian fleet sent to American ports during the civil war went with deliberate friendly intent as a makeweight against French and English tenderness for the Confederacy. But this retrospective assurance did not fully convince the hearer that other motives might not have been involved. We may record, in view of the present multiplication of embassies, Mr. Foster's opinion that he was under no practical disadvantage in bearing only ministerial rank. At the Foreign Office and elsewhere he readily got by courtesy the consideration that ambassadors have of right. His mission was terminated by resignation within a year and a half, but sixteen years later, at the time of the fur seal controversy he was accredited to St. Petersburg as special commissioner with the rank of ambassador.

It was his intention to devote himself to the practice of international law. And in 1882, at Washington, he laid the foundations of a notable practice, only to be sent by President Arthur to Madrid as Minister in order to negotiate a reciprocity treaty with Cuba. After vexatious delays, due to changes of ministries and the general dilatoriness prevailing at Madrid the treaty was agreed on and signed. Owing, however, to the success of the Democratic party and Mr. Cleveland's disinclination to tariff reduction by indirection, it stifled —the common lot of reciprocity treaties —in the Senate pigeon holes. Mr. Foster returned the richer by the experience and by the acquaintance of such statesmen as Sagasta, Cánovas, Castelar, and Rampolla.

After the Republican victory of 1888, Secretary Blaine, already allured by the Pan-American idea, and desirous, too, of contenting the public by some show of tariff reduction, gave himself heartily to the principle of tariff reciprocity. Mr. Foster arranged treaties with Cuba, San Domingo, the British West Indies, Brazil, Germany, and Austria. Others were signed, but not ratified. The reciprocity conventions worked well, but were upset in a matter of five years when the McKinley bill restored sugar to the protected list.

Hardly freed from the reciprocity negotiations, Mr. Foster was wanted as counsel to the Bering Sea Commission at the Paris tribunal. The whole American side of the controversy was beset with difficulties. The arbitrary seizure of foreign sealers had made our case unpopular; our best argument, that from humanity and expediency, was never properly presented until the public hearings; finally our best diplomatic trump, that of the *mare clausum*, had to be precipitately withdrawn for repairs, having been based in large part upon the fraudulent mistranslations of a too-obliging Russian interpreter. During the hearings England and Russia most unhandsomely concluded a special agreement prejudicial to our case. Under the circumstances, we were lucky in securing even an imperfect protection for the seals of the Pribilov Islands. In fact, the whole cause was infected from the violent and illegal procedure of the concessionaries of these islands. The original seizures were made at the instance of this company without the knowledge or consent of any high executive official, the suits at Sitka were brought without the knowledge of the Attorney-General, and the briefs were prepared by the attorney of the sealing company. A government order for the dismissal of the suits and release of the vessels was treated as spurious and ignored. Mr. Foster's comment on this lawless proceeding is worth quoting. "It revealed the fact," he writes, "that a great government might be betrayed into a line of policy through the machinations of a private corporation, influenced by pecuniary motives, which put in peril its relations with a powerful neighbor and subjected it to the condemnation of an international tribunal for conduct taken unadvisedly and unwisely." The Pribilov concessionaries were the worthy predecessors of the Panama Company, concerning whose political activities it would be interesting to have, if not the opinion of an international tribunal, at least of the accomplished jurist Mr. Foster.

Before his brief tenure of the office of Secretary of State in 1892, Mr. Foster had withdrawn from his law practice. Accordingly, the close of the Bering Sea arbitration left him free to indulge an old project of travelling around the world. On this tour of recreation he made acquaintances which were later to be useful. Returned to Washington and his clients, he had something more than a year of respite from public service before receiving the most important assignment of his career—that of counsel to the Chinese Peace Commission after the disastrous war with Japan. It was a desperate cause to undertake. Urged by the unbounded ambitions of the war party, Japan had refused even an armistice. Through ambiguous credentials and dilatory tactics the Chinese delegates had discredited themselves in advance. At this point Mr. Foster came to claim for China the usual rights of a sovereign state. And fortune favored him. The murderous assault of a fanatic upon the plenipotentiary, Li Hung Chang, turned Japanese scorn into sympathy. The armistice was granted, and gradually the excessive demands abated. Trouble arose at times through Oriental circumlocution—habitually, when time was an object, the discussions were held in English. Moreover, the attack on the great Chinese Viceroy for a space sapped his spirit. His court added to his perplexities by insisting that he should personally undergo the humiliations of the peace he was arranging. For example, his son was appointed to the odious duty of ceding Formosa to the Japanese. In something like a funk young Li begged Mr. Foster to see him through, and finally the principality was transferred on shipboard by a brief exchange of papers, much as if a corner lot had been in question.

His share in the treaty of Shimoneski is probably the brightest chapter in Mr. Foster's career. He had restored *morale* to the representatives of a demoralized nation, and he had successfully appealed in a prophetic spirit to the comity of

Far Eastern nations; finally he had personally convinced a proud and apathetic court to make a necessary sacrifice. That the battleships of Europe promptly made waste-paper of the treaty in no wise detracts from the merits of its negotiators. The moral precedent had been attained. Japan, having shown her power, had bound herself to magnanimity. The accusation has been made that China accepted the conditions knowing that the Western Powers would annul the treaty. Mr. Foster denies emphatically that there was such foreknowledge or collusion, and he is in a position to know.

Within something more than a year of his return from Japan Mr. Foster was visiting Hawaii on a private errand, but with his eyes open. As Secretary of State he had already signed the first annexation treaty; as adviser to Assistant Secretary Day, Secretary Sherman being incapacitated, he drew up the definitive treaty which was signed on June 16, 1897.

We can note only in passing that Mr. Foster sat with the Joint High Commission at Quebec in the winter of 1898-9, was associated with the drafting of the ill-destined Kasson reciprocity treaties, and in 1903 was special counsel before the Alaska boundary tribunal. Nor can we dwell upon his service as Chinese delegate to The Hague Conference in the summer of 1907, though the chapter dealing with this congress is one of the most entertaining and valuable in the book. His law practice, too, affords numerous points of interest which must be merely mentioned. In 1902 he did his clients, a steamship company, and Secretary Hay a good turn in advising him that the preposterous "pacific blockade" maintained by us against Venezuela had no standing in international law. Only a practitioner can properly value the exploit of recovering for the heirs of that heroic soldier of fortune, Gen. F. T. Ward, the money due him from the Chinese Empire. Naturally, payment was made, not from the Chinese treasury, but by a rather peculiar gentlemen's agreement from the surplus of the Boxer indemnity.

A welcome feature of the book is the character sketches of the many Presidents and secretaries of state whom Mr. Foster has known or served, with a few appreciations of foreign diplomats. These judgments are as shrewd as cautious, and sometimes they recall sturdy figures unduly forgotten, like Secretary Hamilton Fish. The sidelights on Blaine are valuable, and the appreciation of President Harrison quite masterly. One may regret that obvious considerations prevented the inclusion of President Roosevelt in this gallery. Such a sketch would grace those literary remains that we trust Mr. Foster will leave, but not soon.

This full and modest record of an extraordinary and most exemplary career is naturally of unequal interest. It would have borne condensation, and a stricter limitation to the matters suggested in the title. Parts of it are thrilling. One can hardly imagine a time when a politically inclined man will not delight in reading the chapters on the peace between China and Japan. And the charmingly mellow account of the second Hague Conference is of hardly less value. Everywhere the book abounds in incidental wisdom. We have said, and believe, that it would have gained through a moderate condensation, but were it a question between too much or too little, we would gladly choose the fuller measure.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Master. By Irving Bacheller. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Mr. Bacheller, who holds, perhaps, a more agile and eloquent pen than any American novelist now writing, seems never quite able to grasp a serious motive and hang to it. "The Master" is a jumble of literary Bohemianism, social idealism, and sensational adventure. The Christlike figure is becoming almost a commonplace of the current tale and the current play. Mr. Bacheller's Ben Lovel is a good example of his kind, hardly more. He is a man of inherited wealth, and of genius in more than one field—a master of the violin and of the pen. For love of his fellowman he has given up his position of ease and honor, and become a poor shoemaker. He has also become member of a great international brotherhood called "The Chain," the leader of which is an American, one Condon. This man and Lovel become intimates: Lovel saves him from turning into a demagogue and tyrant, and is the good angel of all the persons involved in the narrative. So much for the serious element in the story; it might be impressive, if it were not for its setting—though the great man Condon is in truth a flabby figure. But the compound contains as much of "Treasure Island" as of "The Servant in the House"—plus a somewhat smaller portion of "Paul Kelver," or any modern literary-Bohemian tale you like.

The story-teller is a young Englishman who is suddenly called to America by a message from a mysterious uncle. He has only a vague clue as to the uncle's whereabouts, and, having presently spent all his money in New York, would, no doubt, have become a tramp, if he had not been inspired to turn author. As he had been bred a plumber, he had no difficulty with this allied trade, and we are to regard him hereafter (so far as the exciting events into which the story plunges him will permit) as turning an easy penny with his pen. He becomes a member of a club of young and ambitious journalists, and it is in their company that we breathe the favored airs of a somewhat antiquated and vinous Bohemia. But the main thing, after all, is the series of adventures and perils of which the central figure is old Rog Rone, a sea-dog of the most approved proportions—who swigs his gin, shivers his timbers, and hunts his treasure, with all the remorseless and humorous ferocity of his countless prototypes in fiction. There are wild scenes of stage bloodshed on shipboard in store for the youthful reader. In fact, one thinks of no type of reader to whom some portion of this hodge-podge may not be palatable—unless it be the reader who does not care for the game of little Jack Horner.

Trespass. By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

Reiteration is the thief of effectiveness. If Mrs. Dudeney were to cut down by one-half the repetition and re-repetition of her thoughts on the heart of man and the destiny of woman, her jeremiads, auguries, and incessant invocations of "Julia! Julia!" there would still remain volumes in sufficiency of acute observation, minutely faithful portraits, and a story whose outcome piques the interest. It is a story of English middle-class respectability, in the person of a village innkeeper, pitted against genius, in the shape of Oliver Heron, the "artist right through," the man who "robbed emotional orchards"—for the possession, naturally, of Julia! Julia! Stephen, the innkeeper in whom "poesy and commerce were most bewilderingly interwoven," saves both a perilous situation, and Julia—for the time being; this by a chivalry which stirs even his rival's admiration. But Mrs. Dudeney's are a dreary set of folk; their very aspirations, when they have them, are depressing. The triumph of the little man whose life-aim was to "prove to Julia," leaves him with but dubious reward. For with Julia, both merits and faults are unlovable.

Beechy. By Bettina von Hutten. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

"Beechy" is the phonetic spelling of "Bice," or "Biei," the diminutive of Beatrice, the name of Baroness von Hutten's heroine. The half-Italian, half-English Beechy has a rather forlorn but assuredly picturesque childhood in Rome. The story of these early days is full of such vivid adventure as may befall a clever little waif with unquenchable spirit, with a singer's gift, and the happy faculty of making friends. Whether she is selling papers in boys' clothes or smuggling herself into the opera chorus or living demurely with the Convent Sisters, she is a little figure that catches the light and keeps the scene a-twinkle. Her plunge into cockney England and her emergence on the

stage of grand opera carry the interest along on a conventional level. The lovers who come and go make little ripple until Lord Charles Cressage appears above the horizon. The subsequent proceedings are so absurd as to quench the none too vivid sense of sharing in a real prima donna's real experiences. Beechy is plausible enough in her struggles, her successes, her shrewdness, her generosity, her well-awareness, her innocence. But the affair with Lord Charles, the Lothario who loves her only, but cannot be true to her for six months; her Italian jealousy and English scruple, and her no-man's-land arrangement of mutual eternal devotion combined with "being good"; and, chiefly, the excellent Lady Charles's chaperonage, her tender safeguarding of both lovers till her death shall them join together, unite to make assuredly the most preposterous situation that fiction has lately revealed.

"It is quite true that she is dying," says Lord Charles. "And she wishes us, you and me, to marry as soon as—as it is over." "Oh! isn't she wonderful, wonderful?" "Yes, she is. And—until then—we, you and I, are to be engaged, though, of course, no one shall know." Comment would be anti-climax.

Three Lives. By Gertrude Stein. New York: The Grafton Press.

These stories of the Good Anna, Melanctha, and the Gentle Lena have a quite extraordinary vitality conveyed in a most eccentric and difficult form. The half-articulated phrases follow unrelentingly the blind mental and temperamental gropings of three humble souls wittingly or unwittingly at odds with life. Whoever can adjust himself to the repetitions, false starts, and general circularity of the manner will find himself very near real people. Too near, possibly. The present writer had an uncomfortable sense of being immured with a girl wife, a spinster, and a woman who is neither, between imprisoning walls which echoed exactly all thoughts and feelings. These stories utterly lack construction and focus, but give that sense of urgent life which one gets more commonly in Russian literature than elsewhere. How the Good Anna spent herself barrenly for everybody in reach, the Gentle Lena for the notion of motherhood, while the mulattress Melanctha perished partly of her own excess of temperament, but more from contact with a life-diminishing prig and emotionally inert surroundings, readers who are willing to pay a stiff entrance fee in patient attention may learn for themselves. From Miss Stein, if she can consent to clarify her method, much may be expected. As it is, she writes quite as a Browning escaped from the bonds of verse might wallow in fiction, only without his antiseptic whimsicality.

MOGUL INDIA.

Storio Do Mogor, or Mogul India, 1653-1708. By Niccolao Manucci, Venetian. Translated, with introduction and notes, by William Irvine, Bengal Civil Service (Retired), Member of the Royal Asiatic Society. Vol. IV. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.75 net.

This book, published for the government of India, as one of the Indian text series, affords a kaleidoscopic view of Hindustan during the reign of Aurangzeb—the last of the great Mogul rulers. Manucci was conversant with both Urdu and Persian—the camp and court languages of the later period of Mohammedan rule. This fact he mentions with evident pride in the course of his journal. Besides knowing the current *lingua franca,* he spent the major portion of his life in Hindustan in intimate association with the people of the land. All this gives a high status to the Venetian's writings. Nevertheless, no one can read his book without feeling that only an alien could write of India as he has done. This is pointed out with no view to disparage, much less discredit, the author. Indeed, the chief asset of "Storio Do Mogor" is the fact of its foreign authorship, since it supplements, in an important manner, histories of the same period composed by native scribes, whose besetting sin is to present highly colored statements, and to show little regard for chronological order. And in a day when foreigners "do" India in a month or two and then write learned, ponderous volumes bearing on the complicated political, social, and economic affairs of Hindustan, Niccolao Manucci's careful study comes as a pleasant surprise and a great relief.

Born at Venice in 1638, Niccolao Manucci ran away to sea in November, 1653. After travelling with Viscount Bellomont, whose service he entered, through Smyrna, Persia, and other lands, he touched Sindh, a port on Indus, and finally found himself at Surat. After casually touring in various parts of India, he went to Delhi, then the capital of the country, and was presented to Shah Jahan, the ill-fated father of Aurangzeb. Some time later he was introduced to Prince Dara Shukoh and entered his service as artilleryman. In that year, when Aurangzeb confined his father in Agra, and vanquished his brothers, Manucci fought for Dara Shukoh in many engagements, at one time nearly being killed. The Venetian refused Aurangzeb's service, travelled through northern India, and, in 1663, entered, as artillery captain, the service of Jai Singh, who sent him as envoy to meet Shiva Ji—the Marhatta leader, who fearfully harassed Aurangzeb and succeeded in establishing the Marhatta rule over a considerable portion of India. *Wanderlust* seized him once again, and he sojourned in various parts of southern and northern India for a number of years. In 1672 he became a physician, and in his new profession gained free access to the courts of many a native prince. Toward 1686 he married and settled for some time in Madras, then the chief centre of English influence. His appointment, at various times, as English and French envoy gave him the opportunity to study at close range the ambitions of the European nations interested in extending their trade and empire in India. He remained in Hindustan until his death in 1717, travelling and doctoring and gaining an intimate knowledge of many phases of Indian life. Such a career inevitably yielded rich material for this chronicle, begun in 1699 and finished ten years later.

As an historic document, "Storio Do Mogor" is not invariably accurate. The names of persons and places are often incorrect, and some of the dates are inaccurate. Moreover, at times, the author degenerates into a scandal-monger, coloring his statements, and occasionally showing bitter animosity. This last defect is usually inseparable from contemporary memoirs, and yet it mars, in some measure, the reliability of this work as an historical record. Fortunately, the work of the editor goes a great way in remedying this defect. Whenever Mr. Irvine has found inaccurate dates, or names of places or persons, he has indicated the correct ones in parentheses. Other notes supplement the obscure portions of the book, bring out the allusions, and in a considerable way illumine the text.

Many beautiful illustrations judiciously distributed through the book excellently supplement and elucidate the text.

Dalmatinische Reise. By Hermann Bahr. Berlin: S. Fischer.

We are freshly reminded of the awakening of the national conscience, expressed, of late, in Austrian fiction, in reading Hermann Bahr's "Dalmatinische Reise." Here we have a fit companion-volume for the sketches of scenes and types collected by Felix Salten under the title, "Das österreichische Antiitz," and issued through the same publisher. Both writers are masters of the *feuilleton* and have a fascinating manner of conveying their impressions and convictions without burdening their readers with facts or assailing them with arguments. Salten's account of wanderings through the streets of Vienna, of country walks, charity entertainments, dance-halls and cafés, army manœuvres and pilgrimages, his portraits of Altenberg, Girardi, Kainz, Radetzky, the late Empress, and even the famous Mayor Lueger, reflect the artist's delight in his interesting material and a light-hearted

acceptance of his people just as they are.

Bahr, on the contrary, has attained the critical attitude. The Austrian lack of enterprise in exploiting the possibilities of their beautiful country, their want of modern push and grit, is to him a matter of constant regret. He is irritated by the bad roads, the poor hotel accommodations, the inadequate carriage, railway, and steamboat service. He bewails the want of concerted effort in problems of municipal improvement and the partiality of the government towards the German provinces of the Empire. His descriptive passages alternate with critical excursions into political and social problems which are by no means irrelevant. Among the fruits of misrule and abuse which he points out is the abject poverty of the agricultural population, and sociologists will be particularly interested to learn that the "Kolonat" existing in the vicinity of Spalato differs little from old-time serfdom. His eyes are open to every popular wrong inflicted in the name of patriotism and tradition. Bahr feels, too, that the court at Vienna knows all too little about some of the provinces under its dominion. Why should not one of the younger archdukes be Governor of Dalmatia? Certainly this "Adriatic Switzerland" is capable of a very remarkable development, as yet half-suspected. To-day, however, the province is sending shipload upon shipload of her sons to America: sturdy, skilful laborers that till a foreign soil, while the native needs their strong hands and modern tools to coax from its rich harvests.

The book is full of historical reminiscences, and of glimpses of a literature and an art as yet undiscovered by the arbiters of our culture. Illuminated by exquisite humor, interwoven with personal reflections, these apparently random notes make thoroughly interesting reading. The paragraphs on Diocletian, on Maximilian of Mexico, on the archæologist Bulic, are singularly enlivening. It is Bahr's wish to secure the investment of foreign capital and labor in Dalmatia. He hopes to interest the Berlinian: for with one such, a "Company Limited" is sure to follow. Nothing can be hoped for from the Austrian government, which seems to be positively hostile to improvements in this province, suspected as it is of rebellious and treacherous sentiments. Already the people of Dalmatia, and the Austrian progressives, hail in Bahr their champion. This book has, however, performed a mission in a larger world than that ruled by the Hapsburgs. It has called the attention of the travelling public to a country unsurpassed for natural beauties, historical associations, romance and poetry, for picturesque scenery and picturesque population, and, what is exceedingly rare in these days of Cook's and other tours, one as yet unconventionalized and uncommercialized.

Essays on Greek Literature. By Robert Yelverton Tyrrell. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

The notion that what has once been well said about the Greek and Latin masterpieces can ever be discarded as out of date is German, not English or French. For the Germans, fashions in scholarship come in and go out like the cut of a sleeve. For instance, Jebb's "Introduction to Homer," which Professor Tyrrell praises so warmly in one of the Essays before us, will be worth reading as long as the text of Homer endures; but it says nothing to a German because it antedates the Homeric armor controversy and the theories, more in number than the leaves of Ida, which have gone far since the eighties to bury Homer under the Homeric Question.

Professor Tyrrell's Essays were written, for the most part, several years ago: that on Sophocles, a review of Jebb, is twenty years old; the "Pindar," though it has a good discussion of Mezger's theory of the Terpandrian nome structure of the Odes, knows nothing of Schroeder and the New Metric and is none the worse for that. Pindar is a poet about whom too many of his readers are content to say, with Tennyson, that "he has long tracts of gravel with immensely large nuggets embedded," a remark which merely showed that one who had ignored virtually all the sources of modern poetic emotion did not appeal to Tennyson. Tyrrell's Essay will rank with Jebb's on Pindar as an admirable introduction to the splendors of the austere style. That entitled The New Papyri, dealing with the Petrie Papyri and the "Constitution of the Athenians" is eighteen years old, and, since Grenfell and Hunt's publications and the new Menander now fill the foreground, the title is misleading. Tyrrell agrees with Cauer, Van Leeuwen, and others in rejecting Aristotelian authorship for the tract, and supports his view with a list of non-Aristotelian words and phrases. To put these down to scribes is, as he points out, a dangerous doctrine, and would shake all criticism of classical remains based on style. Yet in England the tract, backed by the powerful authority of Sandys and Kenyon, is still called the "New Aristotle." Tyrrell's attitude to German text criticism is elsewhere hostile, and some of his judgments might well rekindle that *odium grammaticum* which is passing out of fashion in Germany.

The essays as a whole represent the best English tradition of sound conservative scholarship and the correct literary instinct of the school of Jebb. There are a good many misprints, the worst being "Philostratus" for "Philoctetes" (p. 83), and "Marietti" for "Mariette" (p. 86).

Notes.

Lamb's "Tales" and "Gulliver's Travels," with the illustrations by Arthur Rackham, have just been reissued by E. P. Dutton & Co., this time in a large-paper edition, quarto.

From the Yale University Press will be issued next month "The Beginnings of Gospel Story: A Historico-Critical Inquiry into the Sources and Structure of the Gospel According to St. Mark," by Dr. Benjamin W. Bacon, Buckingham professor of New Testament criticism and exegesis.

"The Seminoles of Florida" are the subject of a history by Minnie Moore-Wilson, to be published this month by Moffat, Yard & Co. There are illustrations, and an introduction by E. S. Martin.

In the year 1909 there were published in England 10,725 books, compared with 9,821 in 1908. The chief increase was in religion and philosophy. Poetry and the drama, on the other hand, show an actual decrease.

On January 10 ground was broken for the library building of Chicago University to be erected in honor of the late President William Rainey Harper, at a cost of $600,000. The structure is to be 276 by 80 feet, fronting on the Midway Plaisance. The main building will be six stories, 113 feet in height; with two towers 138 feet high containing eight stories. Provision will be made at first for 400,000 volumes, with an ultimate capacity of 800,000 volumes. This, with the departmental libraries surrounding it, will mean a provision for 3,000,000 volumes.

We have to record the receipt of two volumes, XXX and XXXI, of the Wiener Beiträge zur englischen Philologie (Vienna: Wilhelm Braumüller). In the former Prof. Leopold Brandl gives a minute study of "Erasmus Darwin's Botanic Garden" as a complement to his study of "The Temple of Nature"; in the latter Ferdinand Putschi writes on "Charles Churchill: Sein Leben und Seine Werke." These are but desiccated literature, and, in so far as they merely translate the poems considered into heavy prose, are an incumbrance. Some learning and discussion of a more useful sort are, however, buried in the pages. Professor Brandl is amusingly kind to a poet whose name has become a synonym for unreadable dulness. He finds in Darwin: "Höchster poetischer Schwung, warme Gefühlsdurchdringung auch von Dingen, die sonst ganz ausserhalb des Bereiches dichterischer Gestaltung liegen, lebendige Auffassung schöner Naturanschauungen. . . ." All of which, we may say respectfully, is sheer nonsense.

Edward Bliss Reed has published in a pamphlet (from the "Transactions of the Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences") a selection of "The Poems of Thomas, Third Lord Fairfax." The complete manuscript of the poems, extending to 656 pages, is now in the Bodleian. Professor Reed makes no attempt to bestow undue literary merit on these halting verses

of the great Parliamentary general, but he is right in thinking that they have some interest of another kind. And nothing in the selection is more interesting than the two brief poems, which express the feelings of one who was both enemy and friend of the King. They are short enough to quote here:

On the Fatal day
Jan: 30 1648 [N. S. 1649]

Oh lett that Day from time be blotted quitt
And lett beleefe of't in next Age be waued
In deepest silence th' Act Concealed might
Soe that the King-doms Credit might be saued
But if the Power deuine permited this
His Will's the Law & ours must acquiesse

Of Inpartial Fate

Here we all the Same Danger run
By the like Destin's we are ledd
Same Misfortune to the Shepeard Come
May attack as well the Crowned head
Our dayes are Spun vpon that wheele
The meanest Subiect & greatest Kinge
To like end th' Fatal Sisters bringe
The thread when Cutt both same Sisers feele

John Davis, author of "Travels of Four Years and a Half in the United States of America, During 1798, 1799, 1800, 1801, and 1802," is well worth knowing, even at this late date. And, for all the prolixity of his title-page, his "Travels" (published in London, in 1803, and a rare book to come by), contains many passages of extreme interest. One is, then, well-content to have the fine reprint issued through Henry Holt & Co. Good paper and clear type repose the eye of the reader, and wide margins invite annotation and the enrichment of the text with parallel passages from Crèvecœur and Chateaubriand—notwithstanding the remark of A. J. Morrison, who edits the volume, to the effect that these two were "sentimentalists"; that the former is "very disquisitional," while "Chateaubriand might have written *his* book in his tower." The personality of John Davis is one of the most interesting things about his book; for John Davis was not as other Englishmen. In the first place, he travelled through these States by horse and sloop and *on foot:* and we are always prejudiced in favor of a traveller who proceeds under his own power. Then, too, there is a refreshing fatuity about this perambulatory Briton; and fatuity nowadays is so case-hardened and sophisticated! He was born, the traveller, in the year 1776, at Salisbury, Wiltshire; and was "reared," he tells us, "in the lap of opulence." He was, however, a born vagabond, and ran away from home and school to become a sailor. "When the boatswain's mate piped Starbowlines, I walked up the main rigging into the top. I always put Le Sage in my pocket; and in the maintop of an East Indiaman, under a cloudless tropical sky, when the breeze was so steady that for days we had no occasion to start either tack or sheet, I began to cultivate the language of the Court of Lewis the Fourteenth."

"In 1798, I embarked in a small brig, at Bristol, for the United States," writes Davis: in other words, his visit to the new world was paid when he was twenty-two, and still impressionable. "I had before made some progress in Greek, and began the study of the language of harmony, with the Father of Poetry, and the Bible of the Ancients. In Latin, I had looked into every writer of the Julian and Augustan ages; the study of French had always been to me like the cracking of nuts; and in my vernacular idiom, I had neglected no writer from Bunyan to Bolingbroke." He was, by his own account, a finished linguist. In fact, one reads, all in one sentence, that he "translated at New York Buonaparte's 'Campaign in Italy,' a considerable octavo, and proceeded to the South." In the South, he was to have experiences none too delightful as a tutor: but that fact need not detain us long. For this complacent critic of American institutions at the turning of the century was, by his avowed scholarship, well qualified to be, at Philadelphia, the associate of Brockden Brown, "Father of the American Novel," and Joseph Dennie, of the *Portfolio,* who took such pride in the appellation of "The American Addison." But it is as a "social document," rather than as a contribution to literary history, that Davis's book is to be prized to-day. And that it entertains as well as instructs, is, perhaps, suggested in our citations.

Antonio Scarfoglio, the author of "Round the World in a Motor Car," (Mitchell Kennerley), is a younger son of that remarkable family which controls and largely writes the most popular newspaper of southern Italy, the *Mattino.* Young Scarfoglio was chosen to enter the round-the-world motor race arranged by the *Matin* of Paris, as his father later explained, not in the hope of copy, but of breaking him in. As a matter of fact, his correspondence is a brilliant example of snapshot impressionism. It gives a vivid and unforgettable account of the contest with the snow and mud of America, with the glare of the alkali desert, and of the perilous escarpments of Japanese mountain trails, and the alluvial slime of Manchuria. In many cases this youthful correspondent, with his two chauffeurs, reduced to one after Vladivostok, pushed their car inch by inch, from boggy roads up railway embankments, dragged it out of torrent beds, improvised roads and pontoons, in general did the impossible to carry the Italian car—a Züst—around the circle. It limped into Paris at last after eight months, a bad second to the American competitor, but morally the victor. In fact, the American car may be said to have won before it started. Its way was paved with gold. Everywhere supplies and aid were prearranged; finally, it took certain short cuts through railway tunnels that were denied to the foreign cars. The Italian machine, on the contrary, depended almost wholly on the resourcefulness of its crew, followed the stipulated routes faithfully, and as we have said made a far more remarkable record than the winner. Antonio Scarfoglio's story is usually one of dire struggle with unfriendly nature. It is significant that the worst difficulties beset him in thickly peopled parts of our East and Middle West. Occasionally, there are poetic interludes—the strange story of a French hermit prospector, a glimpse of pathetic derelict Italians and French folk in Siberia. The author is a shade too free with unamiable generalizations of scant worth, and is at his best when he sticks to the road. Certain of his staccato passages are extraordinarily vivid. A picture of the vermin of Siberia might be set beside G. W. Steevens's classic page on the Sudan thirst. The letters are well translated by J. Parker Heyes, and there are many good photographic cuts showing the Züst and its crew in all manner of peril and plain sailing. Signor Scarfoglio has unfortunately left untouched one or two suggestive passages, which make his story unadvisable for boys, for whom otherwise it would be ideal reading.

"The London Life of Yesterday," by Arthur Compton-Rickett (E. P. Dutton & Co.), consists of thirteen essays, treating as many periods of London history. As an uncritical compilation, presenting a considerable amount of well-chosen material, the book is not devoid of merit. It is badly articulated at times, as if from haste or sheer misunderstanding of the original notes. On page 237, for example, describing the vicissitudes of Whitehall palace, we defy a reader not already acquainted with the facts to tell just what happened as to burning and rebuilding, and when. A writer who, according to his own bibliography, quotes his Chaucer from the Publications of the Chaucer Society, should know better than to write:

> With the exception of that quaint mixture of history, epic, and romance—entitled Beowolf, fashioned in the eighth century from the sagas of the Northmen, there is practically no English poetry until we come to the fourteenth century.

Our author's first-hand acquaintance, either with the quaint mixture or subsequent pre-Chaucerian poetry, is clearly the slightest. Very ugly misprints are Van Dycks for Van Eycks, page 122, and on page 82 the conversion of a Chaucer date, 1389, into an impossible 1339. Again, 'Wren's orginal design for St. Paul's is said to have been in the form of a Great (read Greek) cross. Without undue emphasis of these infelicities, they are of a symptomatic sort. To scholarly readers this book makes no appeal, and, given the abundant literature about London, it can hardly be said to fill a long-felt want.

An agreeable book of travel, with interesting illustrations in color and in black and white, is published under the title "From Sketch-Book and Diary" (Macmillan), by Lady Butler, the well-known painter of war pictures. Sir William Francis Butler commanded the Gordon relief expedition and saw service in many parts of the empire. Lady Butler's light-hearted notes barely suggest the grisly errands which carried her hither and thither in her husband's wake. In the midst of the picnics and sunsets of Luxor, she recalls that "W. was pressing the enemy harder every day"; but she very properly limits her narrative to her own experiences, and draws with a practised hand the pictures that impressed her most in Ireland, in Egypt, in South Africa, and in Italy. The book is dedicated to her sister, Alice Meynell.

Two recent issues of the Historical Manuscript Commission of England are an Index to the first series of the Ormonde papers, and the fourth volume of the Report on the American manuscripts in the Royal Institution. The first series of Ormonde papers in two volumes, though published in 1895 and 1899, was left unindexed owing to the death of the editor, Sir John T. Gilbert. The second series, the publication of which is now in progress, has been duly indexed as each volume has appeared. The fourth volume of the report on American manuscripts is the last and covers the period from April to November, 1783. It is largely concerned with the winding up of British business in America preparatory to evacuation. Financial matters and accounts bulk large in the volume. The

most important material deals with the loyalist refugees, a pathetic body, whose enforced emigration to various parts of the British world represents perhaps an inevitable though not very creditable outcome of the war, and the tales of loyalist suffering, to be found here and elsewhere, are sufficient to arouse considerable indignation. Distinctly the most interesting entry is the first, a letter printed in full of the British Deputy Quartermaster-General, Capt. William Armstrong, in which he gives at considerable length his observations on conditions in America and what he conceives to be prevailing opinions and sentiments of the Americans on their present and future affairs. Few of them, he says,

> expect that the thirteen States will long remain under the same government, the ideas of the Eastern and Western States being so very different in every particular. Some people think they will be divided into two Governments or Kingdoms, divided by the Hudson River, others think into three Governments divided by the Hudson and Susquehannah Rivers. In a very short time they will take the Floridas from Spain, and tis more than probable they will not stop there.

"The Last Days of the Directoire," by Alfred Allinson (John Lane Co.), is a pleasant volume aiming "to present a vivid picture of the extraordinary years from 1795 to 1799." The author's motto is: *Aut Scissors aut Nullus*. Carlyle and Mignet jostle Lanfrey and Anatole France with long extracts. Whole pages from the Cambridge Modern History are diluted with passages from letters to a Lady of Fashion by a Lady, and the Souvenirs of My Last Voyage to Paris, by a Swiss gentleman. But this extraordinary mixture, totally in defiance of the canons of historical criticism and of orderly arrangement, is nevertheless entertaining reading. The descriptions of streets and buildings suggest a kind of historical Hare. The fifty illustrations are chosen chiefly to illustrate the costumes of the period.

In "The Royal Family in the Temple Prison" (Sturgis & Walton Co.), English readers may enjoy in translation the vivid journals of Cléry and the Abbé Edgeworth. Cléry, as valet, attended Louis XVI faithfully during the five months of imprisonment from his suspension from office on August 10, until his execution the following January. There is a certain fascination in his simple honest narrative describing the most trivial details of the king's last days. Abbé Edgeworth (cousin of Maria Edgeworth), who was with the King in his last hours and accompanied him to the guillotine, wrote one of the most authentic accounts of his heartrending separation from Marie Antoinette.

The "Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan" (Vol. XXXVI, parts ii and iii) contain two interesting papers, well fortified with scholarly references, by Dr. M. W. de Visser on the *tengu* (mountain sprites) and on the fox and badger in Japanese folk lore. Most valuable to the student of feudalism is Consul-General J. C. Hall's translation and interpretation, with critical commentary and comparison with the same epoch in Europe, of the Ashikaga code of feudal laws of 1336. The gem in this collection of papers is Walter Dening's review of three volumes on the Confucian philosophy in Japan by Professor Inouye Tetsujiro of the Imperial University. In these volumes, the result of eight years of labor, we have an exhaustive and trustworthy history of Japan's three great schools. No one can understand the Japan of to-day without some knowledge of the philosophy, which for above twelve centuries has moulded the mind of Japan, producing, besides other fruits, that high moral standard of everyday life with which foreigners accustomed to associate with Japanese gentlemen are so familiar. More immediately potent in furnishing the finest specimens of Japanese humanity, and particularly in equipping those minds which shaped the interior potency of the empire before Commodore Perry and which since have directed Japan's modern career, is the Oyomei philosophy. This was founded by the last of the great Chinese philosophers (1472-1529), who broke loose from the authority of the ancients and claimed the right to interpret nature and its laws in his own fashion. By the Oyomei system, the lack of idealism in the Japanese mind is corrected, as also its tendency to a narrow practicality. No other such lucid exposition of Japanese philosophic thought exists.

The most recent volume of the Wilhelm Ernst edition of Goethe's works, "Dramatische Dichtungen I," published also separately with the title "Goethes Faust, Gesamtausgabe," is a neat and handsome pocket edition of the drama printed in Latin type. As the second title indicates, it contains the "Urfaust," "Faust, ein Fragment," and "Faust, Erster Teil," and "Zweiter Teil," besides the "Paralipomena" and "Parerga." This chronological arrangement suggests the best way to read "Faust," if one would understand it and the literature that has grown up about it. First the text, so far as we know it, of the original manuscript which Goethe carried with him to Weimar in 1775, then the revised form in which he published a portion of it in 1790, finally the finished product which he left to the world, the First Part in 1808, the Second Part in 1832. Some readers will doubtless regret that such "Lesarten" as do not appear in any of these texts were not included, in order to make the critical apparatus complete. Especially is this true of the manuscript fragments now deposited in the Goethe Archives in Weimar. They are exceedingly difficult to decipher, and Schmidt's reading of them for the Weimar edition shows rare knowledge and skill, but he made a few mistakes that need to be corrected. The small number of variant readings of the important old editions would add to the usefulness of the book from the point of view of the scholar. However, the edition is evidently intended for the general reader. It is edited by the well-known Goethe scholar, Hans Gerhard Gräf, and published by the Insel-Verlag of Leipzig.

The number of women attending German universities as matriculated students during the present semester of 1909-1910 is 1,856; the number last year was 1,108, and only 254 three years ago, when women were excluded from all universities in Germany except Leipzig and Tübingen and those of Baden and Bavaria. The 1,856 female students are distributed among the different universities as follows, the numbers in parentheses indicating the attendance last semester: Berlin 633 (412), Munich 183 (148), Göttingen 160 (118), Heidelberg 142 (138), Bonn 135 (144), Freiburg 86 (90), Breslau 84 (64), Leipzig 59 (56), Königsberg 46 (30), Marburg 38 (33), Giessen 33 (30), Strassburg 28 (21), Halle 27 (26), Jena 24 (15), Tübingen 23 (9), Erlangen 19 (16), Kiel 18 (13), Würzburg 10 (9), and Rostock 3 (0). As to the studies pursued by these matriculates, more than half of them devote themselves to philosophy, philology, and kindred branches, namely, 975 (699); medicine 476 (371), mostly Russians; mathematics and natural science 287 (245); dentistry 46 (44); law 32 (23); cameralistics, political economy and agriculture 27 (42); evangelical theology 5 (4), and pharmacy 2 (4).

The whole number of matriculated students, male and female, in the twenty-one universities of the German empire is 52,407; last year there were 48,780, ten years ago 32,800, twenty years ago 28,000, and thirty years ago 20,000. In addition to these matriculates there are 3,314 men and 1,923 women hearers or so-called guest-auditors. Thus the full number of persons now in attendance is 57,644 (last year 53,728), of whom 27,244 are in Prussia, 9,082 in Bavaria, 4,101 in Baden, and 11,900 in the six universities of the other German states. Of the several universities Berlin has the largest number, 9,242 (8,041); then follow Munich, 6,537 (6,304); Leipzig, 4,761 (4,461); Bonn, 3,652 (3,282); Breslau, 2,405 (2,248); Halle, 2,393 (2,158); Göttingen, 2,230 (2,059); Freiburg, 2,167 (1,966); Strassburg, 1,995 (1,356); Heidelberg, 1,934 (1,841); Münster, 1,906 (1,737); Marburg, 1,878 (1,750); Tübingen, 1,760 (1,643); Jena, 1,496 (1,419); Würzburg, 1,424 (1,346); Königsberg, 1,367 (1,191); Kiel, 1,290 (1,103); Giessen, 1,261 (1,196); Erlangen 1,121 (1,090); Greifswald, 881 (786), and Rostock, 707 (685). Thus all the universities show a greater or less increase of students during the last year.

John Prentiss Hopkinson, founder of a well-known Boston school, died January 14 at Cambridge, Mass., aged sixty-nine years.

John Calvin Reed died at Montgomery, Ala., January 12, aged seventy-three years. He was a graduate of Princeton College (1854), and a member of the bar. He served during the civil war in the army of the Confederacy, being twice wounded. He was the author of "Georgia Criminal Law" (1873), "Conduct of Law Suits" (1875), "American Law Students" (1882), and "The Brothers' War" (1905).

Dr. Henry F. Bishop, at one time court dentist to the King of Hanover, and for thirty years in practice in Worcester, Mass., died January 14 in New York city, in his ninety-first year. He was born in Lisbon, Conn. After returning to this country from Germany, and retiring from practice, he gave his time to writing. One of his books was a "History of Lisbon, Conn., from Early Colonial Days."

The death is announced of Hugh MacColl, in his seventy-third year. He kept a school at Boulogne, but found time to do original work in logic and mathematics. Among his books is "Man's Origin, Destiny, and Duty."

William Earl Hodgson has died at Aberfeldy, Scotland. He was at one time editor of *Rod and Gun*, and was best known for his books on angling.

James Hannay, the Canadian historian, died at St. John, N. B., January 12, aged sixty-seven years. He was formerly a newspaper editor, and was the author of a

"History of the War of 1812" and of a "History of Acadia" (1879). Other works were "Nine Years a Captive" (1875), "The Story of the One Hundred and Fourth Regiment" (1882), "The Story of the Queen's Rangers in the American Revolution" (1883), "The History of the Loyalists" (1893), and lives of L. A. Wilmot and S. L. Tilley, in the Makers of Canada series (1906). He was also a contributor of articles, fiction, and verse to magazines and newspapers, and he had edited the reports of the Supreme Court of New Brunswick in two volumes (1867-1872), and written "New Brunswick; Its Resources and Advantages" (1902); a "History of New Brunswick" (1905), and "New Brunswick Year Book" (1907). Recently he had completed a history of New Brunswick. Since 1905 he had been connected with the Archives Department of the Canadian government.

From Göttingen comes the news of the death of Dr. Johannes Merkel, professor of Roman and German civil law. Among his books are "Lehre von der Successio Graduum unter Intestaterben," "Quellen des Nürnberger Stadtrechts," and "Abhandlungen aus dem Römischen Recht."

Science.

Fertilizers and Manures. By A. D. Hall, F.R.S. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

The paramount importance of improving methods of agriculture is recognized in all countries to-day more generally than it has ever been before. Even our sensational newspapers catch at every suggestion pointing to such improvements, and they give to the agricultural advice and warnings of our railway magnates scare headings in the type which they use for a revolution or a scandal. But it is more than likely that this modest volume which carries the wisest advice and the gravest warnings may pass without the attention it deserves.

The author is the director of one of the most interesting agricultural experiment stations in the world, Rothampsted, England. He is thoroughly familiar with the historical development of the subject of soil-fertilizers, and has, himself, made large contributions to it. He possesses a remarkable power of exposition and condensation, packing into small compass clearly stated facts. His lectures in Cornell University, which he delivered while on a visit to this country, have been freely drawn upon in the preparation of this treatise. He has also incorporated in it the substance of his Cantor lectures, so that the whole work has the attractive character which belongs to a stimulating lecture-course, and is never burdened by a useless technical terminology. But while it is thoroughly popular in its general character, it is fitted to go without change into the classroom as an authoritative text-book.

The parts of the volume which have most interest for the general reader are those concerned with the production of fertilizers by artificial means, especially by compelling the inert nitrogen of the atmosphere to unite with the oxygen or hydrogen of water. The most costly substance in the enrichment of the soil is combined nitrogen. Ordinarily, it is procured second-hand, so to speak, either from animal excreta or from other waste products, and the constant demand met by a diminishing supply has carried the price steadily upward. There is a roundabout, indirect method of using atmospheric nitrogen by means of certain plants of the pea-family, through the agency of microbes in the tubercles of the slender roots. This process is limited and special, applicable only to a comparatively few cases. Hence it has been a great desideratum to discover a general method by which the nitrogen of the air could be used on a grand, even an unlimited scale. On a small scale in numberless laboratories, both chemical and physical, this union had been brought about, but always hitherto at too great a cost to make the method practicable. Now, improved appliances for the utilization of water-power in the production of the electrical energy necessary for this chemical production have reduced the cost so much that it is no longer a question of dreaming. Practical work has begun. The new methods are here described briefly but clearly, and it is seen that we are on the eve of enormous changes in the production of certain fertilizers. In some instances, however, Mr. Hall cautions the reader not to be too sanguine in regard to the rosy outlook. Thus in speaking of the inoculation of soil by selected bacteria, he says: "So the picture of the farmer carrying the manure for a field in his waistcoat pocket and applying it with a hypodermic syringe, is still a vision of the future." When the author faces a very doubtful question he frankly states the difficulties, and postpones final decision, but he gives his own views in regard to the practical side of every matter without fear and without prejudice.

The work can be heartily recommended not only to students of agriculture, of every grade, but also to library farmers and parlor gardeners who wish to keep well informed as to recent progress in the improvement of soils.

W. H. R. Curtler's "Short History of English Agriculture" (Frowde), a book of 371 pages, suffers somewhat from compression, which gives dryness, and from occasional repetitions. It is, however, of about the length required by the American reader on the subject, while the general student will find it an instructive commentary on the modern brand of roseate historical novel. The tale of bad times and bad seasons is depressing. From the mediæval system of common lands to modern enclosures is a story of irresistible economic forces, under which the position of the agricultural laborer has been surprisingly little bettered. The author says a good word for English landlords, and seems to favor a return to the tariff. On this latter question some of our agricultural writers will take issue with him; yet we know nothing of the tremendous foreign competition which the British farmer, dairyman, and market-gardener have to face. The book gives interesting glimpses of the great figures of English agriculture, notably Jethro Tull, Arthur Young, and Coke of Holkham.

The French Academy has awarded the Lalande prize to M. Borrelly of the Marseilles Observatory; the Valz prize to M. de la Baume-Pluvinel, and the Pontécoulant prize to Prof. E. W. Brown of Yale University, for his work in the lunar theory.

Drama.

THE THEATRE OF IDEAS.

There are signs that playwrights and public are beginning to tire of what the Germans might characterize as the socio-economico-political drama. Our old friends, "questions of the day," still hold the stage, but the old zest is not there, and, by all accounts, neither are the old box-office receipts. We have had successful plays of late that have dealt neither with capital and labor, nor with dishonest bosses, nor with the iniquities of Wall Street. We have had plays of late that have attempted to deal with social questions of high importance, and have not been very successful. The trend seems to be away from the drama of what the advertisements describe as the burning question of the hour. The professional critic who would rather praise than blame may deplore the change. It was always possible to say that, while the new play had neither literary grace nor dramatic merit nor insight into character nor interest of any kind, the author evidently did have a message to deliver, and apparently did his best to deliver it. Many a halting and stupid piece owes whatever measure of success it has earned to the sole fact that it would be a very hard-hearted critic indeed who should refuse to give it a good word for tackling the question of the day, the hour, or the minute.

But there is one question of the day that has been generally overlooked. And that is, that when all is said and done, a stupid and ill-built play is a bad play, and no amount of contemporary social or political significance can make it anything but a bad play. The theatre among us has never suffered from a superfluity of ideas to an extent that would justify our sniffing at them. But there is all the difference in the world between putting ideas on the stage in adequate form, and putting on the stage in any form anything that the newspa-

pers and militant magazines may be talking about; whether it be Christian Science or dress reform, child labor or breakfast foods. It is impossible to deny that the drift has been towards making the theatre a universal forum. It is also impossible to deny that the thing cannot be done, and that we are beginning to find it out. This is not the old question of what is morally fit or unfit for presentation on the stage. It is a question of what is unskilfully and unnecessarily put upon the stage. And the greater vice is the lack of necessity rather than the lack of skill. Is it really essential that the evils of tobacco-smoking or the bad effects of dancing on the heart should be discussed upon the stage? Mr. Bernard Shaw put the claims of the theatre in their most extravagant form before the recent British commission on the dramatic censorship. "If you prevent us from discussing crime and folly upon the stage," said Mr. Shaw, in substance, "then crime and vice will thrive in secret. If you keep us from showing up hypocrisy and folly on the stage, hypocrisy and folly will spread unchecked."

Now, in all this, there is a vast deal of nonsense. Mr. Shaw would simply have us believe that the theatre has come to be the sole organ of public criticism and debate among us. He mixes up two entirely different questions. Should the theatre be allowed to treat of anything it pleases? For the sake of argument, we may say, if it so desires, yes. *Must* the theatre treat of everything conceivable on the ground that the subject will not be taken up in any other way? The answer is obvious. We still have newspapers and periodicals. We still have printed books. We still have lecture platforms and a pulpit, even if some clergymen stand ready to confess that the theatre is the church of the future. In the face of the great, patent fact that we live in an age of shrieking publicity, it is absurd to maintain that if the dramatist is not permitted to tell us things, no one will. Mr. Shaw has grounds to argue that if he wrote "Mrs. Warren's Profession" and if enough people wished to see the play, they should have been allowed to do so. But he cannot seriously maintain that if his play had never seen the light, the facts upon which it is based would have remained hidden from a public among which yellow sheets circulate by the million and children of twelve weep over the wrongs of Evelyn Thaw. A play that is a poor play cannot claim to be a great one because it points out that we have immigrants and public schools, and that the children of the immigrants attend the public schools and learn to be good Americans. The point has been made before by commencement orators and even in newspaper editorials.

The modern theatre has reached out to embrace the entire round of human interest. Let it, if it can. But in trying to get everything in heaven and earth within the scope of its philosophy, it must remain true to the one elementary law of its being—it must interest. It does not matter whether it does so by purifying the emotions through "Hamlet" or by making us laugh with the slapstick. Let it use one or all of its bag of a thousand tricks. But a play that is a bore cannot claim salvation on the ground that it is a sermon. Mr. Shaw may any day decide to present us with a play in three acts dealing with the fact that in a right-angled triangle the square of the hypothenuse is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides. If Mr. Shaw can make the thing go, as he undoubtedly can if he tries; if he can win our sympathies for the hypothenuse as a fine, bold, revolutionary line that does not hesitate to take the shortest course between two points as contrasted with the cowardly, shuffling, round-about, thoroughly middle-class behavior of the other two sides of the triangle; if Mr. Shaw can do all this, he has written a play. But Mr. Shaw cannot suppose that without his play the principles of Euclid would be forgotten.

Francis J. Ziegler has translated "The Awakening of Spring," a tragedy of childhood, from the German of Frank Wedekind (Philadelphia: Brown Brothers). His labor might easily have been employed to better purpose. The piece is a particularly gross specimen of the degenerate drama, impracticable in form and matter for stage use, grotesque in its shallow and vulgar treatment of an exceedingly difficult physiological and sociological subject, and wholly insignificant except as proof of a diseased imagination. The flippant and coarse assurance with which Herr Wedekind decides in the affirmative a question which has puzzled some of the wisest minds of the ages furnishes a notable example of the folly which rushes in where angels fear to tread.

The revival of H. H. Davies's "The Mollusc" in the Empire Theatre, by Sir Charles Wyndham and the original London company, commands attention as an uncommonly good specimen of artistic comedy acting. When the piece was first produced here it was spoiled by the ineptitude of performers who failed to discern its finer qualities. Sir Charles, Miss Mary Moore, and their associates interpret it with a lightness of touch and a perfect naturalness which give plausibility to the story, while they do not distract from the delicate bits of character drawing and the frequent play of wit. Few cleverer or more veracious light comedies have been written in the last decade, and the representation is worthy of the play in its admirable proportion, fine finish, and artistic restraint. Miss Mary Moore is extraordinarily felicitous as the heroine. She is, indeed, the woman herself—while the part of Tom Kemp shows Wyndham at his best. But it is the perfection of the performance as a whole that is especially noteworthy.

The promised revival of "Twelfth Night" at the New Theatre on the 26th instant will be first excursion of that company into the domain of Shakespearean comedy. The announcement of the play awakens pleasant memories of past Violas—Ellen Terry, Ada Rehan, Helena Modjeska, Adelaide Neilson, and others—of the exquisite Malvolio of Henry Irving, the richly comic Sir Andrew Aguecheek of John Baldwin Buckstone, the luscious Sir Toby of the lamented Wenman, and many others. Annie Russell is now to essay the part of Viola, while her husband, Oswald Yorke, will be the Malvolio. Mr. Calvert, who is chiefly responsible for the production, will be the Sir Toby, Ferdinand Gottschalk the Sir Andrew, Henry Stanford the Fabian, Leah Bateman Hunter the Olivia, and Jessie Busley the Maria. In many respects, this is a cast of admirable promise. The play will be presented in five acts and ten scenes. The scenery and costumes have been designed by E. Hamilton Bell, the theatre's art director.

"Nonotte et Patouillet," the three-act "fantasy," in verse, by the Belgian Albert du Bois, has just been presented at the Théâtre de l'Œuvre, at Paris, where M. Lugné-Poe assumed the rather ungrateful part of Patouillet with fire and appropriate truculence. The piece is marred, according to the critic of the *Figaro*, by certain anachronisms and by a superfluity of paradox—also, it may well be, with squinting allusions to other Belgian poets, whom M. du Bois does not admire; such as Emile Verhaeren and M. Maeterlinck. The costumes are of the eighteenth century.

Music.

Hugo Wolf. By Ernest Newman. New York: John Lane Co. $2.50 net.

Fifty Songs by Hugo Wolf. Edited by Ernest Newman. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $1.50.

When Hugo Wolf died, in 1907, a few of his 232 songs were sung by amateurs in Vienna and the cities of Germany, but to the world at large his name was unknown. He had been a great admirer and champion of Wagner, and it was through the instrumentality of the Wagner-Verein in Vienna that his reputation first began to spread. Further missionary work was done by the Hugo Wolf Societies, founded in that city and in Berlin; funds were collected for publishing his compositions and his letters, and four years ago Dr. Decsey completed an elaborate biography of Wolf in four volumes. The bibliography compiled by Mr. Newman for the volume of fifty songs edited by him includes twenty-six books and essays in German. In English there was nothing for him to record except his own writings, which is odd, because Wolf's songs have within the last five years won a prominent place in the programmes of our recitalgivers.

It is extremely fortunate for Wolf that his music won for him the championship of so vivid and influential a

writer as Mr. Newman. In "A Study of Wagner" this distinguished English critic showed that he could be enthusiastic without ceasing to be discriminating. In the two volumes before us there is even more enthusiasm, but much less discrimination. The author has "no hesitation in putting him [Wolf] at the head of all the song writers of the world," whom he surpasses "to the same extent and for the same reasons that Wagner surpasses all other musical dramatists." We do not believe there are six persons in all Europe and America who will endorse this opinion, and in following Mr. Newman's argument we soon find that his criterion is one which leaves out altogether the decisive factor of creative genius—the faculty of originating melodic and harmonic ideas which made Wagner great. He tries to prove, by comparing some imperfect songs of Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, and others with the best of Wolf's, that Wolf saturated himself with the poem he set as no song-writer ever did before, and that in consequence he kept his music in closer touch with the poem at every point than any of his predecessors.

It is curiously English of Mr. Newman to ignore Liszt here. Every special merit he claims for Wolf was possessed by Liszt, who, moreover, had the gift (which Wolf lacked) of originating enchanting melodies and harmonic progressions that move to tears. The only point that can be conceded is that Wolf was more critical—that, unlike most song-writers, he seldom if ever chose a poem not suitable for music, and that he never sacrificed the accent or the mood of the verse to the exigencies of the music, as Schubert sometimes did. But this by no means suffices to make Wolf the greatest of all song-writers, for critical conscientiousness is infinitely less important than the faculty of creating ideas. As the author himself says, Schubert's melodies "are often so divine in themselves that we scarcely trouble to think of the words." He could not have said that of any of Wolf's songs.

When we find Mr. Newman stating that Wolf gave the piano part a significance it never had before; that he could put himself into the moods and peculiarities of poets of various countries as no one else could; that his Mörike songs alone are superior in scope of matter and variety of manner to the "Ausgewählte Lieder" of Schubert; that there is more variety and specialization of emotional expression and more atmospheric suggestion in Wolf's songs than in others, we simply retort: "not proved"; and feel tempted to add that Mr. Newman's adulation is farther from the truth than the crushing verdict of Brahms's biographer, Max Kalbeck, that Wolf's songs are "dry, puerile stuff, extravagantly banal melodies and ridiculous harmonic convulsions, that would fain pass themselves off as emotions of the soul."

The real significance of Wolf's songs lies in this, that they illustrate the reaction in favor of poetry which set in with Wagner's operatic reforms. Wolf realized instinctively that his lieder must owe such success as they could win very largely to the poems to which they were set. It was his custom first to read and expound these poems to his auditors before he allowed the music to be heard; and when his Mörike songs were issued, it was not the composer's but the poet's portrait that appeared as the frontispiece—"a rare and exquisite stroke of self-abnegation" our author calls it. Unfortunately, the contents of the volume justify this self-abnegation; for the music in itself is seldom as beautiful as is the poem to which it is wedded.

Was Wolf really a genius? He certainly acted like one. Like Schubert, he composed in a state resembling clairvoyance. For a few weeks or months his mind would be as active as a volcano, throwing out songs or instrumental pieces in abundance, and these periods were followed by months of mental exhaustion in which he could do no work. During the ardor of composition, he scarcely slept, ate, or rested for days together. Mr. Newman's biography contains numerous other details, which show Wolf to have been a man of exceptional gifts and many interesting traits. Possibly his estimate of Wolf's ability is after all nearer the truth than ours. We hope so. The reader will find it an interesting task to decide for himself, reading first the biography and then making the acquaintance of the best fifty songs, included in the Ditson volume. For each of these, the editor has provided a helpful note, and the publishers have taken pains to secure satisfactory English translations, which in the case of this composer are naturally of exceptional importance.

Among the singers to be heard next summer at the Mozart festival in Salzburg are Lilli Lehmann, Geraldine Farrar, and Johanna Gadski.

Robert Kahn has just written a quintet, which gains special interest at the outset from the fact that it is composed for the unusual combination of piano, violin, 'cello, clarinet, and horn. Dr. Leopold Schmidt praises it highly in the Berlin *Tageblatt*, remarking among other things that Kahn "always has something to say"—a compliment that can be paid few composers, especially those of chamber music.

Of the famous Joachim Quartet only one member is now living—Emmanuel Wirth. Joachim died in August, 1907, Hausmann in January, 1909, and Halir's death took place on the 21st of last month. Wirth was born in 1859 at Hohenelbe, in Bohemia. After receiving his first musical education at the Prague Conservatorium, he went to Berlin in 1874, to become a pupil of Joachim. At seventeen, he was engaged as principal violinist in Bilse's Berlin orchestra, and subsequently held the post of Concertmeister at Königsberg, Mannheim, and Weimar, settling in the last-named for ten years. In the extensive journeys to many parts of Europe and the United States, which he undertook at that period and later, he made for himself the name of one of the foremost violinists of his time. In 1897 he went to Berlin, where, upon the death of de Ahna, he joined the Joachim Quartet as second violin, also receiving the appointments of leader of the Berlin Court Opera and professor at the Hochschule. He afterwards formed a quartet of his own, which made itself favorably known in Berlin and elsewhere.

Art.

Bushman Paintings. Copied by Helen Tongue, with explanatory text by Henry Balfour, Miss Tongue, and Miss D. Bleek. A pamphlet in folio, with fifty-four detached plates in a box. New York: Henry Frowde. $19.25 net.

A very few of the remarkable paintings and chippings, made by the bushmen of South Africa, have been transferred to European museums or reproduced in scientific publications. It has remained for Miss Helen Tongue to make a full and representative collection of this fascinating form of primitive art. The map included in this work shows her explorations mostly in Basutoland, where she has faithfully traced and copied something like a hundred subjects on half as many plates. She has been fortunate in securing as collaborators Miss D. Bleek, the daughter of a well-known student of South African tongues and customs, and Henry Balfour. Thus the basis of legend and folk lore underlying these designs is suggested, though many subjects defy elucidation. The prints are made on toned paper, representing the brown or gray rock of the caves, and there are several interesting photographic cuts of the paintings *in situ*.

These masterly and spirited designs are treasure trove, both for the ethnologist and the lover of art. With a vivid sense of truth of action, these savages have mimicked graphically the postures of antelope, or heavier beasts of deer or oxen kind, the massive advance of the elephant and rhinoceros, the antics of baboons, and, less successfully, the movements of fighting, hunting, fleeing, or dancing men. The colors are the simplest—black and white, sometimes used singly, with ochreous yellow and red make up the bushmen's palette. They deal in significant contour that, asserting action, takes the form for granted; in bold areas of local color uncomplicated by constructive light or shade. The two instances, which are reproduced as

cases of incipient chiaroscuro give no such impression in the facsimiles. One differs with misgiving from those who have seen the paintings in place, but these modulated tones give us a feeling that the aim is not light and shade, but simply a pleasing fusion of larger planes than usual. It may be noted that these paintings are on a scale uncommon in this art. In any case, the bushmen were generally near the springs of fine design, their lines and edges, being always dynamic, were also sufficiently constructive.

It would be interesting to trace the analogies between these lovely and significant drawings and allied forms of art. The nearest kinship, as one might expect, is with the sketches scratched on bone or stone by the cave men of prehistoric France. That remarkable phase of earliest Greek, perhaps semi-Oriental, realism exemplified in vase paintings and by the Vaphio cups is also cognate. Odder comparisons occur. The hunter, with an antelope's head and elongated legs in plate is very like Cruikshank's print of the seven league boots in Grimm's Tales. A similar spindly and disguised warrior in plate xxix recalls Hokusai's ghosts in the Mangwa. Again certain of the animals have a delicate suavity that we have felt elsewhere only among the Japanese. Others have the purposeful ruggedness of such men of yesterday as Cheret, Steinlen, Rouveyre, and Gauguin. If any one doubts such parallels, we confidently refer him to these magnificent designs.

How old are they? It is a wide guess. Those in Cape Colony are all of a century old, those in Basutoland later. In some caves the paintings are five layers deep. The few surviving natives say that a painting was let alone while the memory of the artist remained, for a matter of three generations. The oldest traces, then, may date from five hundred years past. The meaning of this art we can merely guess at. Those who might tell are dead without other record. Occasionally a folk-tale, or a superstition like the transformation of a bushman into a frog, is clearly the theme. The round dances of men disguised as brutes certainly suggest "medicine" rites. The serpent, a rather rare form, may well have his usual phallic and luck-bringing significance. But all this is mystery and guess work. What is certain is the beautiful and vivifying quality of these facsimiles. They ought to be permanently exhibited on the walls of every art school, being a living protest against our topographical and static way of seeing the always energized forms of nature.

Like their makers, the nameless fine artists of the African upland, these paintings are vanishing. The cattle rub them from the rock walls, casual visitors deface them wantonly, the damp and alternation of heat and cold flake them away. All thanks then to Miss Helen Tongue for providing a faithful and permanent record of a lovely and vigorous art that the world could ill afford to let die.

Twenty-six inedited drawings by Rembrandt in the Budapest Museum are to be published by Karl W. Hiersemann of Leipzig. Exact facsimilies are promised under the editorial supervision of Hofrat Gabriel von Térey, director of the print cabinet containing these drawings. The issue is limited to 150 examples. The sheets include composition sketches, portraits of Saskia and Coppenol, nudes, animals, and landscapes. The subscription price is 120 marks, subject to later increase.

A welcome book about modern German landscapes and landscapists—a kind of pictorial promenade across the map of the Fatherland—is offered in Dr. E. W. Bredt's "Deutsche Länder, Deutsche Maler" (Leipzig: Thomas). Eighty-two full-page engravings, with sixty in the text, and a dozen reproductions in color, are the illustrations, forming texts for popular discussion.

Gaston Migeon is the author of a volume devoted to the "Arts du tissu" in the collection of Manuels d'histoire de l'Art (Paris: H. Laurens). A condensed yet substantial encyclopædia, this volume is the work of a specialist who spares his readers the less useful details of his subject. Simultaneously, there is issued in the series of Maîtres de l'Art, by the Librairie Plon, an excellent volume on "Peter Vischer," by L. Réau. And from the publisher Alcide Picard, in the Bibliothèque de l'enseignement des Beaux-Arts, comes a new edition of the first volume of Georges Lafenestre's "Peinture italienne."

The subject of the beautiful Greek statue vaguely called a Temple Ministrant, or from the place where it was found, the Girl of Anzio, has so far remained obscure. Now the Florentine linguist Domenico Comparetti makes the suggestion that we have to do with a Cassandra as described by Euripides in "The Women of Troy." Foreseeing the murder of Agamemnon, whose slave she has become, and resenting the fate by which her prophecies are always disbelieved, she tears off the band and garland that mark her as priestess of Apollo and restores them to the god and vengeful lover. Æschylus, who gives the episode a more vehement tinge in the "Agamemnon," sets this renunciation at Mycenæ before the palace. Euripides makes it take place prior to the sailing from ravaged Troy. Professor Comparetti remarks chiefly upon the agitation and servile costume of the Girl of Anzio, as expressed in disordered hair and draperies. But there are also more definite marks of identification. The broken salver on the left arm bears the lion foot of an Apollonian tripod, beside which rest a trimmed laurel rod and the rolled band of a priestess. From the shattered fragments of the right hand one may yet see that it held a wreath of laurel which was to be laid on the salver. These results Professor Comparetti has communicated by the informal method of an interview in the *Marzocco*. The complete argument will soon be presented in the *Bollettino d'Arte*. Meanwhile, since the date of this masterpiece has been disputed, it may be interesting to note that its latest interpreter sees in it a work of the fourth century B. C. and possibly a creation of Lysippus.

The death is announced of Mlle. Léonide Bourges, a painter and engraver and also a writer on art topics, well known in Paris. She was a pupil of T. Salmon and Edouard Frère, and exhibited pretty regularly at the Salon. Other deaths announced from Paris are Georges Becker, Paul Salzedo, a native of Bordeaux, and M. Chauvel, honorary president of the Société des Aquafortistes.

Finance.

STOCK EXCHANGE DISCIPLINE.

On Wednesday evening of last week, after a fortnight of deliberation over their sub-committee's report on the so-called "Rock Island corner" of December 27, the New York Stock Exchange governors suspended for sixty and thirty days, respectively, two brokers, in its membership. It was through them that the orders were executed which caused the stock on that day to rise 31 points in less than five minutes. The formal report by the governors to the Stock Exchange, Thursday morning, severely and publicly reprimanded these brokers for accepting and executing the buying orders under the circumstances. It expressed the belief of the Stock Exchange authorities that the brokers could not possibly have been ignorant of the character of the orders, or of the fact that in executing them, on the lines prescribed by their author, conduct "detrimental to the interests of the Exchange" was indulged in. Over conduct adjudged to be thus detrimental, the Stock Exchange's governing board has, under its constitution and by-laws, very sweeping powers.

That the episode of December 27 was detrimental to the interests of the Exchange, no man in his senses doubts. It was so seriously harmful that its exposure not only tarnished the good name of the New York Stock Exchange in New York and Europe, but threatened the possibility of extremely unpleasant consequences in legislation on the matter. Two opinions, almost exactly opposite, will be and indeed already have been expressed, regarding this exercise of Stock Exchange discipline. One has been voiced by the New York *World*, which remarked, contemptuously:

> Yesterday the governors of the Exchange after many promises of stern discipline, suspended one broker sixty days and his partner thirty. What a tribute this is to the childlike faith of Gov. Hughes's Wall Street commission in expecting the Stock Exchange to reform itself!

Critics who take this ground apparently assume that the governing committee of the Stock Exchange ought to have expelled the brokers who acted as agents for this virtually fraudulent transaction. Whatever the Stock Ex-

change authorities may have wished to do, fair-minded men will recognize that there were certain obstacles in their way. One was the fact that Stock Exchange membership is a property right, and that to deprive a member of that right, without such proof of deliberate violation of the rules as should satisfy the courts, would probably have involved the Exchange in litigation. But proof of that nature was not easy to obtain. The original culprit—the man who was planning by a species of sharp practice to deceive the investing public into the false idea that genuine trading on a large scale, and a bona-fide advance of prices, were occurring in Rock Island stock—the governing committee could not reach. He was not a member of the Stock Exchange. If he had been a member, the board of governors, with the evidence already in their hands, would have been bound to visit upon him the most severe and humiliating penalties in their power.

Failing this possibility, they assumed on the part of the man's Stock Exchange agents knowledge of the nature of his orders, and punished them accordingly, but in such manner as to avert the probability of recourse to the courts. This is a precedent of great importance; furthermore, it is a warning to the rest of the Stock Exchange members that they will hereafter engage in operations of the sort at their own individual peril. Nor is there any guarantee, explicit or implicit, that the next offender will not be visited by severer penalties.

The other opinion referred to above is heard in some quarters of Wall Street. It objects to the action of the board of governors on two grounds —one, that the brokers had no means of knowing what was the character or purpose of the buying orders assigned to them for execution; the other, that whatever the brokers involved in the Rock Island scandal may have done, other Stock Exchange houses have time and again done the same thing with impunity. The answer to the first objection is that if these gentlemen did not know what they were doing, they were the only men in Wall Street who did not. The "Rock Island manipulation" had for weeks been flagrant, open, and impudent. There was not an office-boy within hail of the Stock Exchange who did not know that an unscrupulous "insider" was matching orders as closely as he dared; that in actual effect he was buying at fictitious prices from himself. The stock's performances had become the jest of clerks. But no one imagines that the author of the orders would have continued to pay commissions, had he not believed that he could successfully use the Stock Exchange facilities to delude the real investor into the notion that the sales were genuine and the prices bona fide. In other words, he was making the Stock Exchange, to all intents and purposes, an instrument of fraud.

There remains the objection: Other brokers did the same thing and were not punished; why, then, should this one house be disciplined, merely because something went askew with Rock Island's thimblerigging programme? There is a familiar ring to this logic; it might have been borrowed, almost verbatim, from the insistent *apologias* of Mr. Charles W. Morse. Morse had been so impressed with the spectacle of other people violating with impunity the Na-

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tional Bank Law that he proceeded to violate it himself, and when caught in the act, pleaded that he was no worse than they; that only an "accident" had brought him to the bar, and that he ought not to be punished. A certain maudlin sentimentality made itself visible in response to this appeal. The courts listened patiently, considered the matter soberly, and sent Mr. Morse to prison. They were quite aware, as were all other right-thinking people, that to refuse to punish a notorious offender, on the ground that other offenders had escaped, would be to turn the law into ridicule. Members of the Stock Exchange who have at heart the welfare and prosperity of their organization, and possibly its continued existence in its present form, are likely to take a similar view of the present case.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, J. Exposition and Illustration in Teaching. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Alexander, G. The Epistles to the Colossians and to the Ephesians. Macmillan. 50 cents net.
Archer, G. L. Law Office and Court Procedure. Boston: Little, Brown. $3 net.
Ashmolean Museum Summer Guide. University of Oxford.
Bacon, J. D. The Biography of a Boy. Harper. $1.50.
Beecroft, W. I. Who's Who Among the Wild Flowers. Intro. by F. Duncan. Moffat, Yard. $1.20 net.
Bohan, E. B. The Drag-Net. Boston: C. M. Clark Pub. Co.
Bushnell, B. John Arrowsmith—Planter. Cedar Rapids, Ia.: Torch Press. $1.50.
Caine, H. "Why I Wrote 'The White Prophet.'" London: Collier & Co.
Canal Enlargement in New York State, and Related Papers. Buffalo Historical Society Publications. Vol. XIII.
Conlevain, P. de. On the Branch. Trans. by A. Hallard. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Crookes, W. Diamonds. Harper.
Douglas, A. P. The Dominion of New Zealand. Boston: Little, Brown. $3 net.
Grinnell-Milne, G. Tales from Tasso: Poems and Translations. London: David Nutt.
Hawes, C. H. & H. Crete the Forerunner of Greece. Harper.
Hecker, E. A. The Teaching of Latin in Secondary Schools. Boston: Schoenhof Book Co. 80 cents.
Janvier, T. A. Legends of the City of Mexico. Illustrated by W. A. Clark. Harper. $1.30 net.
John Martin's Letters for Children. Morgan Shepard.
Jones, F. N. Boccaccio and His Imitators. University of Chicago Press. 50 cents.
Lamb's Selected Essays of Elia. Edited by J. F. Genung. American Book Co. 40 cents.
Looking Upward Day by Day. Selections by E. V. Hammond. Dutton. $1.25 net.
McKinley, E. M. Pupil's Notebook and Study Outline in Roman History. American Book Co. 25 cents.
Mathews, R. V. The Lost Legion. E. C. Hill.
Mifflin, L. Flower and Thorn: Later Poems. Frowde.
Moore-Willson, M. The Seminoles of Florida. Moffat, Yard. $1.25 net.
Patch, K. W. The Sensitive Child. Moffat, Yard. 75 cents.
Patterson, C. B. A New Heaven and a New Earth. Crowell. $1.25 net.
Phelps, W. L. Essays on Modern Novelists. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Porter, W. H. A Shield Reversed. E. S. Gorham.
Proclus' Metaphysical Elements. Trans. from original Greek by T. M. Johnson. Osceola, Mo.
Reichert, E. T., and Brown, A. P. The Differentiation and Specificity of Corresponding Proteins and Other Vital Substances in Relation to Biological Classification and Organic Evolution. Carnegie Institution of Washington.
Report of the Librarian of Congress and Report of the Superintendent of the Library Buildings and Grounds. For year ending June 30, 1909.
Schinz, A. Anti-Pragmatism. Boston: Small, Maynard.
Smith, E. R. Plane Geometry: Developed by the Syllabus Method. American Book Co. 75 cents.
Vinogradoff, P. Roman Law in Mediæval Europe. Harper.
Wiener, H. M. Essays in Pentateuchal Criticism. Oberlin, O.: Bibliotheca Sacra Co. $1.50.
Wigmore, J. H. A Pocket Code of the Rules of Evidence in Trials at Law. Boston: Little, Brown.
Williamson, C. N., and A. M. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Doubleday, Page $1.20.
Wines, F. H. Punishment and Reformation. New, enlarged edition. Crowell. $1.75 net.

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The *Nation* is published and owned by the New York Evening Post Co. Oswald Garrison Villard, President; William J. Pattison, Treasurer; Paul Elmer More, Editor.

Three dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada $3.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union $4.00.

Address THE NATION, Box 794, New York. Publication Office, 20 Vesey Street.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 27, 1910.

The Week.

President Taft is reported by the Washington correspondents to be "smiling broadly" over the promises of Congressmen to be good and pass the bills which he regards as the articles of a standing or falling Administration. This is natural, but is it wise? Should the smile be anything more than partial—say, on one side of the mouth and mantling only one cheek—so long as we are still in the region of pledges and have not yet got to performance? There is such a thing as the strategic use of smiles. Distributed too easily and employed too early, they lose something of their due effect. Even a laughing philosopher is bound to display at times a certain reserve and economy in his hilarity. We do not pretend to be expert in these matters, but we should say that, in the actual situation, a judicious mixture of frowns with his smiles would well grace the President. He should not give the full rewards of victory to those who are just buckling on their armor. If the Republicans in Congress are already enjoying the full breadth of the Executive smile, what guerdon is there left for them to fight for? Besides, he smiles best who smiles last.

There is something a trifle comic in the consternation over President Taft's reported announcement of his purpose to direct the Department of Justice to proceed against all oppressive Trusts and illegal combinations. This is received in some quarters as if it were a startling new departure. Certain people are talking as if there had not been the slightest warrant for expecting that Mr. Taft would try to enforce the law against agreements in restraint of trade. In actual fact, of course, he has again and again announced his determination to do that very thing. In speeches both before and since his election, as also in messages to Congress, he has made his position plain. In his recent message on the Anti-Trust act, for example, he explicitly stated that the judicial interpretations of the law show that it "applies to many combinations in actual operation, rendering them unlawful and subject to indictment and restraint." And a little further on he added: "It is the duty and purpose of the Executive to direct an investigation of the Department of Justice . . . into all the industrial companies with respect to which there is reasonable ground for suspicion that they . . . are conducting business in violation of the Anti-Trust law." Words could hardly be more precise, or more clearly express the intent of the Administration.

It will be a popular thing for the Government to proceed with a prosecution of the Beef Trust, as it is announced that the Department of Justice proposes to do, but that, of course, is no reason for undertaking it. The question is simply one of enforcing the criminal law. It may be true, or it may not be true, that the packers are partly responsible for the high prices of meat products, about which the whole country is complaining. That, however, is only incidental. The real point to be determined is whether the packing companies have violated the Sherman Act; whether they have combined to suppress competition, restrain trade, and obstruct the free flow of interstate commerce. If they have, they are liable to prosecution and punishment. The decisions of the Supreme Court furnish ample grounds for moving against them. They may deny that they have any intent to create a monopoly, but if the natural effect of their acts is such as to admit of and produce a monopoly, that is all the law needs to know. Moreover, the judges have shown that it is possible to brush aside the devices—the holding company, for example—by which an illegal combination seeks to mask itself.

Secretary Ballinger's address at Williams College on Saturday was sound in doctrine, even if unnecessarily violent in language. It is late in the day to attack furiously the muck-rakers and the penny-a-liners. They have become a part of the whole situation with which a public man has to deal, and he must accept them with as much philosophy as he can muster. It certainly will not do to denounce as muck-rakers the very newspapers and magazines which, when they were on your side, and promoted your political fortunes and those of your party, you lauded to the skies. Mr. Ballinger dwelt none too strongly upon the need of strict legal warrant for every act of executive officers. If they assume that they have any higher commission than their oath of office, or any authority greater than that conferred upon them by law, they throw our whole system into confusion. It is well for the Secretary and the President to press upon Congress the urgent need of regulating by statute the work of caring for the national domain. None of these things, however, goes to the merits of the charges against Secretary Ballinger which Congress is about to investigate. These relate less to the written law than the unwritten intent, to the spirit in which the statutes are administered, to the possibility of private interest getting the upper hand of a public officer. Men of all parties must hope that nothing will be brought out to smirch a member of the Cabinet.

There has been hurled into the camp of the Pinchotites what is not strong enough to be called a bombshell and is somewhat too strong to be called a demurrer. The head of the Federal Weather Bureau has taken sharp issue with the prevalent ideas concerning the influence of forests upon rainfall. Professor Moore maintains that rainfall affects the forests, but that forests have nothing to do with the rainfall; that spring floods come more often from the forest than from the open; that erosion is not so bad as we imagine it to be and that in any case floods are no more frequent now than they used to be. Professor Moore's views do no great damage to the cause of conservation, since there are other potent reasons for saving our forests than the need of regulating our rainfall. It is different with the hundreds of books of travel that take particular pains in pointing out how bare hillsides go hand in hand with languishing agriculture and a degraded peasantry. The question is one that has long been in controversy, and Mr. Moore's challenge may help to bring it toward definitive settlement.

The preliminary report of the National Waterways Commission follows within less than a month upon the report of a British royal commission on internal waterways, which, after the thorough manner of British royal commissions, had been studying the subject for nearly four years. The problem in this country and in England, allowing for the great difference in area under consideration, is largely the same. In this country and in England, the rapid development of the railway, following upon an era of canal building, relegated internal water-borne traffic to a state of obsolescence. In both countries the movement is primarily a protest against what is felt to be the exactions of the railways. Yet from the year 1880 to 1906 the percentage of total traffic within New York State carried by the Erie Canal has declined from 18 per cent. to 3 per cent., and absolutely from 4,600,000 tons to 2,385,000 tons. But in spite of the task involved in restoring the canals and rivers from their fallen estate, our own commission and the British commission are agreed that the thing is more than worth trying—the British a good deal more positively than our own, it must be confessed. But both commissions agree on the all-important point that the improvement of internal navigation must be taken up as an enterprise that recommends itself, and not as a mere club for the railways. "The fundamental criterion," says our own commission, "should be whether a railway or a waterway, when constructed or improved, will be a profitable investment."

Attorney-General Wickersham's decision that the income from United States bonds, when forming a part of the income of a corporation, can be taxed under the Corporation Tax law, is of extraordinary interest. In one respect, indeed, it is not overdoing the matter to call it startling. For the exemption from taxation which attaches to the bonds is not merely a matter of understanding, nor even merely of law; but it is written upon the face of the bonds in the strongest and most inclusive language possible. "The principal *and interest*"—so runs the inscription—"are exempt from the payment of *all taxes and duties of the United States*, as well as from taxation in any form by or under State, municipal, or local authority." Accordingly, the Attorney-General cannot take refuge under a distinction between taxing the bonds and taxing the income from the bonds, for even the metaphysical refinements of our Constitutional law would hardly attempt to conjure into tangible being a difference between the interest paid on the bonds and the income derived from them. His view can only be that to tax the income from the bonds as part of the corporation's total income is a different thing from taxing the income from the bonds as such; but what the Supreme Court will do with this distinction does not seem very difficult to predict.

The Attorney-General, it is safe to say, was driven into this position by the desire to avoid the Constitutional prohibition of a Federal direct tax, other than one which is apportioned among the several States in proportion to population. Authorities in the Treasury Department are quoted as saying that if any part of the income of corporations were exempted, the tax would cease to be legally an excise tax and would take on the character of a direct tax. Whatever be the ultimate metaphysics of this view, there are two morals that the whole incident evidently carries in regard to the proposed amending of the Constitution so as to give the United States power to levy income taxes. In the first place, Gov. Hughes was entirely right in saying that, if the amendment as submitted to the Legislatures really does in law carry the right to tax income from State and municipal bonds, we cannot be sure that right would never be exercised; for here is the Attorney-General of the United States proposing to tax what at least nine men in ten would say were bond incomes explicitly declared exempt by the United States itself. The second moral is even more important: that it is the clear duty of the present Congress to pass a new Constitutional amendment, giving the Federal Government power to levy income taxes, but free from the objection raised by Gov. Hughes. Such an amendment, if quickly put through Congress—and the practical unanimity of Congress last year makes debate on the principle superfluous—would have an excellent chance of being approved by three-fourths of the State Legislatures. Not to avail of that chance is to throw the gravest doubt on the sincerity of Congress, and even of the Administration, in the whole matter.

The benefits that may accrue to the country from the establishment of the conference of Governors as a recognized institution cannot easily be overestimated. It has unquestionably been one of the elements of weakness, and sometimes of serious danger or difficulty, in our system, that an assemblage of States whose interests are so inextricably bound together, administer affairs of common importance upon lines independently chosen by each. It is by no means only owing to the inefficiency of State governments, but also to the impossibility of securing harmonious action among them, that the demand for increased centralization of power has been growing so strong in the past two decades. All good Americans, therefore, will hope that the conference of Governors may prove efficient. In his address at the conference last week, Gov. Hughes helped to crystallize sentiment on the subject by making a classification of the ways in which these conferences can be made useful. The three main subjects for their consideration, as he said, are uniform laws, State comity, and the systematic utilization by the States of one another's experience. Under each head matters are comprised of the first importance.

There is a group of subjects, however, of the first importance which cannot be classified exactly under any one of these heads, although partaking of all three. We refer to questions of taxation, incorporation, and industrial regulation. It is not to be expected, or even desired, that legislation on these subjects should be made strictly uniform in all the States, but there may well be a recognition by the separate States of the interests of the country as a whole in the admission of certain principles or limitations. In matters of taxation, one of the great difficulties with which every State has to contend is the danger that, either by the enactment of a proposed new law or by the more efficient enforcement of an existing one, capital may be driven elsewhere. The same thing is true of incorporation laws; the disgraceful history of New Jersey in this regard could

not have been written if there had been an organized interstate opinion, such as the conference of Governors may be expected to provide, to pass judgment on her conduct. In the matter of child labor, employers' liability, and the like, similar considerations apply.

While the Illinois Legislature is almost split in two on the subject of primary legislation, the Chicago *Tribune* has made a poll of State editors and finds that among sixty-odd newspapers five out of six are sharply in favor of a new primary law; this despite the State's discouraging experience with three earlier primary laws, passed and invalidated by the courts since 1905. If the direct primary is a delusion, the people of Illinois seem badly set in their aberrations. They have had five years to think the question over. They have had the opportunity to profit by the "failure" of the direct primary system in Oregon and Wisconsin. Yet, strangely enough, they have persisted, against court decisions and the politicians' wiles, in urging on their representatives to the enactment of a primary measure that shall stand the test of the courts and give the system a fair trial. If the politicians at Springfield are lukewarm in a cause which the people of the State have so much at heart, it only raises the presumption that a primary law may turn out a bad affair for the politicians but a good thing for the people.

There is much to be said in favor of the recommendation made by a special committee of the New York State Bar Association in reference to the plea of insanity in criminal cases. They recommend that instead of the present provision of the Penal Code relating to the subject there be submitted the following:

> Insanity or other mental deficiency shall no longer be a defence against a charge of crime; nor shall it prevent a trial of the accused, unless his mental condition is such as to satisfy the court upon its own inquiry that he is unable, by reason thereof, to make proper preparation for his defence.

In cases in which the accused man has a real plea of insanity, it would remain for that to be treated separately, after the jury had decided as to the commission of the crime itself. Of course, the chief purpose served by such a change would be the avoidance of the preposterous abuses to which the exploitation of the plea of insanity has given rise. Yet it may well be doubted whether this simple and sweeping remedy is not open to objections quite as serious as those which lie against our present methods, though of an altogether different nature. The mere getting of the individual criminal out of the way, whether by execution or confinement, is not the most important purpose of the penal system, any more than is his reformation; the impression made by the administration of the law upon the minds of all men is the great agent for the prevention of crime, which is the chief end to be served. And this impression cannot be made without preserving the instinctive association between law and fundamental justice. In real cases of insanity, to convict the accused of crime would be to do a fundamental injustice. But some radical cure of the abuse of the insanity plea has certainly long been called for.

The fight for control within the First Church of Christ, Scientist, New York, has resulted in the election of an anti-Stetson and pro-Eddy board of trustees. Thus Mrs. Stetson's recent excommunication is confirmed by the members of her own church and the history of Christian Science once more repeats itself. It is pointed out by the chroniclers of Mrs. Eddy's life that the founder of Christian Science has, by temperament or policy, failed to keep within the fold her earliest disciples and her most prominent followers. One after another the men and women who have helped to build up Mrs. Eddy's church and fortunes have either fallen away or been driven away. Christian Science is a marvellously centralized system, with its sole seat of authority in Mrs. Eddy acting through the directors of the First Church in Boston. Unusual prominence for a Christian Scientist is a quality apt to invite the thunderbolt. In Mrs. Stetson's case it is the fact that she introduced Christian Science in New York and that she built up the fortunes of the First Church here. She has been in Mrs. Eddy's service for nearly thirty years, but her ambitions, whether real or alleged, have been her downfall. Whether the absolutist system within Christian Science will survive its founder is quite a different matter.

Everybody must hope that the exclusion in the President's proclamation of Germany and France from the list of nations with whom we are to live in tariff peace is but temporary. Negotiations with those two countries are still under way, and an agreement may be reached. Such a contest may be as disastrous as one with ships and guns. France and Switzerland engaged in a tariff war some years ago, with the result that each combatant soon found that he was hurting himself more than the other, and the mortified statesmen of both lands had to call a truce. Nothing but similar consequences could be expected if the United States and Germany, or France, were to begin hurling maximum tariffs at each other, like so many explosive shells. A spirit of reasonable concession on either side is all that is needed to bring about a good understanding. And the authorities in Washington might well bear in mind that the Payne-Aldrich tariff has already incurred a sufficient amount of odium without dislocating our commercial relations with two great trading nations.

The appearance of a Cardinal of the Roman Catholic Church as a defendant in court is an event rare enough to attract attention outside of France, where the incident is part of the "school war" now going on between the Church and the radical elements. His Eminence the Cardinal-Archbishop of Rheims, against whom the Public School Teachers' Association is now reported to have brought suit, has been the most prominent figure in the attack on the "neutral" schools. The precise nature of the suit is not stated, but it is said to be based on the open letter issued some time ago by the French bishops, in which Catholic parents were called upon to unite for defence against the corrupting influences threatening their children in the "Godless" schools. At the same time, a number of text-books in general use in the schools were placed on the Index. Fighting the government schools through parents' associations is the plan which the Clericals mainly depend upon. The argument is that Catholic parents are entitled to have their children immune from atheistic influences. In practice, however, it is the bishops behind the parents' associations that carry on the campaign.

"COST OF LIVING."

Abundant evidence exists that the people are stirred to an unusual degree by the pressure of high prices for necessaries of life. Not to mention the curious incident of "Consumers' Leagues" to abstain from certain high-priced foods, it will be recalled that President Taft, in his recent message to Congress, referred to the general problem as the most serious drawback to the prosperity of the day. Bills have been introduced in Congress for commissions to inquire into its cause and meaning; State legislatures are moving independently in the same direction. The Department of Agriculture has intimated its purpose to have an investigation on its own account. Still more recently, high cost of living, as a practical problem with a practical bearing on the investment markets, has taken a prominent place in Wall Street controversy.

We heartily favor Congressional investigation. It is highly desirable that correct information should be officially obtained, and a government commission of inquiry provides the surest means of obtaining it. The ideal board of inquiry would be constituted like the British Royal Commissions, which have from time to time been designated by Parliament, and in which eminent experts, not members of Parliament, have participated. This, unfortunately, is not the way of Congress, whose commissions, made up wholly of Congressmen, too often have a habit of trying to bolster up by evidence some preconceived notions of their own. Nevertheless, the scope and power of Congressional inquiry is very wide, and there are cases like the Senate inquiry of 1892 into Wages, Prices, and Cost of Living, which began with a brief to free the protective tariff from responsibility, but which ended, under the masterful management of Carroll D. Wright, in producing an economic document of the highest value.

We should suppose that a commission on the cost of living, named at the present juncture, would address itself more largely to individual testimony than did the inquiry of 1892. If such testimony could be kept down (and the task should be easy) to something less than the monumental proportions of the Industrial Commission's cross-examinations, it would provide some very much needed information. People at large are ascribing the present high cost of necessaries in this country to one or all of seven separate causes: the world's increasing gold production; exhaustion or partial exhaustion of natural resources; the exactions of the Trusts; protective tariffs; forestalling operations by speculators; habitual extravagance by the community as a whole; and, finally, the demands of labor.

We shall not enter upon a discussion of the quantitative theory of money. The world-wide rise in prices, since 1897, has undoubtedly accompanied great increase in the world's gold production. The world produced $235,000,000 gold in 1896, and, by the *Engineering and Mining Journal's* estimate, $457,000,000 in 1909; the London *Economist's* "index number" of prices of 47 commodities rose from 1,850 at the end of 1897 to 2,390 at the opening of the present year, and it got up to 2,601 in the middle of 1907. This, to a good many people, establishes a conclusive *post hoc* argument. It might, no doubt, be suggested that the reasoning did not fit so conclusively to the decade preceding 1897, in which the world's annual gold output more than doubled, and in which, nevertheless, a prolonged and general decline in commodity prices occurred. Bankers, however, will be apt to make the point that the total annual gold output has of late been exceptionally large, that new gold goes into bank reserves, and that the higher bank reserves mount up, the more easy and confident are the banks in providing credit. Now, many typical events of the decade past—not only the merchant's capacity for buying large supplies on borrowed money, but the promoter's facilities for organizing Trusts, the power of those Trusts to dictate "stand-pat" prices, the courage and tenacity of speculators, and even the extravagance of individuals—are at least in part a result of abundant credit.

Exhaustion of natural resources accounts for something; it explains, for instance, much of the rise in price of lumber. But it does not explain the rise in price of iron or copper, where production has assumed unheard-of proportions in the period, or the rise in price of wheat, of which the world's crop, last year, was larger by 25 per cent. than the largest crop up to 1898. Arbitrary prices, fixed and maintained by combinations of capital, undoubtedly play their part. No one familiar with trade in the high-price era of 1907 is likely to deny that copper, tin, and lead were held at exorbitant prices by the Trusts controlling the markets for such commodities. Combinations of manufacturers have been accused of fixing abnormally high prices for meat and milk.

When, furthermore, an association of cotton planters, backed by bankers, publicly announces, as was done in 1905, fifteen cents a pound as the minimum price at which members of the association are expected to sell their product, we have at least the machinery of a Cotton-Growers' Trust. This very season has presented the spectacle of both cotton and wheat held up in price by operations of speculators, based largely on the farmer's slowness to sell.

As for protective tariffs, it is quite possible that they may not be a fundamental cause—they were quite as high in 1898, when nobody grumbled at the cost of living. But the most convinced protectionist must admit, if he is honest in his reasoning, that on some articles high duties cruelly aggravate the general pressure of cost of living, and that in virtually all articles they raise the bars against possible relief, through foreign markets, from arbitrary exactions of domestic Trusts and speculators. In the matter of wages, it is true that the Bureau of Labor figured out, even in 1907, an increase of 28⅞ per cent. in average wages of skilled laborers as compared with 1900. But the same government report also intimated that the rise in wages was as much a consequence as a cause of higher prices.

We do not propose to indicate here which of these various influences is the most important, or how any one of them can be restrained in its operation. It is altogether doubtful if a Congressional commission could devise a comprehensive remedy. But the value of determining, with some approach to authority, the precise truth in regard to all the factors going to make up the present high scale of prices, is that unintelligent and possibly dangerous public demands for legislative action may be averted.

THE LESSON OF SAN FRANCISCO.

In the autumn of 1908 Mayor Taylor of San Francisco appointed a committee of citizens to investigate the causes

of municipal corruption in that city under the Ruef-Schmitz régime. The committee submitted its report on December 31 last, and the report was shortly afterwards published. Its findings are of interest in every State and city in the country. While without a trace of violent or irresponsible denunciation, this report, signed by every one of the seven citizens appointed to serve on it, does not hesitate either to characterize the general situation or to state positive conclusions as to particular points of controversy. Among these it is especially interesting to note the matter of Mr. Spreckels's share in the promotion of the prosecutions; the committee's conclusion being unequivocally to the effect that his participation was entirely legitimate, and that the ruin or embarrassment of the United Railroads was no part of the object of the men who contributed funds to aid the prosecution. Equally unquestioning is the approval given to Mr. Heney's magnificent work in hunting down the rascals; a judgment to which all the more weight will attach because the committee frankly admit that in the campaign of last fall some of Mr. Heney's speeches "lent color to the claim that he was attempting to try the accused man at the bar of public opinion rather than in the courts of justice." They add that "the bulk of well-intentioned citizens understood the strain to which the three years of most bitter and arduous courtroom service, coupled with the shock of his shooting, has subjected him, and judged in their true light his statements made in the heat of the campaign"; and they express "the highest appreciation of Mr. Heney's splendid services and of the results accomplished, not only in unmasking the real forces behind the corruption in San Francisco, but in overthrowing the Ruef-Schmitz administration."

Into the particular forms in which the corruption at San Francisco was embodied, and which are set forth in the report, we cannot enter here. What concerns us all is the degradation which a régime of bribery brings upon the whole body of the community. How pervasive this was a few citations from the report may serve to show. One of the most startling evidences of this condition of things is furnished by the history of the third election of Schmitz, in 1905. The corruption of his rule had been so unmistakably indicated, both by Mr. Heney's charges and by the attacks made upon it in the *Evening Bulletin*, that he lost a great deal of his support in the ranks of the labor men themselves, whose candidate he was; but, incredible as it may seem, he then, for the first time, received "a very considerable plurality" in the portion of the city where the more prosperous merchants and capitalists lived. "It was for a time suspected by many," says the report, "that the sinister strength of Schmitz in the wealthy quarter of the town was due to tampering with the voting machine. It could not be believed that the financial leaders, the bank managers, the great merchants, and the more pecuniarily successful of the professional classes were in sympathy with an administration pledged to an extreme labor platform and about which the odor of corruption was already discernible." But the exposures made by the Oliver grand jury the following year placed beyond doubt the fact that Schmitz's strength lay largely in the interest of many "best citizens" in the perpetuation of the reign of corruption.

Two more instances must suffice. One relates to the bribery of Ruef and the Supervisors by a corporation desiring a privilege that was in itself utterly unjustifiable—a case in which there was no possibility of pleading defence against blackmail as an extenuation of the crime of bribery. In this case—

> The attorney who reported the necessity for bribery was a former judge of the Superior Court and the then president of the San Francisco Bar Association, a man of ability, good social and professional standing, and attractive personality. Although it was made public that he had neither disclosed the crime to the district attorney nor withdrawn from the investment, nor given up his attorneyship or his directorship in the Parkside Company, he did not resign his presidency of the association.

The other tells of the condition of the Police Department under a régime of corruption:

> The total number of crimes for which indictments were found by the Oliver grand jury was one hundred and seventy-five, participated in by nearly forty persons, representing practically every walk in life. Not one of them was unearthed by the Police Department of San Francisco, and the chief of police himself was indicted for perjury before the grand jury and for conspiring to prevent the detection of crime. It is apparent that such a department must have been rotten to the core.

It is pleasant to wind up with a more encouraging aspect of the story. Not only was the highest public spirit displayed by such men as Heney, Phelan, Spreckels, and other leaders, but also by men who could expect no reward in the way of personal fame. We refer particularly to the members of the grand jury already mentioned, of which B. P. Oliver was foreman. We cannot do better than quote what the committee says of their unflinching stand against the powers of corruption:

> The merchants of the jury knew that the institutions they attacked involved the men who controlled the transportation of their goods, the credits with which they purchased them, and who could deprive them of part of the market in which they were sold. Professional men realized that to offend the financial and social powers whose participancy in the crimes they had unearthed meant loss of prestige and serious inroads on their clientèle. Harder to face, for some at least, was the severance of long-standing friendships, business and social, with the men against whom they ultimately found their indictments, and the social ostracism from certain circles, not only for themselves, but also for their wives and children.

They knew, furthermore, that physical violence was among the dangers they invited; as a matter of fact, the dynamiting of the home of the chief witness for the prosecution, the kidnapping of Editor Older, the shooting of Heney, showed the lengths to which the desperate corruptionists were prepared to go. In facing all the consequences which the honest performance of their duty might entail, these men did a patriotic service of the highest order; and it is gratifying to see their names recorded, with fitting tribute to their devotion, in this permanent record of a memorable chapter in American civic history.

PARLIAMENT AND "MANDATE."

What is the "mandate" of the people in a given Parliamentary election in England, or Presidential election in America, is often difficult enough to decide, even when the majority is very great. The voters are not called upon to say yes or no to any one question; and it not infrequently happens that no one question is so distinctly "paramount" as to make unmistakable the popular verdict upon it. To take familiar instances out of our own history, there is the strongest possible contrast between such an event as the decisive victory of Lincoln in 1864 and the decisive victory of McKinley either in 1896 or in 1900. The defeat of Mc-

Clellan in 1864 meant a triumphant vindication of the Lincoln Administration, an unequivocal mandate for the inflexible prosecution of the war for the Union; it was a positive, not a negative, result. On the other hand, in 1896, when the silver issue was unquestionably and emphatically paramount, while every one felt that the nation had pronounced unmistakably upon that issue, it was open to the gravest sort of doubt whether the Republicans could legitimately claim that the people had also declared their assent to the positive programme of high protection, although that, too, had been contained in the Republican platform. The victory had been obtained by the aid of an extraordinary revolt within the Democratic ranks, and the men who took part in this revolt were almost solidly opposed to the high-tariff policy. In 1900, both the silver issue and the issue of imperialism were involved, and it was impossible to say that the nation had passed its judgment on the new issue of the colonial policy; it had, indeed, rejected Bryan the anti-imperialist, but had been unable to separate his anti-imperialism from his free-silver position and his other economic peculiarities.

The situation that will confront the new Parliament is one in which this kind of doubt concerning the "mandate" of the people will, of itself, present extraordinary difficulty, and in which, over and above this, there will be the difficulty arising from the extreme closeness of the vote. The impression produced by the results of the earlier pollings has been entirely wiped out by later developments. Even with the substantial majority then in prospect, it was plain that the Conservatives had made sufficient gains to warrant the confident expectation that radical measures would not be resorted to by the victors, either in regard to the treatment of the House of Lords or in the direction of economic change; but it did seem that, in addition to securing the passage of the Budget, the elections would be found to have decided two things. One was that the question of the right of the Lords to veto a supply bill would be permanently settled in the negative; the other was that free trade was secure from serious attack for a number of years, unless business conditions underwent a great change for the worse. Now, however, all the fat is in the fire again. The Liberals, with the aid of the Labor men, will still probably have a clear majority; but, with a victory like this, it will be impossible to assert with any emphasis that they have a plain mandate from the country on any one of the four great issues involved in the contest. For, in reality, the lines of policy concerning which the fight was waged were no less than four in number—reform of the House of Lords, free trade, a programme of economic legislation savoring more or less of Socialism, and Irish home rule. And not only are these sharply distinct from each other in their nature, but, as a matter of fact, there are large bodies of voters who, in deciding to support either the Government or the Opposition, were compelled to do great violence to their feelings on one or another of these issues. This has been especially the case with the important body of Unionist free traders—men who would regard the abandonment of free trade as a national calamity, but who see even greater danger in the possibilities of the radical programme on the other three issues. Indeed, it may fairly be averred that the vast loss sustained by the Liberals this year, as compared with four years ago, is due, above all, to the fact that conservative Englishmen felt at liberty to vote their sentiments on free trade four years ago, but that this time they felt compelled to swallow their objections to protection, under stress of what they regard as an imperious necessity.

In spite of all this, however, there is one result of the elections which it seems safe to say will have all the force of a "mandate." The nation has shown beyond all question that it is not desirous of any policy of rash innovation. For the support of such a policy, in a country with the political traditions of England, the emphatic approval of the nation is an essential requisite. But the country has not risen to the support of the Lords in their assertion of the right of veto in a domain where it had long been regarded as dead, and it has not risen in support of the aggressive Liberals in their flaming indignation against the Lords. Surely there can be no violent dealings with that problem. Even more impressive is the lesson of moderation in economic legislation that the elections teach; for not only does the even balance of parties tell in favor of old-fashioned Liberalism as compared with the semi-socialistic temper of Lloyd-George and Winston Churchill, but the unexpectedly crushing defeat of leading champions of avowed Socialism gives point to the moral.

But, after all, Parliamentary government is not supposed to be, fundamentally, government by popular mandate. Upon the men who will formulate the policy of the country in the new Parliament will rest a task of enormous difficulty, but also of unusual opportunity. The situation they will face is of the precise kind in which real powers of constructive statesmanship can best manifest themselves. Mr. Asquith—if he should, as in all probability he will, again take the helm—will not be sure of the support of a majority of the Commons for any programme he may decide upon; but, on the other hand, he will not be under the compulsion of an apparent demand of mere numbers to adopt a policy that he does not in his heart approve. A really great leader might well find in such a situation an opportunity for appealing to what is soundest and truest in the political instincts of his countrymen—for seeking in the strength and wisdom of his proposals that support for his policy which he cannot look for in the sheer force of a brute majority. There is much talk, just now, of a life of only a few months for the coming Parliament; but it is a question of the statesmanship of the leaders, quite as much as of the momentary state of the public mind, whether the new Government will or will not be able to maintain itself and make a substantial and noteworthy record.

NOVELTY AND THE NEW.

"When a new book comes out, I read an old one," may have been said partly in sarcasm, but it contains more than a jest, and more even than its author probably meant. With the new we are only too familiar. It is the breath of our twentieth-century nostrils. In it we live and move and have our restless being. We count that day lost whose futile sun has seen nothing unprecedented done. New forms of entertainment, new methods of eating, new ways of healing, new discoveries, new religions, prove America virgin soil. Columbus found our abode a new world, and we are bent on keeping it such. Yet we are not without a saving conservatism that has a fashion of mani-

festing itself with unexpected force and timeliness. There is little in us of the French pleasure in wiping the slate clean. We are fundamentally Northern and Saxon. But our conservatism seems a spasmodic instinct rather than a settled policy, a city of refuge rather than a chosen camping-place.

Nevertheless, nothing could be newer to most of us than something really old. For what we mean when we speak of the new is the novel, and this, it is no subtle paradox to say, is more easily found in the past than in the present. He is very unsophisticated indeed who does not have an inkling of the inside of the latest piece of fiction he buys before he has opened it. He buys it, indeed, because he does know its general character. What he wants is familiar scenes newly drawn and inhabited, or unfamiliar scenes with the old familiar actors. This gives him novelty without strangeness; he visits a new spot, but under accustomed conditions of language, institutions, laws. A new book's very date demonstrates its modernity; in manufacture, atmosphere, plot, characters, style, it reeks of its time. Even when it deals with another epoch, it does so from the standpoint of its own. The historical novel is a personally conducted tour with every obscurity explained, every offence removed. "They do but jest, poison in jest; no offence i' the world." For the genuinely new, we must turn to the obsolete.

Sober historians made discovery of this pregnant truth some time ago. Crammed with knowledge of events ancient, mediæval, and modern, looking for new worlds to bring to book, and pressed by the ever-growing necessity for unthreshed topics of research, they bent themselves to the study of origins. More superficial intellects would have found sufficient novelty in speculations concerning the present conditions on Mars or the future developments on the Earth, but the sure instinct of the born investigator led the chroniclers into the field whose freshness is its antiquity. But they have not been followed by the mass of mankind. Despite the impressive array of volumes dealing microscopically with the table manners of our remote ancestors, the unenlightened public blindly continues to prefer newspapers to epics, vaudeville to "Everyman," airships to Hammurabi. We are forced to the conclusion that the real sensation-monger is the innocent-looking, dry-as-dust representative of modern scholarship. Our position is confirmed by the remembrance of the inevitable nine-days' wonder that is aroused whenever a discovery of the study is made intelligible to the denizens of the marketplace. Whatever it be, whether the baselessness of the cherry-tree incident, the mythical character of Adam, or the splendors of Nippur, the announcement never fails to make a stir similar to that which followed the report of the circulation of the blood. Such announcements, however, are rare, and thus only the highly educated may habitually breathe the surcharged air of scientific pursuit. For them, life must be one prolonged excitement.

It is this lack of real novelty that constitutes the essential weakness of "popular" learning. A university extension course, pleasantly taken in opera chairs under brilliant chandeliers, with all the comfortable accompaniments of syllabi, stereopticon, and refreshments, by its very accentuation of contemporary conditions precludes anything like adequate appreciation of other times, other manners. We are dangerously near to finding the royal road —which may lead to entertainment, but to nothing more. Let us, however, try for the really new: born into a time of exact science, of material interest, of triumph over space and force, let us remove ourselves to another world, a world of myth, of spirits, of submission to vague but personal Force. Here is no roar of trolley, no newsboy's cry, no storied piles. Business is business, and not finance; literature is absorbing work; philosophy is thought, rather than experiment. We are terribly impressed by the limitations of such a civilization. But suppose we stay a while, and day after day live with these people, so strangely unprogressive. Could anything be more productive of novelty? Ingrained habits would prove worse than useless; long-standing assumptions would collapse for want of basis; complete readjustment of view and activity would be necessary even to understand the new life. But would there not be in such understanding, and still more in participation in such conditions, an education and a culture? Is anything more characteristic of culture than a widely mobile, sympathetic point of view? Search of the obsolete yields more than novelty. Not the least of its results is a new comprehension of the modern.

CANADIAN BOOKS OF 1909.

OTTAWA, January 15.

The Quebec Tercentenary has been responsible for a respectable body of literature, inevitably varied in quality, but, on the whole, of fair merit. Dr. Arthur Doughty's "Cradle of New France" (noted in the 1908 review) was rather in the nature of an introduction to the Quebec celebration, of which the aftermath remains to be recorded. One finds, of course, books on the famous siege of 1759, and on the generals who took part therein, as well as on some of the other notable men and events of this ancient Canadian town. Edward Salmon has given us a new and decidedly readable "Life of Wolfe" (Cassell), though he has not added materially to what was already known of the career of the conqueror of Quebec. Beckles Willson's "Life and Letters of Wolfe" (Heinemann) is more ambitious, and brings together a good deal of material hitherto scattered and more or less inaccessible. An ingenious attempt to tell the story of the siege in verse is embodied in Dr. J. M. Harper's "Battle of the Plains" (Musson); while A. Gagnon, in his "Fort et Château St. Louis," describes the romantic history of that once famous home of French and English governors, commenced by De Montmagny in 1647 and completed by his successor D'Aillebout, rebuilt by Frontenac, enlarged after the conquest, and finally destroyed by fire in 1834. Of the old building, with its memories of three sieges, and the countless succession of governors, generals and missionaries, savage chieftains and more than half-savage *coureurs de bois*, who once met in its historic halls, nothing now remains but a single inscribed stone let into the wall of the Château Frontenac Hotel. An interesting picture of life in Quebec during the early years of British occupation is furnished by J. M. Fairchild's "Journal of an American Prisoner at Fort Malden and Quebec in the War of 1812" (Carrel); Sautai's "Montcalm au combat de Carillon" (Chapelot), belongs rather to the Lake Champlain celebration than to that of Quebec; and J. Macpherson's "Scenic Sieges and Battlefields of French Canada" (Valentine) is a popular account of the more remarkable of the many conflicts in the French colonial and Indian wars, based mainly on Parkman.

There is now in preparation, under the direction of the Dominion Archivist, Dr. Doughty, an official history of the Quebec Tercentenary, which, in both text and illustrations, will form a magnifi-

cent memorial of the celebration. While only indirectly a product of the Tercentenary, William Wood's "Logs of the Conquest of Canada" (Champlain Society) is not only a notable contribution to the literature of the Siege of Quebec, but it is decidedly the most important Canadian book of the year. It forms a companion work to Dr. Doughty's "Siege of Quebec," that work containing the documents relating to the land operations by the army, and this being devoted to the actions of the fleet. In a long and scholarly introduction, Major Wood reviews his material, gives an exceedingly valuable account of the character and relative strength of the British and French navies in the middle of the eighteenth century, and brings out very clearly a fact which all previous historians had neglected—that the conquest of Quebec was due, not solely to the splendid generalship of Wolfe, nor to the bravery and capacity of the British troops, but to the perfect co-operation of the army and navy. The logs themselves are divided into three sections, those relating to the capture of Louisburg, those relating to the siege of Quebec, and those relating to the final operations at Montreal.

Of scarcely less importance, as a contribution to Canadian history, is Sir C. P. Lucas's "History of Canada, 1763-1812" (Frowde). As in his "Canadian War of 1812," the author bases his work on original documents, and has given us what must be regarded as the best available interpretation of them. His book covers one of the most important periods in Canadian history, and throws new light on the causes and consequences of the Quebec Act, the Treaty of 1783, and the coming of the United Empire Loyalists, the administrations of Lord Dorchester and Sir James Craig, and the intricate question of the international boundary.

A history of quite a different type is Agnes C. Laut's "Canada, the Empire of the North" (Briggs). Miss Laut does not concern herself with the formal history of wars and treaties, political movements, and those who stood behind them. Her object is rather to bring out the romantic side of the story of Canada; to recreate, in her own words, "the shadowy figures of the heroic past, to clothe the dead once more in flesh and blood, to set the puppets of the play in life's great dramas again upon the stage of action." As she justly says, "pictures of men and women, of moving throngs and heroic episodes, stick faster in the mind than lists of Governors and arguments on treaties." There is, it will probably be admitted, room for both kinds of history. The only vital provision is that the work should be accurate. Miss Laut, fortunately, possesses both the knowledge to write true history, and the ability to present it in exceptionally attractive form.

The widespread interest taken by Canadians in their own political problems, as well as in those that concern their status in the British Empire, is reflected in such recent works as Andrew MacPhail's "Essays in Politics" (Longmans); J. P. B. Casgrain's "Problems of Transportation in Canada" (Laflamme & Proulx); Charles Langelier's "Souvenirs politiques de 1878 à 1890" (Dussault & Proulx); and George T. Denison's "Struggle for Imperial Unity" (Macmillan). Professor MacPhail discusses, with the breadth of view and acuteness of an impartial and singularly well-informed student of public affairs, such live Canadian questions as the fiscal policy of the Dominion, British diplomacy and Canada, the naval question, preferential trade, and inter-imperial relations. Mr. Casgrain's volume of speeches is of timely interest, as it deals with such immediate problems as the national transcontinental railway, the Hudson Bay route, and the Georgian Bay Canal. Mr. Langelier's reminiscences throw an important sidelight on the history of Canadian politics throughout the constructive period from 1878 to 1890. Col. Denison's book, while written from the standpoint of a strong partisan, brings out and presents in an interesting way the inner history of the Imperial Federation movement in Canada.

The recent death of Dr. James Hannay removes one of the last members of the group of Canadian historians, to which belonged Dr. William Kingsford, John Charles Dent, and Sir John Bourinot, and, of which Dr. George Bryce, Benjamin Sulte, and Sir James Le Moine are now the only survivors. Dr. Hannay's "History of New Brunswick" (St. John: Bowes), appeared only a few weeks before his death. It fills two substantial volumes, and is practically a continuation of his "History of Acadia," published some thirty years ago. That work dealt with the story of the part of the present Maritime Provinces controlled by France, up to the Treaty of Paris, 1763. The present history traces the development of the Constitution of New Brunswick, and the growth of its laws, from the foundation of the province down to the present time. While somewhat unattractive in style and poorly arranged, the work embodies the results of deep and painstaking research, and will be invaluable to the future historian.

Two other important publications bearing on the history of the Maritime Provinces are Dr. E. M. Saunders's "Three Premiers of Nova Scotia" (Briggs), embracing the lives of Joseph Howe, James W. Johnston, and Sir Charles Tupper—the latter now ranking with Lord Strathcona and Sir Sandford Fleming as Canada's most eminent octogenarians; and J. A. Chisholm's "Speeches and Public Letters of Joseph Howe" (Halifax: Chronicle). The latter includes Howe's remarkable defence in the suit for libel in 1835, in which he held a stolid Halifax jury spellbound for six and one-quarter hours; and his speech on Reciprocity at the Detroit convention of 1865, where his eloquence brought the vast gathering of American business men to their feet in a body, cheering like schoolboys.

In imaginative literature, the year's record has been far from remarkable. It must be taken as rather indicative of the low ebb which we have reached in contemporary verse that the public has welcomed with a degree of enthusiasm such third-rate stuff as R. W. Service's "Ballads of a Chechaco." Hiram L. Spencer's "Fugitives" (Bowes), contains a number of short poems of very fair merit, and is further interesting as the work of an octogenarian, who, in his younger days, enjoyed the close friendship of Longfellow and Bryant. Thomas McInnes's "Lonesome Bar" is made up of dance-hall tragedies, and other verses suggestive of the rough-and-ready life of the Klondyke. Donald A. Fraser's "Pebbles and Shells"; E. W. Thomson's "Many-Mansioned House"; W. M. MacKeracher's "Sonnets and Other Verses," and W. T. Allison's "Amber Army," are of varying merit and interest. In fiction, the more noteworthy Canadian books of the year are Wilfred Campbell's "A Beautiful Rebel"; R. E. Knowles's "The Attic Guest"; Charles Roberts's "The Backwoodsman"; C. W. Gordon's "The Foreigner"; L. M. Montgomery's "Anne of Avonlea," and Gilbert Parker's "Northern Lights." L. J. B.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

A few days ago a collector pointed out to the Bibliophile that there were two varieties of Thackeray's "The English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century," London: Smith, Elder & Co., 1853. The book is common enough, worth a pound or two at the most, and it has been easy to get together several copies for comparison. The result shows that there are really three distinct editions of the book, all of which would have passed heretofore as first editions. The actual first edition has the following title: "The | English Humourists | of the | Eighteenth Century. | A Series of Lectures. | By | W. M. Thackeray, | Author of 'Esmond,' 'Pendennis,' 'Vanity Fair,' &c. | London: | Smith, Elder, & Co. 65 Cornhill. | Bombay: Smith, Taylor, & Co. | [rule] | 1853." The preliminary signature consists of four leaves made up of (1) a blank leaf; (2) half-title, "English Humourists" (verso blank); (3) title-page as above, with "The Author of this Work reserves to himself the right of | Translation." and "Bradbury and Evans, Printers, Whitefriars." on verso; (4) "Contents" (verso blank). The text consists of pp. 1-322, with three leaves of advertisement, "Mr. Thackeray's New Fiction," completing signature Y. One of the two copies seen has on the fly-leaf the name "Jos. Connell," the date "2 March 1853," and a price "£22 per 100." This copy has been sub-

mitted to Smith, Elder & Co., who state that it was an "advance copy made up for their traveller." Mr. Connell, "when the book was at press for him to go around and take orders in advance." The book, they say, was published on June 6. This copy has no catalogue bound in at end. The second copy has bound in "A Catalogue of New and Standard Books," dated "March, 1853," of sixteen pages. The third of "Works in the Press" on p. 1 is "Lectures on the English Humourists" "In one Volume, crown 8vo," but no price is given. This copy has also, inside of front cover, a label "Smith, Elder & Co. | East India | & Colonial Agents | Cornhill, London."

The second edition has a different title. Two lines "Delivered in England, Scotland, and the United States of | America." are added after the line of "A Series of Lectures." And at the bottom, below the imprint are two lines, in small type, enclosed in square brackets "The author of this work reserves to himself the right of authorising | a translation of it." The preliminary signature of four leaves consists of (1) half-title, "English Humourists | of the | Eighteenth Century." (verso blank); (2) title, as above, with imprint only on verso; (3) "Contents" (verso blank); and (4) "Errata" (verso blank). The text has the same collation, but the catalogue bound in at the end is dated "June 1853." "Lectures on the English Humourists" is still third of "Works in the Press" but "price 10s. 6d." and "(Just ready)" have been added. There are, of course, many other differences in the catalogue.

Both forms are bound in blue marbled, ribbed cloth, the back-stamp differing slightly. The side stamp of the first edition consists of a frame of lines and scroll-work, while that of the second is merely a border of two parallel lines. Although the text at first sight appears to be identical, a comparison has brought to light numerous differences, such as the following:

P. 26, line 14. First edition has "word, than"; second edition "word from Goldsmith than."

P. 30, lines 24 and 25. First edition has "evil, I don't say a lost, spirit"; second edition has "evil spirit."

P. 49, line 3. First edition, "over"; second edition, "over for poor Stella."

P. 151, lines 2-5 read in the first edition "acquaintance. Gentlemen may speak of him to their wives and daughters as they do of certain men's men and brilliant club wags, whom it is dangerous to introduce into society. Not that Steele." In the second edition this sentence was cut out and line 2 is "acquaintance. Not that Steele," etc.

P. 193, line 14. First edition, "Almanza"; second edition, "Barcelona."

In these two editions there is a long rule at the top of each page, below the headline, and a short rule below the text, between it and the note.

The third edition is most easily distinguished by the fact that there is no rule at the top of the page, and the rule between the text and the note is a long one extending entirely across the page. This third edition has half-title and title the same as the second edition, but there is no errata leaf, the errors all being corrected. A few other slight differences in the text have been discovered. The catalogue at the end is dated "June, 1853," but is quite different; the binding is the same.

The two points by which the genuine first edition can be most easily identified are, briefly, these: The half-title should be one line only, not three lines; and the title should have twelve lines only, not sixteen.

The Anderson Auction Company will hold a sale of important books on February 1 and 2. Among first editions of nineteenth-century authors are Keats's "Endymion" (1818), correct earliest issue in the original boards; Thackeray's "Flore et Zephyr" (1836), the plates cut around like those of the Mynderse copy, which brought $709 last October; and "Pickwick" (1837), "Nicholas Nickleby" (1839), and "Martin Chuzzlewit" (1844), in the original parts. Among rare Americana are Beverley's "History of Virginia" (1722); Bartram's "Observations" (1751), uncut; Burns's "Poems, first New York edition (1788); Backus's "History of New England," 4 vols., complete (1777-1804); the first edition of "A Narrative of the Captivity and Sufferings of Benjamin Gilbert" (1784), and other items. Among association books is the volume from Keats's library, with his signature and date 1820, which brought $460 at the McKee sale, and the volume from Shelley's library with his autograph, which brought $180 in the same sale. Sporting and other colored-plate books, early printed books, and bindings are other classes represented.

On February 2 and 3 the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company will sell the library of the late Col. William Lamb of Norfolk, Va. Included are books on the Revolution, the war of 1812, and the civil war, early Western travels, etc.

Correspondence.

THE BOSTON ELECTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of January 13 you take, not unnaturally, a somewhat gloomy view of the Boston charter amendments, the recent election seeming to have proved the amendments a failure. You note that, though party nominations were excluded from the ballot, party politics were as present as ever, the Democratic vote electing Mr. Fitzgerald, the Republican and Independent vote being cast for Mr. Storrow.

The Democratic vote of Boston outnumbers the Republican by fully two to one. It is made up principally of the most clannish race in Christendom, welded into a unit by centuries of real or fancied Anglo-Saxon oppression. No other American city has so large an Irish population or one so united in an offensive and defensive alliance against the world. In the recent election an Irishman, born, so he said, of poor but honest parents, ran against an Anglo-Saxon who seemed the best available candidate, notwithstanding that he was also a banker, an aristocrat, a resident of the one exclusive ward of the city, and the president of the Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Storrow attacked Mr. Fitzgerald's record with great vigor, and to defend it was impossible. Perhaps the attack was too strenuous, for every one knew the shortcomings of the Fitzgerald régime. Mr. Fitzgerald kept away from his record, and by almost superhuman ingenuity persuaded his race to rally round him. Pat reasoned thus:

Fitz is not what he should be, but they tried a year and a half to find the goods on him and they didn't succeed. They didn't get him behind the bars. The other chap doesn't know us except at election time, and he's not one of us, and he's been in high finance, and that's worse than Fitz. Besides, look at the money he squanders on his big ads. He can't buy me in that way. So, hooray for Fitz, bad as he is.

Enough crucial votes were cast on the issues Irish against Anglo-Saxon, poor man against rich man, petty graft against high finance, to determine the election. Those who cast such votes gave only secondary heed to the administration for four years of the city government.

The president of the Democratic City Committee, a formidable Irish political chieftain, joined the Storrow forces. Thus strict party regularity, for years a pernicious principle in Boston municipal elections, was broken up. Mr. Storrow's vote was extraordinarily large. If 700 more votes, in a total vote above 95,000, could have been swung over, all the philosophical deductions regarding the campaign would have been radically different. In such an event there would have been a superb victory over almost impossible obstacles. Not only did the independent forces have to overcome, with a rich man for their candidate, the Irish prejudice and the habit of voting the Democratic ticket, but they had also to overcome the strictly Republican vote. This stood behind the present Mayor, whose virtues in office had exceeded his defects, and who appealed with all his might to Republican loyalty. He received only 1,816 votes, or less than 2 per cent. of the total vote cast. This shows the extent to which the voters did their own thinking. And this small remnant of the Republican vote was alone sufficient to turn victory into defeat. But for the wounded vanity of the present Mayor, which led him to become a candidate, the independent and Republican vote would have elected Mr. Storrow, in spite of all the other obstacles.

Except for the return to office of Mr. Fitzgerald, the election was a signal success. The chairman of the present excellent school committee was elected by 13,000 votes over as extreme and almost as well known an Irish-Democratic candidate as Fitzgerald himself. Seven of the reform candidates for the new council, out of a possible nine, were also elected, showing that, where the prejudice of the voters was not actively aroused, they tended to choose the best, party labels being absent.

It should be added that the school committee and City Council campaigns were waged without rancor, and without personal charges of wrongdoing by the candidates against their opponents. This permitted independent voting on the part of the Irish to seem less an act of disloyalty than in the case of the hard-pressed "Fitz."

One of the Framers of the Charter Amendments.

Boston, January 21.

BISHOPS AND CARDINALS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your issue of December 23 contains an editorial whose tone, to the Catholic, is a little strange. It is all very well to speculate upon the probabilities of the next consistory when those probabilities have some chance to become realities. After expressing doubt as to the fitness of the archbishop of Paris to receive the cardinal's hat, because of Jesuit dissatisfaction with

his lack of "ultramontanism," it is hinted that the archbishop of Montpellier might be more acceptable to the powers at Rome. Passing the remark concerning the Jesuits, who have about as much to do with a consistory as I have, permit me to state that there is no archbishop of Montpellier. The see mentioned is a bishopric, suffragan to the archbishop of Avignon; and it is not generally the custom to advance bishops to the cardinal's dignity over the heads of their metropolitans. It is true that, in a recent instance, it was done. Bishop Andrieu of Marseilles, a suffragan of the archbishop of Aix, became a cardinal, while his archbishop did not; yet there were especial reasons for the move in that case. In the first place, Marseilles is one of the most ancient sees of France, besides being the second city of the country in population and importance. Secondly, the bishops of Marseilles have enjoyed certain privileges, among them investiture with the pallium, and the use thereof, like an archbishop. Thirdly, in such a large city as Marseilles, Mgr. Andrieu necessarily bore much of the injustice of the separation law, and the red hat was a reward for his uncompromising position at that time. Fourthly, as soon as possible after his reception of the dignity, he was transferred to a metropolitan see, that of Bordeaux. Montpellier, on the contrary, is a provincial town; its bishop's metropolitan is not a cardinal. Were the bishop to be promoted to the cardinal's dignity, it would be, in all likelihood, only after his transfer to a more important see.

The bishops of Autun have often been cardinals. That city is the oldest suffragan see of the archbishop of Lyons, who is primate of Gaul, and who has invariably been raised to the Roman purple. Hence the reason for such privilege in Autun.

Of late years the number of French cardinals has been kept at seven. There is no reason for calling this the normal number, however. If the Pope desire, or if it be expedient, he can name fifteen French cardinals, or he can let the number fall to one, or two, or three, as it is now.

CHARLES C. CONROY.

St. Vincent's College, Los Angeles, Cal., January 1.

[The statements in our editorial were quoted as coming from the *Corriere della Sera*, whose Vatican correspondent is supposed to be well informed.—ED. NATION.]

PLUNDERING TEMPLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There is a famous sentence in Sir William Temple's essay "Of Poetry" which has created an interesting series of echoes. It runs: "When all is done, human life is, at the greatest and best, but like a froward child, that must be played with and humored a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is over."

Goldsmith, in Act I of "The Good-natured Man," puts almost the same words into the mouth of Croaker: "Life, at the greatest and best, is but a froward child that must be humored and coaxed a little till it falls asleep, and then all the care is over." The words are entirely inappropriate to the character. Goldsmith must have known that he was quoting, but he makes no acknowledgment.

Sainte-Beuve, speaking of Molière, says ("Portraits Littéraires" II, 9): "Il considérait cette triste humanité comme une vieille enfant et une incurable qu'il s'agit de redresser un peu, de soulager surtout en l'amusant."

Frederick Locker-Lampson, in "Confidences," p. 313, writes: "I ask you, what is human life? At best it is but a froward child, that must be played with and humored, to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is over." I have not the volume at hand, and am relying on the long quotation from it in Professor James's "Varieties of Religious Experience." Mr. Locker-Lampson makes no acknowledgment by quotation marks or otherwise, unless Professor James's citation does him injustice.

It would thus appear that three notable men of letters have helped themselves to Temple's idea, and to more or less of his phraseology, without so much as saying "by your leave." But perhaps he has partly deserved this treatment; there is some reason for supposing that the simile was not entirely original with him. Dorothy Osborne, in one of her delightful letters to him, written before their marriage, says: "Methinks he wakes out of his long sleep like a froward child, that wrangles and fights with all that comes near it." Possibly, too, Temple took a hint from a sentence of Robert Burton's, which resembles his slightly in idea, and notably in cadence: "The world itself, which ought at least to be wise by reason of his antiquity . . . is every day worse than other; the more it is whipped the worse it is, and as a child will still be crowned with roses and flowers." And this sentence is not Burton's, but purports to be quoted from an author of whom I know nothing but the interesting name: Hugo de Prato Florido. HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE.

Colorado Springs, January 13.

MINNEAPOLIS AND ST. PAUL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: According to the estimates made by the United States Census Bureau in 1906, Minneapolis had a population of 273,825 and was the sixteenth largest city in this country, St. Paul having a population of 203,815 and being the twentieth largest city. Together they had a population of 477,640, which would bring them next after Baltimore, which at that time had a population of 553,669, and ranked as the sixth largest city.

It seems a great pity that two such pushing, thriving cities should not get together and adopt one name, since they are in fact one community. To be kept apart through jealousy for either one of their present names, or because of the use made of this sentiment by local politicians for selfish purposes, does not comport with the reputation their citizens have won for level-headed sagacity as business men.

A suggestion has recently been made to me which struck me as so good that I transmit it to you. It may not be new, but I have never heard of it before. It was that the Twin Cities should drop once and for all the discussion of which of their present names was preferable, or of how these two names might be combined, and agree upon St. Anthony, the name of the town on the east bank of the Mississippi River, which was consolidated with Minneapolis in 1872.

This name belongs to neither one of the two cities and therefore should not excite any feeling of jealousy. It is a name, however, that not only once connoted the locality, but still does so, for the falls in the Mississippi River at Minneapolis are today, and always have been, known as the Falls of St. Anthony. A. T. H. BROWER.

Chicago, January 18.

RICHARD WAGNER'S "FARCE OF THE ANCIENT MARINER."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In looking through the "Personal Recollections of Wagner," the translation of Angelo Neumann's "Erinnerungen an Richard Wagner," published in 1908, my attention was struck by the following note on P. 202:

Many journals even published extracts and translations of Richard Wagner's "Farce of the Ancient Mariner" and his amusing "Capitulation," written late in 1870.

I call your attention to this note, not so much in order to afford Wagnerites a little amusement, as to correct the impression which might be made upon readers of the book when they find reference made to a "Farce of the Ancient Mariner" as well as to a second comedy, the "Capitulation," both written by Wagner late in 1870. Neumann's note reads: "Aus Richard Wagners Lustspiel *in antiker Manier*, der köstlichen 'Kapitulation,' Ende 1870 geschrieben." It refers, of course, to Wagner's farcical "Eine Kapitulation" or "Comedy in the antique manner."

In general, however, and apart from such slips, due no doubt to carelessness, the translation is natural and fairly faithful, occasionally, indeed, an improvement upon the German of the original.

PAUL R. POPE.

Ithaca, N. Y., January 19.

Literature.

THE MEMOIRS OF JOHN BIGELOW.

Retrospections of an Active Life. By John Bigelow. Three volumes. New York: Baker & Taylor Co. $12 net.

The worst may as well be said at the beginning. Mr. Bigelow's book is very, very long. We state the fact mildly, if plaintively; withstanding the temptation to make it more entertaining by stating it violently. Mr. Bigelow can doubtless remember reading many of Macaulay's book-reviews when they first appeared, and if he recalls the review of Nares's "Memoirs of Burghley" he may perhaps reflect that, if book criticism is to-day less interesting than in the days of his youth, it is, at any rate, more considerate and careful. Macaulay begins:

The work of Dr. Nares has filled us with astonishment similar to that which Capt. Samuel Gulliver felt when he first landed in Brobdingnag, and saw corn as high as the oaks in the New Forest, thimbles as

large as buckets, and wrens of the bulk of turkeys. . . . We cannot sum up the merits of the stupendous mass of paper which lies before us better than by saying that it consists of about two thousand closely printed quarto pages, that it occupies fifteen hundred inches cubic measure, and that it weighs sixty pounds avoirdupois. Such a book might, before the deluge, have been considered as light reading by Hilpa and Shalum. But unhappily the life of man is now threescore years and ten, and we cannot but think it somewhat unfair in Dr. Nares to demand from us so large a portion of so short an existence.

If we cannot wholly spare Mr. Bigelow the reproach conveyed in the second half of the last sentence, we can at least record our pleasure in the palliating circumstance that his own span of life has so far exceeded the Scriptural limit. We do so, moreover, in the confidence that he will amiably wish a considerably increased longevity to a reviewer who has not been content to review his book without actually reading it. Like Dr. Nares's, it contains about two thousand closely printed pages; but we hasten to admit them octavo, and not quarto. Its weight is less than twelve pounds, and its cubic measure we have scorned to take. On the other hand, it must be said that, whatever the value of these innumerable letters, their quality is distinctly documentary rather than literary. They are meat for the historian and monographist rather than the general reader. They are more appropriate to a government publication, or, at any rate, an appendix, than to the text of a book commended by its inviting title of "Retrospections" and by the attractive personality and interesting career of its author; a book made to be bought and read—and to be reviewed—by people who are in no sense specialists in the particular phase of a limited period to which the greater part of it is devoted. The carefully selected title seems to us, therefore, measurably inaccurate. Here is not merely retrospection, but an actual reconstituting of a great part of the landscape which one is invited to join the author in looking back upon.

We would not make the stricture too severe, nor dwell too long on that aspect and those parts of the work which, while they may give it its chief value to the specialists, have so little attraction for other readers. One would much rather hasten, with the early and casual reviewers, to the purely reminiscential parts, and dwell on them entirely. But some estimate of the serious and bulky documentary contribution to history is necessary. Unquestionably, that contribution has value. Nowhere else, probably, has there been brought together in one book so much material indispensable to the historian of our relations with France—perhaps one might even say, our relations with Europe—during and immediately following the civil war. Although one could wish that the letters were fewer, and that fewer of them were given in full, so that the comment might be more plentiful, the comment is frequently illuminating, and such as no one but Mr. Bigelow could give. He has not written, and does not claim to have written, a history of the foreign relations with which he deals. Neither, we venture to add, has he presented anything which will essentially alter the general view of the course of those relations now taken by competent historians; and that fact implies, of course, a limitation of the value of what he contributes. In his own "France and the Confederate Navy" he had already set forth the substance of much of what is here more elaborately presented and sustained. Future historians will draw from the later treatment of the subject amplifications and incidents and corroboratory foot-notes, rather than fresh contentions; but they will draw from an abundant and a not ill-arranged supply. Still, we cannot help thinking it would have been better if Mr. Bigelow *had* made his contribution in the form of a careful and reasonably brief history of the events with which he deals in the second and third, and part of the first, of these huge volumes. There is no particularly good systematic account of the subject in existence, and if he had undertaken to make one, he might have given us a better book than any he has yet written—the life of Tilden not excepted.

Only one other criticism of the book as a contribution to history need detain us from enjoying it as reminiscence. The spirit Mr. Bigelow displays when he is dealing with his antagonists, the Confederacy's representation in Europe, and with other Confederates and with the Confederacy itself, will not, we think, commend the book to a younger generation of readers, whether Northern or Southern. With one exception, we have not noted a single characterization of a Confederate enterprise or man that is not either contemptuous or bitter. To dwell on the unfitness of Mason and Slidell for their mission, particularly on account of their pro-slavery antecedents, was doubtless proper and pertinent, and not unjust. But the consistently disparaging allusions to all that was done for the ill-starred Richmond government abroad, and to its servants everywhere, would far better have been withheld. The old notion of the Confederate movement as a mere criminal conspiracy is thus too much countenanced. So far as foreign relations were concerned, Mr. Bigelow would have us believe that the conspiracy was at work in the persons of our traitorous foreign representatives throughout Buchanan's administration. Specific allusions are equally uncharitable. Judah P. Benjamin, for instance, is dismissed as "a soldier of fortune politically," who, after the fall of the Confederacy, "took refuge in London, where he died." With no other knowledge of him, one would hardly infer that he died the leader of the English bar, after a career, begun *de novo* late in life, that has hardly a parallel in the history of the legal profession. One other instance of this sort of thing must suffice. Referring to Jefferson Davis's being at West Point in 1860, Mr. Bigelow remarks:

> It was during the two or three weeks he then spent at the Academy that he effected the corruption of Hardee, who could not resist the temptation of wearing the chevrons of a major-general, though regretting, I know from personal conversation with him afterwards, that he had to secure them at the cost of living the rest of his days and dying a traitor.

Good taste and fairness apart, the accuracy of Mr. Bigelow's knowledge and recollection of this incident will hardly go unquestioned. People who knew Gen. Hardee will find it particularly difficult to believe that he ever pronounced himself a traitor. It is interesting to observe that, in the one pleasant remark Mr. Bigelow makes about a Confederate, it is Lee who obtains his approval.

Most of the retrospections proper come at the beginning, in the first half of the first volume, and what Grant said of all biography—that the most interesting part is that pertaining to youth—holds fairly true in this instance. Mr. Bigelow's boyhood was sweet and wholesome, though not particularly eventful, and he writes of it very simply and pleasantly. It had not, however, the hardships common to the boyhoods of so many of his contemporaries who became famous and are now long since dead. He himself enjoyed it, apparently, quite as much as he has lived to enjoy the marvellously changed American life of his mature manhood and old age, and which, for some pages, he engagingly contrasts with the life he knew when railways were but beginning and gas and telegraphy and electricity and sulphur matches quite undreamed of. From one passage it would appear that he inclined to enjoy it too well. Writing to his father, in 1833, the bursar of Washington College had but one fault to find with him. "I think," said this deponent, "he only needs to have the exuberant spirits of youth tempered with a few more years to be a credit and happiness to those who are interested in him." The years have been granted, the growth of the country has added some millions to the number of those interested in him, and they undoubtedly account him "a credit"; but it is still a question whether the years have wrought quite the change in his temperament which the bursar hopefully anticipated.

Exuberant spirits usually mean ani-

mated human relationships, particularly friendships, and this they have continuously meant for Mr. Bigelow; but they also meant, with the character behind them, school and college once left behind, a quick plunge into work and affairs. At eighteen, he was a law student in a New York office, and a few months later a member of the Column, then a little club of youngsters, but to which W. M. Evarts and Parke Godwin afterwards belonged, and which finally, after the death of all its members except Godwin and Bigelow, bestowed its tradition and its emblem upon the Century Association. A year or two more, and he had acquired a lawyer's license, committed himself to homœopathy, and greatly widened his acquaintance. Politics and writing for periodicals followed quickly. When he was thirty-one, turning finally away from the law, he joined Bryant on the *Evening Post*.

His editorial career was remarkable, and all the more remarkable because it was, as such careers go, decidedly brief. In 1848, at the suggestion of Samuel J. Tilden, and aided by an endorsement from Charles O'Conor, the famous Irish-American lawyer, he bought an interest in the firm of William C. Bryant & Co., publishers of the *Evening Post*, for which he agreed to pay $15,000, and set about earning the money, by helping Bryant to increase the *Post's* circulation and income. How effective his help was appears from the relations into which it quickly brought him with public men of great reputation, and from the *Evening Post's* own gains in influence, as well as circulation, which made it, with but one or two possible exceptions, the foremost high-class newspaper of that time. The practical success of Mr. Bigelow's efforts appeared even more clearly, when, twelve years later, he sold his interest in the paper to Parke Godwin. Here is his record of the connection.

> I became a proprietor of three-tenths of the *Evening Post* in November, 1848. Subsequently my share was increased to a full third. The whole had cost me $17,100. I was told that Mr. Henderson, our business partner, sold his third to Mr. Villard some years later for $500,000.
>
> The net income of the *Evening Post* property for the year ending November 15, 1850, was $15,708.31. For the year ending November 15, 1860, it was $68,774.23. In the twelve years that I had spent on the paper, I had managed to pay out of its earnings what it cost me; I had lived very comfortably; I had purchased a country place of considerable value; I had had two trips to the West Indies, to which I devoted five or six months, and a tour in Europe with all my family, of nineteen months; and was able to retire with a property which could not be fairly valued at less than $175,000.

The cream of reminiscence is, however, not the record of things done, but the intimate view of famous or otherwise interesting personalities; and Mr. Bigelow evidently had from the first not merely abundant opportunities to meet important contemporaries and a gift for friendships, but during his first sojourn in Europe he had also got the habit of making notes of talks and impressions. To nine readers out of ten what he says of his many celebrated friends, and of some celebrities whom he encountered otherwise than as friends, will be much the most attractive of all these pages.

The fruitful friendship with Tilden began very early, but not before Tilden had become the careful and studious politician, and the difficult personality, he seems always to have been. Two aspects of him are well brought out by two anecdotes Mr. Bigelow gives: one of a call the two friends made on Gov. Wright, and the ludicrous care Tilden took, while insisting on Bigelow's staying, to keep him from hearing anything that was said; the other of his coming to the Post Office a day or two after the election of 1860, haggard and profoundly depressed, listening for a while to the talk of some jubilant Republicans, and then declaring, with a deeply impressive solemnity: "I would not have the responsibility of William Cullen Bryant and John Bigelow for all the wealth in the Sub-Treasury. If you have your way, civil war will divide this country, and you will see blood running like water in the streets of this city." After saying which, he withdrew, leaving Bigelow thoroughly frightened, not at his accurate prophecy, but lest he had lost his reason!

Bryant, of course, Mr. Bigelow saw daily; but there is rather less said than one expects of such purely personal relations with Bryant the editor and man as that daily intercourse must have involved, and more laudation of Bryant the poet. Of Bryant the man he does, indeed, say: "I had never met then, nor have I met since, a man of higher moral standards"; but Bryant the poet he first pronounces "the most eminent man of letters our country had then (1848) produced," adding at once, "I don't think I would take great risk in saying, has yet produced"; and later, in a letter to Montalembert, calls him "the first English poet of his age." Bryant's spotless character can probably bear the praise awarded it, but the extravagant estimate of his literary achievement must doubtless be set down as an indiscretion of friendship. A more convincing tribute is Mr. Bigelow's remark that for twenty years after withdrawing from the *Post* he kept finding himself asking, whenever in doubt about a course of action: "How would Mr. Bryant act under similar circumstances?"

N. P. Willis and George William Curtis are two other American men of letters who appear early and pleasantly. Godkin first appears about 1850, before he had become in any sense an American, although in America; and Mr. Howells in 1860, with an introduction from James T. Fields, the Boston publisher. Of the public men, Sumner enters by letter as early as 1848, and it is by letters that we oftenest hear of him and from him throughout, except in the summer of 1859, when Bigelow found him in Paris under treatment for the injuries he had received from Preston Brooks. Toward him also Mr. Bigelow's attitude is for the most part thoroughly admiring. This, however, appears after the record of some talk the two had about books:

> Sumner cannot bear to have any one talk as though anything could be found in books about literature and literary men that he did not know. I have seen him snap up poor Bemis, one of his satellites, and Mr. Lyman also, in a most ferocious way, for attempting to quote a book to him, as if he did not know it already.

One of the most interesting contrasts in the book is that between Sumner's letters and the usually despairing war-time ones of Thurlow Weed, whom Mr. Bigelow seems to have known even better. Preston King and Gov. E. D. Morgan were other public men of the period whom he knew well. Of Seward, after their multitudinous exchanges by letter and a close personal acquaintance, which came later, Mr. Bigelow makes an estimate almost wholly favorable; many readers will doubtless think that, in the matter of Motley's retirement from his post at Vienna, the defence of Seward is hardly fair to Motley.

The list of famous foreigners who come more or less fully into view is longer and more impressive; too long and too interesting to be even recounted, since even to recount is to be tempted into quotation. Perhaps an exception may be made in favor of Thackeray —or, rather, not entirely in his favor, for one glimpse of him, at his own dinner table, does not show him in such a light as "Henry Esmond" would suggest:

> Thackeray, at whose side I was seated, was suffering with chills and fever. He drank a great deal, as it seemed to me, and garnished his food with red pepper and curry to excess, for the purpose, as he said, of staving off or drawing off the chills. He succeeded in bringing on a profuse perspiration about eleven o'clock; at the same time he said he was tipsy, and talked a little to verify his diagnosis.
>
> He and Quinn throughout the dinner kept sparring with each other, at the expense to both of a good deal of personal dignity. Quinn frequently called him a humbug, and other names of that ilk, with a degree of familiarity which could well have been spared. Thackeray said at an early stage of the dinner, "Look here, Quinn, you must not be so familiar. My daughter told me the other day that you were too familiar."

Mr. Bigelow's distrustful and not otherwise particularly admiring attitude towards Gladstone seems to have been

taken early; it appears, at any rate, in the first accounts of him, including the long account of his inaugural address as Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. Mr. Bigelow's warmest English friendships seem to have been with men of the Cobden school—particularly Cobden himself, and John Bright, and William Hargreaves. This was not unnatural, nor was it unnatural that in France he found himself drawn most strongly to men who helped him help his country—particularly Laboulaye and Montalembert. But he makes one quite as thoroughly acquainted with the justly distrusted monarch to whom he was accredited, and with the Empress, and with the unfortunate but not really culpable foreign minister, Drouyn de Lhuys.

We have said that the chief charm of reminiscence is in the disclosures about persons; but it may attain, and Mr. Bigelow's does now and then attain, an even higher interest. Now and then, as when, while on a visit to the West Indies, he is led to read Swedenborg, and then to re-read the Bible, and again after visiting the Carthusian Convent near Pisa, he touches themes of the gravest and most universal human concern. His attitude towards them is profoundly religious, and what a man who has seen so much of life, played his part in it so well, and still faces it so manfully, permits himself to confide of his own deeper beliefs has perhaps a higher value than anything of mere experience he reports. The book is in this way helpful, tonical. It is so also in another way. If we have wished it briefer and more free from a heaviness its plan entailed, it has been partly because we have wished more Americans might read it and gather, from the cheerfulness that pervades it and from the long patriotism it reveals, fresh zeal and fresh hope for their country, as well as for mankind.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Haven. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: John Lane Co.

Though the scene of this story is a fishing village, instead of the favorite moors of Mr. Phillpotts, its tone and effect are very like those of his tales of the inland. Nothing of equal force has succeeded "The Whirlwind," but the series of careful and sympathetic studies continues to add stone upon stone to his interpretation. When it is finished, it will have done for Devon what Mr. Hardy did for Wessex. Brixham is a Devonshire coast village, once of importance, but now approaching the last days of profitable hand-trawling. Its harbor has always been small, and an unfinished breakwater stands as a visible symbol of its arrested fortunes. As in "The Three Brothers," the chief figure in the story is a man beyond middle age, Captain John Major, one of the "Quay Lords" of Brixham, and one of the last successful adherents to the hand-trawling system. Major is a man of conscious and rigid piety, amazingly patient under the visitations of Providence, and as amazingly intolerant of the unorthodoxy of his fellowman. He is devoted to the sea, and it is the ambition of his life that his son shall succeed him as a master trawler. But the son cleaves to the land, marries the daughter of a farmer, and is apparently lost to the sea. The old skipper's hopes thereafter become centred in a grandson, who has a natural passion for the sailor's life; and, in the end, the son himself is driven back by a great bereavement to the consciousness of the sea as his own inherited solace. Major's wilful daughter and wild son-in-law play a hardly inferior part in the narrative; and, as usual, there is a group of village worthies in the background who act as chorus. The distinctive thing about Mr. Phillpotts's Devonshire worthies is their extreme outspokenness. They have none of the self-worshipping reticence of the Scotch or Yankee countryman, but blurt the most appalling truths into each other's ears on every occasion. In consequence, one has a sense of dealing with a human nature unglossed and articulate. Mr. Phillpotts's people are never altogether good or bad; his interpretation is, in sum, wholesome, and hopeful.

The Price of Lis Doris. By Maarten Maartens. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Mr. Maartens has the air always of an expert story-teller rather than of a man who is under any sort of inner compulsion. He experiments pleasantly with a good many styles and themes, and attains tolerable success with all of them. Like some other writers of current fiction (though not many, according to the publishers' announcements), he is a man of talent rather than of genius. And one suspects that he has sacrificed something—the acquirement, let us say, of a characteristic and assured manner—in the adoption of an alien tongue. He disports himself in English with somewhat self-conscious agility.

"The Price of Lis Doris" is in some respects an advance upon the earlier novels. Its theme is more simply handled, its action more continuous. The two chief persons, Lis and Yetta, are of exceptional charm. But not a little doubt is cast upon them through their connection with an extremely improbable plot. Lis Doris is a Dutch boy who longs to become a painter. He (a grocer's son) is befriended almost from his birth by Yetta, the daughter of the village parson; she is a few years older than the boy. When they grow up, she marries a rich and villanous amateur in order to get the money for Lis's education. Later, Lis produces some remarkable landscapes, and allows the amateur to pass them off as his own in order to insure Yetta's happiness. She (rather incredibly) does not understand what has happened until her rascally husband's death, and is then bound by a written promise not to marry Lis. Luckily for Mr. Maartens, Lis dies. The factitiousness of the whole plot cannot be atoned for even by the clever passages of description and minor characterization which abound. For the rest, Mr. Maartens is too often merely facetious: he does not seem to suspect that he may share the deficiency of humor which he notes in his countrymen.

The New June. By Henry Newbolt. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

That the fourteenth century has irresistible charms for Mr. Newbolt perhaps we should have known from an earlier romance, "The Old Country." "The New June" is proof positive. Here is a picture of the England of Richard the Second. One John Marland, squire to the King's nephew, is the figure on whom the experiences of the story are draped. The central motive of the romance is the adoring homage paid to Richard by his little band of adherents. For his service neither life nor love nor the soul was too great a gift. The inconsistencies of his character, the intrigues of his reign touched not at all this personal attachment of his devotees. These, according to his needs, jousted, journeyed, fought, hid, waited, and fought again—even unto death.

Mr. Newbolt's tale steps heavily at the outset. Also, for all the ardor of its loyal liegemen, the riddle of Richard is left unsolved for us, and no analyzing light is thrown upon his reign—only a fine romantic glow. Facts are less the author's concern than truths which he has drawn up from a hundred wells of chronicle, history, genealogy, heraldry. Blended, with imagination as a solvent, his findings make up a book which, if ponderously elaborated at moments, is, all told, a worthy and rewarding work.

Veronica Playfair. By Maud Wilder Goodwin. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

Fiction is doing a mighty work for Biography. The youngsters of to-day have every reason to be on bowing terms with the celebrities of the past. The generations which fed on Pope, Swift, and Gay having passed away, and—almost equally—the generations which were nourished on Benjamin Franklin, a younger race of readers may well be gratified to absorb the old authors in the guise of appetizing *entrées*. There is something peculiarly appealing in the thought that Franklin, the apostle of labor-saving, should in his own turn be boiled down to quintessence and handed out in a portable form which makes su-

perfluous the study of many gigantic volumes. "The Eighteenth Century Without Tears" might well be the title of a capacious shelf of modern stories. It is, perhaps, better to meet the world's giants in compressed form than never to meet them at all. Wherefore welcome to a freshly uttered tale of the period of powder and wig and impromptu verse, where the above-named wits and others freely skip and frisk.

It had been known that Swift had, underneath all, a kind heart. How kind, we see in his fatherly befriending of Veronica Playfair. In truth, this young girl has it in her to draw forth the best of every creature. Bolingbroke stands between her and her confounding. Lady Mary Montagu deigns to ask her to write her impressions of Bath. Pope and Gay inevitably make verses to her, but for Franklin it is reserved to be the devoted friend, concealing his ardor that he may truly serve her. For it appears that it was Veronica with whose mother he lodged in Duke Street (see the autobiography); Veronica who was the cause of his tardiness in returning to Philadelphia and Miss Read; Veronica to whom he first uttered many of the wise dicta which have been said or sung in his journals—even read there by some elderly folk. The book is admirably written and put together. It is for each individual reader to say whether he takes his biography-and-fiction in an unthankful or in a joyous spirit.

NEW LIGHT ON BISMARCK.

Bayern und die Wiederaufrichtung des Deutschen Reichs. Von Prof. A. von Ruville. Berlin: Hermann Walter.

This is an ingenious and interesting book. It throws new light upon a critical period in the founding of the German Empire. In November of 1870, when the time came for statesmanship to supplant war, Bismarck found himself in an apparently complete deadlock with the South German representatives. Bavaria and Würtemberg solidly blocked the way to the kind of German unity which he thought necessary. For some days the disagreement was acute and seemingly insoluble. But suddenly the opposition broke down and the South Germans yielded everything to Bismarck. Now, the reason of their surrender, according to Professor Ruville, was that Bismarck came into possession of powerful weapons against them which they could not resist. By chance a detachment of German soldiers captured a large amount of French diplomatic correspondence in the villa at Cerçay, whither Rouher had sent it for safekeeping. It was at once delivered to Bismarck in Versailles. This was well known, as it was also that shortly thereafter the negotiations concerning a united Germany came to a swift conclusion; but the connection between the one fact and the other has not before been pointed out with anything like the detail and plausibility displayed in this volume.

Professor Ruville's thesis is that among the papers taken at Cerçay were secret letters to and from Napoleon's Cabinet deeply compromising the very plenipotentiaries from Munich and Stuttgart then withstanding Bismarck at Versailles. There is, of course, no direct evidence. The documents themselves are carefully locked up in Berlin. No one has been allowed to see them—not even Von Sybel. Bismarck permitted in 1871 the divulging of some fragments concerning Benedetti, but never hinted in public at the existence of correspondence such as Professor Ruville postulates. Yet there are many scattered allusions to it. Rouher caused to be published in the *Peuple Français* a note, stating:

> The letters of Benedetti are not the only documents which fell into the hands of the Prussian Government. All the private correspondence exchanged in 1865 and 1866 between the French Government and the Governments of Bavaria and Würtemberg was also left at Cerçay, and is now in the hands of Prince Bismarck.

This is strong testimony to the fact, though it tells nothing of what was in the letters. Others were more explicit, if still mysterious. Professor Ruville ransacks biographies and letters and reports and newspapers to bring together every scrap of evidence available; and proceeds by a process of inference and historical reconstruction to establish what must have been in general the nature of the papers which Bismarck made use of to such good effect. The author's method he describes (p. 15) as that of the "broken medal." Having found one irregular fragment, it is not hard to pick out from among a mass of others placed before you the particular bit that fits the edges of the one you started with. Professor Ruville admits that such conjecture as he builds upon cannot attain to certainty. "For the entire play of forces, we must wait for the opening of the archives, which may be hoped for in a few decades." Still, he argues, it is possible to trace the steps of the whole negotiation so minutely, and to establish the main facts so securely, as to put beyond question "much, and that the weightiest, which will surely be found in the archives."

In order to work up to the "dead point" at which Bismarck found himself in his *Einigungswerk*, and from which he so successfully and, if we may believe Professor Ruville, so dramatically passed on, we are taken through an exhaustive study of Bavaria's domestic politics and relations to Prussia, France, and Austria during the years 1865-70. Count Bray, who was Minister of Bavaria for most of this period, had been a diplomatic representative at Vienna, where he fell under the influence of Beust. By heaping up extracts from Bray's speeches and letters, our author makes it clear that Bavarian policy was distinctively averse to any further aggrandizement of the North German Confederation and sought an *entente* with Austria and with France. The same was true, in a degree, of the other South Germans. Napoleon counted upon their benevolent neutrality, if not their active aid. When the Bavarian army was mobilized in 1870 and put under the orders of the Prussian General Staff, the event was a shock both to France and Austria. It followed upon King Ludwig's decision that the French declaration of war constituted the *casus foederis* under which he was bound to act in accordance with Bavaria's defensive alliance with Prussia. This was obviously one powerful motive with Bismarck in trying to goad the French into taking the formal initiative. He knew how uncertain yet how indispensable were the South Germans. But he did not then know that a lucky accident would place in his power the means of compelling them to assent to his subsequent plans for the unification of Germany. Having in his hands their incriminating correspondence with Napoleon, he had only to hint at publishing it at a time when, after the bloody battles and great victories, it would make them odious in the eyes of all Germans. There was nothing left for Count Bray, who had been resisting Bismarck at Versailles, except to surrender unconditionally.

We have only suggested the copious argument and citation by which Professor Ruville makes out the high probability of his theory. Granting even that he has hit upon only a part of the truth, he has at least shown us another of the astonishing achievements of Bismarck. The amazing thing is not that good fortune should have brought to him at the crucial hour the spoils from Cerçay, but that he should have made use of them with such consummate skill; not thinking of them as dynamite wherewith to blow up his opponents, but rather as an irresistible lever with which to move them out of his way; gaining his end while not publicly humiliating his enemies, and saving the good name of the South Germans. As our author says, the whole affair was an extraordinary example both of Bismarck's *Glück* and of his *Selbstbeherrschung*.

PRAGMATISM AGAIN.

The Meaning of Truth: A Sequel to "Pragmatism." By William James. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25 net.

In gathering together this volume of essays, elsewhere published separately, Dr. James has done a real service, to his friends and to his opponents alike,

by presenting a clearer view of the import and implications of the pragmatic controversy, and by giving us something in the nature of an autobiographic sketch of the development of his own thought. The limits of the pragmatic doctrine, as he conceived them, and its bearing upon the philosophical tenets otherwise maintained by him, have not always been clear to his readers; and we now seem to see that this lack of clarity was due in no small part to the fact that he himself came only gradually to perceive these limits, and to define accurately the trend of thought that guided him.

No one who has followed the movement of the philosophical discussions of the last decade, in which Dr. James has taken so prominent a part, can fail to see how profound a debt is owed to him for his leadership in the contest against what may be called "abstractionism." His bugle call has awakened many men from their "dogmatic slumber" and has turned them from a fruitless contemplation of abstract problems to a more valuable study of the concrete facts of life. And this is true not only within the realm of philosophy, but in that of science as well.

It is unfortunate, however, that the points at issue in the pragmatic controversy have too often failed of appreciation because of unrestrained expressions of antipathy on the part of the pragmatists, who in this case have been the assailants. Where one who clings to well-established tenets finds himself attacked in terms of violence, he is not unnaturally led to feel that he may well await a calmer criticism before attempting to reply. This silence may easily be interpreted to imply disdainful inattention; and, in truth, such disdain on the part of his opponent has been too readily assumed by the pragmatist. Nor, when finally his opponent has been stirred to answer, does it aid in the restoration of those amicable relations so necessary to fruitful debate to meet thoughtful criticism of pragmatic contentions, as they are understood by the critic, with assertions that the critic indulges in slander (p. 274), or with suggestions that he attributes to the pragmatist views that are idiotic (p. 212), silly (p. 273), or sophistical (p. 297). That the occasional use of phrases similar to those just quoted misrepresents our author's broadly sympathetic nature is, of course, evident to those who have a thorough knowledge of his writings, and they would be passed over lightly by the anti-pragmatists but for his close alliance with Dr. Schiller of Oxford, whose language has often been irritatingly unrestrained. As matters stand, however, Dr. James unhappily appears at times to brandish a "philosophical shillelah," to quote a late English commentator, in a manner that has quite naturally put his opponents on their guard without inducing in them a receptive attitude of mind.

Taking the facts as they appear, it must seem to the unimplicated observer that the critics of the pragmatists have had ground in the latter's statement of their case for such misunderstandings as exist. For surely serious students of the pragmatist's writings have not been without excuse, if they have overlooked the fact, which Dr. James now brings into strong relief, that his contentions refer to the theory of knowledge alone, and not to the theory of being—to epistemology and not to ontology. One may search diligently through Schiller's latest important work, "Studies in Humanism," and find only incidental and easily missed acknowledgments of this fact: and the anti-pragmatists have almost with one accord assumed, and it must be granted not altogether without warrant, that the attack of Pragmatism is against ontological positions. Dr. James has therefore done us a marked service in emphasizing, as he does in the book before us (*e. g.*, pp. xix, 215), the point that his own position at least has direct significance only in relation to epistemology, whatever may be the implications of his theory of knowledge for ontology.

With this granted it at once appears possible for the anti-pragmatist to assert that the pragmatic definition of Truth in terms of "workableness" is little more than a brilliant description of a fact, which has been overlooked perhaps, but which is tacitly accepted by all. The scientist, for instance, finding his concept "workable," although ignorant of pragmatic doctrine, immediately assumes that it must be true, and endeavors to coördinate it with the body of concepts that he has otherwise learned to call true: and on the other hand, coming to believe a certain concept to be true, he directly bends his efforts to show that it is "workable." And the same process is discoverable in the less accurate thinking of the common man. But to conclude from this fact that Dr. James's service to philosophical interpretation is without great significance would be a signal error. It may possibly be, as Kantian students tell us, that we can find implicit in the writings of the Königsberg master all that the pragmatists contend for: but it is still surely a large gain to have made explicit, through our author's brilliant insight, what has heretofore been merely implicit; and it is a larger gain to have had this explicit doctrine isolated, as it were, for purposes of consideration through its concrete description by such a distinctive name as Pragmatism. And however much Dr. James may insist upon his obligations to Charles Pierce, it must be evident to all that, but for his own virile defence of the doctrine to which in future the word Pragmatism must apply, this doctrine might have remained for long without specific designation, and its broad significance might thus have failed of recognition.

The most important source of the unfortunate misunderstanding between the epistemological pragmatist and the ontologist, above referred to, is, however, to be found in the fact that the word "Truth" is commonly used in two senses (see Century Dictionary): first, to designate "a fact, a reality, a verity," and, secondly, to indicate the quality of "trueness"; for evidently the first of these meanings has ontological, while the second has epistemological significance. When, for instance, we speak of a truth, or of Truth as a whole, we refer to existence as such; and our thought bears reference, not to theories relating to the acquisition of knowledge, but to theories of being: we then use the word truth, not with epistemological, but with ontological, implications. When, on the other hand, we speak of the truth of a given proposition, we refer to the experience of mental stability which yields belief; and our thought bears reference, not to theories of existence, but to theories of knowledge: we then use the word truth, not with ontological, but with epistemological implications. Dr. James has at last brought this source of confusion into prominence; although it does not appear that we are warranted in holding, as might be suggested by his remarks on page 196, that his opponents are alone responsible for failure to take account of this distinction of meanings; for there would be little difficulty in showing that he himself, and the pragmatists in general, have been equally guilty.

Turning now to the supposed implications of this epistemological doctrine, we find an interesting sidelight thrown upon our author's contentions by the *quasi* autobiographical suggestions of his latest book. We find here that his enthusiasm in reference to Pragmatism is largely due to the fact (p. xiii) that it removes a stumbling-block in the way of the acceptance of his "radical empiricism." He holds that the "prevalent idealism" teaches that "the truth-relation is contentless experientially," while he himself aims to show that it is experiential through and through. He frankly acknowledges himself to be a dualistic realist (p. 217), and thus accepts fully the objective existence of Truth (in the ontological sense) which his opponents have often supposed him to reject; in fact, he prides himself upon his alliance with those who accept the uncritical conceptions of common sense, and we now perceive that it is this alliance that brings him into conflict with "prevalent idealism." But it is open to his antagonists to hold that he has been concerned to crush a man of straw; they may assert that the ideal-

ism he attacks is much more Platonic in form than any modern idealistic theory of prime importance. Thus his opponents feel that his vigorous blows fall short of their mark. Thus he is disappointed to discover that they claim to have emerged from the conflict unscathed.

This is not the place for discussion of the author's interesting theory of knowledge. Our experience in connection with his elucidation of the pragmatic doctrine leads us to hope that in future writings he will make clearer the meaning and significance of his contention in this regard. For as matters now stand the course of his thought is not altogether perspicuous when he speaks of "the knowing of a percept by an idea" (p. 106); and of this knowing as consisting of a "*resemblance* between a reality and the feeling's quality" (p. 6), while at the same time he rejects (p. 78) "the vulgar 'copy' theory." Nor is he thoroughly convincing when, after this, he treats of what most men would call assimilation as the primary cognitive functioning, which finally appears in what is usually recognized as full-fledged cognition where there is an appreciation of the "I" as knowing both the idea and the object, and also that the two are related. In his exposition we constantly find the activity of this "I" implied as in necessary disjunction from both object and idea, and this fact must make one hesitate before granting his basic conception, even were his meaning in speaking of the "resemblance" of idea and reality quite evident.

The reader of this review must perceive that the present book is an important contribution to current philosophical discussion. It is too technical to permit the display of the literary gifts of the author as they appear, for instance, in his lately published "Pluralistic Universe"; but his grace of manner fascinates one who is technically informed, and is persuasive where a less able writer would have failed to attract. It is regrettable to find in this, as in other of the author's late writings, the adoption of a mannerism, opposed to common and valuable English usage, in the printing of adjectives bearing personal reference without capital letters. To find him writing, for instance, of "an Absolute of the roycean type" is disturbing to those who speak our own tongue; and we may well imagine that to a foreigner, less familiar than we are with the writings of Professor Royce, the phrase might be quite unintelligible.

Life of Commodore Thomas Macdonough, U. S. Navy. By Rodney Macdonough. Boston: The Fort Hill Press.

Frequently, the names of our naval heroes are associated by the public with but one episode in their respective lives. For instance, Perry and Lake Erie, Hull and the Constitution, Macdonough and Lake Champlain, are virtually synonymous terms. We may congratulate ourselves upon the fact that our naval officers have lacked the opportunities of frequent and protracted warfare; for it is a fact, in spite of the shining examples of Paul Jones, Decatur, and Farragut, who could each count more than one day of glory. And yet the bracketting of the man and his most brilliant feat of arms may obscure the value of character and technical preparation in fitting him to profit by his one great chance. Thus Commodore Macdonough's biography is particularly useful in bringing into relief the inherent and acquired faculties of its subject. No one can read this careful chronicle by his grandson without conceiving a high estimate, both of the man himself and of the successful leader.

Macdonough entered the navy in 1800, and served as midshipman on board the Ganges during a brief cruise directed against French privateers in the West Indies. The following year, he sailed for the Mediterranean to take part in our operations off the Barbary coast. Here he was busily employed until 1806, save for a few months' intermission. He was exceptionally fortunate in his superior officers and associates, among whom were Alexander Murray, Charles Stewart, Jacob Jones (who, commanding the Wasp, captured the British sloop-of-war Frolic), Bainbridge, Porter, Decatur, and Lawrence. In such company, a steady, industrious, and intelligent young man could not fail to develop in usefulness and in capacity. In the rough school of experience and under these gifted instructors, he acquired the knowledge and skill which, subsequently, were destined so well to serve his country. What, indeed, might not be expected of Decatur's favorite midshipman," and the lieutenant in whom Bainbridge had "the highest confidence"? Macdonough happened, by good luck, to be on board a prize vessel when the Philadelphia ran aground off Tripoli, thus escaping the prison to which his shipmates were consigned after the surrender. Joining the Enterprise under Stephen Decatur, he accompanied his captain not only in the daring capture and burning of the Philadelphia, under the Pasha's batteries, but in numerous engagements with the Tripolitan gunboats. Such was his apprenticeship.

Upon the declaration of war with Great Britain in 1812, Macdonough applied at once for active duty. On September 28 he was ordered to assume command of our slender naval forces on Lake Champlain. The importance of this link in the chain of communications between the St. Lawrence and New York was fully appreciated at Washington. The Secretary of the Navy instructed Macdonough to gain and keep the supremacy on these waters at all hazards. The British on their side were no less alive to the issue. To build and launch new ships as rapidly as was possible under the circumstances, to collect the necessary guns, anchors, and other equipment, to enlist the necessary crews, and at the same time to maintain a bold front against the enemy whenever he appeared, demanded extraordinary powers. The "commodore," as he was now called through courtesy, was equal to the occasion. Tireless energy, tact, persuasion, the ability to inspire confidence and to arouse enthusiasm, were all happily combined in this young master-commandant, barely thirty years of age. Having created a small squadron under harassing difficulties, he defeated a superior British force on September 11, 1814, winning for himself undying renown in the action off Plattsburgh, now known as the battle of Lake Champlain. The victory stopped effectually the advance of Sir George Prevost and his corps of over 10,000 veterans from Wellington's army, flushed with the triumphs of the Peninsula and of Waterloo, and seeking to isolate New England from the rest of the United States through seizing and occupying the Hudson River Valley. Its effect in facilitating the negotiation of peace at Ghent can be readily imagined. The momentous event is described in minute detail by the author, but it is Macdonough's personality—exemplified in dangers and difficulties overcome, in the affection he inspired, in tender generosity towards his captives—which makes us wish to know him more intimately. And this biography, which is based on authentic records, public and private, is free from undue adulation. Fairly well written, well printed, and well illustrated, this book will be widely read, for, besides telling of gallant deeds, it memorializes a life as exemplary as it was heroic.

The Court of Louis XIII. By K. A. Patmore. New York: Brentano's. $3 50.

An entertaining and vivacious résumé of the best known memoirs of the period. It bristles with piquant anecdotes, which, although amusing, do not, in every case, seem to have any special relation to the narrative. Some of the most highly spiced are given in the original, the author evidently feeling that, at least for English readers, French, like Latin, *brave la pudeur*. The style is highly colored and frequently startlingly pictnresque. Mrs. Patmore never hesitates to use the first phrase at hand if it clinches her meaning.

The Louis XIII of Mrs. Patmore is the Louis XIII of a long tradition which has been entirely exploded in France during the last half century, but which still persists in England. He is "lout-

ish," has a taint of Charles IX in the blood (of whom he was only a very remote relation), is "a degenerate," and even his "frigid purity" comes in for censure. Thus the picture we get from the author is that of a monarch without energy, a mind incapable of resolution, an automaton whom Richelieu manipulated for his purposes, and who obeyed slavishly a minister he detested thoroughly, though never daring to shake off his yoke. Yet in every chapter of the narrative we come upon incidents which disprove her appreciations of the King's character and her account of his relation to the great cardinal. The impression left on the reader is that of an energetic, intrepid soldier, always cool and calm in the presence of danger, hard to himself, kind and considerate to the men under him, austere and impassive before his nobles, but genial and even familiar with the common soldiers —and this simply from the facts related by the author, in spite of her quite unwarranted deductions. This "degenerate" worked unceasingly over state papers in time of peace, rose early, went to bed late, and, on his campaigns, spent the whole day in the saddle without complaining.

If the author had consulted the *Papiers d'Etat* of Richelieu, published in 1875, and the King's letters to the cardinal, which were issued some years after, she would have been able to control the untrustworthy gossip of De Motteville, Bassompierre, and the other aristocratic defamers of Louis and Richelieu. From this correspondence it will be seen that, far from being the cardinal's puppet, or privately detesting him, Louis shared in all the great deeds of his minister, and loved his person as much as he admired his genius. The two hundred letters addressed to the cardinal in the King's own hand, all evincing a direct and intelligent participation in public affairs and a sincere affection for the minister, refute the legend of the crowned slave and his hated master. On the other hand, it is clear from the reports of Richelieu that he never ventured on any measure without having the King's direct authority. Louis had to be informed of the most insignificant details, and so far was Richelieu from always dictating the policy of his master that we find him humbly acquiescing when Louis insists on certain political changes. Thus, several of the reports submitted by Richelieu have annotations on the margin in the King's own hand in which an opinion the very reverse of the cardinal's is briefly and decisively given.

If Louis is depicted as a colorless symbol rather than the virile and conscientious sovereign which he was really, Richelieu fares even worse. He is the Richelieu of the scandalous chronicle and of Victor Hugo, de Vigny, and Dumas. The author has given an intelligible and fairly accurate account of the great cardinal's policy, but we should have had a better idea of it if it was related in a more concentrated fashion in a special chapter, instead of being chopped and scattered over several chapters in chronological slices. Every one can now see how unfortunate it was that Richelieu should have centralized power in the King when he might have associated the country with the government by strengthening national and local liberties. But his excuse is that, with the forces at his command, he could not do otherwise. The general movement of French society was, unhappily for the future of France, entirely different from that of England, and hurried him in a direction it was impossible for him to change. The wish to make the dying words of a great man an epigram is universal, and Mrs. Patmore repeats the *mot* very unjustly attributed to Richelieu:

"Does your Eminence pardon your enemies?" probed a priest assisting in the final preparation for the death transit.

"I have no enemies but those of the State," replied the dying voice, with untottering conviction.

But the real words of the cardinal's reply, according to the testimony of his bitter enemy, Madame de Motteville, were: "Je prie Dieu qu'il me condamne si j'ai eu d'autre intention que le bien de la religion et de l'état," and they no doubt expressed his own conception of the tenor of his life.

But Mrs. Patmore has written a most amusing book, however imperfect it may be as history. The Odyssey of the Duchesse de Chevreuse, through the south of France, may have suggested to Gautier his "Mademoiselle de Maupin." Her adventures are even more laughable and almost as indecorous.

The Legends of the Jews. By Louis Ginzberg. Vol. I. From the Creation to Jacob. Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society. $2.

Mohammed called the Jews the "People of the Book." The title was certainly justified by the history of Rabbinic literature both before and after his date, in the Talmud and the Midrashim. Everything which engaged the thought and the imagination of the Jewish people was connected in some way or other with the words of the Old Testament. Law and Legend, what passed for science and what was thought to be history, were equally connected with the verses of Holy Writ. The Jews went even further and developed new adventures for the heroes of Scripture and gave new interpretations and sought out hidden meanings for the adventures already recorded there. These constitute a large part of the "Hagada," or legendary lore of Talmudic times. They form the subject of Dr. Ginzberg's "Legends of the Jews," the first volume of which has just been issued by the Jewish Publication Society of America.

This deals with the supplementary legends, relating to the chief heroes of the Pentateuch from the Creation to Jacob. Another volume is to deal with the remaining heroes of the Pentateuch; while a third, already written and printed but not yet published, collects the legends about the remaining Biblical characters from Joshua to Malachi. A fourth volume is to contain an introduction, notes, sources, and requisite indexes. When completed, the work will constitute a most valuable collection, giving, for the first time in English, or indeed any modern language, some insight to the intellectual and imaginative processes of the Jewish mind from the first millennium after Christ. There is certainly nothing so full or trustworthy in the English language. It is true that, many years ago, a couple of volumes were produced by the omniscient Baring-Gould, entitled "Legends of Old Testament Characters"; but these were an uncritical *pot pourri*, and suffered from the inaccuracy which is usually associated with omniscience. In German, Dr. Wuensche has translated, with fair accuracy, many of the Midrashim, in which these legends are found. Yet, even in that all-embracing tongue, no attempt has been made to bring together all the legends about Biblical characters, except in a few instances, as in the monograph of B. Beer on the hagadic legends relating to Abraham.

Dr. Ginzberg has had an almost unique opportunity before him, and seems to have practically exhausted the field, sweeping into his net not only those legends of Islam which might reasonably be supposed to have a Jewish origin, but also many passages from the Fathers of the Church, such as Origen and Jerome, who are known to have been acquainted with Jewish legend. This is the field from which, indeed, Dr. Ginzberg reaped his first harvest of scholarship. Until the fourth volume appears, giving Dr. Ginzberg's sources, it will be impossible to judge whether he has not cast his net too widely in the patristic sea. One doubts, for example, whether the Creation legends of the Jews were so full of references to the Messianic Period as is represented by these collections. And, in the earlier portions of this volume, the similarities between Christian and Jewish myth and legend, about creation and about man, about sin and the Devil, are so striking as to raise doubts as to the source either of the one or of the other. Either Christian theology owes more than has hitherto been suspected to Jewish beliefs, or Dr. Ginzberg has included in his sources passages "contaminated" by Christian dogma. This is again a matter on which no judgment

can be passed until the appearance of the fourth volume enables us to determine how far Dr. Ginzberg is dependent upon purely Jewish sources and upon Church tradition assumed to be Jewish.

Meanwhile, putting aside these points of method, one can only express gratitude for the erudition and skill which have brought together so much instruction, and, one may add, amusement into the present instalment of Dr. Ginzberg's work. It required no little literary skill to make up such a mosaic as we have before us, pieced together from fragments often in different languages and frequently from different climes and times. This Dr. Ginzberg has done with great success and his efforts have been seconded by the skilful manner in which his work, originally written in German, has been put into quasi-Biblical English by Miss Henrietta Szold. Their combined efforts have produced a work full of interest and equally full of instruction.

The Story of Pisa. By Janet Ross and Nelly Erichsen. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Of this volume, which belongs to the Mediæval Town Series, Mrs. Janet Ross has written the historical chapters, while the description of the city is from the pen of Miss Nelly Erichsen, who has also contributed the drawings which illustrate it. Pisa has waited long for a good history and a good guide-book, but the second of these needs, at any rate, is fully supplied by the work before us. From the point of view of the tourist, who desires to do his sight-seeing intelligently, no more charming book could well be imagined. Here is no barren catalogue after the manner of Baedeker, but a full and vivid account of the mediæval city, which is thoroughly worth reading in one's own study, even if one does not know Pisa and has no immediate prospect of visiting it. Miss Erichsen has gone to the sources not only for her facts, but also for her inspiration, and it should be very difficult for any one to write after her. Certainly, nothing better than her portion of the book is to be found in all the series.

Of the historical section, on the other hand, we are not able to speak quite so highly. We fully realize that it is no light task to write the history of such a town as Pisa in five short chapters; but that does not blind us to the fact that Mrs. Ross has not entirely succeeded. She would, we think, have been well advised to remember that the series for which she was writing was a Mediæval Town Series, and to have confined herself to the story of the Commune. Then, her narrative, though in the main sufficiently accurate, hardly ever rises above the level of a chronicle, with the result that the mental pabulum it affords, while no doubt nourishing, is more than a little dry. We remember that, in our boyhood, we occasionally sampled the bran which was provided for the sustenance of our tame rabbits, and the sensations which we then experienced were vividly recalled by the perusal of her pages. The art of adequate condensation is not an easy one, and, even when acquired, can hardly be exercised without much study and patience. Mrs. Ross would have done better had she digested her facts a little longer before putting them on paper. Still, it can scarcely be denied that, whatever its shortcomings, her work constitutes a useful résumé of Pisan history, while of actual errors, we have found extraordinarily few. In her account of the efforts of the Viscounts to preserve their authority (p. 28), she might profitably have told us who and what the Viscounts were—the ordinary tourist certainly will not know—and her narrative of Pisa's dealings with Sardinia should, in a second edition, be corrected after consulting Professor Besta's "Sardegna Medioevale," so recently reviewed in these columns. The word *castello* should not be translated "castle," when the reference is to the town of Pontadera (p. 56); and we cannot imagine why, on page 51, *quadrelle* is rendered "quadrangular shafts." This is a definition rather than a translation, and we possess the very same word in our English "quarrel." We may, perhaps, add a query to Miss Erichsen's statement that "clothyard shafts" were shot by the Pisans in their faction fights (p. 128)—we were under the impression that they used cross-bows—but these are all the disputable assertions which we have discovered in a book of above four hundred closely printed pages. There are very few in the series like it; and though, as we have said, the description of the city is the best part of it, the whole volume is excellent and should find a place in every library which has a shelf for works on things Italian.

Notes.

Those who are interested in the eloquence of our perpetual candidate may satisfy their thirst in the two volumes of the "Speeches of William Jennings Bryan, Revised and Arranged by Himself" (Funk & Wagnalls). A biographical introduction has been supplied by his wife.

Miss Josephine Tozier, who some time ago published an entertaining volume, "Among English Inns," has now ready a book entitled "Susan in Sicily," to be issued in February by L. C. Page & Co.

From Laird & Lee we receive an "English-Italian and Italian-English Dictionary" made in convenient form and size for the traveller's pocket. Various grammatical tables and lists of words add to its usefulness.

Our old friend, the "Almanach de Gotha," comes to us this year (from Lemcke & Buechner) with portraits of the Princess of Wales, the Prince of Wales, Mohammed V, and President Taft. For the rest, we have the same useful dictionary of information in regard to the aristocratic families of Europe and in regard to the government of the countries of the world.

The Funk & Wagnalls Company announces the following books to be issued early this year: "The Crowds and the Veiled Woman," by Marion Cox; "Types from City Streets," by Hutchins Hapgood; "The Good of Life and Other Little Essays," by W. C. Wilkinson; "Nervous States: Their Nature and Causes," by Paul Dubois; "Makers of Sorrow and Makers of Joy," by Dora Melegari; "History of Socialism in the United States," revised edition, by Morris Hillquit, and "Dominion and Power," by C. B. Patterson.

A. C. McClurg & Co. will soon have ready a book by Dr. William S. Sadler of Chicago, entitled "The Science of Living; or, the Art of Keeping Well." The same house announces a volume from the pen of Hon. Isaac N. Phillips, reporter for the Supreme Court of Illinois, which is said to give an original analysis of Lincoln's character. The book will be published in good season for Lincoln's birthday. "The Diary of James K. Polk," which was promised for last autumn, has been postponed until the coming spring, on account of the great labor attending the preparation of the work.

A fifth edition of Alfred W. Pollard's "English Miracle Plays, Moralities, and Interludes" is issued by the Clarendon Press, showing from the fourth edition "a few corrections and alterations, . . . some of them due to suggestions by Dr. Skeat." A scholarly work is thus brought nearer perfection.

The development of Mesopotamia by following the ancient systems of irrigation has now been taken up by the Turkish government. Sir William Willcocks, the engineer in charge, describes these systems and their present intended application in the *Geographical Journal* for January, and incidentally discusses an old Biblical question. He locates the Garden of Eden in a region to the northwest of Bagdad and believes the Ararat of Noah to be near Ur of the Chaldees, the birthplace of Abraham, in the southern part of the delta. The first results of the completed work will be the bringing into cultivation 3,000,000 acres of land now desert and an appreciable addition to the world's production of wheat and cotton, which he proposes to carry to the markets of the world by a railway from Bagdad to Damascus. This number also contains the valuable paper of Mr. Albert Perry Brigham on the "Development of Wheat Culture in North America," read at the recent meeting of the British Association.

Of the papers by Thomas Wentworth Higginson bound up together, after the title of one of them, "Carlyle's Laugh" (Houghton Mifflin Co.), several, at least, have been printed in various magazines and earlier books, and one of them, an essay on George Bancroft, in our own pages. All of them

are of such a literary or historical quality as one naturally expects from Col. Higginson, and a fair proportion deal with other Americans of letters: Cooper, Brockden Brown, Thoreau, Alcott, Norton, Stedman, Edward Everett Hale, Scudder, Emily Dickinson, and others. It is natural, too, that of the American papers a clear majority have to do with New Englanders, most of them known personally to the essayist. And there is a pleasant retrospective flavor to the papers on Göttingen and Harvard a Century Ago, on Old Newport Days, and on A Half-Century of American Literature. This last essay is a plea for individuality, or at least nationalism, in our literature. To the Cambridge critic there would seem to be no great need of apeing English standards. Even our newcomers unconsciously say with David Wasson, writes Col. Higginson, "The Englishman is undoubtedly a wholesome figure to the mental eye; but will not twenty million copies of him do, for the present?" There is, undoubtedly, a tendency in the United States to transfer intellectual allegiance to science rather than to literature; our author recognizes this, but thinks a change will come in due season. We may close this note in quoting the words of Clarence King, formerly director of the United States Geological Survey, spoken shortly before his death, and reproduced by Col. Higginson as bearing on this point:

> With all its novel modern powers and practical sense, I am forced to admit that the purely scientific brain is miserably mechanical; it seems to have become a splendid sort of self-directed machine, an incredible automaton, grinding on with its analyses or constructions. But for pure sentiment, for all that spontaneous, joyous Greek waywardness of fancy, for the temperature of passion and the subtler thrill of ideality, you might as well look to a wrought-iron derrick.

All the original editions of Cotton Mather are rare, but the scarcest surely is "An Elegy on the Much-to-be-deplored Death of that Never-to-be-Forgotten-Person the Reverend Mr. Nathanael Collins," Boston, 1685. A single copy exists in the library of Brown University. Otherwise it was to be had only in the limited edition of the Club of Odd Volumes. In order to obtain an example, a descendant of the Rev. Nathaniel, Dr. Holdridge Ozro Collins, has been impelled to edit an exact reprint which bears the press mark of the Baumgart Publishing Co., Los Angeles, Cal. It is well printed and follows the unique original in every typographical and orthographical peculiarity. Based on Spenser's famous lament for Astrophel, it is in the main a travesty. We prefer to represent it by a pair of stanzas that yield some authentic afterglow of Elizabethan eloquence:

> O Ghastly Omens! if Paræus dy
> Let Heidelberge look to 't. If Austin go
> Let Hippo tremble. If Elisha fly
> After his Master, next year brings a wo.
>
> I fear of both sorts now Mortalities,
> Of Famines too I fear the worst, I fear
> The Gallop of no less Calamities
> Than can be wrap'd in a pale Comet's Hair.

The Clarendon Press is issuing an edition of Spenser's Works in three volumes, two of which, containing "The Faerie Queene" edited by J. C. Smith, have already appeared. In making his text Mr. Smith has chosen for the first three books the second edition of 1596, for the second three books the first edition of 1596, and for the cantos on Mutability the first edition of 1609. This choice, which represents the text so far as it was emended by Spenser himself, is the only logical procedure, and was followed also by Prof. R. E. Neil Dodge in the Cambridge edition. These two editors differ, however, in one respect. Professor Dodge for the first three books retained the spelling of the 1590 text, holding that the changes introduced in this respect in 1596 were the work of the printer and not of the author. Mr. Smith follows the 1596 text more rigidly, and indicates in the footnotes the slightest departure from it; he gives also the principal variations of 1590 and 1609. The Oxford text follows the Elizabethan usage of u and v, i and j, but avoids the long s; the Cambridge text modernizes in these cases. Of the type and page of the Oxford edition little need be said; they have the same excellence as is to be found in the Blake and the Caroline Poets issued within recent years. The unscholarly reader will be troubled by the absence of a glossary, but it may be planned to supply this need in the third volume when it appears. Those who are satisfied with the bare text cannot desire a better edition than this.

Major Arthur Glyn Leonard's "Islam: Her Moral and Spiritual Value" (London: Luzac & Co.) is a vigorous plea for Mohammed, his religion, and its adherents. He does not deny that Islam and its founder have limitations and faults, but he holds that Mohammed was a sincere and earnest reformer, a great patriot and statesman, and points out that the religion he established has proved sufficient for a large part of the human race. Islam, he insists, is not a menace to Christianity, but a serious and, in the main, moral faith, worthy of respectful study by Europeans and Americans; he observes justly that it should not be held responsible for the barbarities of certain of its adherents. In a highly laudatory "foreword" the well-known Moslem historian and apologist, Judge Syed Ameer Ali, says that, while some of Major Leonard's remarks about Mohammed will not be approved by Moslems, he has gone to the fountain-head, the Koran, and has grasped the spirit of Islam. The volume is well written, and the author's sincerity and enthusiasm make it decidedly attractive.

Miss Esther Singleton's skill in bookmaking is displayed with characteristic success in her volume entitled "Dutch New York" (Dodd, Mead & Co.). Out of material culled from diaries and letters, wills and inventories, court records, and other similar documents, she has constructed a panorama of the daily life of a citizen in New Amsterdam, in which a circumstantial account of orchards and gardens, houses and streets, dress, furniture, and plate prepares the way for sketches of housekeeping habits, education, religion, courtship and marriage, taverns and excise laws, sports, and trade. For background, there is some good description of contemporary life in Holland. Granted that the incidents chosen are typical—and Miss Singleton has a pretty sure historical sense in her field—they show the seventeenth century Dutchman in America to have been, so far as circumstances permitted, a tolerably faithful counterpart of the seventeenth century Dutchman at home. For a generation before the English conquest, he lived well, furnished his house substantially, collected bric-a-brac and pictures, entertained generously, worked hard, drank deeply—every fourth house in New Amsterdam sold liquor—cherished his wife and children, drove sharp bargains, even with his best friends, worshipped after the approved reformed order, and met death with a serene consciousness that his burial, like his christening, would be attended with pomp and ceremony proportioned to his station. Such books as this few will venture to read through, but they add worthily to our historical information at the same time that they pleasantly beguile the idle hour. The presswork of the volume is attractive, and most of the illustrations, though distributed without much regard to the subject matter, are well executed. The date of William Byrd's trip to Albany (page 199) is evidently a misprint for 1685.

Basil Stewart's "My Experiences of Cyprus" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) is now reissued in revised and enlarged form. It gives a spirited account of an island that but for bad communications and accommodations would be sought by tourists. The photographs of the noble remains of Famagusta, the accounts of early frescoes crumbling from the walls of a score of churches whet the curiosity. The chief deterrent is the climate, for which our author can say little good. On the whole, this book has a melancholy cast. One reads of the natives equally anxious to destroy an old wall or a young tree, of the burden of the Turkish tribute, to which England foolishly acceded when she took the island, of a home government vacillating always and attempting needed reforms by halves. But this sadness is in the matter itself, not in the manner, which is refreshingly vivacious. Of the Turkish navy we have never heard a dull anecdote, but rarely has a better one come to us than this with which our author sweetens his sad conclusion:

> A short time ago the Sultan of Turkey had occasion to confer some decorations on certain British naval officers stationed at Malta. He accordingly dispatched a squadron of cruisers from Constantinople with orders to sail for Malta and invest these officers with the decorations. After an absence of three months the squadron returned to Constantinople. The commander-in-chief, being asked if the decorations had been duly conferred, replied: "We could not carry out your Serene Highness's wishes; Malta no longer exists, and we were, therefore, unable to find it."

The excellent compendious "History of Mediæval Philosophy," by Maurice de Wulf, professor at the Catholic University of Louvain, has appeared in a third edition, translated into English by P. Coffey of Maynooth College, Ireland, under the sanction and supervision of the author (Longmans, Green, & Co.). The preface, in unlubricated English, is from the author himself; and an examination of the work corroborates his statement that this is a veritable third edition, with some revision and with the bibliographical notes brought down to date, so as to include whatever of importance has appeared since the publication of the second edition (in French) in 1905. The work begins with an elaborate sketch of Greek philosophy, and especially Neoplatonism, as the store from which mediæval philosophies were so generally drawn; and proceeds to its main task of "placing in their proper historical set-

ting, the numerous philosophical systems of the Middle Ages and tracing their mutual doctrinal relations." The word "doctrinal," as used here, should not be taken in the common sense of dogmatic or theological; for the work consistently carries out the author's purpose of treating mediæval philosophy as rational investigation, and as distinguishable from "scholastic theology, which, in its dogmatic aspect, is a body of doctrines received through a positive revelation from God" (p. 101). It is doubtful whether this distinction is really applicable to mediæval thought; but at all events an observance of it has enabled Professor De Wulf to present a most serviceable manual of mediæval philosophy, disencumbered as far as possible from the parallel, or rather interwoven, development of patristic-scholastic dogma. The learning and competency of the author in his chosen field are unquestionable.

The Columbia University Press (Macmillan Co.) has published an Assyrian Primer by J. Dyneley Prince, Ph.D., professor of Semitic languages in Columbia, to meet the need of a series of progressive lessons for beginners in Cuneiform. The main body of the book, including the sign lists, and exercises, is an autograph reproduction. The glossary is printed from type, the Cuneiform characters being transliterated into Hebrew. We note the fact that Dr. Prince has recently been elected Senator for Passaic County, in the State of New Jersey, having previously been speaker of the House, because it is so unusual to find a practical politician occupying a chair of Semitic languages and publishing books of this nature.

The Rev. Robert F. Horton, the author of "Great Issues" (Macmillan), represents the modern recrudescence of Muscular Christianity. His will to believe is so strong and large as to admit lodging space for a reasonable amount of alien science and even skepticism. He is a lover of the cerebral water-tight compartment. Keep your science and your faith apart and neither will trouble the other. Obviously this is sound mediævalism; in fact, the merely ancillary position of science is hinted at if not affirmed. Myths, Religion, Morality, Politics, Socialism, Philosophy, Science, Theology, Literature, Art, Life, Death—such are the truly great issues that are here cheerfully elucidated. Mr. Horton's manner has dignity and force, but he strides all obstacles with the seven-leagued boots of the devout pragmatist. "The churches seem to be dying, but Christianity is living," is a characteristic paradox. As to the story of Christ, he believes it to be essentially true, but if it were indeed a myth it would have equal moral claims upon us. For Christian Science he entertains a tenderness, since the doctrine seems to provide cash values in personal serenity. Our essayist is widely read, and his illustrations are frequently better than the substance of his discourse. He was at Oxford "in the days of the æsthetes," but to judge by the essay on art it did him rather little good. In general, he exemplifies a sort of temperamental optimism that easily invents the few intellectual warranties it needs. All his suppositions come out well. For instance, he writes: "If Protestantism is a failure, as Dr. Newman Smyth implies, and as it would seem from the decay of the Protestant churches on the Continent, the alternative is not a return to Catholicism, but a return to Christianity." Our two quotations suggest the mystical and undefined sense that Christianity has in this book. In fact, the landscape of "Great Issues" has no metes and bounds. For that reason genial, long-winded folk of roving mood will like it immensely. Cautious folk who prefer to keep their intellectual bearings may as well be warned off once for all. One must share Mr. Horton's robust religious impressionism to profit by his counsels.

Absolutely new philological material is brought to light in the recently published "Grammatik der Dschaggasprache," by J. Raum, for several decades missionary under the auspices of the Leipzig Society in Africa. This volume constitutes the eleventh in the series edited by Prof. E. Sachau, the director of the Oriental Seminary in connection with the University of Berlin and published as the Archiv für das Studium deutscher Kolonialsprachen. This grammar lays a solid foundation for the study of the languages spoken in the vicinity of the Kilimandsharo, and is a worthy companion work to Meinhoffe's able "Versuch einer Lautlehre der Bantusprachen." A learned introduction has been added, with historical, anthropological, and ethnological discussions. The literary contents of the grammar are largely myths, sayings, proverbs, riddles, and the like, collected by the author in his intercourse with the natives.

The National Society for a History of the Risorgimento appealed, in its recent congress at Florence, for a little "good sense" in the rules governing research in Italian state archives. Of political documents only those antedating 1815 are now accessible. For later periods a special request must be made, separately for every document, to the Minister of State. Even then, permission is rarely given for any paper later than 1848, and, when granted, is surrounded with endless precautions and restrictions. These are enough, one historian declares, "to wear out the patience of even the most persistent investigator." Similar regulations have recently been put in force by the minister of education regarding all papers, both political and private, in the government libraries. The congress also appealed to the government to restrict the work of the commission, appointed by the Minister of Education, to obtaining useful contemporary documents and to leave to this society the task of preparing and publishing the projected history. Further evidence of the government's attitude is furnished by its withdrawal of support from the proposed exhibition of historical documents in the new monument to Vittorio Emanuele at Rome, on the semi-centennial of the Risorgimento, in 1911.

In 1871, Prof. Alexander d'Ancona published, from two virtually identical manuscripts, preserved in the National Library of Florence, a fourteenth century text of "La Leggenda della Reina Rosana e di Rosana sua figliuola." The edition was limited to 153 copies, so that the number of readers was necessarily small. With the object of extending their circle, Miss M. Mansfield has now translated the booklet into English, under the title of "The Tale of Queen Rosana and of Rosana, Her Daughter, and of the King's Son Aulimento" (London: Nutt). The work has been excellently done; and it has, as she observes, a special interest because the legend in question affords an almost unique example of the evolution of a *Chanson de Geste*, through the Ensample, to the Morality Play. The text is preceded by an invaluable introduction; and we heartily recommend this charming little volume to all those who are interested in such matters.

Dr. Wills De Hass, physician and anthropologist, died in Pittsburgh on Monday at the age of ninety-two. Among his publications were "History of the Early Settlement and Indian Wars of Western Virginia," "History of West Virginia," "Attempts to Separate the West from the East," "The Civil War in Virginia," "Pre-Historic America," "The Mound Builders," and "Reminiscences of Half a Century."

Henry T. Coates, editor and author, died at his home at Berwin, a suburb of Philadelphia, on Saturday, after a short illness. He was sixty-seven years old. Among the publications which he edited were the "Fireside Encyclopædia of Poetry" and the "Children's Book of Poetry." He was the author of "Short History of the American Trotting and Pacing Horse." Mr. Coates was for many years a member of the firm of Porter & Coates and Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia. He was widely known among book publishers.

From Bologna comes the report of the death of Francesco Bertolini, professor of ancient history and vice-principal of the university.

Stanislaus Lucas has just died at Breslau, in his fifty-eighth year. He was the author of a number of historical novels, including "Der Senator" and "Graf Gaschin."

Science.

Military Hygiene for Officers of the Line. By Alfred A. Woodhull, A.M., M.D., LL.D. Fourth edition, rewritten, and greatly enlarged. New York: John Wiley & Sons. $1.50.

The Elements of Military Hygiene. By P. M. Ashburn, Major Medical Corps, United States Army. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2 net.

In its original form, Dr. Woodhull's book was an abstract of lectures on military hygiene given at the Infantry and Cavalry School at Fort Leavenworth. The present revision attempts to answer the natural inquiries of the line officer, who is solicitous about the welfare of his men; and subjects belonging exclusively to the medical staff have been omitted. Dr. Ashburn's book is the outcome of the author's idea that the sanitation of the army would be greatly improved if line officers and enlisted men could be made, through their interest in the subject, to coöperate more freely with medical officers. The chapters on the causes of disease and the prevention and

control of epidemics are of especial value, and if properly understood by the rank and file would do much to prevent the spread of infectious diseases, both in the field and in camp.

For sake of comparison, the views of these two writers on the much discussed question of alcohol are worthy of mention. Dr. Ashburn believes that alcohol is as much, if not more, abused by Northerners in the tropics than at home. Not that alcohol is more harmful in the tropics than elsewhere, but because its excessive use in all climates irritates a hard-worked "sluggish" liver, already subject to congestion. Its excessive use among soldiers proceeds mostly from idleness, evil example, or carelessness. Heat stroke and heat exhaustion, he says, are much more likely to occur in a drinking man than in a total abstainer. Dr. Woodhull notes the fact that whiskey was once a part of the ration, but now is supplied only through the medical department. He says:

> The sum total of work done with alcohol is less than that done without it. The quality as well as the quantity of work done is diminished. . . . This is strikingly evident at the target range, and would be still more conspicuous under the conditions of war. . . . The administration of alcohol in disease is entirely distinct from its use as a beverage in health, and is a question of therapeutics, not of hygiene.

The causes and prevention of malaria, yellow fever, and typhoid, the soldier's greatest enemies, are thoroughly discussed by both writers and brought up to date.

Both of these volumes will serve well the purpose for which they were written.

The Columbia University Press will publish at an early date a volume on "Ants: Their Structure, Development, and Behavior," by Dr. William Morton Wheeler, professor of economic entomology in Harvard University.

Every one engaged in the care of plants, even in the most amateurish way, must feel the need of having certain questions in regard to moulds, rusts, smuts, and mildews, answered in a straightforward manner. To such persons Prof. B. M. Duggar's "Fungous Diseases of Plants" (Ginn & Co.) will be welcome. The diseases are described clearly, and are well illustrated. Professor Duggar is admirably fitted by his acquisitions in plant physiology to take a broad view of plant pathology, and his treatise is characterized by its symmetrical proportions and true perspective. With this excellent work in hand, any intelligent lover of plants ought to recognize the special foes with which he has to contend, and get sound hints as to ways and means of meeting them. The author uses the word hopeful "control" when alluding to the treatment of fungous diseases, and this sanguine spirit is a good asset when one undertakes the hard task of fighting them.

Drama.

The great need of the theatre to-day, as has been often pointed out in this journal, is capable and enlightened management. Plays of a high literary and dramatic order are rare enough now, and are likely to be still more rare in the future, if they cannot be assured of adequate and intelligent representation. Plays of such notable quality as "Sappho and Phaon" and "Ulysses" were sacrificed to managerial incompetency. Many other similar, if less flagrant, instances might easily be quoted. The latest miscarriage of this sort occurred in the case of "The Faith Healer," of William Vaughn Moody, which fell far short of its legitimate effect, when acted in the Savoy Theatre here, owing partly to the grave error of the producer. Henry Miller, in casting himself for a character to which he was unsuited either by his artistic methods or his temperament, and partly to injudicious changes in the text made solely for theatrical effect. The play itself, in its original shape, has been reviewed fully in the *Nation* (March 18, 1909), and it is not necessary to describe it again in detail. Briefly, it is a psychological study—intellectual, emotional, poetic, and truly dramatic—of Ulrich Michaelis, a desert-bred zealot, who, deeming himself inspired after a vision of Christ, proceeds to work miracles by faith. One Indian boy, accounted dead, he restores to life. After apparently healing a confirmed paralytic, he encounters a girl for whom he conceives an earthly passion. Believing this to be sinful, he is conscious of a loss of power, and when the paralytic relapses and an infant in his charge dies, he regards himself as a traitor to his mission and a discredited prophet. But when he learns that the girl is no temptress, but a repentant Magdalen, in search of spiritual healing, he recognizes the sanctity of human love and feels his power restored. The paralytic walks again, and the infant rallies. As the curtain falls he expresses an ecstatic hope that he is about to scale heights of love and life of which he has not dreamed hitherto. All the other personages of the play—a materialistic farmer, his saintly wife Mary, his practical sister Martha, an orthodox parson, a skeptical doctor, a superstitious old negro, etc.—typify various phases of thought, are depicted with great skill and veracity, and play their several parts in the drama in a logical and effective fashion.

The piece was played in its original form in the West without success, and then remodelled. Four acts were condensed into three, scenes were transposed, new matter was added, and vital passages excised. These changes—whoever was primarily responsible for them—were disastrous. The gain, if any, in purely theatrical situation was insignificant, the loss in progressive psychological development deplorable. But the intellectual, poetic, and emotional qualities of the play—even in this mutilated shape—would have asserted themselves if the John the Baptist figure of Michaelis had been embodied by some more spiritual, imaginative, and eloquent actor than Mr. Miller. His rugged personality and the slow, massive dogged energy of his style, helped him to triumph in "The Great Divide," but were fatally inapplicable to the character of the haggard, fiery, rhapsodical seer Michaelis. But actor-managers, it seems, must play the leading parts or forfeit their self-respect. The worst of it is that any misconception on their part, of their own histrionic abilities, may ruin the prospects of the finest play, to say nothing of the author. "The Faith Healer," although somewhat vague in its meaning and intent, as if Professor Moody were himself in doubt concerning the true nature of the phenomena he discusses, is a remarkable work, deserving of far more sympathetic treatment than it has received.

It is good news to hear that we are soon to have the opportunity of seeing and hearing Edith Wynne Matthison in the New Theatre. She is in the front rank of living actresses. She will be seen in a production of Maurice Maeterlinck's "Sister Beatrice," and in a revival of "The Winter's Tale."

Because they have not been able to find the right actor and actress, Liebler & Co. have been prevented from putting on here C. S. McLellan's play, "Judith Zaraine," which will be seen in London this week.

"The Tenth Man" is the title of the new comedy, by W. S. Maugham, which will be produced in London soon, with Arthur Bourchier in a leading part.

Monckton Hoffe, the author of "The Little Damosel," is at work upon a new comedy for Charles Hawtrey.

The members of the Incorporated Stage Society of London have chosen for their next production a three-act play entitled "The Way the Money Goes," by Lady Bell, who has long taken the deepest interest in the industrial classes. It is with the condition, the requirements, and the aspirations of these that her latest work is concerned. One of the evils attacked is that of gambling.

Mr. Bourchier has entrusted to Kenneth R. Barnes the adaptation of Paul Hervieu's play "Connais-toi," which he will produce in London under the title of "Glass Houses," and has also commissioned Miss E. M. Symonds ("George Paston") to make a one-act piece out of a single situation in a French play which he purchased for this purpose. In this he and Miss Violet Vanbrugh will appear as workpeople. A new play by H. M. Vernon, the author of "The Deputy Sheriff," may possibly be another of Mr. Bourchier's future productions. The title of this play, which has a Chinese background, will be "Mr. Wu"—Wu being, so to speak, the Chinese equivalent of Smith.

Music.

TWO OPERATIC NOVELTIES.

Jules Massenet is one of the most prolific of opera composers, but if Oscar Hammerstein continues to produce his works at the present rate, the list will be exhausted ere long. To "Sapho" and "Hérodiade," which he produced earlier in the season, he has now added "Griséli-dis," with a cast including Mary Garden and Dalmores, besides two singers, Messrs. Dufranne and Huberdeau, who

coöperated at the first production of this opera in Paris, on November 20, 1901. "Grisélidis" is, like the "Jongleur de Notre Dame" (which followed it), a musical miracle play, in which things mundane, eclestial, and diabolical are commingled quaintly and continuously, in the true mediæval fashion. The plot is based on the old story of the peasant woman Griselda, who preserves her vow of fidelity amid the most cruel tests. The Devil plays as prominent a part as in some of the mediæval mysteries and miracle plays. Had this rôle been assigned to that prince of devils, Maurice Renaud, the success of Massenet's opera would have been assured. As it is, it seems in doubt, as the music is not strong enough to atone for tiresome episodes in the plot. It is a peculiarity of this opera that the chorus is invisible throughout, though it plays an important rôle. Nothing could be more quaint and enchanting than the harmonized choral echoes of the Devil's Incantation in which, from the dark forest, he summons the spirits of evil to bring the Shepherd lover of Grisélidis to her garden.

The Metropolitan Opera House also has produced an opera new to this country—"Germania," by the millionaire Italian composer, Alberto Franchetti. It is a work in the grand and pompous Meyerbeer manner, relying for the emotions it evokes more on patriotic and historic considerations than on the music. It depicts scenes in the seven years preceding the battle of Leipzig and the reclamation of Germany from the domination of Napoleon, the love affairs of two German students supplying the operatic element. There are many dull moments in the plot, and the music is persistently tedious, except where the composer borrows German student songs or a motive from Puccini's "Tosca." If he had had the gift of creating individual melodies, he might have rivalled Puccini, for he has the theatrical instinct. The scene in a crypt where Queen Louise appears and stirs up patriotic sentiment is very effective, and it stirred the audience to great enthusiasm. With a cast including Caruso, Amato, and Destinn, and with a superb scenic setting, the opera under the devoted leadership of the composer's personal friend, Mr. Toscanini, was sure of a brilliant temporary success.

The management of the Corea concerts in Rome announces its intention of enriching its orchestral programmes from time to time with a choral number. Except two from Wagner the selections for the coming season have been taken from operas which are now rarely heard, but which require a larger and better-trained orchestra than choral societies are usually able to command. The chorus from the opening scene of "Tannhäuser," and probably also the Chorus of Flowers from "Parsifal," will be directed by Michael Balling, leader of the Bayreuth festivals; the choral from Liszt's "Dante Symphony," by Luigi Mancinelli of the Costanzi, Rome; that for men's voices from Liszt's "Faust," by Georg Schneevoigt of Finland, and selections from either Schumann's "Manfred," or "Paradise and the Peri," by William Mengelberg of Holland. In continuance of the policy of employing several directors, each for a series of concerts, Vincent D'Indy, Gustav Mahler, Pietro Mascagni, and Safonoff have also been engaged as conductors.

Art.

THE DISCOVERY OF ARTISTIC AMERICA.

It is an amusing coincidence that just as German experts are eulogizing the American art collector and deploring the exit of masterpieces from Europe, an American consul in Scotland should solemnly warn his fellow-countrymen that they are notoriously the dupes of the wily European dealer in antiques. Both opinions are measurably true, being expressed of different kinds of Americans. It is pleasant to think that the balance of veracity lies with those hardy European discoverers who were tempted over here by the reports of the Hudson-Fulton loan exhibition of old Dutch painting.

Before that memorable show there had been inklings in the Old World of remote art Golcondas beyond the Atlantic. The names of Morgan, Widener, Altman, Frick, and others have bogey-like resonance from Bond Street to the Via Condotti. The inner circle of serious students even knew of such gradual and normal accumulations of fine works as the Havemeyer collection, and that of Mr. John G. Johnson, and Mrs. John L. Gardner, not to mention a throng of lesser collectors of the same fine stamp. But in the main, until recently the artistic wealth of America was more or less legendary to Europe. It was the location of some dozens of perfectly well-known masterpieces—Rembrandts, Halses, Vermeers—that lent historic verisimilitude to the legend of artistic America and brought over the Columbuses in numbers.

The reports of the land are of two-fold character. Dr. Friedländer of the Kaiser Friedrich Museum, Berlin, is statistical. He shows that we have outstripped Germany numerically in Rembrandt, Hobbema, and Vermeer, and sounds the alarum against our aggressiveness. Dr. Justi, of the gallery of modern paintings at Berlin, is lavish of compliments to the temper of our collectors and to the quality of their treasures. He is glad to refute the unamiable report that we prevail by the brute force of our money and are easily taken in. Both forms of tribute are welcome, but both need scrutiny. Dr. Friedländer's quantitative tests are misleading. It is true that we are well stocked with Rembrandt portraits of widely varying worth, but his masterpieces are almost all in European galleries, while for his extraordinarily significant work in landscape and Scripture narrative very few of our collectors have shown the slightest appreciation. Dr. Justi's enthusiasms we would gladly appropriate undiminished, but they recall faintly the classic visit of Charles Eliot Norton to Chicago. For years he had used that municipality as the antithesis of æsthetic righteousness. Then came the Columbian exhibition, and with difficulty he was drawn from Cambridge to the untried sensations and hazards of the Middle West. So astutely were his routes, his associations, his commissariat, his goings and comings planned; so opportunely did animated conversation prevent what might have been offences to a sensitive eye, that Mr. Norton returned to proclaim his belief that since Athens at her prime there had never been a more promising artistic life than that of Chicago. We would not disturb Dr. Justi's enthusiasms, but we could have taken him to collections that must be described in something less than superlatives.

What is really remarkable in the situation of America as regards art is less the springing up of connoisseur collectors of the highest class—they still are very rare birds among us—than the steady growth of a wider comprehension and more delicate taste among the collecting public at large. We are gradually reaching the condition where New York is a true market for art, not in the sense that the very rich will pay sensationally for objects that hit their fancy, but in the sense that cultured well-to-do people will buy fearlessly excellent objects of almost any description, while quietly rejecting the worthless things that crowd the market. This was not always so. It was only some twenty-five years ago that masterpieces of Japanese painting were held up in our best salesroom while the auctioneer pleaded in vain for ten-dollar bids. That could not happen to-day. One marks, too, a gradually widening scope of private collections that come into the auction-room. The appalling monotony of Barbizon, the Institute, the Chinese porcelain is being broken. To the rescue comes the art of Italy, the Netherlands, Scandinavia; and the superb handicraft of the Near East. Our situation is somewhat perturbed by the presence of buyers of enormous wealth and relatively little insight. This introduces a speculative element into prices beyond the wont even of the most speculative of trades. But even the very rich are capable of education, and will gain it whenever they bestow upon themselves the priceless gift of reasonable leisure.

Meanwhile the sober mood with which

a well-trained lad approaches his majority is that which befits artistic America. From the reports of discoverers who come over to see if she has really grown up, she has nothing to fear, and when these verdicts evince a friendly, if unguarded, enthusiasm, she should be ready with the mitigating smile of self-knowledge and self-criticism.

OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

LONDON, January 14.

The Royal Academy, whatever its weakness, has the strength that comes from "sitting tight" through adversity as through prosperity. Its great virtue is silence. There were critics to see in the success of the National Loan Collection at the Grafton Gallery a menace to its Winter Exhibition, and a few were moved to suggest a policy by which it might best escape the danger of competition. The Academy, true to its traditions, conscious that it had prepared the way for the Grafton success, held its peace, neither showed fright nor promised amendment, and now, at the usual moment, has opened the usual Winter Exhibition of Old Masters, which, moreover, it has managed to make one of the best it has held in several years. The general average is higher than at the Grafton; it is, on the whole, better hung, and its recently redecorated walls make as effective a background; while more attention is paid to chronological order, with more complete decorative harmony and unity as the result.

The collection opens, in the first room, with the early Italian painters, mostly from the well-known collection of R. H. Benson. It is a room "made to the hand" of the attribution hunters, for in many cases, even to the mere unscientific eye, the name of the master has a finer distinction than the work to which it is attached, and it is with the less fine work necessarily that the scientific critic is chiefly concerned. Botticelli, Bellini, Carpaccio, Leonardo are a few of these masters, according to the catalogue, though not always according to the modern authority, and if, before the show is over, their names are still further juggled with, the loss to the masters themselves will not be serious. However, the work of the earliest Italians, and there are many Primitives here, always has charm. Painters who were controlled strictly by a fine decorative convention could not, at their worst, go far astray. Angels trumpeting against a gold background, Madonnas encircled by cherubs' heads and wings, figures well balanced in a pleasantly formal landscape, do not lose all their decorative effect upon walls where they were never designed to hang. Besides, in this first room, several pictures are more than pleasantly and conventionally decorative.

In the other rooms, not only the Italian, but almost all schools, are included, though the French and German are but poorly represented. The Italians of later date are chiefly Venetians. There is a small version—the Duke of Devonshire's—of Veronese's Susanna, a version also of Titian's Daughter of Herodias, and these, with Palma Vecchia's Laura Dianti and one or two Tintorettos or echoes of Tintoretto, recall the greater splendors of the same group in Venice, or, for that matter, no further away than the National Gallery. There are also two impressions of Venice by Guardi. One shows the often-painted never-hackneyed Rialto, the other the no less familiar San Giorgio on its island; both seen from well-known points of view, both giving the usual detail of barges and gondolas in the foreground, and both enveloped in atmosphere and set between water and sky so full of light as to seem almost modern. It is curious to compare them with the Venice by Turner in another room—J. Pierpont Morgan's Depositing of Giovanni Bellini's Three Pictures in the Church of the Redentore—in which the effects of air and light strike one as so exaggerated after Guardi's truth and simplicity, that the picture seems positively old-fashioned.

Hanging with the Venetians are the very few examples of the Spanish school. Two by Velasquez might be passed in complete indifference, or scepticism, were nothing known of their history. One is an Immaculate Conception, the other a St. John Writing the Apocalypse. The astonishing thing is that they suggest not so much immaturity as the adherence to formula that kills originality. You would say, not the work of a young man with the world and his art before him, but the work of the well-trained painter with nothing to say for himself and yet with the power to repeat ably what others have said or are saying. The Immaculate Conception recalls slightly the Coronation of the Virgin of the Prado, that is, in type, but both the pictures shown have a perfunctoriness of vision and treatment alike that recalls anybody rather than Velasquez. However, there seems no question of their authenticity, both being accredited even by Beruete, who is so generous in bestowing upon Del Mazo many other paintings of which I, for my part, would be much less willing to deprive Velasquez. The two now in question were, it is said, the productions of his very early years, while he was still entirely the pupil and follower of his father-in-law, Pacheco, and before he had freed himself so well from the formulas of the schools as to carry on tradition in his own way. As examples of his work in his student days, they have their great interest, and, considered as students' work, they are immensely able, a promising foundation for better things to come. To them the attention might be drawn of the clever young student of to-day, boomed into notoriety until he disdains study, scorns industry, and looks upon some display of eccentricity as a sure sign of genius.

Much space has been given to the Dutch and Flemish schools, whose pictures fill the room devoted to water-colors in the spring, and overflow into one or two others. The collection is well chosen, has fine things in it, but leaves little to be said of the painters that has not been said many times already. There is no surprise like the rarely beautiful Oehterveldt of a few years ago, nothing by any one artist that is not surpassed in the national collections. A so-called Rembrandt, described as a portrait of himself and Saskia, and not without distinguished qualities, will give—or, rather, has given—rise to plentiful discussion. Hals has not been left in possession of all the portraits exhibited as his, nor need his admirers resent the liberty taken. Of the pictures left to him, though one portrait has already been selected for reproduction by the Arundel Society, none has the vivacity and vigor of the Hille-Bobbe—and this, too, is questioned—another version of the Fishwife of Haarlem, whom he has made as famous as Dante made his Beatrice or Petrarch his Laura. Two huge canvases by Jordaens, a portrait group of husband and wife and the King of Twelfth Night, both belonging to the Duke of Devonshire, are more than amazing in their technical ability and ingenuity, and are vivacious with a degree of vivacity that Franz Hals had the intelligence—or the genius—never to attempt to emulate. For they seem to me to prove nothing so much as how little ability and vivacity avail without artistic restraint and dignity. There are landscapes and at least one fine Portrait of a Man by Rubens. The Jane Lane, lent by J. Henry H. V. Lane, is among the most interesting Lelys I have seen, because it portrays not only the type of feminine beauty then in vogue, but individual character. The lady had a history—she assisted in the escape of Charles II—and she looks it: looks like something more than the mere round-eyed, red-lipped, sensuous ladies of whom Lely and Kneller have bequeathed to us such an endless gallery.

The pictures of the British school are chiefly portraits of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries: Reynolds, Gainsboroughs, Romneys, Raeburns, Hoppners, of which the supply appears to be inexhaustible. The Academy always seems able to find a few that have not hitherto been publicly exhibited. I do not remember ever to have seen before Gainsborough's large full-length Sir Charles Morgan, lent by the Equitable Life Assurance Society, of which he was once president. A short man, the por-

trait suggests, and one not too richly endowed with manly beauty, but Gainsborough has given him a dignified presence that counts for far more and has rendered his costume with a feeling for textures rarely excelled in the portraits of the most beautiful and daintily dressed women who sat to him. Reynolds's Lady Mary Leslie, another painting I do not remember to have seen before, is amusing in its artificial convention. The lady is surrounded by absurd baaing lambs, but the conceit is so naïve and obvious that it does not irritate as Reynolds's more elaborate allegories sometimes do. The convention is as obvious, but less naïve, in his portrait of George III, the property of the Royal Academy, where royalty becomes so entirely a question of royal robes that the man inside them disappears. It is funny to turn from it, in its flamboyancy, to Maria Cosway's George IV as Florizel, as young ladyish a conception of royalty, as pretty an interpretation of masculinity, as any lady artist of today might produce. The Romneys are not remarkable. Hoppner, for all the recent booming, only now and then rose to the point where he could hold his own with Reynolds and Gainsborough, and this point he did not reach in the single example that now represents him. The portraits of Sir John Sinclair in Highland uniform and of Sir John Clerk and Rosemary Dacre, his wife, are among the more famous Raeburns, but neither can approach in distinction the two by the same artist that were sent to the Hundred Women Show last summer in Paris. With this work of later generations, two or three Hogarths have a place.

That there should be so many British pictures in Great Britain for the Academy to draw upon is not surprising. But I must confess that this year, as seldom before, the Academy's winter series of old masters has made me marvel at the number of works by the masters of foreign schools that still remain in the private collections of the country, despite the outflow into Germany and America that the pessimist loves to deplore as continuous. The Grafton Gallery Exhibition that, in a moment of enthusiasm cooled by the intervening months, was hailed by British critics almost as a discovery of the treasures of the private British collector, is still open. The Salting and Mond bequests to the nation have just been announced. And yet, here is the Academy that has been showing old masters for forty years and that really should have the credit of popularizing them before the organizers of the Grafton Exhibition were heard of, holding the best Winter Exhibition of their work it has held for years.

It can hardly be regarded as an honor to E. J. Gregory, the Royal Academician who died some four months since, to have had the Black-and-White Room reserved on this occasion for his work. The public's avoidance of the Black-and-White Room during the Summer Exhibition is an ancient jest. It is so small that only a few of Gregory's pictures and drawings can be shown in it, and these have been crowded together as if to serve as a reminder of the difference in the Academy's methods of hanging for old masters and for modern painters. At the best, Gregory was not an artist to stand unabashed the comparison evoked by his present surroundings. He was technically accomplished, a finer craftsman than many of the older Academicians, his contemporaries, who survive him. There are here studies of water in movement, or of the detail of dress or furniture, that for truth and observation could not easily be excelled. But if his eyes were open to fact, they were blind to the beauty to which it is, after all, a secondary consideration. He had not cultivated the art of seeing, which is a more essential part of the artist's stock in trade than the art of expression. In saying this I am not sure that I am not touching on the secret of the inferiority not only of Gregory, but of the modern Academical painter, to the masters of all time; but this is too large a subject for the end of an article. N. N.

The spring exhibition of the National Academy of Design will open on Saturday, March 12, and will close on Sunday, April 17. Exhibits will be received only on February 23 and 24, between the hours of 9 A. M. and 5 P. M. The jury of selection will be Herbert Adams, Hugo Ballin, Gifford Beal, Emil Carlsen, F. S. Church, E. Irving Couse, Kenyon Cox, Charles C. Curran, Charles Melville Dewey, Charles Warren Eaton, A. L. Groll, Birge Harrison, Childe Hassam, William H. Howe, W. L. Lathrop, Will H. Low, Hermon A. MacNeil, J. Francis Murphy, Walter Nettleton, Edward H. Potthast, Henry Prellwitz, Leonard Ochtman, William S. Robinson, Edmund C. Tarbell, Alexander T. Van Laer, Douglas Volk, and Irving R. Wiles. The hanging committee will be composed of H. Bolton Jones, John W. Alexander, and Isidore Konti.

The 105th annual exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts opened to the public on Sunday, January 23, and will remain open until March 20. The following awards are announced by the jury of selection and award, consisting of W. Elmer Schofield, chairman; Thomas P. Anshutz, Frank W. Benson, Emil Carlsen, Charles H. Davis, Charles W. Hawthorne, Robert Henri, Joseph T. Pearson, jr., Carroll S. Tyson, jr., Frederic P. Vinton, and Irving R. Wiles: The Temple gold medal for the best picture painted in oil without regard to subject to Howard Gardiner Cushing for his portrait No. 418 in the exhibition; the Walter Lippincott prize of $300 to J. Alden Weir for the landscape painting entitled The Hunters' Moon; the Jennie Sesnan gold medal for the best landscape in the exhibition to Childe Hassam for his painting entitled Summer Sea; the Carol H. Beck gold medal for the best portrait in the exhibition, completed within the last three years, to Adolphe E. Borie, 3rd, for his portrait entitled Lady with a Black Scarf; the Mary Smith prize for the best picture painted by a woman, resident in Philadelphia, to Mrs. Alice Mumford Roberts for her picture entitled The Morning Air. The *Nation* will review the exhibition at length in next week's issue.

Following is a list of the principal paintings and drawings from the Cyrus J. Lawrence collection, with the prices they brought at Mendelssohn Hall January 21: Bonvin, Convent School, $1,200; Boudin, Low Tide, $500; On the Beach, $875; Village on River, $825; Mary Cassatt, Mother in Red Dress with Child, $1,025; Au Jardin, $950; Mother Feeding Child, $650; Daumier, Les Avocats (2), $900; Lawyer Arguing His Case, $700; Les Pièces de Conviction, $1,025; Les Avocats (3), $875; L'Atelier de l'Artiste, $1,225; A l'Hôtel Drouot, $1,550; Les Curieux à l'Etalage, $2,600; Degas, Avant la Course, $2,300; Fantin-Latour, A Wood Nymph, $1,500; Jongkind, Honfleur, $1,250; Monet, Fishing Boats, $240; Vetheuil Winter, $2,650; Grotte de Port Domois, $3,050; Vetheuil Spring, $4,650; Falaises à Dieppe, $2,700; Pisarro, Hiver en Pontoise, $1,100; Puvis de Chavannes, Mother and Children, $1,850; Sisley, Le Quai à Sable, $1,225; Vue de Moret, $1,100.

Louis Mark, the genre impressionist, of Budapest, Hungary, will exhibit his paintings in the galleries of the National Arts Club during March.

August Will, the artist, died on Sunday at his home in Jersey City. He was born at Weimar, Germany, seventy-six years ago, and came to this country at the age of twenty-one. For nineteen years he had a studio at Broadway and Astor Place. He was a teacher of art for thirty-eight years, and numbered among his pupils many well-known American artists. He worked in oils, water colors, and pen and ink. He illustrated for many years for the *Century*, *Harper's*, and *Scribner's*, and other magazines, and did much work for the Methodist Book Concern's publications.

Finance.

OBJECT LESSONS.

Following a break on the Stock Exchange, last week, which was marked by such declines as 8⅜ points in United States Steel common, 6⅞ in Union Pacific, 4¾ in Southern Pacific, and 4⅜ in Amalgamated Copper, and a brief recovery from those low quotations, the present week opened with a renewed and overwhelming relapse. In two days, the Steel shares fell 5¾ points, Union Pacific 9⅛, Amalgamated Copper 6, Reading 8, and the rest of the list collapsed with them. To the majority of experienced observers, this wholesale readjustment of values was a natural enough sequel to the market of last autumn, when a prolonged and violent speculation for the rise was conducted in the face of tightening money,

depleted bank reserves, hostile attitude by Europe, and absence of the real outside investor on whom the great speculators ultimately had to rely, to sell out their stock holdings and pay off their bank loans.

This aspect of the present situation was not the less obvious from the fact that in two other markets where speculation had equally hoisted prices to abnormal altitudes—the markets for cotton and wheat—an exactly similar collapse has occurred this week. But the Stock Exchange did not take kindly to the explanation, and the word was passed about, in that curious way in which such watchwords circulate in Wall Street, that the market was administering an "object lesson," based on the Washington proposals for company legislation. On general principles, the theory was plausible. Railway and banking authorities disliked the programme outlined in Mr. Taft's recent messages. People who dread such legislative programmes might logically draw out their capital from shares of the companies affected. A fall in prices of these shares, such as withdrawal of capital by investors would occasion, had occurred. Therefore the inference: dread of the Washington proposals caused the break in prices.

On the theory that the present month's decline has been thus caused, the first instinctive comment possibly might be that the time for the markets to get frightened was when the Taft proposals were first positively made. That time was last September, when the President, in his public speeches, outlined a policy in some respects more drastic than what he has laid this month before Congress. What the stock market witnessed, in response to the September speeches, was such enhancement of values, during that very month, as 7 points in Union Pacific stock, 7 in St. Paul, 9 in Southern Pacific, 12 in Reading, and 12½ in Steel common.

Replying to intimations, in the Northern Securities hearing of 1904, as to a genuine "object lesson" of this sort the majority opinion of the United States Supreme Court had this to say:

> Many suggestions were made in argument based upon the thought that the Anti-Trust Act would in the end prove to be mischievous in its consequences. Disaster to business and widespread financial ruin, it has been intimated, will follow the execution of its provisions. Such predictions were made in all the cases heretofore arising under that act. But they have not been verified. It is the history of monopolies in this country and in England that predictions of ruin are habitually made by them when it is attempted, by legislation, to restrain their operations, and to protect the public against their exactions.

Whatever one may choose to say of the reasoning of the honorable court, its assertion of fact must stand. It should be interesting, therefore, to see what has followed recent action, whether by courts or by Congress, of a character which invited prediction of an "object lesson." There was, for instance, the first decision against Northern Securities, on April 9, 1903. The stock market broke violently; yet Wall Street hardly wasted attention on the verdict. It was busy watching the efforts of powerful promoters, caught in a trap by their own recklessness, to market what one great financier called "undigested" and another "indigestible" securities; no reference being made to "object lessons." The Supreme Court's affirmation of that Circuit Court decision came on March 14, 1904, and the instantaneous sequel was the buying of railroad stocks in enormous amounts, by some of the very financial leaders whose Northern Securities experiment had been blockaded. Before the year was over, stocks such as Union Pa-

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cific, Great Northern, Reading, Louisville, and New York Central—all more or less remotely affected by the Northern Securities decision—had scored advances ranging from 30 to 60 points

On June 29, 1906, the Hepburn Railway Rate Act became law. No legislation in our recent history had been marked by so vigorous protests from the interests affected, or by so positive prediction of disaster to investments, and to no one were such views ascribed more definitely than to Mr. E. H. Harriman. Yet it was Mr. Harriman who, within two months, nearly doubled the dividends on Union and Southern Pacific stocks, bid up their prices 27 and 24 points, respectively, and, in the same half-year, bought through the Union Pacific's credit and surplus funds, at the very high ruling prices, $131,000,000 worth of the very railway stocks whose value the new law was supposed to jeopardize.

This retrospect does not prove at all that the court decisions and legislative moves in question may not have been dangerous, or that Mr. Taft's proposals are not a menace to financial stability. Those points are still left open for discussion. The above-described sequence of events appears to prove, however, that Wall Street ought to be careful about ascribing the "January break" to the news from Washington. But is it true, then, that the old-fashioned "object lesson" of the Stock Exchange has become a mere tradition of financial history? Probably not at all. The collapse on the New York stock market, during January, provides at least one object lesson. It teaches the consequence of creating fictitious values, putting up stocks to absurdly unreasonable prices through brute force of borrowed money, and preventing the liquidation of such hazardous accounts, when bank resources began to be exhausted, through expedients which disguised a situation that they could not remedy. In a general way, it was the real investing public which administered the lesson.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Anderson, E. E. St. Matthew's Gospel. With introduction and notes. Scribner. 75 cents net.
Anderson, G. Hitherto Untold. Cochrane Pub. Co.
Bailly, A. The Divine Minstrels: a Narrative of the Life of Saint Francis of Assisi. Translated by E. Barnes. Scribner. $1.25 net.
Baldwin, J. M. Darwin and the Humanities. Library of Genetic Science and Philosophy. Vol. II. Baltimore: Review Pub. Co.
Balfour, A. J. The Romanes Lecture, 1909: Questionings on Criticism and Beauty. Frowde.
Bardeen, C. W. A Manual of Common School Law. Ninth edition, rewritten. Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen. $1.50 net.
Brown, C. R. Faith and Health. Crowell. $1 net.
Buchanan, J. Works. Collected and edited by J. B. Moore. Vol. X, 1856-1860. Phila.: Lippincott.
Children's Catalog. Compiled by M. E. Potter. Part I, Author, Title, and Subject Catalog of 3,000 Books. Minneapolis: H. W. Wilson Co.
Childs, J. H. The Sea of Matrimony. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.50.
Colvill, H. H. Saint Teresa of Spain. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Cooper, C. S., and Westell, W. P. Trees and Shrubs of the British Isles. 2 vols. Dutton. $7 net.
Crowe, J. A., and Cavalcaselle, G. B. A New History of Painting in Italy. From the II to the XVI Century. Vol. III. Edited, with notes, by E. Hutton. Dutton. $5 net.
Crowell's Shorter French Texts. De Musset's Croisilles; De St. Hilaire's Anecdotes sur Napoléon; Fisher's La Belle au Bois dormant; Hugo's Le Bataille de Waterloo; Laboulaye's Le Château de la Vie; Lailavoix's La Farce de Paquin Fils; Macé's Contes du Petit Château; Reichenbach's Deux Comédies enfantines; Rozan's Les Petites Ignorances de la Conversation; Scribe's Mon Étoile; Quatre Contes des Mille et une Nuits.
De Groot, J. J. M. The Religion of the Chinese. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Dickens, C. The Pickwick Papers. 2 vols. With 43 original illus. and 223 additional pictures of original characters, places, etc. Scribner. $7 net.
Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics. Ed. by James Hastings. Vol. II, Arthur-Bunyan. Scribner. $7 net.
Formula Book of English Official Historical Documents. Part II. Edited by H. Hall. Putnam. $2.50.
Gillmore, I. H. Maida's Little Shop. Huebsch. $1.25.
Grinnell-Milne, G. Tales from Tasso, and Other Poems and Translations. London: David Nutt.
Hall, W. S. Nutrition and Dietetics. Appleton. $2 net.
Heitland, W. E. The Roman Republic. 3 vols. Putnam. $10 net.
Inge, W. R. Faith and its Psychology. Scribner. 75 cents net.
James, E. E. C. Bologna, Its History, Antiquities, and Art. Frowde. $4 net.
Lake, K. The Early Days of Monasticism on Mount Athos. Frowde.
Leonard, W. E. The Poet of Galilee. Huebsch. $1 net.
Mairet, J. La Petite Princesse. Edited for school use by E. Healy. Amer. Book Co. 35 cents.
Mayer, O. S. The End of the Game and Other Plays and Stories. Moods Pub. Co. $1 net.
Meyers Grosser Konversations-Lexicon. Zwanzigster Band. Veda bis Zz. Lemcke & Buechner.
Michelet's Histoire de France. Edited, with introduction, etc., by D. L. Buffum. Holt.
Niedieck, P. Cruises in the Bering Sea. Scribner. $5 net.
Okuma, S. Fifty Years of New Japan. 2 vols. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Osler, W. Michael Servetus. Frowde.
Peake, A. S. A Critical Introduction to the New Testament. Scribner. 75 cents net.
Poe's The Raven; Longfellow's The Courtship of Miles Standish, and Whittier's Snow-Bound. Edited for school use by C. R. Gaston. Merrill. 25 cents.
Raleigh, C. The Sins of Society. Dillingham Co. $1.50.
Rashdall, Hastings. Philosophy and Religion: Six Lectures del. at Cambridge. Scribner. 75 cents net.
Rathbun, R. The National Gallery of Art. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Ries, C. E. Easy German Stories. Edited, with notes, exercises, etc., by E. H. Biermann. Amer. Book Co. 35 cents.
Santi-Deva. The Path of Light. Rendered into English by L. D. Barnett. Dutton. 60 cents net.
Seligman, E. R. A. The Shifting and Incidence of Taxation. Third ed., revised and enlarged. Macmillan. $3 net.
Shaw, V. The Encyclopædia of the Stable: a Complete Manual of the Horse. Dutton. $2 net.
Spiers, I. H. B. Manual of Elementary French. Boston: Ginn & Co. 50 cents.
Stevenson's Treasure Island. Edited for school use by F. T. Baker. Merrill Co. 40 cents.
Weaver, L. English Leadwork, Its Art and History. Scribner. $10 net.
Wilpert, J. Die Papstgräber und die Cäciliengruft in der Katakombe des Hl. Kallistus. St. Louis: B. Herder. $6.75 net.
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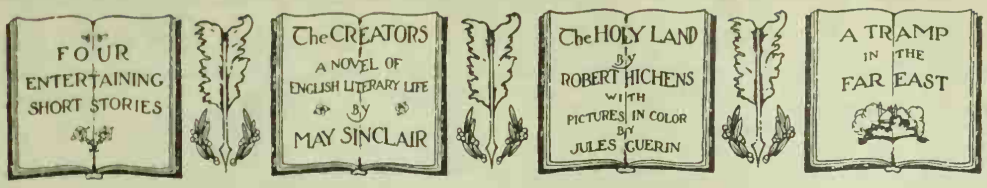
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1910.

The Week.

The decision of the House of Representatives to entrust to the Ways and Means Committee the investigation of high cost of living, is on the whole satisfactory. That committee is powerful and influential, both in its scope of authority and in the character of its membership. It is not too early, however, to warn the committee that it will not do to restrict the inquiry. Some of the comments ascribed to the Republican members of the committee suggest a purpose of investigating primarily the influence of the tariff. Now, the tariff unquestionably has some influence on cost of living; in certain lines of cotton manufacture, for instance, where the plea of the manufacturers was for protection against "cheap foreign goods," that fact has been publicly recognized by the protected interests themselves. It is also true beyond question that, in all industries with foreign competition and a protective duty, the automatic safeguard against home prices raised to exorbitant heights by Trusts or speculators is prevented by the tariff from operating. All this will be investigated, if the investigators are honest.

But there will also readily be discovered industries and commodities in which the tariff has either a secondary influence on prices, or no influence at all. Protectionist members of the Ways and Means Committee would probably make much of the fact that, while "index numbers" made up of American prices exclusively show an extraordinary rise in average cost of necessaries, such "index numbers" as the London *Economist's*, based wholly on English prices, show an exactly similar movement. It is easy to imagine such discoveries made use of to "whitewash" the tariff. Now, if impartial investigators were to show—and we believe it to be possible—that the pressure on consumers has been greater than in England, they will have contributed something useful to the investigation. Their inquiry as a whole, however, must take very much wider scope if it is to be of any value. Not least important is investigation into the power of Trusts and combinations over necessaries, and into the arbitrary exercise of that power. This is a problem into which partisan politics need not enter at all, and it is of the highest practical importance. We suggest, furthermore, that no such inquiry will be complete unless some account is taken of the quality of goods turned out, as well as their price. There is not a housekeeper in the United States who has not been complaining, in the case of numerous articles now controlled by powerful combinations, that she cannot buy, even at the present higher prices, goods of the durability of those she bought a decade ago.

Representative Foelker of New York State has introduced a joint resolution for a new form of Constitutional amendment authorizing the levy of an income tax. Its design is to meet the objections urged by Gov. Hughes, and would specifically exempt from taxation incomes derived from "bonds or other obligations" of the United States, as well as those of States, Territories, dependencies, and municipalities. The grant of power would then be simple—that is, Congress might lay an income tax without being compelled to apportion it among the States. Some such amendment of the amendment, as we have more than once said, must be adopted by Congress and submitted to the States if there is to be any Constitutional amendment at all. As the case stands to-day, the form of amendment laid before the State Legislatures has practically no hope of adoption. There were few signs of activity in connection with it even before Gov. Hughes's message, and since then it has been everywhere in a state of suspended animation. The question before Congress is accordingly merely this: does it really desire to have this power of enacting an income tax in national emergencies? If so, there is but one thing to do: submit the amendment in a shape to which there can be no objection except by those who are opposed to an income tax of any kind.

In 1907, a Commission on Old Age Pensions was appointed in Massachusetts to study the various systems devised in other countries and in use among industrial and railway corporations. Its report in a volume of 500 pages has lately been published, and from a summary printed in the Boston *Transcript* we infer that its work has been thorough and valuable. The Committee came out strongly against any scheme of non-contributing old-age pensions, such as the one lately introduced in Great Britain. This it condemns on the score of expense, of discouragement of thrift, of a disintegrating effect upon the family, and of an unfavorable influence upon the rate of wages. Yet a plan of contributory retiring pensions for public employees, including those of towns and cities, is emphatically recommended by the Committee, and the scheme of retiring allowances for aged workmen is urged upon large employers of labor, the whole to be based squarely upon the contributory principle. In line with this vigorous and wholesome assertion of the duty of self-reliance is the recommendation that "thrift should be included among the subjects of compulsory instruction in the public schools." All told, this report appears to be a timely and telling document.

The fear of Harmon weighs heavily on the Republicans of Ohio. To beat Harmon at the polls next November, the Republican politicians have made up their mind to hesitate at nothing, not even at giving the people what they want. A public utilities bill introduced in the Legislature last week is intended to cut the ground from under the Governor's feet. It calls for the appointment of a commission of three members to exercise control over all "express, telegraph, telephone, sleeping-car, freight line equipment, electric light, gas, natural gas, pipe line, water works, messenger, signal, union depot, water transportation, heating, cooling, street railroad, and railroad companies." The bill forbids rebates, free passes, the issuing of stock at less than par, and the holding by a corporation of more than 10 per cent. of the stock of any public utility. The commission has full powers to "regulate rates and service, to make and publish valuations of utilities, and to enforce a uniform system of accounting." In short, Gov. Harmon is

to be totally undone by means of a bill of far-reaching reform—broader even in scope than the New York law associated with Gov. Hughes's name. But we imagine that Gov. Harmon's reputation may survive the obloquy connected with having indirectly forced the Ohio Republicans to enact a measure of real public merit.

Whatever the specific merits of the proposition as to Alaskan coal lands which has been made by Mr. John E. Ballaine, a wealthy landowner of that Territory, one merit it certainly has. It should serve the purpose of conspicuously fixing the attention of the country on the absurdity of giving away, or selling at nominal prices, public lands that contain mineral resources. We have been applying to such lands methods that had their origin in the homestead policy of pioneer days, and that have no relevance to the conditions of the present time. The royalty principle is recognized in Mr. Ballaine's offer, and its appropriateness to the disposal of mining lands is unquestionable. Even in our cities, we have got beyond the stage of giving away valuable franchises for the asking; surely, our national government, with all the expenditure of thought and energy that has been given to the public-land question, may be expected to deal with it in a spirit more enlightened than that of the thoughtless wastefulness of former times.

We are glad to note that the lessons of the Cherry, Ill., coal mine disaster are not to go wholly unheeded. At least there have been introduced into the Illinois Legislature some bills which cannot be denied passage if the Legislature really wishes to safeguard those who work in the mines. Primarily, there are to be established three fire-fighting and rescue stations to serve the three great coal fields—the northern, southern, and central districts. It is planned to bring groups of miners there from time to time in order to give them special instruction in fighting fires and using rescue equipment. According to the *Survey*, the provisions of another bill provide for the removal of stables from mines, and a carefully specified water-supply and distribution, or automatic sprinkling devices. Other requirements will be:

Chemical fire extinguishers, hand-pump buckets, and barrels of water in all entries and passageways; testing of these appliances and a fire drill every fortnight; regulation of the amount, conveyance, and storage of fodder and bedding; installation of telephones and gong signals throughout every mine; instruction of all employees in giving instant warning of danger, and adequate penalties for the wilful neglect, refusal, or failure to obey the requirements of the act upon the part of managers, all classes of mine workers, and mine inspectors.

We note that this summary makes no mention of caches of food for shut-in miners, or for direct-surface communication through tubes. But we are assured that the bills have been drawn after the most careful study of foreign and American practice and legislation.

Edouard Rod, who died in Paris on Saturday, was a notable type of the versatile scholar and man-of-letters, as he flourishes at his best in France. That he was a Swiss by birth only falls in with the tradition that self-centred, self-contented Paris shall be conquered by the children of the provinces she is so little concerned with, or by the children of abroad. Rod began as a novelist of the school of Zola, diverged into the field of criticism, spent five years at the University of Geneva, and then took up the novel again, at a very great remove indeed from the Naturalistic School. In his later work, critics have found a keen searching into human motive and a sense of austerity which they have explained as manifestations of the Genevan conscience. Yet Rod's novels were peculiarly French in that they fell within that large class of French fiction which is written for a small and thoughtful domestic public, without hope or chance of winning much reputation abroad. His critical work in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* has been more conservative in ultimate intent than in form or superficial expression. It brought him within sight of a place in the French Academy, for which he was recently an active candidate.

Some of the Conservative newspapers in England are suggesting a "joint Cabinet" for a couple of years, made up of moderate men from both leading parties. This foolish proposal may be taken as showing how hard Conservative hopes die. Yet whatever else the general election has proved or failed to prove, it leaves the Conservatives severely defeated. The Liberals have not got the majority they desired and perhaps need in order to form a strong Government, but at all events the Conservatives remain clearly a minority party. It is only necessary to ask what their strength has been in Parliaments before the last one, to see how far they have come from regaining their former position. They have gained 100 seats, but even so are weaker, both absolutely and relatively, than they were in 1886, 1892, 1895, or 1900. In the first of the years mentioned, after the defeat of Irish Home Rule, Lord Salisbury counted upon 393 members of the House of Commons out of 670. Even in 1892, when the Liberals came in with a small majority, by the aid of the Nationalists, the Conservatives mustered 314, or something like 40 more than they have to-day. In 1895, the Conservatives had a majority of 152, their own strength being 411, while in 1900 their majority was 134, and they were able to rally 402 votes on a division. Thus it appears that even their great gains this year leave them much weaker than they were in any election of the past twenty-four years, except the abnormal polling of 1906. The "swing of the pendulum" did not carry them back to what they were even in 1892. For a party with such tell-tale figures against it to propose claiming a share in the Government is pretty cool.

Almost before the British general election is over, the announcement comes that an important beginning will immediately be made in the carrying out of a measure adopted by the Liberal Government for dealing with the problem of unemployment. The system of national labor exchanges devised by Winston Churchill, president of the Board of Trade, will be put in operation by the opening of 100 exchanges this month, to be followed by 150 more during the coming six months. This is a practical measure for the diminution of perhaps the greatest economic evil under which the country is suffering, and it is a measure involving no dangerous departure from well-tested economic principles. In this matter, it is to be assumed, too, that the experience of Continental countries will serve as a most useful guide to the Government; especially in Switzerland has the organization of this method of preventing unemployment been systematized with excellent results.

The time, by the way, is especially propitious, since the amount of unemployment in England has been steadily diminishing during the past six months, so that the Government will be helping the processes of nature rather than forcing them.

It is gratifying to learn that the tariff war with Germany and France is not to be declared. Final settlement is not yet announced, but it is evident that all three Governments are anxious to come to an agreement, and with certain concessions made on either side, the trouble is reported officially to be in a fair way to be averted before February 7. There can be no doubt that President Taft is sincerely desirous of living at commercial peace with all the world. He has never thought of the Payne-Aldrich bill as a club. Its terms, so far as they relate to tariff treatment by other nations, he has all along been ready to interpret in the broadest and most liberal fashion. But even if there were not this good will on his part, he might well hesitate before exposing himself and his party to the odium of enacting a tariff which was unsatisfactory at home and threw our foreign trade relations into confusion and turmoil.

The Liberal Ministry in Spain has now been in power for a little more than three months, and is able to give a fairly satisfactory account of its stewardship. Premier Moret took office in the face of violent denunciation by his predecessor. Señor Maura accused him of having led the Liberals into a position where they were false to their duty as a constitutional party. They had become, he asserted, enemies of the monarchy, and had attacked and overthrown the Conservative Government for doing precisely what they themselves would have been forced to do in its place. This declaration of implacable Conservative hostility put an end to those little arrangements of mutual if temporary support between parties which have been so long customary in Spanish politics, and involved the new Ministry in unusual difficulties. Moret, however, has resolutely gone his own way, and has a good deal to show for his short term of office. The Riff campaign has been brought to a close in a way not to hurt the pride of the army or the people; Catalonia has been pacified and martial law in that province abolished; while the Government's decree giving new powers to municipalities, like its appropriating some $1,700,000 for new school buildings in Madrid, has had an excellent effect. Moreover, even the antagonism of the Clericals has been somewhat appeased by talk of revising the Concordat in agreement with the Vatican. But the real test will come in the approaching general election, when it will be decided whether fear of the Republican and Socialist alliances of the Liberals is acute enough to drive the country back into the arms of the Conservatives. However, it is an almost unbroken political tradition in Spain that the Government always wins in the election of the Cortes. It gets turned out of office later by factional divisions, and then a new Government comes in, to win and be beaten in the same way.

Among the numberless things that Japan has learned from Europe and this country is the use of the "vested interests" argument. In explaining to the Japanese Diet just why the Mikado's Government could not accede to the Manchurian proposals of Secretary Knox, Baron Komura, Minister for Foreign Affairs, reminded his hearers that "there have grown up numerous undertakings which have been promoted in the belief that the railway would remain in our possession." The Baron's hope that the Powers "will equally recognize the justice of our attitude in the matter," may or may not be realized so far as formal diplomatic opinion is concerned. But in their heart of hearts the Governments must admit that the argument from vested interests reaches home. Great Britain came into Egypt to restore peace and has overstayed by a generation, largely because of the need of protecting the vested interests created during the temporary period of occupation. France in Morocco, Russia in northern Manchuria, ourselves in the Philippines, have gone pretty nearly through the same process. A divine mission or manifest destiny necessitates our seizing upon some desirable piece of territory, and vested interests keep us there. Japan's investments in Manchuria, in the form of blood and treasure alone, give her an excellent case under the ethical code that now obtains in the court of the nations.

Cuba's celebration, last Friday, of the first anniversary of the reëstablishment of the republic was doubtless the more hearty and hopeful for the subsidence of the threatened race issue in the island. President Gomez has been in consultation with the negro leaders, and apparently an amicable agreement has been reached on the general policy to be pursued. The political rights of colored Cubans are to be fully assured. They may hold elective and appointive offices without objection, and make such use of the suffrage as they see fit. At the same time, they see the wisdom of avoiding needless social clashes, and their leaders are reported to have been successful in persuading their followers not to go out of their way to demand service in any hotel or restaurant where the patronage is almost exclusively white. Yet, politically, the negroes are organizing to make their influence felt as never before, and to secure their full rights under the law. Their programme calls for a republic "without race discriminations," and a career open to talent irrespective of color. One item in their proposals may well strike a chill into certain patriots from the United States. It is the demand for the overhauling of "all concessions granted from the beginning of the first American intervention." This is put forward "as a matter of morality." Was there ever such impudence?

That New York is not the only place where police prisoners are tortured to obtain confessions every one is well aware. But it is only in India that greater dependence seems to be placed upon the efficacy of the "third degree." During 1909 many questions were asked in the British Parliament as to the extorting of confessions by ill-usage or actual torture, with a view to bringing out the extent of police misconduct of this character. It appears that, while actual torture is only occasionally used, the Indian courts know that it is employed from time to time, and therefore suspect every confession produced by the police. It is even said that a confession is regarded by some judges as *prima facie* proof that the charge against the prisoner is a false one. Thus the torturing defeats its own end —the conviction of the offender. This is as it should be.

ARTIFICIAL HARMONY.

A Republican millennium is now heralded at Washington. The lion and the lamb are to lie down together and a little child shall lead them. Which, being interpreted, means that insurgent Republicans and regular Republicans are to go on thinking of each other the same unutterable things, and to oppose each other tooth and nail, but are all to do exactly as the President wishes. The various State delegations in Congress are to meet in succession and highly resolve that they will stand by Mr. Taft. He is to be the great pacificator of his party. If incredulous people ask whether this is not a crying of peace, peace, when there is no peace, they are told to look at the actual results. The hatchet is being buried—at least, until after the autumn elections. Even the warring and apprehensive Republicans of New York are to be made a hopeful band of brothers by a visit of the President to Albany in March. His smile is everywhere to radiate harmony and good cheer. The party will "get together" like two naughty and quarrelling boys held upon a father's knees.

We will not call this childish, though it does seem to savor of childhood's boundless belief in the power of a big brother to do impossible things. Nor shall we deny that important results may flow from this seeming determination of the Republicans to sink differences, for the time being, and make a brave show of union in support of the President. The outward strife in Congress may abate. A part of the President's legislative programme may be written into law. Upon the critical campaigns in New York and Ohio, as upon the work preliminary to the Congressional elections in November, the party may enter with a fair semblance of being harmonious and hopeful. But, when all is said, these things are wholly exterior. The union which it is proposed to exhibit is purely mechanical. What we need to find out is the truth beneath the superficial appearance. The real motives and the actual political forces at work—what are they?

To start with, a clear-eyed observer cannot fail to note that this effusive demonstration of trust in President Taft, and of willingness to do whatever he bids, is a trifle sudden. That sentiment certainly did not exist in any overwhelming form when he was asking Congress to live up to the pledges which he and the Republican party had made to the people in the matter of tariff revision. At that time, the Presidential smile had no invincible compulsion. Nay, Congress withstood Presidential appeals and even threats. In fact, it was intimated to him pretty plainly that he would veto the tariff bill at his peril; that was solely his affair, and the Republicans would wash their hands of it and gleefully go back to the Dingley tariff, if he chose to be headstrong about the matter. Now, we ask, what has wrought the great change since last August? Is it a new conviction of the President's wisdom, or a perception that he is so popular that he cannot be opposed safely? Plainly, nothing of the kind. It is fear for their own skins that is now the unifying force among the Republicans. When the tariff bill was passed, the elections were fifteen months away. To-day, their shadow is already upon alarmed Congressmen and party committees, and they are asking what they must do to be saved. There is no secret about this. The President himself puts the case frankly on the ground of a party emergency. He cannot be under the illusion that the factions of his party are suddenly smitten with a great admiration for his vigor in leadership. They are simply warned that if they do not hang together they will be hanged separately.

This artificial harmony may persist for a time, and, as we say, have a marked influence on the course of legislation during this session of Congress; but in the nature of the case, it cannot last long. Political irreconcilables will inevitably fly apart. This present coming together of Republican insurgents and the Aldrich-Cannon machine will surely deserve to be written of historically like the famous reconciliation between Lord John Russell and Palmerston. "They met and embraced and hated each other worse than ever." In that instance also, it was "the good of the party" that brought antagonists together, but in as hollow a truce and with as little lasting result as are almost certain to mark the forced union now on display. And if one asks how in detail this joining of opposites is going to work out in actual political coöperation, the answer cannot be very encouraging. If the insurgents are to speak at all in their districts and States, what is there left for them but to defend their attitude, and to go on attacking the selfish oligarchy in control of Congress? If, on the other hand, Speaker Cannon and his lieutenants should take the field, with Aldrich and his aides, how could they make speeches without either stultifying themselves or angering the insurgent Republicans? He must be a political dreamer who thinks that votes can be made in that way or elections carried.

With all the signs there are of an irrepressible conflict within the Republican party, it is as foolish to think that it can be really staved off by a temporary gush of harmony, as it was to fancy that Edward Everett could extinguish the incipient national conflagration of 1860 by squirting upon it, as Goldwin Smith says, the rose-water of his oration on Washington.

ROOSEVELT'S LAW OF LIBEL.

The decision by Judge Hough puts a judicial stamp upon one of the legal aberrations of Theodore Roosevelt. In his special message to Congress of December 15, 1908, President Roosevelt attempted to set up, or revive, the doctrine that the Government of the United States can be libelled. Of certain statements made by the New York *World*, he declared that "they are in fact wholly, and in form partly, a libel upon the United States Government." That he meant this in a legal sense, and not merely as a bit of angry rhetoric, was shown when he went on to affirm that the owner of the *World* "should be prosecuted for libel by the Governmental authorities." And, in fact, the Attorney-General of the United States did initiate the proceedings which have now been brought to an inglorious end. Mr. Roosevelt's own appointee as a Federal judge has decided that the President's law was unsound, and that the principle which he sought to establish had in it "consequences of a very serious character."

The Government suit against the *World* and the Indianapolis *News* never should have been brought, but inasmuch as President Roosevelt insisted upon its being brought, it is well that it has broken down at every point. Indictments were first found in the District of Columbia, and then it was sought to have the editor of the Indianapolis *News* removed thither for trial. But

Judge Anderson of the Federal Court made short work of that. The libel laws of Indiana were ample protection for any aggrieved citizen, and action should be begun in the jurisdiction where the offence was committed. After this fiasco in Indianapolis, the Attorney-General procured the indictment of the *World* in New York, but under a strained construction of a Federal statute which Judge Hough has now decided to be wholly insufficient to warrant the indictment. There remains, of course, a possibility that an appeal may be taken to the Supreme Court, but there is no likelihood whatever that that tribunal will countenance the fantastic mixing up of jurisdictions and confounding of distinct laws which President Roosevelt attempted. Thus the disposal of the case against the *World* marks one more rejection by the courts of legal contentions which Roosevelt advanced in his confident wrath.

In the jubilations over this result, as a great triumph for "the liberty of the press," we are not able to join unreservedly. It is true that if what Roosevelt declared to be the law had been held by the courts to be the law, newspapers might have been subjected to vexatious prosecutions by foolish officials. But these gentlemen would find that there are judges in Washington, if they succeeded in getting an editor taken there for trial; while the doctrine that the Government, as distinct from individuals, can be libelled would be as easily riddled judicially in the District of Columbia as in New York. Moreover, the only pretence, in the *World* case, that there is a Federal law of libel lay in the assumption that the State penal code had been somehow slipped into an act of Congress. So if the indictment had not been quashed, the trial would have virtually gone on in accordance with the New York libel law. Under it, Mr. Charles Taft and Mr. Douglas Robinson—not any fancied "Government," but the persons who were supposedly libelled—could proceed against the *World* to-morrow. As Judge Hough remarked, "the extremely defamatory matter printed as set forth in the indictment" rendered the publisher "liable at common law in every county of the State of New York." The point to bear in mind is that the decision of Judge Hough is no warrant at all for reckless and unfounded charges in the press. No liberty of the press in the sense of license has been upheld. Newspapers must still walk with the fear of the law of libel before their eyes. That law is severe—in some respects too severe; but it is the local law, not a far-away Federal artificiality invented for the occasion. Even an editor, it is now settled, has the same right as a burglar to be tried in the jurisdiction where his crime was committed.

In reality, it is not so much the liberty of the press that was involved in this *World* suit, as the liberty of men in office to make fools of themselves. That was the absurd thing all along—that certain men temporarily in power should confuse their personal comfort with the peace and dignity of the United States. Walter Bagehot said that Gibbon seemed at times to lose his personal identity in that of the Roman Empire, but even Gibbon would not have held that an attack upon him was doing despite to the imperial majesty of Rome. President Roosevelt, however, could not discriminate between hard words about him or his friends, and hard words about the Government. He said that the accusations made in the *World* were an attempt to "convict the Government of wrong-doing of the basest and foulest kind." He should have remembered that Presidents may come and go but that the Government is always there, something independent of them and above them. "The Government at Washington still lives!" exclaimed Garfield in front of the Treasury building in Wall Street, when the news came of Lincoln's death. A Government beyond the reach of the assassin's bullet is certainly beyond the libeller's pen.

THE WONDERS OF PALLADINO.

It would be a pity to condense into a brief statement of essentials the artistic story that Professor Münsterberg tells in the *Metropolitan Magazine* of his experiences with Palladino. He plays round the subject in the most varied fashion, throwing out a suggestion here, a conjecture there, and interspersing the whole with philosophical reflections. He does not profess to be able to demonstrate his conclusion. He admits that it will always be possible, for those who are so inclined, to continue to think that all the Palladino marvels which have not been shown up as tricks are genuine phenomena. He even states with the greatest emphasis that he himself is "entirely unfit for such an investigation," and therefore undertook it only because the pressure upon him was too strong to resist. And so description, philosophy, argument, personal considerations are all blended together in such a way that it is quite impossible to reproduce the effect in a summary.

But let us begin with the last point mentioned. The admission that he is "entirely unfit for such an investigation" is by no means so innocent as it sounds. Professor Münsterberg declares his unfitness for the detection of trickery; but he takes care to involve in his own humiliation all his fellow-scientists. The generally received notion that men of science are especially fitted to make such investigations, he declares to be altogether erroneous. "They are trained through their whole life to breathe in an atmosphere of trust. The scientist who experiments in his laboratory and studies the laws of physics or chemistry or biology has not the slightest reason to be afraid that nature will play tricks or resort to fraud." The man of science never questions the honesty or good will of his collaborators; "there is perhaps no profession which presupposes the good faith of all concerned so instinctively." Professor Münsterberg is too good an artist to point out in so many words the full effect of these remarks; but in reality they are a two-edged sword. They are not only designed to play havoc with the claims of Lodge, Crookes, Schiaparelli, *et al.* to special authority when they declare that there has been no trickery; they are calculated also to enhance enormously the value of any result of the opposite kind. Here am I, a poor, innocent scientist; I can't hope to expose an expert trickster, but if by good luck I should expose her in one point, you may be sure that there are a hundred others that I have not been able to find out.

In spite of his disclaimer, however, Professor Münsterberg shows that he kept his wits about him fairly well during the séances. He saw and felt a great many things that he could not explain; but he brings forward a formidable array of circumstances that point to trickery all the way through. But first of all, he brushes aside the idea that Palladino is a simple peasant woman. She is a woman of most delicate- perceptions, not

only physical but mental; her face has an expression of "sympathy and almost of brilliancy"; she has exceptional vivacity and cleverness, and an "inimitable charm." She studies the persons with whom she has to do, and watches unceasingly every change in their expression or attitude. Her fundamental reliance is on the diversion of their attention from what is going on; and everything is directed toward that end. One very pretty point was scored by Professor Münsterberg in this connection. When the room was light, Palladino kept fastening everybody's attention on the necessity of preserving the chain round the table by continuous contact of the hands; the moment she saw any break in the chain, the phenomena stopped. But Münsterberg and his next neighbor agreed at a certain time to hold their hands so that from where Palladino sat it looked as if they were touching, while, in reality, their fingers were bent inwards so as to leave a gap of several inches in the chain; and the phenomena went on quite undisturbed.

It was at the last séance he attended, however, that Professor Münsterberg really scored. Everything was going swimmingly. "John" was at his best:

> He touched me distinctly on my hip, and then on my arm, and at last pulled my sleeve at the elbow. I plainly felt the thumb and the fingers. It was most uncanny. And finally, John was to lift the table in the cabinet. We both held her hands, we felt both her feet, and yet the table three feet behind her began to scratch the floor and we expected it to be lifted. But instead, there suddenly came a wild, yelling scream. It was such a scream as I have never heard before in my life, not even in Sarah Bernhardt's most thrilling scenes. It was a scream as if a dagger had stabbed Eusapia right through the heart.
>
> What had happened? Neither she nor Mr. Carrington had the slightest idea that a man was lying flat on the floor and had succeeded in slipping noiselessly, like a snail, below the curtain into the cabinet. I had told him that I expected wires stretched out from her body, and he looked out for them. What a surprise when he saw that she had simply freed her foot from her shoe and with an athletic backward movement of the leg was reaching out and fishing with her toes for the guitar and the table in the cabinet! And then lying on the floor he grasped her foot and caught her heel with firm hand, and she responded with that wild scream which indicated that she knew that at last she was trapped and her glory shattered.

Of course, it is always possible to fall back upon what has now become the standard view of the believers in these wonders. They admit that Palladino and her like sometimes resort to fraud, but they say that this is but the yielding to a natural desire to get results by fraud when they will not come the other way. However, there has hitherto at least been put forward a certain plausible distinction between the cases where fraud was discovered and the other cases; it has been asserted that the frauds were clumsy and easily detected, whereas the successful performances were of an incomparably more difficult kind. But here was the regulation exhibition, and no inkling of the true explanation of it had occurred either to Münsterberg or anybody else until it was obtained by means of a counter-trick. It was not the watchfulness of the accredited observers that unmasked the fraud. The miracle-mongers will have to fall back on some inner line of defence. They will have to give up the only thing that furnished reasonable ground for people in general to pay any attention to the fantastic doings reported by a few men of scientific standing—the supposition, namely, that what Crookes, or Lombroso, or whoever he may be, did not detect, could not have been present. Nor is the lesson by any means a new one. The famous Slade, for instance, gained great prestige with his slate-writing which long baffled numbers of scientific men; but ultimately he was exposed, and sentenced to a term in an English jail. We say ultimately, but in fact this was not the last chapter. He afterwards attracted worldwide attention by performances in the way of causing complicated knots to be untied without any bodily contact with the rope, to the entire satisfaction of the eminent German astronomer Zöllner; and the feat transcended anything else ever recorded, for the knots were of such a character that, under the conditions imposed, it was mathematically impossible for them to be untied by any motion conceivable in three-dimensional space. Nevertheless, the whole thing was afterwards shown to be nothing but ordinary sleight-of-hand. Nor does it seem at all likely that either the paths of the fourth dimension or the gates of Heaven will ever be unlocked for us by the Slades or the Palladinos.

DEATH-RATE AND HEALTH.

A newspaper in New York has been displaying much wonder over an exhibit of death-rates of New Jersey towns and cities, which it sets forth and discusses. The places are given in a table in the order of their mortality, beginning with East Orange, Bloomfield, West Hoboken, and Perth Amboy, whose death-rates run from 11.15 to 13.68, and ending with New Brunswick, Jersey City, Harrison, Passaic City, Morristown, and Hoboken, with death-rates ranging from 19.19 for New Brunswick to 22.91 for Hoboken. The differences between the top of the table and the bottom are, it will be seen, very great; and while, in some cases, a large divergence might from known conditions be expected, there are others in which one would say in advance that the places concerned ought to show up about equal in matters of health and mortality. Now some of these unexpected differences may be referable to conditions that need looking into; but it should not be forgotten also that, in the case of rapidly growing places, the rate of mortality, taken by itself, furnishes no trustworthy measure of their healthfulness.

When we see a death-rate of 11.15—like that of East Orange, which heads this list—we may be sure that it must be due to some peculiarity, not of the health conditions, but of the composition of the population for the time being. A permanent death-rate of 11.15, in a community of stationary population, would mean that the average length of life of all persons born in that community was ninety years; and we all know that any insurance company that should undertake to insure lives in East Orange and similar places on that basis would soon go into bankruptcy. The fact is that East Orange is a rapidly growing place and that the new arrivals are mostly at such time of life, and in such conditions of health and comfort, as make the death-rate among them for some years almost negligible. And all through the list, this kind of consideration has great weight. Take the point particularly emphasized by the scandalized newspaper, that "Perth Amboy (13.68) and New Brunswick (19.19), both on the Raritan and both manufacturing places, are so wide apart in their death-rates." The population of these places, as given in the table above mentioned, is 29,173 for Perth Amboy, and 24,384 for New Brunswick. Now, if we turn to the census of 1900, we find that Perth

Amboy had at that time only 17,699 inhabitants, whereas New Brunswick had 20,006; so that Perth Amboy has gained 11,474, or 65 per cent., while New Brunswick has gained only 4,378, or 22 per cent. If we go back to the census of 1890, we find that, whereas New Brunswick's increase has been only 31 per cent., Perth Amboy's increase has been no less than 207 per cent. The inference is that the two cities present such differences as to the age and condition of the annual additions to their population as to make any comparison of their health conditions by mere comparison of the death-rates quite impossible. And, in the same way, the fact that Orange has a death-rate of 19.08, whereas East Orange gives the banner figure of 11.15, does not indicate a difference of any such magnitude either in the healthfulness of the places or in the individual condition of their people; for while Orange shows a gain of only 42 per cent. since 1890, East Orange shows a gain of 100 per cent.

The pitfalls of statistics are as the sands of the sea for number, but in the case of mortality figures, which are so often brought to the attention of the general public, it is worth while to point out some of them. A remarkable instance of the result of overlooking essential elements was provided by Chicago some years ago. Figures presented by the Chicago Board of Health were declared to "demonstrate beyond dispute that the average duration of life in this city has more than doubled within a single generation." It was expressly pointed out that this was not a matter of death-rates, and had no connection with census figures; the point was that the average age at death of all decedents in Chicago had risen from 13.9 in 1869 to 19.6 in 1892 and 29.4 in 1898. Likewise it was stated that while in 1872 those whose age at death was above seventy formed only 2.7 per cent. of all who died, this percentage in 1898 had risen to 8.8. The unhesitating inference was made that the improvement of health conditions had brought about an amazing lengthening of human life. But what had really made the age of those dying in 1898 so much greater than that of those dying in 1869? Simply that in 1869 Chicago was a city of young people, and by 1898 a lot of these young people had grown old. You can't have many people dying above the age of seventy when nine-tenths of your population consists of people who have immigrated into the place within the preceding dozen years or so, at the age of from twenty to forty, and of their young children.

Another conspicuous instance was furnished about the same time by a high official of the Federal Government, who pointed out, in reply to criticisms as to army sanitary conditions in the Philippines, that the death-rate among the soldiers was somewhat less than the death-rate of New York city. But the death-rate in New York city among the picked class represented by our soldiers in the Philippines is not twenty or ten, or five per thousand, but practically *nil*. Among men of the military service age, who have recently passed a searching physical examination such as is required for the army, the death-rate is negligible; and so the comparison with New York's general death-rate was not merely inconclusive, it was absolutely worthless. In this comparatively simple matter, as in the more complex problems of economics, you must get well behind the surface of your figures before you can venture on drawing a conclusion that is entitled to any weight.

THE NEW STANDARD OF COLLEGE TEACHING.

Those who heard President Woodrow Wilson at the Dartmouth inauguration felt that they were listening to a prophet. It is idle for Harvard, Yale, and other institutions to claim that his preceptorial conference is merely their quiz section under a more pretentious name. It is an entirely different thing: different not merely in degree, reducing the number of students from twenty or more to five or less: but different in kind; changing the relation from that of examiner and examined to that of teacher who is learning the needs of his students and how to meet them, and learner who is teaching his teacher how to teach. As this method hitherto has been confined mainly to a single university, and has been there dependent on a large special fund, it may be interesting to read the first report of its working in a college small enough to be able to afford out of its regular funds to give elementary classes this costly kind of teaching.

This first report by Prof. Allen Johnson, of the department of history and political science, is as follows:

After some eight weeks' trial of the conference scheme in the department of history and political science, we are prepared to present some of its aspects. I will state first just how the conferences are organized.

The class of seniors in government is divided into five groups of five students each. These groups meet weekly in our seminar room, at the library, for a half-hour conference. In addition to chapters in Lowell's "Government of England," readings have been assigned in Lee's "Life of Queen Victoria," Churchill's "Life of Lord Randolph Churchill," and Morley's "Life of Gladstone." So far as possible the discussions have been made to turn upon phases of English public life. The chapters relating to Gladstone's education gave an excellent opportunity for an excursus into Oxford undergraduate life as presented by John Corbin in his "American at Oxford." Comparisons and contrasts with our American undergraduate life were suggested and eagerly debated by members of the several conferences.

The class in History 7 (American history) is divided into nine conference groups averaging four members each. The readings have hitherto been in American biography. Washington, Jefferson, Adams, Hamilton, Jay, Morris, Madison, Ellsworth, were the characters first studied. In each case a good biography was read, as well as portions of the letters and public addresses of these typical statesmen of the Revolutionary period.

This programme is somewhat ambitious and has proved a heavy burden, for besides these seven hours of conference work, I have continued to lecture to each class three times a week. Indeed, I find that the preparation for a conference is quite as arduous as for a lecture. Even a book read years ago must be skimmed over so that its salient features may be made the subject of discussion in conference. It requires no little tact to draw out the men and make them do the talking.

Besides his three lectures every week Mr. Scott has seven hours of conference work. The number of students in his groups ranges from one or two to six, according to the readings assigned. So far as possible, by individual conferences at the beginning of the semester, Mr. Scott endeavored to form an estimate of the capacity and interests of each student; and on the basis of this inventory he has made his groups and chosen his books. The following works are now being read, in addition to regular class work: Taine's "Ancient Régime," Saint Amand's "Marie Antoinette," Cunningham's "Outlines of English Industrial History," Tallentyre's "Life of Voltaire," Monroe's "History of Education," Koser's "Friedrich der Grosse als Kronprinz," "Essays in Anglo-American Legal History," Coolidge's "United States as a World Power."

Mr. Scott and I are convinced that from a pedagogical point of view this conference scheme is admirable. I quote from a brief statement which Mr. Scott has drawn up for my use: "It is sometimes possible," he writes, "under the conference system, to connect historical work with what will later be the student's professional interests. For example, the students who expect to study law are reading 'Essays in Anglo-American Legal History,' in order to get a background for later work in the law school. Many students entering the law school are bewildered because they are unfamiliar with legal terminology. Readings such as those

given can in some measure obviate these difficulties. Then, too, law should be studied in the light of its evolution in order to determine underlying principles. I have one student who expects to study in Germany. I am reading with him Koser's 'Frederick the Great as Crown Prince,' thus correlating historical with language study. German manners and customs are often discussed at these conferences. Some students expecting to enter the ministry have been studying the life of Voltaire, who, as the arch-enemy of the church, has interested them."

Mr. Scott has touched upon a point which we are keeping constantly in view; viz., the coördination of historical with other college work. So far as possible we are trying to make these readings contributory to the educational work of the college. One of the most encouraging results has been the disposition of some students to bring information acquired elsewhere to bear upon their historical readings, and to interpret ideas in terms of their own experience. It may seem a far cry from Virgil to Jefferson; but the effort of one youth to prove that the Father of Democracy must have read the Eclogues was good evidence of his desire to coördinate his academic experiences. We have been repeatedly gratified to find students reading surreptitiously more than was asked, from sheer interest in the subject. One of Mr. Scott's students asked to have his readings changed, because he was going to read the book assigned anyway, and he wished to read something bearing upon legal history. I have found several students reading the letters of Hamilton and Madison and Jefferson, because they were interested in these personalities. This is no small achievement, if, indeed, it is the outcome of discussions in conference.

It is odd to find how reluctant students are to express publicly among their fellows ideas which may seem pedantic. The student who suggested the Virgil-Jefferson theory immediately blushed and felt called upon to apologize for his audacity. Learning is evidently almost completely dissociated in the minds of most students from the chief concerns of academic life. Here is where the conference may accomplish much. It follows that if the best results are to be secured, the number of students in a conference should be small. Our experience leads us to believe that when a conference group numbers more than five, it becomes simply a quiz section—a danger which we have constantly to guard against.

Professor Johnson's report itself indicates the cost in time and labor involved in this change; and the gains in interest and knowledge resulting from it. The cost in money for the transformation of these three courses is simply the cost of one additional instructor; which is for this year $1,200, but would permanently be $2,000 or $2,500: since men who can do this work well are much more rare than men who can give formal lectures: and one who succeeds should be promoted and retained at all costs. The application of this method to the small college permits one great improvement over the method unavoidable in a great university. In the small college the professor himself does his own conference or preceptorial work: and the preceptor is himself the lecturer to his whole class. In a university with classes numbered by hundreds that is obviously impossible: the lecturer and the preceptor for the same class are two different persons; with different degrees of maturity, experience, and salary.

I have called this not a new education, but a new standard of education. No institution is rich enough to put all its teaching on this individual, intimate, vital basis. Having some other things to do besides teaching, I cannot afford to teach my own class of sixty in this way. But I can at least confess that my teaching as a result is not first-rate. All teaching that deals exclusively with men in large groups is second, third, or fourth-rate. If it is merely lectures from day to day with an occasional written examination, it is fourth-rate— D, if we apply the scale by which we measure students' work. If it supplements the lecture by regular, frequent written work in and out of the class, it would rank as third-rate, or C. If, alternating with the lecture, or as an essential part of it, the teaching of a class includes a free exchange of questions and answers from both sides and a genuine discussion in which all thought of examination is lost sight of by both parties, it may rank as second-rate—what corresponds to B work on the part of the student. But from now on the highest mark, or A, must include as an essential feature the costly personal work where teacher meets learner, man meets man, in groups so small that formal barriers are broken down; individuality is recognized; and teacher and learner touch each other through their common contact with the subject taught.

Some subjects need this method much more than others. The sciences, through the laboratory method, and English, have it largely already. Formal subjects, like mathematics and the elements of languages need it less than other subjects; because here apprehension of particular facts accessible to all counts for so much more, and personal appreciation of great principles and interests counts for so much less.

The subjects which need the preceptorial method most and in which it will bear the richest fruits, are history and government, economics and sociology, literature and philosophy. An institution in which these half-dozen great humanities should be taught in lectures supplemented by conferences by carefully selected, adequately paid teachers, of the requisite learning, industry, sympathy, tact, and patience, would be a better kind of institution, whether a great university or a small college, than any now existing. It will take a generation of generous benefaction and wise administration to put any university or college permanently and soundly on such a basis. But it is something to see and recognize the new standard; to measure present failure honestly by it; to measure progress not by the multiplication of new courses, but by the intensity and vitality of instruction in the fundamental courses we have already; to lift one department at a time up to this higher plane—in short, here and there to give to the institution that teaches as well as to the student who is taught a merited rank of A.

William De Witt Hyde.

Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The 1909 volume of "American Book-Prices Current," just issued, comes out later than usual. This is explained by the greater bulk of the work, owing to the increased number of books worthy of record. In the 954 pages are recorded 16,750 lots of books and manuscripts which have been sold for $3 or more during the year. The large total of the past season is due to the high average of lots in several sales, notably those of the Henry W. Poor library and those of Edwin N. Lapham and the late J. C. Chamberlain and John G. Heckscher. The number of catalogues from which selections have been made is 151, containing about 126,000 lots. The present is the fifteenth annual volume of this publication, edited by Luther S. Livingston and published by Dodd, Mead & Co. The first volume, for 1895, described 6,025 lots and contained 472 pages.

The 1909 English "Book-Prices Current," edited by J. H. Slater, being Volume XXIII of that useful publication, is also just at hand. Whereas one pound was at first the minimum limit of price for the English record, of recent years Mr. Slater has been including numerous lots selling for smaller sums. The total number of lots described in the present volume is 8,747, selected from about 58 catalogues describing 36,083 lots. Aside from the two parts of Lord Amherst's library, the first sold in December and the second in March, the offerings at the London auction rooms were generally quite ordinary.

The English record is arranged in chronological order, necessitating an index which in the present volume fills pp. 651 to 763. In the American book everything is arranged in a single alphabet, all copies of the same book being placed together, and no index is required. It has been asserted that the chronological arrangement has advantages in keeping the books of a library together. But these records are generally consulted for prices on specific books, and the greater ease in consultation of the alphabetical list more than compensates for any advantage which the chronological arrangement may have. And sometimes, as in the present volume, two parts of a library (*e. g.*, Lord Amherst's) are separated by many pages.

William Nelson of Paterson, N. J., a zealous collector and student of New Jersey history, has added another to the series of privately printed works which he has prepared from time to time. This is a bibliography of "The Controversy over the

Proposition for an American Episcopate, 1767-1774." The advisability of the appointment of American bishops was first put forth by John Ewer, the Bishop of Landaff, in a sermon delivered before the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, on February 20, 1767. In this sermon he deplored the heathenism and infidelity prevalent in America, and the lack of efforts to convert the Indians. He was replied to by Charles Chauncy, Thomas Bradbury Chandler, and William Livingston in pamphlets issued immediately, and the controversy continued for some years. Thirty publications and editions are described by Mr. Nelson, and copies in the larger libraries located.

On February 8, the Anderson Auction Company sells a collection of autographs, comprising specimens of Randolph Caldecott, Charles Darwin, Andrew Johnson, John Morley, Samuel Pepys, Ruskin, Scott, Daniel Webster, and others.

On February 8, 9, and 10, the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company sells a selection of books from the library of Stephen Emmons of Portland, Me., and the second part of the library of the late Charles Warren Stoddard. Included are books on California, New York, Rhode Island, etc., and a long series of first editions of Bret Harte.

Correspondence.

THE SERVICE PENSION OF THE CARNEGIE FOUNDATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: An official action taken two months ago, but only now publicly announced, by the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching seems to have certain ethical aspects that deserve consideration, not only from members of the teaching profession, but also from the public at large. Those aspects will, I think, become sufficiently apparent from a brief recital of the facts in the matter.

Upon its incorporation in 1906 the Foundation announced that it would grant retiring allowances to teachers in accepted institutions upon two grounds—old age and length of service. The conditions relating to the old-age pension are not relevant to the present communication. The rule relating to service pensions reads as follows: "Any person who has had a service of twenty-five years as a professor, and who is at the time a professor in an accepted institution, shall be entitled to a retiring allowance"—computed in a specified manner. Between April, 1906, and November, 1909, many university teachers and many governing boards based definite plans and actions of their own upon the supposition that, so far as its resources extended, the Carnegie Foundation would do what it had announced that it would do. The expectation of a service pension was, in some cases, named among the inducements offered men who received calls to institutions upon the "accepted list" of the Foundation; it was in other cases a motive for the refusal of otherwise advantageous calls to institutions not upon the Foundation. In instances either known or reported to me, teachers nearing the time of eligibility for a service pension have in a great variety of ways altered their plans, modified their domestic arrangements, made personal sacrifices, in order that, with the aid of the pension, they might be able to retire and carry through without distraction some project of study or of literary production. Some, expecting an early relief from all teaching duties, have foregone leaves of absence which they might have claimed; some have taught in summer schools or night schools who would not otherwise have done so; some have made investments or taken insurance with express reference to the time of their prospective retirement. After institutions, families, and individuals have thus, for nearly four years, been permitted and encouraged by the Carnegie Foundation to be vitally influenced in the conduct of their affairs by an expectation based upon the Foundation's explicit announcement, the entire system of service pensions is now abruptly abolished, "except in the case of disability unfitting" the applicant "for work as a teacher as shown by medical examination"—which, of course, is purely a disability pension.

The question whether the scheme of service pensions for professors under sixty-five and in good health was originally a wise one I do not here discuss; it is a question of policy concerning which a good deal might be said on either side. But two considerations in the matter seem so plain as to afford no ground for differences of opinion. One is that, unless the Carnegie Foundation is to be guilty of an act of bad faith it should promptly supplement its recent action by the proviso that at least all persons within ten years of the time of eligibility for a service pension, under the old rule, may still claim such pension when their time comes round. The other patent fact is that, unless so supplemented, the latest action of the Foundation must hereafter render impossible any confidence in the stability of policy of that corporation. In the Federal act of incorporation by which the Foundation received legal entity two classes of prospective beneficiaries are specifically distinguished and equally emphasized: college teachers "who by reason of long and meritorious service or by reason of old age, disability, or other sufficient reason" shall be deemed entitled to pensions. The service-pension feature has similarly been especially emphasized in the public reports and explanations of policy of the president of the Foundation. A body which at a moment's notice abandons one of the two purposes constituting its proclaimed *raison d'être* is equally likely to modify the other to any assignable degree.

I can scarcely suppose that any one will think it relevant to note that the Foundation has always retained the power to alter its rules "in such manner as experience may indicate as desirable." All public bodies, doubtless, have such power to amend their regulations; but it is not commonly conceived that the power can justly be exercised in such a way as to have a retroactive effect, or to nullify equities acquired or expectations reasonably aroused by virtue of the previous regulations.

Arthur O. Lovejoy.

Columbia, Mo., January 17.

THE ENGLISH ELECTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In reading over and pondering on the speeches made by Liberal, Conservative, and Labor leaders in Great Britain on the Budget bill, one cannot fail to be struck by the fact that no considerable part of the British electorate seems seriously to contemplate the abolition of the House of Lords. Twenty-five years ago we used to hear the rhythmic cry that the House of Lords must be "ended or mended." It has certainly not been "mended" during that period, and, so far as a detached observer can see, there is slight chance at present of its being "ended." The reason for the continued existence of an hereditary, irresponsible body of legislators in the midst of so democratic a government as that of Great Britain, undoubtedly lies in the fact that a second chamber of some sort is felt to be absolutely necessary under British political conditions. One of the most telling arguments adduced in the campaign is that the leaders of the majority of the House of Commons, elected possibly five or six years previously, may not really represent the views of the majority of the electors. Assuming such to be the case, which might very well happen, you have in the prime minister a *pro tempore* uncrowned, irresponsible, absolute monarch, ruling over the destinies of a country ostensibly the world's type of representative government and the mother of parliaments. With the Crown's veto power dormant, if not dead; with a second chamber impotent, and with a Parliament of possibly nearly seven years' standing, you have just that phenomenon—a condition of affairs not pleasant to contemplate. Hence, the average British voter, whatever his political party affiliations, entertains little or no resentment against the Lords for having appealed to the country on such an occasion. The House of Lords, however unworthy they may be, occupy the place filled by our Senate and Supreme Court. And, after all, there remains the undoubted solid psychological fact that the average Englishman loves a lord—with all his faults. Why? The suggestion is offered that a satisfactory answer to this question might afford an illuminating thesis for some aspiring doctor of philosophy in the fields of history, political science, and psychology.

But perhaps the most astonishing feature of the campaign has been the discussion of the merits of the doctrines of Free Trade and Protection. Middle-aged and older readers of the *Nation* will remember that this question was settled once and for all time years ago—in favor of Free Trade. Protection had absolutely, from a logical point of view, not a leg to stand upon. England was to be the manufacturing country of the world, and all the outlying countries were obediently to bring their raw materials to her to be manufactured into products which they were thankfully to take back in British ships to their homes for consumption, after having drawn suitable bills of exchange on London. But, reply the wicked Protectionists, *tempora mutantur nos et mutamur in illis;* the dream has not come true; since Cobden's time Germany has come to the front, and so has the United States—both under Protectionist régimes—and our supremacy is now everywhere seriously challenged, and

in places superseded. We are no longer Little England; we are an Empire, and the colonies which we now call our "sisters" are anxious to draw closer to us in an economical and political sense—and preferential tariff is the thing. The world of Cobden and Bright is not the world of to-day, and theories which fitted facts of their day do not fit ours. Let us "face facts," said Mr. Balfour, as they are to-day. The significant fact for the philosophical American observer is that arguments for Protection receive a respectful hearing to-day by the British electorate in the home of Free Trade.

The campaign speeches, as reported in the English papers, are of a very high order of merit; there is a most commendable absence of purple rhetoric and appeal to the galleries. They give one the impression of a sincere, urbane, scholarly gentleman honestly discussing controversial questions before an intelligent, well-balanced audience—in that peculiarly English oratorical fashion of rounded periods adorned with the artifice of deliberately fishing for exactly the right word or phrase, whereby the effect is heightened by appearance of spontaneous inspiration. The speeches, though addressed to the level of a man of merely ordinary intelligence, are pervaded with a pungent literary flavor and packed with proverbial British sound common sense. In the exchange of amenities between the protagonists, Balfour and Asquith, the irony is sometimes exquisite and always excruciatingly courteous. As an illustration, I quote the following from the London *Times's* verbatim report of Mr. Asquith's speech at Haddington:

> . . . . He [Mr. Balfour] told you that we have to deal in this country with what he described as the growing problem of unemployment, and while he is candid enough to say that very properly, in his view, the whole difficulty was not going to be solved by what is called tariff reform, still he used these words, which I call your attention to: "The greatest part of the difficulty—namely, the employment of the really competent workman in the prime of life—must be diminished by a *rational system*." Mr. Balfour has an advantage, I agree, which is possessed by nobody in this controversy. We know very well what Mr. Chamberlain and his followers mean by tariff reform. All our opponents know very well what we mean by free trade and by the Budget. But neither friend nor foe has any but the dimmest idea of what Mr. Balfour means by his rational system. If, therefore, I make one or two comments on what I believe him to mean, I do so with this reservation, that I may be completely misunderstanding him. I do so with the better grace because I myself have exhibited an amount of pertinacity and importunity amounting almost to rudeness in an attempt to extract from him fuller and further illumination. Let us assume for the moment, and for the purposes of argument, that tariff reform and Mr. Balfour's rational system are equivalent or synonymous terms. . . .

"Amounting almost to rudeness" is certainly delicious. E. L. C. MORSE.

Chicago, January 24.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: Why were we brought to the verge of a disastrous tariff war with Germany? Because we insisted on attempting to coerce that nation to modify its laws on the inspection of imported cattle and meat. What was our avowed object? To regain a market for American meat. Have we a large surplus glutting the home market? Far from it. What would be the effect of reopening the German market? Naturally it would raise the high price of meat still higher. Who would sell their meat to the Germans? The packers. What do the Germans say about these inspection laws? They say they are sanitary regulations for the preservation of the public health. What do we say about it? We say this is but a subterfuge and the real object is to keep out American meat for the benefit of German land owners. Possibly narrow-minded carpers might object that this does not behoove us who maintain duties exceeding 1,000 per cent. on some articles under a Constitution which only authorizes a tariff for purposes of revenue; but our statesmen are practical and robust, and, like Horace Greeley, not scared by the ghost of consistency. But are they not pursuing a consistent American policy? Certainly food is as much a necessity as clothing, and it is quite in the line of historical precedent to say that a cheap steak makes a cheap man. Mr. Knox may yet do something for our poor suffering stocking manufacturers now protected from the competition of German cheap stockings by but a feeble duty of 70 per cent. The department of state should be backed up with a long pull and a strong pull and a pull all together. *Vogue la gallère.*

But how is Mr. Knox backed up by his brother Cabinet officer, Mr. Wickersham? Does he instruct his subordinates to prosecute the associations of boycotters of meat for conspiracy in restraint of trade in violation of the Sherman act? Does he try to bring them within the analogy of Lowe vs Lawler, 208 U. S., 274 (Danbury hat case), where the facts alleged with regard to the boycotting of a certain manufacturer's hats were held to constitute a part of such conspiracy? Not at all. On the contrary, he has called their attention to the acts of a certain association of packers with the view of raising the price of meat with directions to try to crush them under the penalties of the Sherman act. This is more than the mere ghost of inconsistency. It is the very body and bones of the monster.

ELLIS S. CHESBROUGH.

Chicago, January 25.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF PROF. HEINRICH BRUNNER.

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: Heinrich Brunner, professor of law in the University of Berlin, will celebrate on June 21, 1910, his seventieth birthday. A committee of prominent German jurists has been formed to assure due recognition, on this anniversary, of Brunner's achievements as teacher and as writer. It is proposed to publish, as is customary on such occasions, a volume of essays prepared in his honor, and also to raise a fund for a permanent memorial. In view of the fact that Brunner's researches in early German law and the law of the Frank Empire have direct bearing upon the legal history of all the West-European states, including England, and thus the results attained by him have been of the greatest value to French, Italian, and English legal historians, it has seemed proper to give to the lawyers and historical students of all these countries, and of the United States, an opportunity to contribute to the memorial fund.

All who are familiar with the development of legal history during the last forty years are aware that Brunner, in his monumental "History of German Law," has cleared up many important and previously obscure points in Anglo-Saxon and in Anglo-Norman law, and that long before the appearance of this work he had shown, in a now famous little book, the true origin of the English jury. No reader of Maitland or of Thayer is ignorant of the debt which English history owes to Brunner. It is hoped that American lawyers and other Americans who are interested in legal history will largely embrace this opportunity to do honor, during his life, to one of the most eminent of living scholars, and to testify that, in spite of all estranging material conflicts, the civilized world is solidary in its supreme interest—its culture.

Since the value of the memorial will depend far more on the number of subscribers than on the amount of their subscriptions, it is hoped that no one who wishes to contribute will hesitate to send a small sum. By direction of the central committee, American contributions are to be sent to the undersigned. MUNROE SMITH.

Columbia University, New York City, January 31.

LIVING CHARACTERS OF FICTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: In the course of your delightful editorial on the fiftieth anniversary of the *Cornhill Magazine* (January 20), you ask: "What character in any novel written since 'mid-Victorian' days has become a household word?"—and you imply, of course, the answer, "None." I venture to think, however, that such a reply is rightly to be taken with some degree of limitation not wholly derogatory to the authors of later times.

The fact, it seems to me, is that, since the "mid-Victorian days," though we have produced a larger proportion of persons able to read, we have produced a proportionally smaller number of persons able to read well. The public of the present pays less attention to the best of its literary contemporaries than was paid by the preceding generation to the work of the best men of that period. It is likely that Mr. Pecksniff and Col. Newcome would not have attracted so much notice had they appeared in 1909 as they attracted by their introduction in 1843 and 1855, and this for the reason that we read neither so much nor so carefully as did our fathers.

For those, however, who have escaped these modern faults, is there not a balm even in the Gilead of fiction later than "mid-Victorian"? Surely, in their minds, that "bonny fighter," Allan Breck Stuart, is as real a being as any who actually drew sword for the young Pretender; surely they must still, o' nights, hear the honey-tones of Long John Silver and the raucous voice of his parrot crying "Pieces of eight!"; must surely know in their own lives many a Jim Pinkerton. Silas Lapham's is certainly a familiar name among them; the inquiring intelligence of Mr. James's Maisie has furnished them with a colloquial metaphor, and the mention of Tess calls up

for them a person as genuine as the immortal Becky. Nay, more: if these characters be, alas, the monopoly of the few, regret as one may the later Mr. Kipling, even those who read most carelessly will respond with a ready grin to the mere naming of Mulvaney.

REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN.

New York, January 26.

VERSE AND THE ACTOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Dr. Gummere, in his timely and suggestive article entitled "Poetry and Elocution" (the *Nation*, November 11, 1909), justly scores the professional elocutionist and the actor for disregarding the essential metrical scheme of their poetic lines and reading them as nearly as possible like prose. An interesting commentary on the inability of German actors in the second half of the eighteenth century to read their iambic lines properly, as well as their general disinclination to produce plays written in verse, is afforded us by a couple of Schiller's letters. On December 18, 1786, Schiller wrote from Dresden to Friedrich Schröder, the actor and manager of the Hamburg Theater:

Now I must ask you above all things for information as to whether I shall have to turn my "Don Carlos" into prose for your stage, inasmuch as there is always the danger that the minor actors will declaim their iambic lines badly.

In a letter of earlier date, October 9, 1786, addressed to Georg Gösehen, the Leipzig publisher, he says:

I could very well imagine that the Vienna actors dislike to produce plays in verse, although the Emperor has requested it a number of times. But I am not going to put my "Carlos" on the stage in verse, anyway.

Of the two stage versions which Schiller prepared, one was actually in prose.

M. M. SKINNER.

Stanford University, January 22.

Literature.

JOSIAH DWIGHT WHITNEY.

Life and Letters of Josiah Dwight Whitney. By Edwin Tenney Brewster. Houghton Mifflin Co. $2 net.

If only as an offset to the tedious legend of Darwin desiccated by his studies this life of the geologist Josiah Dwight Whitney would be valuable. He was a remarkable instance of the versatility that may accompany the severest special studies. The undergraduate who reports that he spends his time "fiddling, painting, reading Goethe's autobiography," in his sixtieth year begins the study of Russian, being "curious to see if I am too old to learn anything." The aged recluse professor at Harvard has a library of rare musical texts that was a resource for the head of the school of music. The German university student who had tried to be a lawyer at home falls in love with the new science of philology, and by sending Bopp's "Comparative Grammar" home to his brother William, is instrumental in making the greatest philological career that America has yet seen.

When young Whitney was sent to school at New Haven he carried from his father a letter which we must quote in part. The lad was to be prepared for usefulness "in whatever sphere Providence may design for him." That there should be no mistake as to the meaning of education, the father adds: "When I say 'education,' you will understand me as meaning not merely cultivation of the intellect, but also of the heart and manners—everything, in short, that prepares a man for usefulness here and happiness hereafter." Not the least interesting feature of this biography is the sidelight it sheds upon the cultivated home-life at Northampton of a family zealous of the best in heart and mind.

After graduation at Yale young Whitney vacillated. For want of a better plan, at twenty, he went to Philadelphia to study with the famous chemist, Dr. Robert Hare. His time seems to have been divided pretty faithfully between the laboratory and the gayeties of society. It was a better move that made him the student assistant of Charles T. Jackson, the Boston mineralogist, who had had the best training of Europe, had discovered anæsthesia, and incidentally was State geologist of New Hampshire. On this survey, in 1840, young Whitney made his first acquaintance with field work. In the published records appeared the first scientific writing by his hand, and the first of those delicate topographical drawings which adorned many of his works. He had tasted the joys of the open and of self-support. The work ended, and a new period of hesitation began. It was a summer in the uncongenial atmosphere of a Northampton law office that fixed his vocation, and in 1842 he sailed for Europe to pursue his studies in chemistry and mineralogy. Five years he stayed, returning to be one of that remarkable second generation of pioneers that fairly domesticated European science in America. His wanderings ranged from Italy to Russia. He managed to be the serious student of Rose and Liebig and yet to drink in the spirit of the Old World. His correspondence of this time, largely addressed to his brother William and his sister Elizabeth, is vivid. At Paris he heard Liszt play, and writes: "Who but Liszt can make the piano sing, laugh, thunder? His soul is in his fingers' ends, and he seems to feel every note as if the piano were a living part of himself." From youth to old age Whitney's letters abound in such racy passages, a caustic humor often enlivens them, with a shameless and usually successful propensity for punning. His enthusiasm for his more famous brother's career was constant. He writes to the young philologist at Berlin: "Did I not steal from dear old Bopp and Grimm many a lecture, going away always with a longing desire to turn up double, some day, and set one-half at work on philology?"

Returned home in 1847, his true career opened rapidly before him. His old chief, Jackson, gladly associated him with the Congressional survey of the Lake Superior region. The summers of '48, '49, and '50 were devoted to this work. Jackson, owing to failing health, retired, and the brunt of the report fell on Whitney himself. In the early fifties, besides finishing the report and conducting a prosperous business as consulting mineralogist, Whitney put together laboriously his first popular book, "Metallic Wealth of the United States," which was published in 1854, the year of his marriage. His object in the book, he later wrote, was chiefly to protect the public against the unscrupulous and unscientific statements of mining speculators. The marriage detached him from an ideal bachelor headquarters, "Clover Den," at Cambridge, where the Latinist Lane and the astronomer Winlock, with Whitney, "united in adoring a gracious lady whom they called the *Angebetete*, but whose chief function was to preside over mixed dinners." Naturally, marriage terminated the cult on Whitney's part.

Here one might inquire why the eminently clubable nature of the man, as shown at "Clover Den" and everywhere in his letters did not include an easy walk and conversation among men at large. Through life a kind of diffident offishness affected his public relations. In California they thought him "an easy man to quarrel with." The fact seems to be that Whitney's indisputable superiority made him intolerant of fools or merely vague mentalities. He was clear cut, and expected that rare quality in others. His scientific peers and his assistants adored him, but ordinary men found him cold. The forthrightness of the man is illustrated finely in an incident with Clarence King. When the United States Geological Survey was founded in 1879, King and C. V. Hayden, two pupils of Whitney, were both candidates for the directorate. Whitney, after weighing the case, recommended Hayden, whereupon King wrote immediately: "I do not doubt that your reasons are sound and good. . . . I have no blame for you in the matter. I believe you always act fearlessly and, as you think, strictly right. No man can do more." It should be added that King vindicated the right of individual judgment by carrying off the position of chief geologist under the nose of his old chief.

Desultory service on several State surveys led gradually to his most important work, the survey of California. The enormous task of mapping the State,

then far larger than it now is, occupied Whitney from 1860 to 1874, and remained uncompleted. It was a chapter of high endeavor and adventure, of patient toil and most distasteful electioneering. The project was cut out on too ambitious a scale, and money had to be begged from unwilling legislators. Throughout, the undertaking had to meet the formidable opposition of the tricky prospector and mining broker or the vehement exploiter of valueless oil fields. Then the task had to be done from the bottom. No topographical maps existed. It was essentially an exploration, and it is no wonder that the most permanent results were in the field of topography. Whether Whitney himself or one of that pair of young free lances, Clarence King and J. T. Gardner, who came to his aid, invented what is now the classic manner of mapping a mountainous country, is matter of doubt. It is enough to say that the method of triangulation and observation from high mountain tops was worked out in the California survey and inherited by the fortieth parallel survey and that of the United States. The old army method of elaborate triangulation with observation from below had broken down. It was found that with a simple triangulation from peaks, the intervening masses could be drawn in free hand with sufficient accuracy. With the addition of the plane table and the camera such is the approved method to-day.

Whitney was now well past fifty, but his energy made the remaining twenty-two years of his life very full ones. He managed to enjoy an ideal research professorship at Harvard, the faculty of which he had already nominally served for a decade. He made what scientific salvage he could of the notes of the California survey. Always a reactionary against the hypothesis of a Continental ice cap, he lived to see his views prevail. Naturally, his philologist brother associated him in the scientific work of the "Century Dictionary," and the exasperated correspondence that was interchanged illustrates both the elder brother's wide reading and temperamental vehemence. He keeps the old relish in life against difficulties; completes his musical collections; writes from Vienna that he manages to sit through and enjoy the Niebelungen Ring, "by dint of staying in bed most of the daytime." After the affliction which in a single day of 1882 robbed him of his wife and only daughter, his life became one of seclusion once more; but a busy retirement, dignified by the acquaintance and correspondence of his peers in many lands. In the summer of 1896 he died "without pain and without fear," near those White Mountains among which he had won his spurs. The highest peak of the United States south of Alaska bears his name. It was imposed against his wish by his loyal associate, Clarence King.

Whitney was a noteworthy member of a family remarkable even in that New England which so readily produces great families. He represented, without the formal religion of his ancestors, their energy and scrupulosity. He never sought or attained popularity as writer, organizer, or teacher. He consecrated himself with a certain proud doggedness upon his work. He represents to us a kind of ancient virtue; he was the Cato of American science. His biographer admits that Whitney "sacrificed the California survey to a standard of conduct that had gone somewhat out of fashion in the years which followed the war." In a commercial age he upheld ideals of pure science. With his *non placet* he was a little too ready. Meaning it only for fools and knaves, he too often seemed to include the average, vague, harmless, human biped. It is something to have lived in a realm of thought where averages were intolerable.

CURRENT FICTION.

Trix and Over-the-Moon. By Amélie Rives. New York: Harper and Bros.

The "Trix" of this story is another woman created by a woman for women. This may not seem true at first glance, since she is presented as a boyish young person, more devoted to her horses and dogs than to her husband or her son—clearly, you say, not the kind of woman women approve of. Her boudoir looks like a harness-shop; her chief joy is in the breeding, breaking, hunting, and "showing" of fine horseflesh. Finally, she deliberately risks not only her own life, but that of the unborn, because she enjoys being a sportswoman better than being a mother. All this is uningratiating enough as baldly stated; but Trix is helped out by the atmosphere of the story, which is frankly that of horse-idolatry. Neither her husband nor her seven-year-old son cares for horses: a fact which removes them at once beyond the pale of sympathy. Since the child cannot stick on a horse, he is doomed to be left to nurses by his riding mother. And a man who cannot share his wife's horsy preoccupation would naturally be a third-rate author, whose literary effusions she would naturally greet with shouts of laughter. Also, he would naturally be too weak to prevent the virtual suicide and child-murder. No doubt the reader is encouraged to deplore Trix's judgment, and to admire the self-sacrifice of the old woman who heroically saves her from herself. But he (or she) is expected to admire her as a sportswoman, and as "the gray mare" in the matrimonial paddock. Apart from the horse-glamour in which the tale is swathed, not even her love for the open or her habit of quoting Horace can conceal the fact that she is a hard and selfish little woman. But the fact that one takes her so seriously is a tribute to her credibility. The old mammy and the Scotch nurse are a skilfully contrasted pair; and aside from its ethics (against which, in this day of the suffragette, the fearful male must enter his protest), the little story has merits of tone and finish beyond anything that has come of late from the author of "The Quick or the Dead?"

They and I. By Jerome K. Jerome. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Mr. Jerome's vein of whimsy does not run out, and his vein of sentiment steadily broadens. The rollicking nonsense of "Three Men in a Boat" is not absent from "They and I." The main theme is frequently broken into by extravagant anecdote and pure fooling; but the main theme, none the less, is of an amiably moralizing strain. There is a close analogy between this book and "Reveries of a Bachelor." All sorts of problems concerning the happiness of the family and the home are touched upon with sensibility if without conclusiveness. A group of persons, the supposed family and acquaintances of the interlocutor, are presented. No real story is told about them, though certain potential romances among the younger members of the group are adumbrated. But the subject is romance itself—romance in contact with reality. The family proper consists of the father; a daughter, Robina, on the verge of womanhood; a younger child, Ethelbertha, *enfant terrible;* Dick, a son, who has made rather a mess of things at the university, and is sure of no further achievement than falling in love; and an invalid and for the most part absentee mother. Most of the more serious dialogue takes place between the father and Robina. His attitude toward her is altogether free from fatherly nonsense—how free is suggested by the fact that he advises her to read "Tom Jones" so that she may get acquainted with one aspect of the actual creature, man. "The Tom Jones," he says, "is there in all of us who are not anæmic and consumptive"—Thackeray's opinion. But the tone of paternal rakishness is not carried to the point of offence. The philosophy of the book is as wholesome as that of the professional sentimentalist—the humorist whose vision fails ever so little of the perfect focus—can possibly be.

The Demagog. By William Richard Hereford. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Mr. Hereford's strong points are detail and elaboration. We have protracted showing of both in this story of the

ambition of David Holman, multimillionaire owner of mines and of many newspapers, to become the President of these United States. Posing as the Friend of the People, he conducts his campaign through the columns of the paper he edits in New York. Without conscience or consideration, and with the magnetic personality and the gray eyes turning to black indispensable to conquerors, he pursues his end, intriguing, bribing, trampling, as may be needful. All the sordid particulars of a corrupt political contest are laid before the reader. One righteous man is found in Sodom, a district attorney with red hair and light blue eyes, known as the "boy-reformer." A woman with philanthropic ideals pins her faith to the people's friend for a time; she, with Holman's Spanish-American dark-eyed ward, supplies the feminine element in the tangled web.

The scenes of plot, counterplot, bribery, eaves-dropping, and corruption are most painstakingly worked out; the subeditors, office boys, bosses, saloonkeepers, and attendant citizens are painted in with fine brush-work. But on reviewing them all, we cannot say that the incidents lead with inevitableness to the end. They are related but not connected. The device by which the dictator loses his nomination in the New York convention has the merit of unexpectedness, if not of probability. The subsequent proceedings, inspired by the "boy orator," led to "that stampede which will never be forgotten." "Her" hat floats down from the gallery with a cargo of timely plumes to be seized and waved as symbols, while the vast assemblage sings "Yankee Doodle." In spite of the defeated candidate's later tears, disappointment, and remorse he has been too minutely portrayed for the reader fully to share the author's hope that over his "tortured soul" a better day was to dawn.

Green Ginger. By Arthur Morrison. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

The author of "The Hole in the Wall" and "Tales of Mean Streets" is not so well known in America as a good many English story-writers of less ability. These tales and sketches show him in his lightest mood, which is very light indeed, yet not altogether trifling. His humorous touch has now and then a suggestion of Mr. Jerome or Mr. Jacobs, but the resemblance is rather as between Britishers than as between members of a "school." He has a quaint knack of his own, and makes the most of it in these "whim-whams from the lande of green ginger." The collection includes more tales of mean streets, and various comic episodes in Cockney life are set forth with gusto. But there are three or four stories which stand out pretty distinctly from the rest, all dealing with a group of Essex worthies. It is here that one finds most unmistakably Mr. Morrison's characteristic humor. Cunning Murrell, Abel Pennyfather, Roboshobery Dove, and the rest are rustics as veritable as those of Mr. Hardy or Mr. Phillpotts. They are as amusing as the sea-dogs and wags of Mr. Jacobs, and have a good deal more reality as individuals. For their sake, if on no other account, the book deserves its hour or two at the hands of the reader who likes his fiction in small and pungent doses.

NEW YORK POLITICS.

Political History of the State of New York. By De Alva Stanwood Alexander. Vol. III. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.50 net.

If the third and last volume of this history of New York had not quite reached the high level of its predecessors, it would not have been surprising, for the historical sense of most writers is apt to grow less and their historical perspective distorted as they attempt to write of people and events of the recent past. It is a satisfaction, therefore, to find that in this volume, which brings the history of the Empire State down to the year 1882, the author has been able, on the whole, to maintain the same spirit of judicious analysis that characterized the first two parts. This volume opens with the firing on Fort Sumter and closes with the election of Grover Cleveland as Governor. For the period of twenty-one years between these events, Mr. Alexander has written what approximates a political history of the United States. Some natural criticism will be directed at his spending so much time in discussing national politics. He might, indeed, have obviated this by describing in detail the relatively unimportant course of State legislation, but it would have been at the sacrifice of the unity and coherence of his narrative, as well as its interest and value. For the political history of New York State is so closely interwoven with that of the nation, its party leaders are so frequently the leaders of their party in the nation, and their attitude in State politics is so often determined by national rather than State influences, that the political events within the State can be correctly interpreted only by constant reference to events in the country at large. As it is, much of the importance of Mr. Alexander's work is derived from the fact that it is far more than a mere "State history."

As in the earlier period, so in the years from 1861 to 1882, the history of the State is the history of a few dominating personalities rather than of policies or even parties. When this final volume opens, Weed, Seward, Greeley, and Seymour are still largely influencing the public and political life of the commonweath. But by the time the first decade is ended, they have one and all passed from the field of their activities. And long before they are gone, the personalities of two of the most skilful and adroit political leaders New York or any State has ever produced begin to impress themselves upon the life of the State, and, therefore, upon that of the nation. It is with these two men, Roscoe Conkling and Samuel J. Tilden, leaders of the two great opposing political parties, that three-quarters of the book has to do.

Mr. Alexander is not a hero worshipper; nor is he, on the other hand, a harsh critic, although at times he is a severe one. Throughout his history, he provides well-balanced and lively characterizations of the men of whom he writes, and these characterizations are among the most entertaining portions of his book. Of the Democratic leader he writes:

> Tilden was essentially an opportunist. He attacked the Tweed ring after its exposure; he made war on the canal ring after its record had become notorious; and he reduced the State taxes after the war debt had been paid. Upon these reforms he rode into power, and upon the cry of fraud he hoped to ride again to success. He was much too acute not to know that the cipher disclosures had robbed him of the rôle of reformer, but he seems to have been blind to the obvious fact that every one else was also aware of it. Besides he lacked boldness and was at times the victim of indecision. He was singularly unfortunate moreover in failing to attract a circle of admirers such as usually surround public men of great importance.

Mr. Alexander has a high opinion of Conkling's oratorical powers, but remarks that "his vanity and arrogance disparaged, almost as much as his brilliant rhetoric exalted him." Again, he declares that Conkling's "imperiousness and vanity clouded an otherwise attractive manner," and expresses the conviction that he was "a destructive rather than a constructive legislator."

There are times when the author's partisan preferences crop out, but these are neither so frequent nor so obtrusive as to weaken the value of his historical narrative. An example is the account of the contested election of 1876, which, while entirely fair, is obviously written from the traditional Republican standpoint. Again, in treating the "Stalwart"-"Half-breed" factional struggle, it is quite evident that his sympathies are with the "Half-breeds." His account of this bitter quarrel, which split in twain the Republican party in New York and paved the way for Cleveland's election in 1884, is, however, one of the most valuable parts of the book. Its history has never been better told. Nor is there anywhere else so good an account to be found of the Tweed ring operations. Mr. Alexander rightly tells it, not as an isolated in-

stance of municipal highway robbery, but as one phase of the assault on the State's governmental machinery and financial credit, of which the machinations of the Fisk-Gould conspirators presented another aspect.

The author's lively style—clear, forceful, and at times approaching the epigrammatic—makes the book entertaining reading. Occasionally, however, he carries his figurative writing a bit too far for so serious a work, as when (page 343) he writes that "the Tilden managers shiver," "threatened them with heart failure," and "the South wabbled." There are some mistakes due to careless proofreading, as "King County" for "Kings' County" (p. 491), "Tliden" for "Tilden" (p. 297), and "word" for "work" (p. 214). But these are peccadilloes. A little more than fifty years have elapsed since the publication of Hammond's "Political History of the State of New York"—which, with all its faults and peculiarities, is still a rich storehouse of American political history. It may be another fifty years before any one else approaches the subject. When that time comes, the author would do well to begin with the year 1882, where Mr. Alexander leaves off; for it would be almost superfluous for him to attempt to write of a period that has been so satisfactorily covered as Mr. Alexander, in these three volumes, has covered the political history of New York from 1777 to 1882.

Corpus Schwenckfeldianorum. Published under the auspices of the Schwenckfelder Church, Pennsylvania, and the Hartford Theological Seminary, Connecticut. Vol. I: A Study of the Earliest Letters of Caspar Schwenckfeld von Ossig. Edited by C. D. Hartranft, O. B. Schlutter, and E. E. S. Johnson. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel.

Caspar Schwenckfeld von Ossig (1490-1561) was a Silesian nobleman, educated for the law, but, under the influence of the Lutheran Reformation, turning to theology and becoming a leader on the mystical side of Reformation thought. He remained a layman throughout his life, expressing himself mainly through correspondence and the writing of numerous treatises, but also by personal activity in gathering groups of followers in many parts of Germany. His chief theological interest lies in the consistency with which he insisted upon a spiritual interpretation of the Christian traditions and the comparative unimportance of authority or organization. This attitude naturally set him in opposition to the organized Reformation parties and led to persistent persecution of himself and his disciples. The most noteworthy community of the followers of the Middle Way, as they call themselves, is that which came to Pennsylvania in 1734 and has ever since retained much of its original simplicity of life and doctrine.

It was certainly a highly praiseworthy idea to collect together in one publication all the writings of the founder of a Christian sect, which in however humble a fashion has played its part in the reconstruction of the church following the outbreak of the Lutheran movement. It is inevitable that such a sect shall in the course of years disappear, and the present is the accepted time to save every valuable memorial of its activity. The initiative for the undertaking, the first volume of which is now before us, came to the community of the Pennsylvania Schwenckfelders through a communication from the later editor, Prof. C. D. Hartranft of the Hartford Theological Seminary, in the year 1884, the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the arrival of the Schwenckfelders in this country. A committee was appointed and arrangements made in the following year with Dr. Hartranft to make preliminary studies looking towards a monumental publication of everything that could illustrate the history and doctrines of the sect, beginning with the writings of the founder. The enterprise was soon interrupted by lack of funds, but was taken up again in 1888, Dr. Hartranft undertaking to go on with the work while acting also as president of the seminary. The first fruits of nineteen years' activity, therefore, are presented in this first volume.

Following the statement as to the progress of the work, there is an Introduction of about sixty pages, giving a brief sketch of Schwenckfeld's life and an analysis of the points in his doctrine and his literary work specially deserving attention. In this introduction we gain our first glimpse of the qualities of the editorial work which are to determine the success or failure of the whole undertaking. The tone is throughout one of protest and contentiousness, as if all the world had hitherto been against the subject of discussion and were being taken severely to task for its unfairness. If we could wholly accept the eleven claims to immortality here enumerated, we should have to conclude that it was Caspar Schwenckfeld, and not Luther, Zwingli, Calvin, or any one else who ought to be regarded as the chief representative of the true Reformation spirit. An intolerable verbosity obscures the meaning of much that is said and weakens the force of the argument it is meant to hammer in. The English impresses one continually as a speech that has been learned, abounding in Germanisms and never quite sure of itself.

There can be no question that thoroughness is a prime virtue in an editor; but there is an insanity of thoroughness which defeats its own purpose. This immense quarto volume of six hundred and sixty pages reproduces, besides the preliminary matter, only seven letters, of which one—to use a Hibernianism—does not exist, though it is described to the extent of two pages. The editorial method follows in each case a six or seven-fold scheme. First a bibliographical account gives a description of the manuscript to the minutest creases and discolorations, its history, and its editions. Then follows the original text with elaborate footnotes and divergent readings, then an English translation, or free rendering. Fourth, comes a disquisition on the language of the original as illustrating the writer's incomparable excellencies of style. Then under the head of "History" follows a dissertation on the circumstances of the time at which the letter was written. Next we have a theological essay setting forth at length the doctrinal matters referred to, or not referred to, as the case may be, and finally in three out of the seven cases, an extended German-English vocabulary, giving references to page and line in every case. The proportion of text to comment may be gathered from the case of Document Seven, a letter to the Bishop of Breslau, urging reformation. The whole space devoted to this document is four hundred and thirty-eight pages, of which the text itself occupies forty-one. Making every allowance for unnecessary verbiage, of which there is an irritating excess, it must be admitted that there is displayed here an enormous erudition. The editors have gone into the minutest details, for example, in the use of special verbal forms and even into the author's habit in employing each separate vowel and many of the consonants. In the historical sections there is exhaustive treatment of innumerable details. Our criticism is that such elaborate mechanism of scholarship and such exuberance of discourse on any and every remotest suggestion are not in place here.

Whether we are to expect similar detail in succeeding volumes we are not told, but the implication seems to be that this is intended as a model. In that case, the outlook for the future can hardly be encouraging. The editors tell us of about one hundred and twelve treatises published up to the year following Schwenckfeld's death, 1562, and this appears to have been only a beginning. It would be a distinct misfortune if so admirable an undertaking as this should fail or lag on account of an impracticable scheme of editing. What is desirable is a careful reproduction of an authentic text, with such an amount of intelligent and intelligible comment as shall make it clear to the ordinary reader. It is doubtful whether even a translation into English is essential. The function of the editor should certainly be to repress himself, not to seek

opportunities for learned display or for controversial encounter.

Greek Lands and Letters. By F. G and A. C. E. Allinson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.50 net.

In Greece all journeys are sentimental. Neither fashion nor commerce has yet supplied there the motive that peoples half the *tables-d'hôte* of the rest of Europe. The hardy traveller who threads the gullies of Arcadia on his mule or is swung up to the monastery of the Holy Trinity in a net, need not fear to find either bagman or motoring millionaire at the journey's end. Of the physical conditions of travel outside the chief towns, of the railways, the beds, and the food, little can be said save that they are "picturesque." In such a country it is obviously a spiritual guidebook that the traveller wants. The worthy Baedeker, always low-spirited, becomes positively depressed in Greece. Instead of distributing stars among the hostelries, he is reduced to pointing out the "least objectionable" or the "only possible." Under these conditions the one course open to the traveller is frankly to accept Greece as fairyland, and to wander there as nearly as possible in the frame of mind of a disembodied spirit. He will be glad, however, to retain so much of his carnal vehicle as will enable him to carry the manual compiled for the soul by Professor and Mrs. Allinson. It is not too much to say that the accomplished authors have dragged the whole of Greek literature for passages associated with Greek lands. Great passages and brief allusions, history, myth, and fancy, all are set in their local habitation, with a framework of comment to give them coherence. The general results of archæological investigation are observed without pedantry, in a suitable ancillary attitude. Passages cited are given sometimes in translations by well-known hands, sometimes in versions made by the authors themselves. The comments and enthusiasms of other scholars are often quoted. Works of art have the commanding position that belongs to them in Greece. The labor necessary to so comprehensive a scheme has apparently been done with conscientious and devoted care. From translation to proof-reading no pains has been spared. The book deserves to be widely used, and unquestionably will be so. With it in his hands, there is hardly a spot in Greece where the traveller will not know just how he ought to feel, and his grounds for feeling.

With no wish to criticise so beneficent a creation, but to point out to other lovers of Hellas that there may still be work to be done on these lines, certain considerations may be suggested. The citations from Greek literature are all made in English. Obviously to have given them in both languages would have made the book too large, and to have given them in Greek only would have limited its readers to the class that need it least. On the other hand, travellers in Greece are not divided into professors of Greek and those who know not so much as the alphabet. A considerable number of them are persons who have some knowledge of the language and who cannot accept the best translation as a substitute for it, but who are still unable, when standing, for instance, on the acropolis of Thebes, to produce from memory the elements that have gone to create their frame of mind. Such persons would, in general, prefer to have at hand a single chorus from the Bacchæ in its native music, sacrificing as much as might be necessary of somewhat elementary historical comment. In this respect W A. Gardner's "In Greece with the Classics," though a much slighter work, makes a stronger appeal to the Philhellene.

It must also be said, to encourage the others, that the general literary form of the book has suffered somewhat from the effort to charm the illiterate. It smells a little of the undergraduate classroom, where Hellenism must be made interesting at any price, even though the note be sometimes forced. The translations made by the authors are in general pleasing and are always close. An excellent example of strict accuracy, relieved by the legitimate extension of implications and adaptation of rhythms, is the passage from a famous chorus in the "Ion" of Euripides:

When the stars of the ether of Zeus lead out,
And the moon glides on as the dancers' queen,
And the daughters of Nereus join the rout,
Adown the sea or along the swirl
Of the rivers eternal that rush and whirl—
The ether, the moon, and the streams and the sea,
They dance to honor Persephone,
The maiden crowned with the golden sheen,
And Demeter, the Mother—ah, Dread is she!

Hungary: Painted by Adrian and Marianne Stokes. Described by Adrian Stokes. New York: The Macmillan Co. $6 net.

This stately volume appeals mainly to the eye. Seventy-five full-page plates, which indicate the artistic merit of the originals, display the picturesqueness of the land and its people, but they also emphasize the defects of the multi-color process, with its indiscriminate garishness in places where subdued tints are called for. No one, for instance, familiar with the monotonous sombreness —one of its characteristic features— of the Hungarian landscape, as viewed from a Danube steamboat, will accept as a faithful reproduction the Nile-like aspect of the scenery labelled "The Danube from Esztergom." Generally speaking, the plates dealing with architectural features appear to do more justice to the skill of the artists.

The writer's part is decidedly secondary in importance. The text consists of a string of more or less lengthy episodes —neither random notes nor consecutive narrative—whose chronology is obscure, and whose interest is dimmed by repetition. The author's stay in Hungary, at different intervals, extended over three years, and his story, such as it is, meanders back and forth in a way which is occasionally perplexing. Still, where he looks at men and things with an artist's eye, he has much that is attractive to report, and he is at his best in his praise of Hungarian hospitality, described as so boundless as to make country inns fit for the foreign wayfarer a superfluity. Magyar virtues, in high and low, are the constant theme of Mr. Stokes's song, but he has far less sympathy with some of the other races of Hungary. Much space is given to hunting and dancing and feasting, and he succeeds in conveying the charm of the primitive villages where the travellers were ever welcome, though willing models for the painters were not always forthcoming. But it is all essentially a one-sided picture of the country, indeed in part a portrayal of vanishing conditions; for there is scarcely a hint in Mr. Stokes's pages of the teeming life of modern Hungary. This, as he naïvely confesses, is altogether beyond the pale of his interests. "Hitherto," he says, "the generous Magyars have not been distinguished as a business people; but it is feared that, under modern conditions, they may deteriorate in this respect." On the whole, the author aims at accuracy in his statements, but he lets his fancy roam when he attempts to furnish, from memory, details of the feasting at a farmer's wedding in the Alföld, the fertile, great plain of Hungary. He thinks there were consumed, shortly before he and his wife arrived on the spot, "a dozen oxen, a score of calves, thirty swine, fifty sheep, a thousand fowls, and more eggs than were ever fresh at one time anywhere else."

The most conspicuous error in the book is the statement that Lake Balaton is, "with the exception of one or two lakes in Russia, the largest of Europe's inland seas." As a matter of fact, Lake Vener in Sweden is more than eight times as large, and Lake Vetter nearly three times the size. The spelling of Hungarian names is generally accurate, although the author does not profess to have been able to cope with the difficulties of the language. The statement that Bácsi is "pronounced Bartchy" does not indicate an acute ear for Magyar sounds. "Schäfsburg" (twice) and "Schäffsburg" (as the sketch-map has it) for Schässburg, "Theis" for Theiss,

and the alternation of "Széchény" and "Széchenyi" are among the minor slips. The city of Agram was not "destroyed" by earthquake in November, 1880, and "Tschec, or Slav," is wrong. Mr. Stokes includes in a list of Hungarian mineral springs the waters of Bilin and Giesshübl—both in Bohemia.

Notes.

Robert Underwood Johnson has been chosen to succeed Mr. Gilder as editor of the *Century Magazine*. Mr. Johnson joined the staff of the *Century* in 1873, and became its associate editor in 1881.

The Putnams announce "The Institutional History of Virginia in the Seventeenth Century," by Dr. Philip A. Bruce, whose previous books have contributed much to our knowledge of social and economic conditions in colonial Virginia. For his present volume, Dr. Bruce has drawn much hitherto unused material from early Virginia records and from the colonial documents found in the Public Record Office in London, the British Museum, and the Fulham and Lambeth Palaces.

A biography of that extraordinary man, Porfirio Diaz, president of Mexico, by Señor José F. Godoy, Mexican minister to Cuba, and long connected with the Mexican embassy at Washington, is soon to be published by the Putnams. To the author's narrative are added opinions or comment on the career and character of Diaz by James Bryce, British ambassador to the United States; Justices Day and Brewer of the Supreme Court, Gens. Bell, Grant, and Greeley, and many others.

Prof. Kenneth McKenzie of the department of Romance languages of Yale is preparing a "Concordance to the Italian Poems of Francesco Petrarca" (Oxford University Press), which is similar in form to the "Concordance to Dante's Minor Italian Works," published in 1905.

Some of the best of the English essays on conversation are being made into a book, to be entitled "The Lost Art of Conversation" (Sturgis & Walton Company), by Horatio S. Krans.

John Shawcross, who recently edited Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria" for the Oxford University Press, now performs the same service for "Shelley's Literary and Philosophical Criticism." The principal piece included is, of course, the "Defence of Poetry," but with it are printed a number of extracts from Shelley's letters and various reviews and brief essays, most of them immature, but all tending to develop the thesis that "the great instrument of moral good is the imagination, and poetry administers to the effect by acting upon the cause." Mr. Shawcross supplies an introduction, excellently well informed and not injudicious.

We wish to record here, but not to review, four new volumes (making eight now issued) of the excellent "Complete Works of Friedrich Nietzsche," edited by Dr. Oscar Levy, and published by T. N. Foulis of Edinburgh and London. The present instalment includes "Thus Spake Zarathustra," translated by Thomas Common with an introduction by Mrs. Förster-Nietzsche; "On the Future of Our Educational Institutions, and Homer and Classical Philology," translated by J. M. Kennedy; "Human, All-Too-Human," Part one, translated by Helen Zimmern, with an Introduction by J. M. Konnedy; and "The Will to Power," Books one and two, translated by Anthony M. Ludovici. A cursory examination of theso volumes has convinced us that the translations maintain the same accuracy and adequacy as those of the earlier issue. We repeat our congratulations to Dr. Levy for this progress in a work which promises to go on to completion, and which, when completed, will form a notable addition to English letters. Fuller consideration of Nietzsche's own office in the hurly-burly of modern philosophies and principles of action we reserve until the publication is further advanced.

Criticism of criticism is at best an exercise of a somewhat rarefied importance, and this importance is at an irreducible minimum in the case of a batch of criticisms emanating from a score of hands, with no internal correspondence, and the fact that they have all to do with the work of a single author their sole title to unity. We shall not, then, attempt any extensive evaluation of the various articles gathered together by Maurice Buxton Forman as "George Meredith: Some Early Appreciations" (Scribner). As in J. A. Hammerton's "George Meredith in Anecdote and Criticism" (Mitchell Kennerley), a notice of which was published in the *Nation* for September 23, 1909, here are excellent materials for the future biographer and critic. The twenty-three papers included embrace the period 1851-1883, or from the publication of "Poems" to the issue of "Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth," the volume which immediately preceded "Diana of the Crossways." Mr. Forman has made no attempt to string together his materials, as did Mr. Hammerton, who aimed at some kind of continuity; he lets his documents speak for themselves. After the flashing dicta of Henley and Wilde in the earlier volume named, the present gathering-together of appreciations seems, for all their seriousness, somewhat flat; yet the names of George Eliot, W. M. Rossetti, Charles Kingsley, James Thomson, and Swinburne are among the contributing critics, and Henley himself has here a few pages on "The Egoist." The famous phrase of this last writer, reprinted in "Views and Reviews," and, most recently, in the "George Meredith in Anecdote and Criticism," about the novelist's holding in his left hand "the pen of a great artist," in his right "the razor of a spiritual suicide," is more striking, but perhaps says no more than the words reproduced here from his critique in the *Academy:*

> Mr. Meredith's style, it seems to me, has always been his weak point. Like Shakespeare, he is a man of genius, who is a clever man as well; and he seems to prefer his cleverness to his genius.

A useful volume has been issued by the Oxford University Press containing Goldsmith's two comedies and "The Vicar of Wakefield." The editor, C. E. Doble, has thrown his notes into the form of an explanatory and illustrative glossary. This arrangement is in many respects convenient, as it serves at once as a full index of names and phrases and as a comment on the text. This combination of offices, however, leads to some awkward results. Thus, it is well to have the occurrence of John Gay's name in "The Vicar" indexed, but it seems scarcely worth while to explain who Gay was. So, too, some of the definitions seem to us superfluous, if not childish. Is any one so ignorant as to need to be informed that "heartened" means "put in good heart, encouraged"? These are excrescences on a body of otherwise valuable notes. The illustrations are from various sources; those for "The Vicar" are reproductions of the pictures of William Mulready first printed in 1843.

The third volume of the "Papers and Proceedings" of the Bibliographical Society of America, recently issued, begins with a pleasant *causerie* by Dr. E. C. Richardson, librarian of Princeton University, on "Manuscript Hunting." This he characterizes as a sport, "prince among book sports," and as "a useful art to be compared with fur hunting or hunting for food," while it "bears the same relation to science that the hunting for rare orchids or rare birds and beasts does to natural science." The writer ends with a plea for a finding-list of manuscripts, which he regards as much more vital than the publication of facsimiles or even the calendaring of documents. George Watson Cole contributes a paper on the correct arrangement of the preliminary leaves of "The First Folio of Shakespeare." These two papers, with one by Judge Daniel Fish on "Lincoln Collections and Lincoln Bibliography," a short "Preliminary statement on collecting information in regard to early Scandinavian-American imprints," by J. C. M. Hanson, and an account by H. W. Wilson of his plan for a "coöperative printed catalogue" of books in public libraries, were read at the eighth meeting of the society, at Minnetonka, June 24 and 25, 1908.

"The Conquest of the Missouri," by Joseph Mills Hanson (McClurg), is a book strangely ill-named. Anything more unconquered than the great Missouri it would be hard to find; and in what sense the career of a steamboat man who, for nearly sixty years, has experienced its snags, sand-bars, and floods, can be called a conquest of the river, it would be hard to say. The book is the story of Grant Marsh, who, beginning as a cabin-boy, in 1846, at the age of twelve, has sailed the Mississippi and its tributaries almost to the present hour. It is a picturesque and instructive record. Captain Marsh is a sturdy figure, who deals valiantly with many hardships, encountering meanwhile great men and great events. The story is worth while.

No one, North or South, or indeed the world over, will deny that Stonewall Jackson was a character deserving of reverence and a military leader of surpassing brilliancy. As portrayed, however, by Henry A. White, in a volume of the "American Crisis Biographies" (George Jacobs & Co.), we find the "warts" omitted. He had no faults; he never came short. Impartial students find that there was some extravagance in his spiritual fervors; that his reticence became exaggerated into a marked defect; that his very singleness of purpose so narrowed him that he was blind to weighty considerations plain to broader minds. Marvellous soldier though he was, he was no more immune from error than were Napoleon and Hannibal. Lee himself

declared that his unnecessary tardiness caused the bloody defeat at Mechanicsville, and there is the best Confederate authority for believing that his inaction near Glendale withheld Longstreet from breaking through the retreating Federal column. In treating such points, Mr. White usually implies in his narrative that he is well aware that there are criticisms, but that they do not influence him. The book is Southern in tone, based on the best authorities, well written, and in a candid spirit. There is no bitterness toward the North, but a fair recognition of the bravery and conduct of the foes against whom Stonewall Jackson fought.

While the "Stonewall Jackson" is a presentment warmly Southern in its tone, the "Struggle for Missouri," by John McElroy (Washington, D. C.: The National Tribune Co.), is as distinctly Northern, though marked by no bitterness. It is a good account of an episode of the civil war which must not be lost sight of, interspersed with ample citations from documents, and made especially interesting through its discriminating characterizations of the principal actors. The field has been well worked, and Mr. McElroy gives us nothing new. It is well, however, to have this story in detail, with adequate illustration by means of portraits and maps.

For former students of the University of Virginia, who recollect that institution as it was from thirty to forty years ago, any minute record of its life during those years, however destitute of literary value, properly speaking, will possess a certain interest, but "The University of Virginia: Memories of Student Life and Professors" (The Neale Publishing Co.), by David M. R. Culbreth, M.D., who first matriculated there in 1872, apart from elementary crudities of style, is hopelessly diffuse and uncritical. In reading it we are reminded of an apothegm which we once heard fall from the lips of a professor whose picture adorns this volume, viz., that to write *for* Eternity one need not write *to* Eternity. Why all these "home-letters"—which are as dead now as the vegetation of the years in which they were written—synopses of casual sermons, and what not? Above all, why these long preliminary chapters on Jefferson, which would be out of place, even if they did not present an utterly false idealization of his character. Surely, one of the most active and powerful minds of his age had better products to offer than such precious specimens of copy-book morality as, "Always do what is right" and "Adore God; reverence and cherish your parents." As far as his domestic virtues were concerned, local tradition as well as more reliable sources of information might have taught our author that there was only too much truth in Moore's well-known line: "He dreamt of freedom in a bondsmaid's arms." Indeed, this very volume includes the picture of one striking figure—well-known to the students of the university for fifty years or more—who laid bold (though, doubtless, unjustifiable) claim to Jefferson paternity. The best part of the book is the series of sketches of the professors who made up the faculty of the university during the period of the author's residence there. But even these sketches are uncritical. Dr. Culbreth catches many genuine traits, to be sure, but the characterizations are too stilted and the men in question are often invested with an exaggerated dignity which it is to be feared that professors possess only for the students that are under them; for, as Crabbe has said:

> Unlike the prophet's is the scholar's case;
> His honor all is in his dwelling-place.

Nevertheless, these chapters, like those which describe the routine of student-life, contain material that may be useful to the future historian of the university.

Prof. Frank J. Goodnow has crowned his series of treatises on American city government by a comprehensive work on "Municipal Government" (The Century Co.), which aims to cover the entire field, at home and abroad, past and present. Starting with the Roman city-state, he traces urban development through its historic phases down to the present time. To bring so vast a survey within the limits of a book of 393 pages is a feat of condensation made practicable by the topical treatment. For instance, the chapter on the City Council discusses the organization of the Roman city, the mediæval Italian city, the English system, the German system, the Franco-Italian system, and the American system with some account of current process of charter change. Although Professor Goodnow is exact and trustworthy in all statements of fact, the effect of such massing is somewhat bewildering. One has to struggle to resist the impression that, when the American City Council and the English City Council are compared, like things are meant. But the English City Council is the whole city government, whereas the American City Council is only a part of the city government. This fundamental difference is adverted to by Professor Goodnow in several places, but the fact that he classes them together is apt to outweigh his explanation that they are not in the same class. The most valuable chapters are those which deal with the administrative tasks of modern city government—a field in which Professor Goodnow is master. He reaches rather pessimistic conclusions. He intimates pretty plainly that good government upon a popular basis is hopeless in the United States under existing economic and social conditions. To accept this opinion one must regard economic and social conditions among us as depraved to an extent for which no parallel may be found in any other civilized country. Must one believe that unfitness for good government is an American peculiarity? May not our failure be due to defective organization of public authority, within our power to amend?

"The American Newspaper" is analyzed in typical laboratory fashion by James Edward Rogers in a small volume issued by the Chicago University Press. Mr. Rogers may or may not have done much newspaper work himself. From internal evidence it should seem that he has not, for his painstaking essay on the history and evolution of the modern newspaper is, like most of such writings, "from the outside." In fact, much of what he has written, viewed purely as "copy," would not have escaped severity at the hands of the man who wields the blue pencil in the typical city room. Of course, Mr. Rogers puts his finger—an easy thing to do—upon the more crying evils of distorted publicity, This has been done before, and will be done frequently again, until the evils are removed. But it is hardly fair to say that the uninformed citizen who picks up this little volume will get quite an unbiassed opinion of newspapers. None the less, the essay has been carefully prepared, shows an exhaustive study of columns, and will fairly stagger the average reporter or city editor who finds all his "special extras," news introductions, "color stories," and "yellow freaks" treated here as so many salts in a test-tube.

When Canon Driver "warmly recommends" a book dealing with the Old Testament, as he has done in the prefatory note to G. H. Box's "Book of Isaiah" (Macmillan), we look for some worthy contribution to Biblical study. The epoch-making work of Duhm on Isaiah in the "Handkommentar" (1892) has been followed by the critical researches and contributions of Marti, Cheyne, and others, but the results of these labors have not hitherto been adequately set forth in English. Mr. Box has made a new translation of Isaiah based upon a corrected text, and though lacking in literary finish it has the merit of adhering closely to the thought and poetic form of the original. The notes and introductions to the separate sections discuss the Hebrew glosses, give the reasons for textual changes, and supply the necessary historical, social, and literary background. By the use of different types in the English text the reader is made aware of the translator's views in regard to the authorship of different sections. The work is in no sense devotional or homiletical, but the student and minister will find in it an invaluable aid to a proper understanding of the prophetic messages.

To those interested in colonial problems and the formation of governments may be recommended the recent work of H. E. S. Fremantle, entitled "The New Nation: A Survey of the Conditions and Prospects of South Africa." (London: John Ouseley, Ltd.). The author, in his double capacity as teacher in the South African College and member of the Cape Colony Assembly, is well qualified to throw light on the vexatious social and political problems of his country. "There are few South Africans," says Mr. Fremantle, "who would not agree that dying controversies must now be left to care for themselves, and dead controversies to find burial as they may." Despite the loss which the war inflicted on all concerned, he shows that it had a beneficial result in that it proved the virility of both sides: the endurance of the Boer won him an immortal name, while the good humor and courage of the British troops gained the respect of the Dutch. Briton and Boer have discovered an increasing compatibility and they are experiencing a growing attachment to a common country—results brought to the surface through the exercise of self-government. "A policy of trust was adopted," says Chief Justice Sir Henry de Villiers of Cape Colony, "with the novel result that a sullen and discontented people were, as if by magic, changed into law-abiding and loyal subjects." The moderator of the Dutch Reformed Church in the Transvaal thanked God, in a sermon, for the British flag which had made possible the union of the South African people. The grant of self-government is fast destroying

the mutual suspicion of South Africans by making them colleagues and co-partners in a new and large undertaking. Mr. Fremantle expects that Britain's policy will inspire the Boers with respect and confidence, by a scrupulous regard for their manners, religion, and language, as it already has won the loyalty of French Canadians, who to-day are the firmest supporters of English power in America. There are two especially suggestive chapters dealing with The Problems of Union and The Colored Races. In the former the author shows that the South African colonies have done wisely in agreeing on a policy of unification rather than the federative scheme in vogue in Canada and Australia. The national Parliament is to be omnipotent and the four constituent colonies, to be called provinces, are to have single-chambered Legislatures, having power to deal only with matters of purely local or private interest. South Africa will thus escape many of the embarrassments the United States has been heir to because of the uncertainty over the question of State rights. Mr. Fremantle has written a thoroughly informed book, in an attractive style; and from an impartial point of view as regards race jealousies. Fault may perhaps be found with his general attitude, which, to many, will seem too sanguine.

A manuscript of the "Coptic (Sahidic) Version of certain books of the Old Testament" from a papyrus in the British Museum (Or. 5984) is edited by Sir Herbert Thompson (H. Frowde). The MS., which is imperfect, contains parts of Job, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Song of Songs, Wisdom of Solomon, and Ecclesiasticus; it is regarded by Mr. Crum (Proc. Soc.Bibl. Archæol., 1902, xxiv, 174) as being "perhaps of the sixth or seventh century." A considerable part of the Sahidic version of the above-named books is here printed for the first time. The prologue to Ecclesiasticus (already printed by Crum in his Catalogue of Coptic MSS. in the British Museum) is almost complete. The quality of the text, according to the editor, is good, comparing favorably with that of the Turin MS. edited by Lagarde; both MSS. follow the Greek uncials in the misplacing of certain sections of Ecclesiasticus. The text is provided with critical footnotes, and there is a descriptive introduction.

The eighth annual report of the Gutenberg-Gesellschaft in Mainz, for the year 1908-9, is accompanied by two papers read before the society, one of which is a typological study of some broadsides issued by the authorities of Mainz and Erfurt during a controversy between the two cities, in 1480 and 1481, as to whether the latter should be independent of the former or not. The author, Dr. Adolf Schmidt, in Darmstadt, draws some conclusions of interest to the early history of printing, for instance, when he connects one of these broadsides, which is dated 1480, with Konrad Kachellofen in Leipzig, whose earliest dated book is of 1485. The other paper is a study of William Morris as printer, by Dr. Gustav Binz, the new city librarian of Mainz.

Bishop Cyrus David Foss, retired, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died on Saturday night in Philadelphia, at the age of seventy-six. He was born in Kingston, N. Y., graduated at Wesleyan University, and was an itinerant minister from 1857 to 1875, when he became president of Wesleyan, where he remained for five years. He had visited the missions of his church in Europe, Mexico, India, and Malaysia, and in 1906-07 made a missionary tour of observation around the world. He published "Religious Certainties" and "From the Himalayas to the Equator."

James Hogg, the London publisher, died last month in his eighty-first year. He was a son of James Hogg, the Edinburgh printer and publisher, with whom he was associated in business. As editor of *Hogg's Instructor* in 1850, he met De Quincey, who thereafter became a regular contributor to that magazine, and whose collected works subsequently were published by this house. In 1858, with his brother John, he founded in London a branch publishing house, which afterward became responsible for the entire business of James Hogg & Sons. The firm was dissolved in 1867. Mr. Hogg had published "De Quincey and His Friends."

Louis-Edouard Rod, the French novelist, died in Grasse, France, on Saturday, at the age of fifty-three years. He was a Swiss by birth, and a native of Nyon, Canton of Vaud. He studied at Nyon and at Lausanne, and subsequently attended the universities at Bonn and Berlin. He went to Paris in his young manhood, and there, in 1879, came forward with a pamphlet defending Emile Zola's school of realism, "A propos de l'Assommoir." His first novel, "Palmyre Veulard," was published two years later. The book showed plainly the influence of Zola. The same bent manifested itself in several other volumes. Later, however, in "La Course à la mort," which was issued in 1885, he forsook the field of realism and produced a philosophical novel in the form of an autobiography, which revealed plainly the influence of Schopenhauer's pessimism. He interspersed his fiction with critical essays. In 1886 he published "Wagner et l'esthétique allemande," in which he defended Wagner against his French detractors. His "Les Sens de la vie," which appeared in 1888, was written in an optimistic vein, and in a measure neutralized the effect of his earlier work. M. Rod was one of the founders of the *Revue Contemporaine*, which he edited until 1887, when he became professor of foreign literature at the University of Geneva, where he remained until 1892. His most significant work in the field of criticism was "Les Idées morales du temps présent." His other works include, "Etudes et nouvelles Etudes sur le XIXe siècle"; "La Vie privée et la seconde vie de Michel Teissier"; "Le Silence"; "Les Roches blanches"; "L'Eau courante," "L'Inutile effort," "Un Vainqueur," "L'Incendie," "L'Affaire J.-J. Rousseau," and "Aloyse Valérin." M. Rod came to the United States in the spring of 1899 at the invitation of the Cercle Français of Harvard. He lectured at Cambridge on the history of French dramatic poetry. In addition to his visit to Harvard M. Rod made a tour of the American colleges. He spoke at Columbia, Williams, Brown, Vassar, Bryn Mawr, Yale, Princeton, Cornell, and elsewhere. M. Rod chose his characters chiefly among the "plain people" of the lower middle classes. He delighted in intimate studies of these characters. The author lived most of his active life near Paris, at Auteuil, not far from the Bois de Boulogne. He dwelt there in the utmost simplicity with his books and friends. He was a lover of American literature, particularly of the poems of Poe and Whitman.

The death is reported from Rome of Prof. Ludovico Nocentini, who was familiar with China and Japan, and had written much concerning those countries; two of the best known of his books being "Nell' Asia Orientale" and "L'Europa nell' Estremo Oriente, e gli interessi dell' Italia in Cina."

Science.

Handbook of Flower Pollination. Based upon Hermann Müller's Work, "The Fertilization of Flowers by Insects." By Dr. Paul Knuth. Translated by J. R. Ainsworth Davis. Vol. III. New York: Henry Frowde. $8.75.

A third volume now completes this comprehensive work. It is in every respect as thorough as the previous volumes, and, by its copious lists and index, places all of its diversified information easily at the disposal of the reader. It is almost incredible that this exhaustive digest of the literature of pollination by insects should only represent one of the many fields of research opened to observers by the genius of Charles Darwin. Even as far back as the close of the eighteenth century, attention had been called by an interesting illustrated book to certain connections between flowers and insects. But the relations of the visits of the insects to the blossoms were wrongly interpreted, and the work fell into disrepute as an illustration of misapplied research. In the main, the observations by Sprengel in 1793 were accurate and were faithfully recorded, but the riddle was not rightly read. The late Professor Hagen, a distinguished entomologist, was fond of describing the pleasure which he felt when his father used, on Sundays, to show him Sprengel's pretty pictures of insects visiting flowers, but the impression which he received from seeing them was that Sprengel had been guilty of a fearful waste of time.

When in 1864 Darwin rightly explained the relations between the different forms of the blossoms of the common primrose, and showed that the insect visitants effected an impregnation impossible except through their agency, he attracted innumerable observers to the study of that and other flowers. The investigations included every grade of scientific training. Such skilled observers as Asa Gray and such unskilled observers as beginners in grammar-school botany devoted themselves to the new study, and the recorded results of such observations soon constituted a voluminous literature. Hermann and Fritz Müller were among the earliest to give undivided attention to this line of in-

vestigation, and their unquestioned results were soon sufficient to merit publication as an independent work. But Hermann Müller's book gave also, as far as possible, in exhaustive German fashion, the results reached by other observers, and it therefore became authoritative.

After Müller's death, an ardent student of the subject of insect-pollination, who had devoted to it all of the scanty leisure left from the arduous and wearisome work of teaching in a Real-Schule was entrusted with the revision of Müller's treatise. By extensive travel and wide reading, Professor Knuth prepared himself thoroughly for this great task, and had carried it nearly to its completion just before his death. By other hands the revision was finished, and in its German form it is a monument alike to the genius of Müller and to the industry of Knuth. The English translation, like most of the recent English translations of German botanical works, is accurate and well-edited. It will long remain the standard work of reference both for botanists and entomologists who concern themselves with the relations of insects to flowers. One can gain some idea of the immense range of topics covered in this work when it is seen that the visits of above 2,800 different species of insects are described in more or less detail, and frequently with reference to the mechanism by which the transfer of pollen is effected.

Even to the general reader who cares only to get a notion of the interesting correlations between the insect and plant worlds, these three volumes will afford much interesting information. Philosophical readers who are in search of illustrations of adaptations and of evolutionary progress will find in the work abundant material of the highest order, while to teachers of botany the treatise is almost indispensable.

Drama.

Alcestis. By Carlota Montenegro. Boston: R. G. Badger. $1.25.

This poetic drama in four acts is written in fluent and melodious blank verse, full of graceful and vivid imagination and uncommon descriptive power. It is the ancient legend of the Thessalian King Admetus and his devoted wife, who died for him and was restored to him from the shades by Hercules, retold partly along the old classic lines, but informed by modern thought, enriched by new complications, and made to enforce a pregnant moral. Alcestis, a lofty type of womanhood, is a notable creation, drawn with much psychological insight and with inspiring charm. When the decrepit Pheres, the father of Admetus, and trusted friends shrink from dying in his place, it is her deeper spiritual self, the immortal spark within her, that prompts her to the sacrifice, against her mere will, and which enables her to prevail against the terrors and trials to which she is subjected. After her fatal vow her resolution fails her in contemplating the horrors of the Stygian passage, conjured up in a farewell meeting with Admetus, whom she vainly entreats to accompany her by means of suicide. While she is still despairing, Apollo, who has long served her in the disguise of a shepherd, reveals himself as a god, and in a scene full of beauty and passion offers her love and immortality. When she repels him, he tries to subdue her by fear, revealing to her a panorama of Death, the Furies, and other awful portents. Still she is steadfast, until she finally falls into a trance, wherein her spirit soars into space, encounters Truth and Hercules, and (in a passage in which myth, allegory, and speculation are ingeniously blended) realizes that, beyond and above the gods of Greece, there is something infinite and mightier.

It is then that Hercules, at the prayer of Admetus, meets and conquers Death over her unconscious body, and recalls her to life. But she is no longer the same Alcestis. New aspirations have been born of her experience and her love for Admetus is dead. She sees life in a new aspect, and knows that it is best fulfilled in noble deeds. Hercules, the man of action, has become her ideal, and the ensuing scene between her and that hero, in which she recounts the happenings of her trance, contains some of the most striking passages of the play. Hercules, like Apollo before him, avows his love for her, and she is sorely tempted. But her innate virtue, and his magnanimity, enable her to triumph once more, although she is still frigid towards Admetus. Finally, however, the mother passion in her, and the realization that she cannot discharge her responsibilities to her children while separated from their father, convince her that the true object of life is the performance of duty, and the play ends with a hymeneal address to her attendant Thessalian maidens, which unfolds as fine an ideal of the sphere and opportunities of womanhood as has often been written.

On the whole, this is a remarkable work. As acted drama, without the most drastic excisions, it would probably prove wholly impracticable. There are too many long speeches and too little action. To produce it as a spectacle would be a futile degradation. But it is, nevertheless, essentially dramatic in its development of character by circumstance. As descriptive romance, in which modern thought is expressed in terms of ancient myth, it is a most uncommon, and, in many ways, a brilliant achievement. The poetry in it is often of a very high order. It ranges from lyric beauty to tragic force, but it is not all of equally good quality. Miss Montenegro must beware of the dangerous literary facility which she evidently possesses. Her verse is sometimes prolix and prosaic, although it is always smooth and never slovenly. The thought is better than the expression. But at her best, especially in the scenes in which Admetus, Hercules, and Apollo are concerned, her work is admirable, in its analytical insight, its pictorial and emotional eloquence, and its dramatic and intellectual consistency.

The performance of "Twelfth Night," the first essay in the interpretation of Shakesperean comedy, by the New Theatre Company, was awaited with no little curiosity. On the whole, taking all the circumstances into consideration, it was a creditable achievement, but it revealed the weakness of the organization in more than one important respect. From the pictorial point of view, it left nothing to be desired. The scenery and the costumes were beautiful and appropriate. The liberality, good taste, and technical ingenuity of the management were manifested in many ways, especially in the accessories, the groupings, the invention of new "business"—as in the scene of the midnight revel—the simplification of the action, and the arrangement of exits and entrances. Such liberties as were taken with the text, for convenience sake, were altogether venial. In fact, the representation would have been almost perfect, if some of the leading players had undergone a proper course of training in the older poetic and romantic drama. The inefficiency of the modern, or natural, method, when applied to artificial and imaginative pieces, was exemplified in the New Theatre performances of "Antony and Cleopatra" and "The School for Scandal," and is once more obvious in the revival of "Twelfth Night." The representatives of Viola (Miss Annie Russell), Olivia (Miss Bateman-Hunter), and Malvolio (Oswald Yorke), all played with intelligible design, but succeeded in giving only thin, colorless, and spectral performances, because they did not know how—by artful exaggeration, by significant and varied utterance, and large, free, eloquent gesture—to bestow on these creatures of inspired imagination the needed touch of fantasy. Thus Viola, that dainty vision of feminine devotion, spirituality, archness, and grace, became an ordinary modern maiden in masquerade, alternately sentimental and skittish; the haughty and ardent Olivia a smitten schoolgirl, and the poor, distraught Quixotic egoist, Malvolio, a mere posturing grotesque. They may have been realistic; they lacked the elements of romance and poetry. Both these elements found expression in the embodiment of Orsino by the ex-Bensonian, Matheson Lang, who looked the prince and lover, and preserved the spirit and music of his lines. Another admirable performance was the Sir Andrew of Mr. Gottschalk, which was quaint, dry, humorous, consistent, and Shakespearean. The Sir Toby of Mr. Calvert was brisk, comic, and bibulous, but too laborious in artifice. It wanted unction and spontaneity. The Maria of Miss Busley again, though spirited and vi-

vacious, suggested effort rather than native humor. The only other characterization calling for special note was the Feste of Mr. Wendell, which was well conceived and neatly executed. The present company doubtless possesses much latent ability, but must be strengthened on the female side, and undergo much schooling before it can hope to reflect the full brilliancy of Shakespearean comedy upon the boards. It is a pity that the practice, that ought to have been preliminary, must now be done in public.

The latest play of Sir Arthur W. Pinero, "Mid-Channel," produced on Monday evening, in the Empire Theatre, is a disagreeable, but exceedingly able work. In respect of construction it will compare favorably with his best compositions, the story being told in swift, clear, logical action, and reaching a highly dramatic and logical climax and catastrophe. The personages are of a common type and very ordinary clay, but thoroughly vital. Theodore Blundell, a rich stockbroker, and his wife, Zoe—middle-class folk, with very little mind, but a liberal allowance of temper—having exhausted their early romance and having no interests in common, have drifted apart gradually, until their life has become one long quarrel. At last, after a more than commonly furious encounter, they part. The wife, travelling alone in Europe, becomes the victim of a false friend, in a moment of impulsive passion. Blundell consorts with a rapacious mistress and takes to drink. Both are miserable. At last a mutual friend brings them together and they agree to forget the past. Zoe, however, so irritates her husband by her resentment against the mistress that he becomes inquisitive about her conduct and finally forces her to admit that she has betrayed him, which he had never suspected. Maddened with rage he refuses all reconciliation whereupon she—in a passage which embodies the whole motive of the play—implores him to treat her mercifully, as he had from the first denied to her the right of motherhood—being unwilling to incur the responsibilities of children—and thereby had condemned her to the objectless and frivolous existence, which had led her into evil ways and resulted in her ruin. But he is irresponsive, and the wretched woman, deserted also by her worthless lover, realizes that she is a social derelict, and commits suicide. It is a dreary tale set forth with great skill and compelling power. The play failed in London, and is not likely to last long here. It is, indeed, of a sordid and repressing realism, which does not furnish much entertainment, but, as a social problem play it compels thought and exacts attention. Miss Barrymore, as the wife, shows more sincerity and eloquence of feeling than ever before, and is well supported by H. Reeves Smith, but the cast, as a whole, is of moderate quality.

The new play by Eugene Walter, "Just a Wife," which was produced on Tuesday evening at the Belasco Theatre, treats of the relations of the sexes and the rights of woman with a certain largeness of view and occasional theatrical effectiveness, but the conditions which it proposes are so improbable, its psychology so queer, its construction so unskilful, and its conclusions so indefinite that it is not a work of much significance. The contention appears to be that a mistress, in some cases, may have rights that even a wife is bound to respect, while the man should be held responsible for the wrongs done to both women. The heroine, a wife only in name from her wedding day, after six years of splendid neglect by her millionaire husband, vanquishes her rival, humiliates her masterful lord, and refuses to be reunited to him until he shall recognize her equal prerogative. The piece is not devoid of cleverness, but is marred by many puerilities.

Music.

Education Through Music. By Charles Hubert Farnsworth. New York: American Book Co. $1.

An Experiential Psychology of Music. By Karl Feininger. New York: August Gemünder & Sons.

Although music is now the most popular of all the fine arts, its vogue having been increased enormously within the last ten years by means of phonographs and "piano-players," it is undeniable that there is still a lamentable deficiency in the number of educated listeners who demand the best. More and more frequently attention is called to the fact that we must look to the public schools for a remedy. Of the millions of children a large proportion can be trained in such a way that they will prefer good music to bad or mediocre. The value of the public school from this point of view is illustrated by the fact that only about one per cent. of our population has a formal education beyond the age of fourteen, and that the musical instruction given during this period is for most people all the training they ever receive in the subject. It is therefore of the utmost importance that the little time set aside for music in the schools should be spent in the most effective way.

"Education Through Music," by Professor Farnsworth of Teachers College, Columbia University, is an attempt to demonstrate what method is most effective in making intelligent listeners and musicians of school children. He does not believe in the course that is ordinarily followed, which is "to give to those that have and to slight those that have not"—a course which makes a favorable impression on visitors and principals, but fails to do justice to the majority of pupils. Instead of appealing merely to those who are musically the most talented, Professor Farnsworth thinks "a form of work should be undertaken that will awaken musical thought and expression in the large majority of the class." His suggestions as to how such a result can be brought about cannot but prove helpful to thousands of music teachers, in schools or out. He makes it clear that the requirements of a good lesson—a great deal of interest, concrete illustration, and close application—may be present, and yet the vital part remain untouched.

The most notable aspect of his method is that he virtually begins where others end—with expression. And by expression he does not mean mere variations in the degrees of loudness and speed, but an understanding also of the reasons therefor:

> The hilarious winter song must have something of the shout, while the autumn song requires a subdued tone appropriate to the regret it expresses. There will be a difference in velocity: skating, or sliding, or snowballing, or the scurrying of snowflakes demands a brisk movement of the music; while the passing away of summer, the disappearance of the flowers, the sleep in the cold ground, and the drizzling rain will be expressed by a slower movement.

By the use of songs in which such language ideas as are already familiar to the child coincide with musical ideas, he can be easily led to the proper musical interpretation. The same result is achieved by an appeal to the emotions. Let a child sing, as a mere task, "Good morning, my dearest mamma," and you are likely to hear a thin, meaningless, coarse, or squeaky tone; but "awaken in the child the thought of her mother and of how much she loves her, get her to feel that she is singing good morning to her—and then let the song be sung again; there will be a magical change in its tone quality."

The secret of success in teaching music consists in adopting the Tom Sawyer policy—making the boys and girls think the work imposed on them is a great privilege. An effective plan is to make the class play they are a band. "The children get so interested in such work that the unmusical ones have been observed in process of being coached by the more musical during recess." All this is first-year work. In the second year, Professor Farnsworth would go as far as teaching the children to compose a song collectively and to criticise it. Each one can suggest a line or a tune, or part of one, and the class discusses which is the most suitable. "The argument between the partisans of the different versions is often spirited, and the keenness with which the children give reasons why one is better than another would surprise the person who has never attempted the work."

This is real educating. The difficulty is that only real educators can undertake it. Were there many of this kind the results would be so gratifying that music doubtless would soon have more time allotted to it in the daily schedule. The present volume will accelerate the movement for a more generous allotment of time, and give another blow to the notion that school music is a

mere "frill" or "fad." We have indicated only a few features of this book, relating to the first two years. What the author has to offer for the other six years the reader must ascertain for himself.

Feininger's "Experiential Psychology of Music" is as hard reading as Hegel's metaphysics. The author, who has had much practical experience as a violinist and teacher, seems to have scoured the dictionary of synonyms for the longest and most unusual words, and it is to be feared that in not a few instances he has done this to hide the absence of definite thoughts. Some pages of his book are, indeed, as chaotic as those of Mrs. Eddy's Christian Science bible. He defines music as "a mathematical, a dynamic-experiential, and an executive proposition"; tells us that "all instruments independent of breathing or bowing are constitutionally ungrammatical"; that "with the listener . . . music is externally a state and internally a being, or the truth of one, summed up, by his philosophical mind, as manifold sensations more or less agreeable —according to his experiential judgment." When he comes to give his opinions of the great composers, Mr. Feininger writes more intelligibly.

When Richard Strauss's "Elektra" had its first performance in Dresden, on January 25, 1909, there was as much ado about it as there was about Wagner's Nibelung festival at Bayreuth in 1876, and opinions diverged as widely. Some of the critics declared the new opera to be an advance even over "Salome"—a new milestone in the evolution of dramatic music; while to others it was simply a fresh attempt by a clever man to win temporary popularity and make money by catering to the sensation-loving multitude. Last season Oscar Hammerstein found "Salome" the most profitable opera in his repertory. It was therefore not surprising that he should have entered at once into negotiations for "Elektra." Strauss is a specialist in the making of bargains; he has apparently made up his mind to gather in all the money the world should have given to underpaid composers of the past. He asked $10,000 for the American rights of performance, and an advance guaranty of $18,000 in royalties, and he got them. Whether the manager will rue his bargain remains to be seen. "Elektra" had its first American performance on Tuesday in the Manhattan Opera House, at double the usual prices of seats. Is it "a milestone," or simply an opera manufactured to astonish the multitude with new tricks orchestral, and with sanguinary scenes to harrow the soul? Is it "a prodigious orchestral orgy" or a real music drama?

It must be admitted that the story of "Elektra" is less objectionable than that of "Salome." Strauss's opera is a setting of Von Hofmannsthal's drama, which in turn is based largely on Sophocles's tragedy. Elektra is nearly always on the stage, the personification of deadly hatred and vengeance. Her one thought is the assassination of her mother and the new king, who has killed her father. She tries to persuade her sister to aid her, but Chrysothemis shrinks from the task, which she then prepares to execute alone, with the same axe that had beheaded King Agamemnon in his bath. The return of her brother Orestes relieves her of this duty. The guilty royal pair are slain, and Elektra dances her joy till she falls down dead. Compared with this plot, in all its ghastly details, the blood-and-thunder operas of the "Young Italian School" are pastoral idyls. And the music is equally ghastly. Throughout the hour and three-quarters that the one-act opera lasts, there are only three or four oases of restful melody. All the remainder is a howling wilderness of voices and chaotic orchestral sounds, in which all the rules of composition are trampled under foot. The one thing Strauss seeks to create is "atmosphere"; and in that he certainly succeeds. The score calls for 120 instruments, among them seven trumpets, eight horns, and eight clarinets; there is also an unusual number of violas, to help in creating a sombre mood. As the dance of Salome is accompanied by the most beautiful music in that score, so, in "Elektra," the concluding dance of death is by far the best thing musically in this opera. It is a thrilling climax to which few things in music are comparable, and it will doubtless tempt many to see the opera over and over again for the sake of repeating the experience of the overwhelming finale.

Art.

THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY.

The present writer has sometimes wished that the critics might clean forget their public position and limit their comment on exhibitions to a naïve statement that certain works have thrilled them deeply. Frequently, if this were the policy, nothing need be written at all. The critic's duty would be absolved by the headline and a statement of the duration of the show. An adjustable space of blank paper might be left to indicate just how profound the emotional dearth had been.

Such an amount of truth-telling would, however, make a critic's position soon intolerable, and the present writer means to attempt it only provisionally and with all apologies in the case of the Pennsylvania Academy's 105th annual exhibition. Brush's Portrait of a Lady, and Family Group; Sargent's Joseph Pulitzer; Mary Cassatt's Children Playing with a Cat; a Study of Pæonies, by Wilton Lockwood; Willard Metcalf's solemn hemlock grove entitled Icebound; George Bellows's titanic city bluff with nude boys swarming underneath—these things have emphatically enriched one's experience. Pictures that, while greatly comforting the eye, have produced a more qualified impression, are a lovely blonde hillock by Childe Hassam in the large gallery, Charles Hopkinson's sketch of a mighty surf, Alden Weir's lofty stretch of evening sky in the Hunter's Moon; Ernest Lawson's Heights of Hoboken, for the superb vigor of its foreground contours. Besides these few pictures, many have naturally confirmed tried pleasures, some have hinted challengingly at coming talent, certain ones, like George Bellows's revolting and unforgettable fist fights, have caused an interesting refurbishing of standards, but in general these have not greatly counted in pleasure or in experience. In sculpture, while much was engaging enough, nothing, unless it were Proctor's Bison, seems unqualifiedly memorable. But the visit was the more profitable for Olga Popoff's portrait head of her father, for Chester Beach's lissome bronze lads, and for that captivating bronze Kingfisher, which, with fairly Japanese felicity, young Albert Laessle has set on the proudly curving stem of a natural vine. A large and noble quality in Victor Brenner's group, Nature the Consoler, which had been missed on earlier too slight acquaintance, also rewarded the sojourn in the rotunda devoted to sculpture. In fact, an interesting feature of this exhibition, which contains always many objects familiar to a critic, is the new values that appear under better or at least different lighting and juxtaposition.

Enough has been written to show the complete impracticability of a perfectly open-hearted criticism. It is not tolerable that so little should be said of an exhibition which, in spite of a formidable list of abstainers, represents much of our most recent and most serious effort in sculpture and painting. Of course, the vein of sincerity is not yet quite exhausted. It would be easy but perhaps superfluous to show why Winslow Homer's mid-air tragedy of wild fowl stricken by the flying pellets above a crisping sea is masterly. It would be pleasant to draw the just analogy between the powerful suavity of Sargent's Joseph Pulitzer and the splendid characterization of Van Dyck's Frans Snyders, which New York has recently seen through Henry T. Frick's liberality. To persuade George Bellows that the demonic energy and reality of his ring fights are excesses of a good thing—that without attenuation of force the method could be refined—would be a public service, but he will doubtless find it out for himself. It would be more rewarding perhaps to show how the rich if sombre harmony of Mr. Metcalf's greens, grays, and russets, in his snow invested hemlock grove beside a dark river, is merely the legitimate outgrowth of a highly intelligent and a selective realism. If one simplifies with a sure sense of what is counting, poetic feeling and decorative effectiveness seem to be added unto one automatically. The tense and sparse idiom of Alden

Weir's interpretations of nature has been many times discussed in these columns, nor, except by way of acknowledging a steadily growing felicity of arrangement, is there anything new to say about Brush's beautifully thoughtful work.

The exhibition is perhaps more impressive in mass than in detail. Something like fifteen of our strongest painters are absent, and yet by a discreet combination of invitation with competition a display of singularly level competence has been attained. It is a competence that seldom emerges into an indispensable work of art, but has value as a foundation. After a period of chaos we are working out an approved technique. Our painting begins to assume the orderly aspect of a school. This modern method deserves attention not merely for its own merits, but with regard to older procedures. Except for a few individualists or reactionaries, there is now only one way of applying pigment to canvas—the so-called direct method. There is no underpainting. The virgin surfaces are reworked, very sparsely, usually only by way of accentuation. Glazings are practically abolished, and with them a peculiar velvety loveliness of paint; scumbles are rare. Everything is *premier coup*. So much for manipulation. Hals is the remote patron of the method, and only in a less degree Rubens. Velasquez is the object of much lip-worship, but the drift is away from his blacks and black grays in favor of a very blonde palette. As for the modern color scheme, it is impressionistic, but with a difference. In landscape black and brown have virtually been dismissed, the palette has been simplified, the tendency is rather to gain effects by juxtaposed strokes of pure pigment than by mixing the tone on the palette. Only a few painters limit themselves strictly to the primary colors, but the movement is in this direction. The actual stipplings of Monet are rarely employed consistently. For that matter, the dogma of vibrant points was never essential. Pissaro eschewed it in favor of a delicate touch not unlike that of Fantin or Boudin. Sisley always practised a more fluent gesture. Renoir has bound himself to no formula. In short, the impressionist movement, whose way of seeing nature has pretty well prevailed, was much more than a recipe shop. It dealt the final blow in the long fight against the brown tree with all that the symbol implied. At bottom its warfare was against unbalanced color, and even more against the main cause of disequilibrium, the colorless shadow. And here we should admit that it did most valuable service. How it came about that chiaroscuro was regarded as an end in itself and the chief means of artistic representation, it would take too long to tell. No more woful and disastrous fallacy was ever promulgated. A little study of the great masters of light and shade—Leonardo da Vinci, Giorgione, Correggio, and Rembrandt—will show even a careless eye that with these men chiaroscuro was emphatically not a means of representation but of expression. On simple principles of economy, there is no reason for shading a figure that already exists in virtue of its contours, unless that shadow lends an additional charm.

A corollary to the abolition of the colorless shadow has been the doctrine of the values, which is usually regarded either as an absolute novelty or as a deduction from and extension of the practice of Velasquez. The precious word value means nothing more than that the forms of a picture—or, since they are supposed to be highly simplified in a schematic sense, let us call them its planes—hold their place irrespective of contour and light and shade by the contrasted or harmonized relations of the color masses. Or to put the case more simply, in painting by color values, there is no division between painting and drawing, the method being unitary. Black and its mixtures are inert, and make dead spots in what must be a vibrating mosaic. Hence, black is thrown out of the window. Or rather, one may use it on condition of keying the whole picture in black and white and their mixtures with one other color. Much of Robert Henri's painting is of this kind. In short, we have a very logical distinction between painting in color, rejecting inert elements, and in tone, in which case any pigment may serve as a base. Suppose the way of color to be chosen, then the purples which baffle the plain man become a sheer necessity. Without black the grays inevitably become blue-grays or red-grays. The shadows in green necessarily take a violet tinge—they have it in nature, for that matter—so that the dull green pigment by the aid of the complementary color may simulate the vivacity of translucent foliage. All the secondary color of nature must be exaggerated in order that the poor resources of paint may reinforce each other through contrast and harmony. Having rejected black, the distinction between the highest light and dark of the picture is small, and this must be made up for by multiplying and intensifying the color intervals within the limited register. If one should seek two names to exemplify the consummate application of the new technique to picture-making, Mary Cassatt in figure-painting and Edward W. Redfield in landscape would naturally occur. Not that these painters are absolutely in a class apart, but that they illustrate a perfectly consistent and uneccentric mastery of the leading methods of this new century.

The novelty of this technique has been grossly exaggerated. The impressionist movement is less an innovation than a revival of beautiful methods of painting which persisted well into the eighteenth century. The Venetian school never yielded to the tyranny of the black shadow; the Dutch school, until its decadence, was saved from the artistic *débâcle* by its fine sense of tone. Rubens's whole work, both in the figure and in landscape, was a protest against the cult of the murky shadow, and his art gave the impetus to the sanest production of England and France for more than a century after his death. As for the Venetians, while the tenebrists were destroying any residual beauty in painting, the work of the City of the Lagoon became more defiantly blonde and luminous. Already in the nigh Renaissance Veronese had dispensed with the deep and lustrous shadows of the Giorgionesque tradition, coming at a single stride very near the modern notion of color. Piazetta, nearly a century later, regained the position of Veronese, while Tiepolo and Guardi worked with a limited scale of primaries, large planes, and direct stroke, quite as men try to work to-day. Guardi even understood perfectly the refulgent value of dots in masses, and Monet only improved on this method by using instead of tones mixed on the palette the primary pigments from the tubes. Tiepolo and Canaletto knew all about the placing of the forms through the values. The present writer once had the pleasure of seeing a Canaletto, one-half of which still lacked the dry linear finish. That portion had the exquisite balance of a Whistler. These things are recalled because of the amazing shortness of the memory of painters.

As a matter of fact the most significant traits of the modern style are contained in the painting of Rubens and Tiepolo. The former taught the use of the primaries and of frank color in shadow, the latter keyed the whole scale a little higher and added a more studied practice of atmospheric color balance. A more screaming luminosity than that of Tiepolo's best ceilings is possibly found in Sorolla, but there has been small available or desirable gain in sheer luminosity of paint since the last great Venetian stopped working. Where we have gained is in the application of frank painting and the blonde color scale—which, on the whole, had been exploited for purely decorative purposes—to the realistic matter of landscape. Our vision has grown finer for certain effects which the ancients neglected or merely summarized. In a sense, nearly everything that really counts in modern landscape is already potential in Rubens. But his landscapes are on a lower scale than is preferred to-day, and admit a depth of shadow and contrast of colors that a modern practitioner would avoid. Our technical advance has been rather slight. The coruscating quality of the dotted tech-

nique is a small and transient advantage. The real battle has been to preserve in the bright and limited scale the impression of full and sonorous color. The danger is lest biondeness degenerate into the generalized pink bloom of Boucher, or attenuate itself more acceptably in the nacreous grays of Fragonard. If modern art has gained in executive perfection, it is along the line of obtaining sonority without strong contrasts. What is meant may be illustrated by any figure of Mary Cassatt's, but is perhaps better exemplified in that *chef d'œuvre* of the modern spirit and method, Renoir's Mme. Charpentier and Her Children, at the Metropolitan Museum. That such painting absolutely excels a fine Rubens need not be asserted. Enough that it is freer from convention, closer in its harmonies, and a shade more colorful.

Certain tendencies in modern painting have not been discussed, because their vogue is passing, or because their modernity is in question. Whistler has not been lugged in, for example, though his influence, particularly in portraiture, is still strong. It may seem strange that nothing should be said of the newest ferment in Paris—of those self-made barbarians who are attempting to bring the art of design to what they conceive to be first principles. The excuse is patent that nothing represents this new tendency conspicuously at the exhibition which is the occasion of these digressions. It may be suggested that so far as the cult of Matisse imposes simple and mighty contours upon an art still debilitated by various formalisms, it can only have a tonic effect. The imposition of purely abstract color is neither wholesome nor compatible with the progress of our art. The attempt implies a deficient culture and an unhopeful, because abnormal, individualism. That the painters of Tibet have prevailed along these lines is beside the mark. The arbitrary color of the hieratic schools of the Far East was an established religious convention. In accepting it the artist put himself in social bonds which became means of strength. Such conventions are always useful, but they cannot be improvised successfully, even by the boldest inhabitant of Montmartre or Batignolles. M.

A small handbook on "Pottery of the Near East," by Garrett Chatfield Pier, a young curator at the Metropolitan Museum, should be welcomed by collectors; for, though the potteries of mediæval Egypt, Damascus, and a half dozen other makes roughly classified as Rhodian have long been sought by amateurs, there is singularly little information on the subject. Mr. Pier's bibliography, for example, includes only five names of authors. By citing journal articles it would have been only slightly extended. This little book is highly condensed, giving merely the distinguishing points of the various makes, and depending largely upon the sixty-four plates. It records the recent remarkable discoveries of glazed bowls, etc., at Rakka, in Mesopotamia, and at old Cairo. From contentious issues—the invention of lustre ware and the theories about silicious glazes in the early Christian era—Mr. Pier keeps himself free. The scope of his manual hardly permitted such digressions. We may here record an opinion that vitreous glazes, scantily represented in the ruins of Pompeii, were constantly made in Italy, after their introduction from Egypt, and *a fortiori* in Asia Minor. We merely lack examples from the earlier centuries of our era, and any day a well or a mound may give up these missing links. It is unlikely, in short, that so simple and useful a manufacture, once introduced, should have been forgotten. To the collector who already has some slight acquaintance with the typical glazes and patterns Mr. Pier's book will be constantly useful. With this aid it should be possible to place all but the more ambiguous pieces. It may do a good service too in directing students to the Metropolitan from the rapidly growing collections of which many of its illustrations are taken. The book is published by Putnams.

Mr. Bernhard Berenson needs no apology for republishing in a book his *Burlington Magazine* articles on Sassetta, "A Sienese Painter of the Franciscan Legend." The publisher, John Lane Co., has made a beautiful little book, provided with twenty-six collotype illustrations. Stefano di Giovanni, called Sassetta, is indeed one of the most winning painters of the fifteenth century. Not even Fra Angelico exceeds him in tenderness. Even in Siena, where sensitive calligraphy was the rule in picture making, and admirable handling of tempera colors expected, Sassetta's position is a high one. Mr. Berenson's theme is the Franciscan polyptych made for Borgo San Sepolcro, and now widely scattered in public and private collections. By comparing Sassetta's illustrations with those of Giotto and his school at Assisi and Florence, the conclusion is reached that the lesser man is far more faithful to the spirit of the Franciscan legend. Giotto and his pupils in comparison are blockish and insensitive. They are seeking a perfection of representation that is not compatible with the spiritual import of their themes. So is opened the large question of imaginative as contrasted with realistic design, which Mr. Berenson touches suggestively without exhausting, illustrating it from Buddhist painting of the Far East. In asserting that imaginative design must forego emphatic bulk and depend upon eloquence of contour he seems to be on safe ground. Sesshiu, Blake, Puvis, obviously exemplify this practice. We think he might have made a point which artists often fail to perceive, namely, that representative design unless superlatively successful is quite valueless. That ideal leaves no place for mediocrity, and this explains the absolute inertness of nine-tenths of European painting. Expressive or imaginative design, on the contrary, admits degrees of success. All the way down till failure is neared the result has a relative value. That is why Japan and China, until commercialism intervened, produced singularly little uninteresting painting. At all points Mr. Berenson's book is stimulative of such reflections. His subject being Sassetta as a Franciscan painter, the other pictures are treated summarily. A very little revision would have made the story complete, and we are sorry that these slight additions were not made. Our readers may be glad to learn that, apart from the example in the Jarves collection, New Haven, there are two fine saints' legends by Sassetta in the private collection of D. F. Platt, esq., at Englewood, N. J.

Stanhope Alexander Forbes, the English painter, who has exhibited many pictures (frequently of the *genre* type) at the Royal Academy, was elected a Royal Academician on January 6. At the same time, Ernest George, architect; William Orpen, painter, and Derwent Wood, sculptor, were made associates of the Academy, and Jean Baptiste Detaille was chosen Honorary Foreign Academician.

Johann Frederick Nikolai Vermehren, the distinguished Danish *genre* painter, died in Copenhagen last week. He was born in Zealand, the son of a glazier of Dutch extraction, and studied in Copenhagen, where his first picture was exhibited in 1848. The Reservist's Farewell, one of his best known pictures, is in the Art Museum of Copenhagen. He taught many of the best Danish painters.

Finance.

THE "STEEL TRUST DIVIDEND."

Events of the past week in Wall Street have brought to the front once more, and in an exceedingly striking way, the stock of the United States Steel Corporation. What has happened on this occasion was the announcing, through a "regular" and an "extra" dividend, of the largest disbursement ever made at any one date to holders of the common shares; that announcement being preceded, last week, by a decline of 4 points in the stock and followed by a further 1-point break. At its low price of the week, the stock sold on the Exchange 13¾ points below the top level reached in the wild speculation of last autumn, in which it was the conspicuous leader.

This very recent episode is so manifest a sequel to the incidents of 1909 that the present situation cannot well be understood except by glancing back at what actually happened last year. Prior to 1909, the dividend history of the company had been somewhat dramatic. Organized in April, 1901, one-third of its $508,000,000 new common stock was issued to buy the common shares of five existing combinations, on which no dividends were being paid. Nevertheless, the Steel Corporation itself paid 4 per cent. annual dividends, from the very start, on all of its own common stock. The company had been in existence hardly two years, when trade reaction so far cut down its earnings that, for part of 1904, not only was nothing earned on the common stock, but the "cumulative" preferred stock

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dividend was only partly earned. Between December, 1903, and October, 1906, the common stock dividend was suspended; in 1906 a sufficiently conservative policy was adopted in restoring the annual dividend at the rate of 2 per cent.

This continued until 1909. The property had gone through the panic of 1907 without disaster, though with net earnings, during half the ensuing year, cut down 50 per cent. from the year preceding. Its business was gradually recovering; but earnings had not at the opening of 1909, and they have not since that time, increased to the high level of 1907 and 1906. Nevertheless, a furious speculation in the common stock began, seemingly under the auspices of interests dominant in the management. Starting at the price of 41 in February of last year, the stock—whose highest previous level, even in the greatest "trade booms," had been 58¾—was advanced to 94⅞ in October. The market movement itself bore all the signs of manipulation on an extensive scale. There were days when one-third of a whole day's trading, in a hundred or more stocks active on the Exchange, was made up of Steel common—a phenomenon wholly inconceivable, even to professional Wall Street, on the supposition of bona-fide purchases by one set of individuals or interests from another.

To account for this extraordinary rise in price, two explanations were given out to Wall Street. One was, that the stock was about to be officially "listed" on the Paris Bourse, by way of attracting into the speculation the rich French investment community. The secret history of this negotiation has not been written; it would probably be interesting. The plan broke through, eventually, because of the French Government's interference. There remained the other explanation for the rise in the Steel Corporation's common stock—that the dividend rate was to be progressively increased, and that "Steel common would sell at par." In July, 1909, the directors increased the quarterly dividend from ½ to ¾ per cent.; in October, from ¾ to 1 per cent. The break in the stock from its high price of 94⅞ had begun before the October action on the dividend. Another quarterly meeting of the Steel Corporation's directors occurred on Tuesday of last week, after the day's closing on the Stock Exchange. On Monday, Steel common broke nearly 3 points, under sales once more one-third as large as the day's total business in all stocks. On Tuesday, the stock broke 3 points more. It was then announced, from the directors' meeting, that not only had a 1 per cent. quarterly dividend been declared on the common stock, as in October, but that an extra dividend of ¾ of 1 per cent. would also be paid from the earnings of 1909.

So far as concerns the market, it is only necessary to say that the price of Steel common was put up 2 or 3 points overnight, that enormous selling followed on the Exchange next day, and that it has continued. In regard to last week's extra dividend, there are several aspects in which that incident was interesting. It was first of all, no doubt, as the *Iron Age* put the matter, "an expression of confidence in the future." It has also a sentimental interest. When the extra dividend was predicted, early in the week, such predictions were based on the ground that the corporation's controlling interests did not wish to leave 1909 as a whole with any worse showing, in the matter of dividend distributions, than 1902, the only other year for which 4 per cent. was paid in full.

There was another Stock Exchange theory, that the extra dividend was a compromise with people who insisted on an annual rate of 5 per cent. This had its origin, probably, in the directors' action of July, 1906, when dividends on "Steel common" were resumed after nearly two years' suspension. It was then alleged that one party wanted a 2 per cent. annual dividend, and another 4 per cent.; for a compromise, one-half of 1 per cent. was declared for the June quarter of 1905, and another one-half of 1 per cent. for the quarter preceding.

But the real point of interest is the relation of the dividend paid to the earnings of the company. It hardly need be said that the net earnings of 1909 were smaller than those of 1907, or 1906. Most people will, however, be surprised to learn that notwithstanding all the increase in plant since 1902, through acquisition of the important Union Steel, Clairton Steel, and Tennessee Coal and Iron plants, and through extensive new construction, last year's net earnings of the Steel Corporation did not equal those of 1902.

Before paying the 4 per cent. common-stock dividend for 1909, a balance of $53,859,000 was left from the year's surplus earnings. This compared with a similar balance of $79,345,000 in 1907, of $72,908,000 in 1906, and of $64,586,000 in 1902, the first full year of the company's operation. Out of this balance in 1907, the company appropriated $54,000,000 for improvements and new construction, and $10,166,000 for common dividends. Out of 1906, it put $50,000,000 into construction and $10,166,000 into common dividends. From the balance of 1902—a year when the company's plant, as has been shown already, was very much smaller than to-day—$10,000,000 was applied to construction and $20,332,000 to the common stock. For 1909, $18,200,000 went to construction and $20,337,000 to the shares. Clearly, the policy of 1909 is the policy of 1902, and not of 1907 and 1906.

But, it is answered, the Gary plant is

finished and new construction no longer an urgent necessity. As to this, the *Iron Age*, a high technical authority on such points, remarked last November:

When in such years as 1908 these appropriations are suspended, there is nothing more certain than that they must be resumed later, and on a scale compensating for the omissions of periods of leanness. . . . In the period of prosperity the industry is facing, it is to be expected that a return will be made to the scale of appropriations that marked the last years of good earnings. It would not be surprising, in view of the tentative plans of some of the subsidiary companies for extensions, the further requirements of the Gary programme, and most of all, the activities of the Steel Corporation's competitors in new construction, if the amounts set aside in 1910 and 1911 exceeded the average of 1906 and 1907.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allen, L. W. The Triumph of Love: A Poem. Putnam. $1.25 net.

American Addresses at the Second Hague Peace Conference. Delivered by J. H. Choate, H. Porter, and J. B. Scott. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.65.

Art Prices Current, 1908-9. Vol. II. Dodd, Mead.

Bailey, W. W. Poems. Providence: Preston & Rounds Co.

Bard, H. E. The City School District. Teachers College, Columbia Univ. $1.

Bartlett, F. O. The Seventh Noon. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.50.

Biel, F. The Powder Puff. From the German. Duffield.

Churchill, W. S. Liberalism and the Social Problem. Doran Co. $1.50 net.

Coleman, G. W. Searchlights. Boston: Golden Rule Co. 75 cents.

Crowe, J. A., and Cavalcaselle, G. B. A New History of Painting in Italy. Vol. II. Dutton. $5 net.

Davis, W. M. Geographical Essays. Boston: Ginn & Co. $2.75.

Dionysius of Halicarnassus on Literary Composition. Edited, with intro., translation, etc., by W. R. Roberts. Macmillan. $3 net.

Eliot, C. W. The Religion of the Future. Stokes. 50 cents net.

Evans, A. J. Scripta Minoa: the Written Documents of Minoan Crete. Vol. I. Frowde. $12.75 net.

"Fiona Macleod" (William Sharp), Works, Vol. I: Pharais and The Mountain Lovers. Duffield. $1.50 net.

Foster, R. F. Cab No. 44. Stokes Co.

Fuld, L. F. Police Administration: A Study of Police Organizations in the U. S. and Abroad. Putnam. $3 net.

Gardner, P. Modernity and the Churches. Putnam.

Gaskell, E. C. Sylvia's Lovers. (World's Classics.) Frowde.

Gore, C. Order and Unity. Dutton. $1.35 net.

Greene, E. L. Landmarks of Botanical History. Part I.—Prior to 1562 A. D. Washington: Smithsonian Institution.

Gréville, H. Dosia. With Intro., notes, etc., by T. E. Hamilton. Boston: Heath & Co. 45 cents.

Harnack, A. Monasticism: Its Ideals and History, and the Confessions of St. Augustin. Translated into English by E. E. Kellett and F. H. Marseille. Putnam.

Herter, C. A. Imagination and Idealism in the Medical Sciences. Chicago: Press of the Amer. Med. Assn.

Heyse, P. Anfang und Ende. Edited, with notes, vocabulary, etc., by A. Busse. Boston: Ginn & Co. 35 cents.

Hitchcock, E. A. Fifty Years in Camp and Field. Diary, edited by W. A. Croffut. Putnam. $4 net.

Hult, J. Reveries and Other Poems. Putnam. $1.25 net.

Huntington, H. From the Cup of Silence and Other Poems. Putnam.

Jones, H. Tennyson. Read Oct. 27, 1909, before the Council of the British Academy. Frowde.

Joslyn, R. W. The Philosophy of Happiness. Elgin, Ill.; Normalist Pub. Co.

Kellogg, R. J. German Verb Blank. Boston: Ginn & Co. 35 cents.

Kleber, J. C. The Master Spirit. Cochrane Pub. Co. $1.50.

Laprade, W. T. England and the French Revolution, 1789-1797. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press.

Loti, P. Egypt. Translated from the French by W. P. Barnes. Duffield. $2.50 net.

Marshall, H. E. The Child's English Literature. With colored pictures. Stokes Co.

Martin, C. F. The French Verb. Amer. Book Co. $1.25.

Moffatt, J. George Meredith: A Primer to the Novels. Doran Co. $1.25 net.

Naville, E. The Old Egyptian Faith. Translated by C. Campbell. Putnam.

Old-lore Series. No. 20, Orkney, Shetland, Caithness and Sutherland; No. 21, Orkney and Shetland Records; No. 22, Caithness and Sutherland. London: Viking Club.

Oxford English Dictionary. Vol. VIII, Romanity-Roundness. Frowde. 60 cents.

Peters, J. P. Modern Christianity. Putnam. $1.50 net.

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Proceedings of the Child Conference for Research and Welfare, Held at Clark Univ., July, 1909. Stechert. $1.50.

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Richards, C. C. Diary—1852-1872. Naples, N. Y.: Mrs. E. C. Clarke. $1.25.

Schiller's Jungfrau von Orleans. Edited, with notes, vocabulary, etc., by P. S. Allen. Boston: Ginn & Co. 70 cents.

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Smithsonian Miscellaneous Collections. Quarterly Issue, Part 4, Vol. V. Washington.

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Suess, E. The Face of the Earth. Trans. by H. B. C. Sollas. Vol. IV. Frowde $7.75.

Sugar. Select List of References. Compiled under the direction of H. H. B. Meyer. Washington: Government Ptg. Office. 25 cents.

Weiss, A. Intro. to the Philosophy of Art. Berkeley: University of California.

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[Entered at the New York City Post Office as second-class mail matter.]

The *Nation* is published and owned by the New York Evening Post Co. Oswald Garrison Villard, President; William J. Pattison, Treasurer; Paul Elmer More, Editor.

Three dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada $3.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union $4.00.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1910.

The Week.

The clique that rules in the Senate and guides the destinies of this nation must be beginning to wonder whether their tariff victory of last summer was not, after all, of the Pyrrhic order. When a befooled and disillusioned country voiced its resentment against the Aldrich and Cannon crowd, there must have been few who believed that punishment could come so soon after them. If there was hope of relief, it was of relief in some extraordinary way. The guilty men might die or be suddenly converted or go mad and resign. But who was sanguine enough to foresee that within half a year Cannon would be a sinking craft, and that they of the innermost circle of Olympus, Hale of Maine, Lodge of Massachusetts, Scott of West Virginia, would be anxious about their places in the Senate? Insurgency has become a nation-wide disease within the Republican party. When the closed Senatorial preserves in New England begin to fall away from their feudal owners we seem to be indeed on the eve of a *débâcle*. It is now impossible that the Aldrich-Cannon crowd can ever play another thimble-rigging game on the country. The question is whether they can escape the consequences of their past deeds.

The Administration policy of perfect frankness is plainly being followed in Ohio. It is openly admitted by the President that there is great danger of the Republicans losing his own State this year. Hence the need of beginning in February a campaign to prevent the re-election of Gov. Harmon in November. After frequent conferences at the White House, the Ohio Senators, with members of the Republican State Committee, decided that something vigorous must be done, and accordingly Mr. Wade Ellis resigns from the Department of Justice to take charge of the campaign in Ohio. He has been known as the chief "Trust-buster" of the Administration, but while it is important to curb Trusts, it is still more important to curb Harmon. This preliminary display advertisement will, of course, fix the attention of the country upon the fight in Ohio, and make the Democratic Governor of that Republican State even more of a national figure than before. If he wins, or makes a rousing campaign while failing of actual election, his nomination by the Democrats for the Presidency in 1912 will be highly probable. The elaborate preparations of the Administration to make war upon him will necessarily work towards that result.

The full text of the Federal incorporation bill proposed by the Administration is now published and it proves the so-called "outline" of the measure, printed a week or two ago in some of the newspapers, to have been based on rather absurd misinformation. The bill as drafted does not at all give a free hand to holding companies. It does provide machinery whereby a corporation may be formed under a Federal charter "to take over the property and business of any existing corporation" chartered by a State; but the primary purpose of the provision seems to be simply to enable State-chartered corporations to reorganize under the Federal law. Even this change of form is surrounded by careful restrictions. It must be approved by vote of two-thirds of the capital stock of the corporation whose business is to be acquired; it must be favorably passed on, after investigation and appraisal, by the Commissioner of Corporations, and it holds legally responsible for any mis-statement the directors applying for such transfer of property. Furthermore, the proposed bill explicitly provides that if the Sherman Act or any other Federal law shall be violated, through contracts, combinations, or attempt to monopolize interstate commerce, the offending corporation's charter shall be forfeited and a receiver appointed for it. Clauses affecting issue of both stock and bonds are drawn with the manifest view to preventing such financial exploits as the industrial combinations of 1899 and 1901, on the basis of inflated capital, and the bonding of numerous railways in 1902, and of the Union Pacific particularly in 1906, for the purpose of buying other railway stocks at inflated prices. As matters stand to-day, there is little probability of the enactment of such a law in the present session of Congress. It is well, however, to have so careful and thorough a draft of the plan made public at this time, so that criticism, favorable and unfavorable, may be given to it.

Ex-Senator Edmunds's letter to Mr. Charles P. Howland on the Anti-Trust Law presents more than one element of unusual interest. In the first place, it comes from a man of eighty-two, but is written with a vigor and incisiveness much more suggestive of twenty-eight; and it comes from a man who was, for a generation, one of the small and remarkable group of great lawyers in the United States Senate. There are, in Mr. Edmunds's letter, two particular statements of fact that deserve special notice. The first is that the Anti-Trust Act, which is habitually referred to under the name of Senator Sherman, was not his work, or the work of any other member of the Finance Committee; it was completely rewritten by the Judiciary Committee, and was really the work of "one of the members of that committee"—which is merely Mr. Edmunds's way of saying that it was his own work. The other particular statement of fact is that, in the Knight case, the decision in which did so much to weaken the efficacy of the law, the feeling of members of the bar of the Supreme Court was that the case had been very feebly and inefficiently presented to the court. As for Mr. Edmunds's general views, they agree with a growing conviction in and out of Government circles—that a vigorous upholding of the law along lines that time will make plainer is capable of accomplishing great and vitally needed results. No law administers itself; and in establishing a law so comprehensive and complex in scope, we must be prepared for difficulties and delays.

The verdict last Friday of a jury at Hartford fixing at $74,000 the damages which the hatters' union must pay to a firm whose business it had sought to cripple or destroy by means of a boycott, is only a logical carrying out of the decision of the Supreme Court. The question of law was taken before that tribunal on demurrer, and it held that a labor union was exactly on the footing

of a corporation in being subject to prosecution for conspiring to stifle competition and obstruct the flow of interstate commerce. After that, the facts being established, it was only left for a jury to assess the damages in accordance with the law. Here is no question of refusing workingmen the right to combine, no quarrel about "government by injunction," but just the simple principle that laboring men and labor unions must submit like everybody else to the law of the land. An appeal is to be taken on the ground that the damages are excessive—they are automatically tripled by the Anti-Trust Act, so that the total would be $222,000—and doubtless the lawfulness of making the individual members of the union liable will be argued before the courts. That is within the rights of the men. They are as much entitled as millionaire bankers to exhaust their legal remedies. But the more thoughtful and sober leaders of labor organizations must see that, with the law laid down as it was in the Gompers case and now in the case of the Danbury hatters, such boycotts must be abandoned as illegal.

The refusal of Western railways to comply with the demands of the firemen for a heavy increase of wages and other changes was accompanied by an expression of willingness to arbitrate the question of wages. This would seem to indicate a recognition of the changed conditions that must be reckoned with, and probably, above all, of the advance of prices. Whatever the causes of increased price, the increase itself is a palpable fact, and one that is world-wide in its manifestation; and all employers of labor will have to give this fact adequate recognition sooner or later. What was insisted on, in season and out of season, by the opponents of free silver is now taking place, though the era of advancing prices has come about in quite other ways than the adoption of Mr. Bryan's proposal. The working people of the country were warned that when the dollar was cheapened—that is, when prices were raised—they would be among the last to have the higher scale of prices applied to what they had to sell, labor. This was the experience of the civil war days, with the greenback standard, and it is our experience now. Salaries, of course, are slowest of all to rise, and go up, naturally enough, only after it has become perfectly clear that the new scale of prices has become fixed; but next after salaries in slowness are wages. The time has now arrived, however, for a general recognition of the question of wages as related to high prices, and thoughtful employers of labor will not ignore it.

The fact that Mr. Procter has withdrawn his offer of half a million to Princeton University will excite keen interest among all who appreciate the influence exercised by our colleges and universities upon the tone of national life. Just what the precise questions were upon which disagreement developed is not clear at the time of this writing; but the essential nature of the difficulty is no secret. On the one side are those who find nothing to object to in the growth at our colleges of luxury and of social distinctions based on wealth. On the other side are those who look upon these developments as an evil in their immediate effect upon the young men involved in them, and as an even more serious evil in their effect upon the spirit of the place. They find the prominence of luxurious living and of the exclusiveness of wealth tending to displace learning and intellectual distinction from its natural position of dominance in the college world; and they find it subversive of the democratic ideals for which American institutions of education ought to stand. Between these two mental attitudes there is an irrepressible conflict. All the pressure of circumstance is in favor of the steady growth of luxury, and if it is to be resisted, it can only be by persistent firmness in opposing it in the face of temptation. If, as seems clearly to be the case, President Wilson has been actuated by this feeling in taking his position on this question, he and the trustees who have sided with him have earned the approval of the whole country.

Aside from the forces that are silently operating everywhere to raise the scale of luxury and to make wealth a predominant factor in all human relations, the American college has been subject to two special influences. The first is the general ambition to grow in numbers; the second is the desire to stand well with a class from which it so largely derives its financial resources. In view of these things it can, we believe, be said truthfully that the colleges have done better than there might have been good reason to fear that they would do. The democratic idea has remained fundamental; the encroachment of plutocratic notions and of snobbish standards has continued to be nothing more than encroachment, though sometimes a very serious one. But while the colleges have done better than might easily have been feared, they have not done so well as might reasonably have been hoped. Many a departure from sound traditions and worthy ideals has been permitted for want of a firm assertion of principle. And such assertion has a value far transcending the immediate purpose that called it forth. It has a tonic influence as a pronouncement of attitude, over and above its direct effect.

The Maryland Legislature has, for some years, been making the small annual grant of $25,000 to the Johns Hopkins, and it appears that there is some danger of this grant being discontinued by the present Legislature. Such action could be justified only on the theory that to keep money in the State Treasury is a gain to the State, no matter how much value there might be to the State in its expenditure. The Johns Hopkins University does for Maryland what no other establishment does. It is the only institution of higher learning in the State. Its presence supplies a stimulus to intellectual activity and ambition, the value of which to the people of Maryland is inestimable. It has, in the past thirty years, done more to give distinction to the State and to its chief city than any other agency. It has caused the adoption throughout the country of higher university standards than had previously been known; and it has itself maintained these standards in the face of great difficulties, its financial condition being in painful contrast with that of any of its principal rivals.

So the garrulous, cowardly, spiteful blackbird in Rostand's barnyard masterpiece is supposed to typify the press! For who has suffered from the stupidity and impertinences of a debased press like Edmond Rostand, unless it be George Bernard Shaw or Richard Strauss? These tender souls, so averse to the slightest taint of publicity, so timid in confiding their hopes and their

doubts to a great, big, bouncing world, naturally fall into the tradition of whacking the newspaper in the sacred name of Art. Hundreds of thousands of dollars in advance royalties, and the four corners of the globe waiting breathless for the masterpiece to be translated and put on—such things bear testimony to an art of publicity compared with which the idle gossip of the reporter is like the first tottering footsteps of the babe in arms. Balzac was never tired of picturing a debased press which blackmailed vice and sold two-line notices to deserving virtue at exorbitant prices. Conditions may still be the same to-day. Nevertheless, the law of compensation that rules the universe sees to it that the successful genius shall exact from the editors ten columns of free newspaper notice for every stickful the struggling artist must purchase with his money or his self-respect.

The British Labor party is rent between joy at its increased influence as holder, with the Nationalists, of the balance of power in Parliament, and sorrow at its actual loss in numbers. From nearly sixty in the last Parliament, the Laborites have dropped to forty-odd, a loss proportionately larger than that the Liberals suffered. This falls in line with the general trend of the election, which was a triumph of moderate opinion. The Labor members, as the extreme left wing of the Government coalition, were bound to suffer most. The outcome, so far as Government policy is concerned, is as yet uncertain—how uncertain is shown by such widely differing rumors as that which relegates the radicals, Lloyd-George and Winston Churchill, to a back seat in the Cabinet, and that which foresees the inclusion of one or two Labor members in the new Government. In theory, there is no reason why Mr. Asquith should, on the face of the country's pronouncement, give added recognition to the Laborites. In practice, there are their forty valuable votes to be taken into account. One probable result will be greater recognition for the Laborites by the Government, accompanied by a greater moderation on the part of the Labor members themselves.

On the adjustment of our tariff relations with Germany upon the basis of minimum duties on both sides, the people of both countries have reason to congratulate themselves. There probably was at no time any strong reason for fearing a different conclusion to the negotiations, though certain stumbling-blocks, owing to the shortness of the time at the disposal of the negotiators, threatened the possibility of failure. The bottom fact was that the responsible heads of both Governments were too sensible of the mischief that would be done by a tariff war to do otherwise than make every effort for mutual satisfaction. The potash trouble, which suddenly obscured the sky, we hear nothing of to-day; presumably all ground for objection on our part was removed when it was made plain that there would be no violation of existing contracts with American concerns. President Taft has earned, and will receive, recognition for his successful management of a difficult negotiation. At the same time, there is always, to any mind with a trace of philosophical detachment, an element of the ludicrous in the solemn rejoicing of two protectionist countries when they have succeeded in preventing an aggravation of the difficulties which their tariffs naturally interpose. It may be a good thing not to have the bars put up higher than they are; but it is a bit funny that people who insist on a six-foot fence and think it a priceless blessing, should be so very sure that to be saved from a seven-foot fence is an occasion for devout thanksgiving.

The secret workings of reaction in Russia are now dragged into the light through the efforts of Vladimir Burtseff, a scholar of radical affiliations, who has made the study of the Russian revolutionary movement his life-work. His disclosures regarding the system of espionage by which the Russian Government combated and crushed the revolutionary movement which began in 1905, are by this time fairly familiar. That system, in a few words, consisted in having agents of the secret police take a leading part in the revolutionary propaganda and initiate acts of terrorism in order to supply the Government with an opportunity and an excuse for employing ruthless methods of repression. The Government's spies penetrated into the very heart of the revolutionary councils. It was a terrific shock to those who have the cause of Russian reform closely at heart when Vladimir Burtseff, about a year ago, proved, before a revolutionary tribunal in session at Paris, that Azeff, the leading spirit in the Central Committee of the Socialist-Revolutionary Party, was a government spy. The revelation was both a shock and a tragedy. It meant that for years the revolution had been fighting an utterly hopeless fight. It meant that thousands of Russian men and women had gone to their death, not in a struggle against tremendous odds, but in a struggle that offered the opponents of the Government no chance at all.

But the Azeff affair had also its almost comic aspects. It threw a glaring light on the mixture of ruthlessness and inefficiency, of stupidity and cunning, of Imperial despotism, bureaucratic wire-pulling, and more or less petty palace intrigue, which goes by the name of government in Russia. Repression had not even the excuse of high effectiveness, such as, for instance, a secret police system would have in Germany. While the Government's agents were fighting the revolution, they were busy betraying one another. The fact is that Azeff, although a traitor to the revolution did bring about the assassination of the minister of the interior, Von Plehve, in 1904, and of the Czar's uncle, the Grand Duke Sergius, in February of the following year. How came it that an agent of the Government, even if it was necessary for him to play out the full revolutionary rôle, was allowed to strike so perilously near to the throne? The answer is found in the jealousies and intrigues of the Government's hired men. The police at Moscow were at odds with the police at St. Petersburg, and the regular police authorities at St. Petersburg were jealous of the extraordinary authority that came to be vested in General Trepoff, upon whom devolved the special task of guarding the Czar's sacred person. To protect the Czar, General Trepoff needed a man like Azeff, and if Azeff, to keep his hold on the revolutionary movement, found it necessary to kill a minister or a grand duke, he was practically allowed to. It was personal politics with a vengeance within the ranks of the government's defenders. It was government by chaos; and to this may be attributed the long stand the revolutionaries managed to make in spite of the odds against them.

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In the ever-repeated contest between the "practical politician" and the "fool reformer," the reformer is always getting the worst of the fight. He never "gets there." His childishness, self-conceit, folly, want of horse sense, is the constant theme of the successful politician and the clever newspaper man. He makes a mess of every favorable situation, he lets every practical opportunity pass him by. He is constantly fighting the bosses, and the bosses simply laugh in their sleeves; they know that their business is a solid institution, whose foundations rest on the bed rock of human nature, while he is a feather-brained enthusiast, tilting at a castle of stone with a wooden spear. They let him play at the game of reform, and get what amusement he may out of it, while they go on their way as if he were not. He may make a deal of noise in the newspapers, but when it comes to counting the votes he is not "in it." In fact, if it were not for his incurable childishness, he would long ago have given up trying to accomplish anything, seeing that he hardly ever scores a success, and when he does is unable to hold its fruits for any length of time.

This is what we hear from the practical politician and from many practical men who are not politicians, and it is what a surface view of events may seem to justify. But when we come to think about the matter, we see that something else is happening besides the carrying of elections, either by the friends or the enemies of political improvement. Just as, in struggles between parties, the defeated side may impose upon the victorious party the necessity of adopting the very policy against which it had been fighting—as was done sixty years ago in England by the free-traders, as has been done more recently by the Democratic party in our own country in some important directions—so the reform agitations in our politics, while continually meeting with defeat, are continually bringing about the results toward which they are directed. The classic instance of this is the case of civil service reform. There has never been a time when it could be said that civil-service reform had at last carried the country, or had come anywhere near carrying the country. It began as an agitation stirred by a little group of earnest men, and advocated by a very few superior journals; and from that day to this, it has never counted among its genuine adherents more than a small minority of the members of Congress. But at an early stage it got itself embodied in an act of Congress, at a time when the public conscience was peculiarly roused; and in the face of the aversion and hostility of the great majority of Congressmen, it has grown stronger and stronger ever since. At the present time its principles govern appointments and promotions in about 200,000 Federal offices; every President, every high executive officer, has for years been emphatically its friend; and there is scarcely a respectable newspaper in the country that is not its hearty supporter. And all this has been accomplished by the steady pressure exercised by the merit of the cause. It must be traced to its source in the persistent efforts of a handful of men who were laughed at for years as the most visionary of visionaries, the most unpractical of theorists.

What is thus exhibited on a national scale and in a clear-cut way in this conspicuous instance manifests itself less definitely, but no less effectively, in a thousand shapes in other governmental matters, both national and local. In spite of all deficiencies and discouragements, the standard of American city government is steadily rising, and has advanced far beyond what was familiar to the men of twenty or forty years ago. The opportunity for abuses is tenfold what it was in those simpler days, but abuses are held in check by an increase in the efficacy of public opinion and by a great change in the standards of public judgment. And this has not come to pass of itself. It has been brought about by unceasing effort, and especially by the fight for reform, ever beaten and ever renewed. If the "Oh, well" people had had their way—the people who would admit that thus and so was very bad, but who knew that nothing could be done about it and that it was sure to stay—we should have been not only as badly off as ever, but a great deal worse. Again and again, the politicians have won, but had first been made so uncomfortable that they found it best to "pander to the better element." Whenever a painful inch has been won in this way, it has been pretty sure to stay won; and by slow accumulation we have gained in the course of time a great deal. Many a thing which would have been a matter of course in the days of Fernando Wood or of A. Oakey Hall would to-day seem to Tammany itself too shocking to be thought of.

Sanguine people in Boston, it is stated, are hoping that Mayor-elect Fitzgerald will be as good as some of his promises, and a great deal better than his record. They point to Mayor Gaynor, and say: "Is he not on his mettle, and trying to justify himself after all the unkind words spoken in the New York campaign? Well, that is the case with Fitzgerald." Now, whatever may be the case as to either Mr. Gaynor or Mr. Fitzgerald—two men, by the way, about as different as possible, in their past record—certain it is that precisely that thing has happened again and again; the reformers and the "kickers" have been beaten at the election, but have in large measure had their will nevertheless. Their candidates have failed to get the offices, but their principles have been recognized by those who did. Thus, though from day to day, it may have seemed as if nothing was being accomplished, a glance backward through the decades shows that the good work has yielded good and substantial fruit.

THE ARMY ELIMINATION BILL.

We have received within the last ten days many requests from army officers for aid in opposing Senate bill 1018, which provides for promotion in the army by elimination. Introduced in similar form in 1906 and 1908, it is now being vigorously pushed in Washington, by those who are hopeful of its passage because it does not carry an immediate and definite increase in expenditure. Its purpose is to insure a regular flow of promotion at a rate sufficient in the opinion of the War Department to bring officers into the upper grades at an age it deems desirable. This the bill does by providing annual elimination of officers—if there be not sufficient vacancies caused by death, resignation, or retirement for age or disability. It was recommended by President Taft when Secretary of War in these terms:

> It is a remarkable fact that our organization and our promotion laws are such as to insure in the greater part of the fighting force the minimum of promotion with a maximum of rust and decrepitude, exactly the reverse of what a wise policy would dictate. It is to remedy in some degree this unfortunate and unwise condition that this bill is offered. It makes no extravagant

demands on the Treasury. It does injustice to no man. It is believed that it would, in practice, operate most beneficially to give our mobile army one of the most essential features of such a force, *i. e.*, field and company officers possessed of zeal and physical energy.

Now, if these were the facts, why is the army rising up to protest against so benevolent a measure? But, as the *Army and Navy Journal* has said, no elimination bill can fail to work some injustice, and the service is convinced that this particular bill would do vast injustice. As for the Treasury, it will feel no particular burden in the first few years, but Mr. Taft himself declared that the bill would speedily increase the retired list of 1,556 officers, as it then was, to 3,763, which would mean a very considerable drain upon the public funds. Moreover, it would establish what ought to be regarded as a vicious principle, even though it has been adopted in the navy, viz., the pensioning of able-bodied and professionally qualified officers in order that others may more speedily acquire high rank and larger pay. The excuse for this is the necessity of putting young men in places of responsibility—regardless of the fact that some of our most famous military and naval commanders have, like Farragut, Robert E. Lee, Winfield Scott, and many others, borne the heaviest responsibilities when well past the prime of life.

But Mr. Taft went furthest astray in his advocacy of the Elimination bill when he averred that it would work "injustice to no man." A correspondent of the *Army and Navy Journal* readily punctures that by citing specific cases. Although it does not appear on the surface, the bill is really based on the principle of "age in grade." The idea is to eliminate officers by drawing a deadline at a certain age. For instance, it is understood that no captain will be permitted to remain in active service who has passed forty-four. But officers do not enter the service at the same age. Those from West Point are usually younger than those from the ranks or the volunteers, and men have come in from civil life at a very youthful age. For instance, Capt. J. L. DeWitt, Twentieth Infantry, entered as a lieutenant at eighteen years and nine months, and had, therefore, twenty-five years and three months in which to become a major, while Capt. Joseph Frazier, Fourteenth Cavalry, commissioned at twenty-six and a half years, had only seventeen years and a half in which to become a major. The unfairness of this needs no demonstration; distinguished service, attainments, count for naught, since all promotion is by seniority up to the grade of general; that is, no one shall be advanced out of order, and it all becomes a question of age at entry into service.

Moreover, the pension feature of the bill—the eliminated officer is to receive a percentage of his pay, arrived at by taking one-twelfth of the square of his years of service—is regarded by the service as a breach of contract. One captain writes us:

> On entering the service, as I did nearly twenty-five years ago, the government held out the inducement that . . . if one was not killed before he was sixty-four, he would be retired on a certain stated pension—three-quarters of his pay at date of retirement. If disabled in the meantime, the retirement was the same. Now, having gone through two campaigns and long-continued exposure in the tropics, and after nearly twenty-five years of service, this bill says to me: "Some one desires quick promotion—you happen to be a couple of years over the age for grade limit set in this bill—your service has been admirable; you have been recommended by seniors continuously; we have no criticism to offer on either your mental or physical capacity or condition—but you are just beyond the age for that grade, and we regret (?) we have to eliminate you to improve the service."

Not only so, but the actual pension offered is pitifully small. One first lieutenant, if eliminated for age, would, in our knowledge, receive $6.75 on each $100 of his present pay of $2,000. Capt. U. G. Worrilow, Twenty-ninth Infantry, who came up from the ranks, could be eliminated this year as over forty-four on a retired pay of $50.40 a month, or *less* than he would have received had he remained in the ranks and retired as a first sergeant! Capt. Frazier after twenty-four years of service would receive $71.10 per month. Other officers who came in from the volunteers and the reorganization in 1901, and are already over age as lieutenants, would be cast adrift in middle life with their families to care for on retired pay of from $18 to $30 a month. And yet Mr. Taft could see no injustice in this bill for any man!

We do not believe that the bill will pass; it ought never to leave the committee-room. In our experience, no worse measure dealing with army affairs has been devised. It would destroy ambition and interest in their work among all officers devoid of War Department or political influence, and would send many scurrying back to civil life. It would make the army a hot-bed of intrigue, wire-pulling, and politics, and the army is sufficiently cursed in these respects already. Elimination is possible enough under existing promotion laws, if boards of examination for advancement would rigidly do their duty and disqualify men who are morally unfit, have become professionally rusty or physically disabled, or are merely worthless generally. To this extent the remedy for existing evils, if the present bill is defeated, lies in the hands of the army itself.

SCIENCE LOST IN THE SCIENCES.

Prof. E. B. Tylor has just resigned at the age of seventy-eighty the chair of anthropology at Oxford, which he had held for more than a quarter of a century. It is fully fifty years ago that he came to the front with studies which perhaps entitle him to the name that has been bestowed upon him by admirers, "the father of anthropology." The work of scientific investigation and inference which he and his fellows did was undeniably important and fruitful. They set the world right in regard to the actual beginnings and early progress of human society. By accumulating great masses of fact and making the appropriate deductions therefrom, they showed what primitive culture really was, as opposed to previous imaginings about the original constitution of society, "natural right," and the whole range of ideas which we associate with the name of Rousseau. This was a fine achievement. Those who fed on Tylor's books about Mexican civilization or his "Researches into the History of Mankind," got not only a large amount of interesting information, but also a new way of thinking about the whole problem of man's development on this earth. From those works on anthropology they acquired a point of view and a method by which to judge all writings and speculations and phenomena bearing on the subject.

In the course of Tylor's life the field which he began to work has been enormously cultivated. Many learned crimes have been committed in the name of anthropology. Material has been flung forth in profusion, and new theories

have grown upon every bush. And in the presenee of all the minute monographs and painful ransaeking of the world to snap up a few overlooked trifles, it is undoubtedly the case that we do not feel the same sense of surenoss and movement that we did in the early work. This may no doubt be in part because Tylor and Sir Henry Maine and the others were, in a sort, pioneers opening to us a fascinating new country; but there is more in it than that. They had their facts better in hand than do many of their successors; did not so much lose themselves in details; kept up a more rigorously scientific habit of mind throughout. If they did not spread before us so much matter as the moderns, they gave us more science—that is, ordered knowledge, facts made luminous by great working hypotheses.

We have a great many more sciences nowadays—a fairly bewildering multiplicity of them—but have we as much science? This is a question which Prof. John Dewey asked in his address before the Ameriean Association for the Advancement of Scienee at Boston. His theme was "Science as Subject-matter and as Method," and a part of his contention was that we are in danger of losing science in the sciences. There has been a great influx of seientific studies; the courses in schools and colleges are overburdened with them; all modern education is more or less colored by them. But have we got as much out of them as we expected? If we have not, one reason may be that we have been so swamped in the faets that we have not had time to drill our minds in the meaning of the facts. We have accumulated faster than we could interpret, and have got a lot of ill-assorted knowledge about many things without having fortified ourselves in the proper mental habit for approaehing all knowledge and sifting all facts. As Professor Dewey puts it: "Science teaehing has suffered because science has been so frequently presented just as so much ready-made knowledge, so much subjeet-matter of fact and law, rather than as the effective method of inquiry into any subject-matter."

There have been many sneers in recent years at "scientific method." If we eould believe some leaders in the intellectual world, there is no sueh thing, except in very narrow limits. One way of getting at the truth is as good as another. Things are pretty largely in a state of flux and uncertainty, anyhow, and if we can manage to flounder out upon some usefnl piece of dry ground amid the welter, let us not inquire exactly how we got there. But all this flouting of seientific method is, of course, only a disparaging of the human mind. We have to find out how to reason and how things happen, and when we speak of the laws of thought and the canons of logic and the relations of cause and effect we really mean scientific method, whether we call it by that name or another. Educated men ean have no other guide as they confront the new and untried things that continually thrust themselves into the world. Facts and appearances are continually changing, but the rational way of looking into them and drawing the proper inferences from them must always be the same.

It is on aecount of losing hold upon this spirit of all science that we are so much exposed to-day to what may be called the ravages of the sciences. One almost despairingly concludes, sometimes, that the more the world knows, the more superstitious it becomes. The very triumphs of science become food for unreason. Wireless telegraphy is seized upon to justify a belief in messages from angels; radio-activity explains the miracles; occultism makes itself the handmaiden of seience. If these things are so—and who can deny them?—the reason is that we have cultivated in one way and another the attitude of marvelling in the presence of scientific discovery, instead of endeavoring to grasp its rationale, and that we have been more eager to appropriate the results of scientific conquest than to fix in ourselves the scientific habit of mind. So far as it can be said that this has come about in consequence of our being flooded with new sciences and fresh developments of old ones, we must agree with Professor Dewey that, in such case, "the natural common sense of mankind has been interfered with to its detriment."

"IT'S ME."

A notable development of present-day civilization is the tightening bond of sympathy between science and the small boy. Things that the small boy has been for ages forbidden to do, to eat, or to say, nowadays reeeive the stamp of approval from science. It is good for a boy to have three helpings of pie and all the jam he can raid, because his growing organism demands it. It is good for him to smoke cigarettes because the operation reveals the first adventurous stirrings of the adolescent soul and because a stomach-aehe teaches him the truth that Nature demands a price for everything. It is good for him to play truant, because that is his way of protesting against the conventions of our artificial modern life. And among other things, it is good for the small boy to say "it's me" and "it's her," because that is the way everybody will speak a few hundred years from now. No less a specialist in English philology than Professor Jespersen has been the last to put the case for the small boy and his elder brother.

Professor Jespersen is certainly right to this extent, that the partisans of "it's me" and "it's him" have the rest of us against the wall. The average teacher in the public schools, feeling that he is a man before he is a pedagogue, now boldly asserts that "it is I" is pedantic, and "it's me" is becoming increasiugly proper. But if our guardians of the grammar-book lose their savor, wherewith shall we be salted? Perhaps the school-teacher would be a little more timid in knocking down the idols at whose feet he is supposed to minister, if he did not have behind him the sanction of a higher law; and that higher law goes by the name of "usage." Now, usage is a shibboleth of comparatively recent origin; but its vogue has been great and inevitable in this democratic age. It is not so much that usage stands for something as that it stands against something else. Usage cries defiance to the iron laws of the grammar, with its feudal caste of things absolutely proper and things absolutely improper. The grammar, with its laws and exceptions, means long and painful study. But anybody can walk out into the street and pick up usage. It is the triumph of Rousseau in the field of linguistics.

The principle behind the modern revolt against the grammar is sound enough; provided, that is, the grammar is really as black as its enemies have painted it. It is not to be denied that language was made for man, and not man for language, and that language is consequently a living, growing thing, and that all grammarian pedants, potentates, and pretenders who assume to say, "This is eternally right" and "That is eternally wrong," had better get out

of the way of the wheels of progress. Whereupon strong young hands drag out that ancient scarecrow of the grammarian whom generations have girded against: the grammarian who preaches prunes and prisms, and the expulsion of prepositions from the end of sentences, and the use of "if I were he" in expressing the idea of doubt, instead of "if I was he," or, better still, "if I was him," or better still, "if I wuz him." Poor, traduced grammarian, the wild young *sansculottes* hang you from the lantern for trying your best to do what they curse you for not doing—to find out what is this mysterious thing called usage, and to set it down piously and patiently in your book.

For this poor devil of a grammarian might lift his ensanguined head and feebly try to make the point that usage is not a standard, but a flux; not a thing, but the resultant of two forces pulling in opposite directions. Usage is established just as much by the conservative who insists on saying "it is I" as by the radical who says "it's me." Asking the conservative to throw up the sponge because "it's me" seems bound to win is contrary to the law of balance that shapes everything in the universe. In the battle between linguistic innovation and linguistic conservatism, usage is the inevitable compromise. It is good that there should be people who say "it's I" and people who say "it's me." Otherwise we should have either petrifaction or anarchy. It is not a question of right or wrong, but of temperament; and no man should do violence to his temperament. If you positively must say "if I was him" instead of "if I were he," say it; but abstain from calling names because your neighbor is a timid, quiet man who believes that the subjunctive may be used to express doubt or contingency, and prefers to write "through" instead of "thru." Let us remember that it is the men of his kind that have kept such precious drops as "lemon" and "pazaza" out of the well of English undefiled.

There will always be people who embrace the new, even when the new takes on such aspects of loveliness as blossom in "enthuse" and "electrocute." There will always be people who believe that there is a fine economy and discipline in getting along by established rule. The two types are necessary to each other, and we cannot understand why the hot-blooded ones should sneer about pedantries and affectations. Surely no old-fashioned user of "it is I" has inflicted on others one fraction of the pain that he suffers every time he reads of "the Senator whom everybody says is bound to win out." The same forces that are working for the triumph of "it's me" are working for the triumph of the Senator whom everybody says. We will not deny that our position in this case is a desperate one. Our great-grandchildren will probably welter in an indiscriminate sea of whoing and whoming. But till the flood rises over our heads some of us will stand by the old gods and refuse to speak of the Senator whom everybody says is bound to win out and the servant girl who the butcher told he loved her.

What if Byron did write, "There let him lay," and Shakespeare said, "Damned be him who first cries hold, enough"? Shakespeare, in the course of his life, might have slipped on the ice and broken a leg without making fractured legs an essential attribute of genius. Life is guided by norms, and not by aberrations. And it is the grammarian's duty to find out what the norms of language are. If most of us sneer at the grammarian to whom most of us are indebted for the familiar literary allusions with which we garnish our speech, it is only the way of the world.

SHELLEY.—I.

I.

In confessing that he wrote his life of Shelley* as a middle-aged man for other middle-aged men, Mr. Clutton-Brock forgot to reckon with the wit of his youthful reviewers; and yet, if by middle-age he means the experience of life, what right, after all, has Shelley or any other darling of the Muses to be immune from that censure? The biographer's real fault is rather an amazing ingenuousness in trying to ride at once the horses of both youth and maturity. On one page he analyzes "Prometheus Unbound" as a drama of a single event, and that causeless, acted by characters who drift about aimlessly and who do not know who they are or what relation they bear to one another: that is the critical attitude of mature commonsense. It is the audacious enthusiasm of youth when in a later passage he insists that the author of this drama proves himself an "intellectual poet." It is the same double-dealing when in one place he asserts that Shelley's ideas and emotions underwent little change; and then, a few pages after, with a covert allusion to Matthew Arnold, declares that the poet "was not a vapid angel singing silly hymns; but a man who only learnt to live well and write well by sharp experience." Now, Shelley is "a being prophetic of some higher state to which mankind shall attain, and unfit for this life only because he was fit for a better"; elsewhere his Paradise is pronounced "a mere impossibility, an incongruous mixture of present pleasure of the flesh with imagined delights of the spirit."

I do not quote these acrobatic feats of criticism to ridicule Mr. Clutton-Brock's book, which is indeed as a whole an illuminating piece of work; but because they are so characteristic of our modern way of dealing with facts and tendencies. Look, for instance, into Miss Vida Scudder's school edition of the "Prometheus," with its long Introduction—not a very wise production, perhaps, but significant as a woman's conception of a peculiarly feminine genius and as a specimen of what commonly, no doubt, passes in courses of literature. You will there find that the drama "has a noble and organic unity," although, while the second act is the most wonderful thing "in the whole cycle of English song," the third "drops into bathos" and is "weak, sentimental, empty." The poem as a whole is "a work of resplendent insight," yet its interpretation of evil—that is, the very heart of its theme—is "hopelessly superficial," and man is depicted in it as "a creature of no personality, scarcely higher, except for his æsthetic instincts, than an amiable brute."

After all these knights and ladies of the romantic pen seem to discover in Shelley traits pretty much like those which they so magnificently disdain Matthew Arnold for announcing. Nor is the present the only field of their inconsistent attack. Mr. Clutton-Brock cites for reprobation a long passage from Hazlitt's "Table Talk"; yet most of what the old bludgeoner says can, with some change of emphasis, be matched in the modern biographer's own pages. In like manner Miss Scudder puts the ancient reviewers in the stocks to show by comparison how wise we since have grown. She quotes from *Blackwood's* of September, 1820, and from the *Quarterly Review* of October, 1821:

> In short, it is quite impossible that there should exist a more pestiferous mixture of blasphemy, sedition, and sensuality, than is visible in the whole structure and strain of this poem ["Prometheus"], which, nevertheless, and notwithstanding all the detestation its principles excite, must and will be considered by all that read it attentively, as abounding in poetical beauties of the highest order. (*Blackwood's.*)

In Mr. Shelley's poetry, all is brilliance,

*"Shelley: The Man and the Poet." By A. Clutton-Brock. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

vacuity, and confusion. We are dazzled by the multitude of words which sound as if they denoted something very grand or splendid: fragments of images pass in crowds before us; but when the procession has gone by, and the tumult of it is over, not a trace of it remains upon the memory. The mind, fatigued and perplexed, is mortified by the consciousness that its labor has not been rewarded by the acquisition of a single distinct conception. (*Quarterly.*)

Really, with the best will in the world, I cannot see that Miss Scudder differs so much from the reviled reviewer of *Blackwood's*, except that she seems to feel no indignation against an author whose sense of evil is "hopelessly superficial." Nor does Mr. Clutton-Brock stand very far from the *Quarterly* when he says that "in a story there should be some relation of cause and effect, otherwise it will not hold together; in 'The Revolt of Islam' there is none"; and admits that "in its very absurdity it shows the character of Shelley's mind." The chief difference is that Mr. Clutton-Brock apparently thinks it quite a small matter if a long and professedly philosophical poem leaves the reader perplexed and without any distinct conception of what it is all about.

II.

Now these names represent no isolated paradox of taste, but the almost constant current of criticism from Shelley's own day to this. Their dilemma is due, I think, to a fact which his contemporary critics held, if anything, too belligerently in view, and which his modern worshippers commonly allow and then deliberately forget—that his was a genius fine and impressionable, meant by nature for the perception and utterance of rare truths, but marred in its very essence by the obliquity of time. His work is a confirmation in a way of his master Godwin's theory—though contrary in direction to his master's design—that education is a power to shape the destinies of man. The value of Mr. Clutton-Brock's biography lies in the clearness and frankness with which he unravels Shelley's motives and ideas; and this value is enhanced, perhaps, by the biographer's sympathy, paradoxical indeed, but so profound as to make him in the end deny utterly the logic of his premises. But we need not go to the commentators on Shelley's life to discover the influences that worked upon him. Sufficient testimony may be found in his own Letters, which have just been brought together and excellently edited by Roger Ingpen.* The new material here offered is slight, but the collection has the merit of setting the recently discovered letters to Elizabeth Hitchener—and others less important—in their proper place in the full correspondence. I do not see how any open mind can go through these letters without feeling that Shelley was powerfully affected by the prevailing forces of the age (which is commonly conceded), and that his character and poetry suffered a certain perversion from this influence (which is often conceded and denied in the same breath).

Those directing forces were the twin spirits—if they were not one power in dual manifestation—of revolution and romanticism. The revolutionary spirit, whether for weal or for ill, had breathed upon all the finer minds of the age, and indeed not upon the minds of that age alone. But the impulse that came to Shelley was not merely revolt against tyranny, or even the wanton itch for change—*neoterism*, as the ancients called it. That kind of political excitement may or may not have a perverting effect upon a poet. Milton lived in such a time of upheaval; and if the excess and bad taste that here and there mar his later works are attributable to the harsh pride of rebellion, it left his deeper insight untouched, even, perhaps, strengthened the wings of his fierce aspiration. But with Shelley revolution meant the fluttering of an opaque and dizzying flag between the poet's inner eye and the truth of human nature. He was peculiarly the child of his age, betrayed by his own feminine fineness of nature, and lacking that toughness of fibre, or residue of resistant prose, which made Byron and Wordsworth followers but not altogether the victims of the ever-despotic Hour. With a childlike credulity almost inconceivable he accepted the current doctrine that mankind is naturally and inherently virtuous, needing only the deliverance from some outwardly applied oppression to spring back to its essential perfection. With Rousseau the perverting force had been property. With Shelley it was more commonly personified as Jehovah or Jove,

> Foul tyrant both of Gods and Human-kind.

Shelley was a pretty wide reader of Greek, and it may be that in writing his allegorical drama on this creed he had in mind not only the "Prometheus Bound" of Æschylus, but for a remote analogy to his personification of evil went back to Homer's blind *atê*, which Zeus cast upon the minds of those who were doomed to sin. And in so far as he did this he would only have voiced a universal and unreasoning sentiment of the human heart; for Achilles was but the type of us all, when in the stress of bewilderment he cried out against the government of the world:

> It is thou, father Zeus, that givest to men the great passions of evil (μεγάλας ἄτας).

But Zeus was to Homer at least a living being, whereas Shelley's Jehovah is merely a symbol of a power in human destiny tremendously energetic, yet, if you seek it, non-existent. And Shelley, when he made of man's bewildered outcry a rigid philosophy and principle of action, might have remembered also the words of Zeus (to which Pope has given so amusing an anti-Calvinistic twang):

> Perverse mankind! whose wills, created free,
> Charge all their woes on absolute decree;
> All to the dooming gods their guilt translate,
> And follies are miscall'd the crimes of fate.

III.

To Shelley's old detractor of *Blackwood's* (when religion was a fairly serious concern) his philosophy was "pestiferous blasphemy"; his modern academic admirer merely disregards it as "hopelessly superficial." To me, I confess, it is chiefly unliterary, destructive, that is to say, of that self-knowledge out of which the great creations and the magnificent joys of literature grow. The importance of Shelley's Letters also is largely derived from their confirmation of this critical attitude by their betrayal of the same force at work in his conduct. It is not that he was by nature base or sensual or cruel; on the contrary, his life was ennobled by many acts of instinctive generosity, and his feelings were normally fine. Nevertheless, there was some flaw at his heart; some weakness of overweening self-trust, which exposed him to the most insidious poison of the age, and in the final test left him almost inhuman. "In all Shelley did," wrote his wife after his death, "he, at the time of doing it, believed himself justified to his own conscience." The words have been used by Matthew Arnold as a text; they would have been still truer to character if to "at the time" Mrs. Shelley had added "and always." Opinions may differ in regard to Shelley's culpability toward his first wife, Harriet Westbrook, although no chivalrous mind, I think, can read his letters at the time of his elopement with her and, later, of his desertion of her for another woman, without feeling a touch of resentment at his self-absorption and his complete assumption of righteousness. And resentment deepens into detestation at his letters written when the abandoned woman, a pitiable thing no matter what her fault, drowned herself in the Serpentine. On the day he heard the news, or possibly the day after, he wrote to Harriet's supplanter:

> Everything tends to prove, however, that beyond the shock of so hideous a catastrophe having fallen on a human being once so nearly connected with me, there would, in any case, have been little to regret. Hookham, Longdill, every one does me full justice; bears testimony to the upright spirit and liberality of my conduct to her. There is but one voice in condemnation of the detestable Westbrooks. If they should dare to bring it before Chancery [they did dare, and nothing derogatory to them transpired], a scene of such fearful horror would be un-

*"The Letters of Percy Bysshe Shelley." Collected and edited by Roger Ingpen. Two volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $6 net.

folded as would cover them with scorn and shame.

Little to regret, save the shock to his nerves of so unpleasant an event. Mr. Clutton-Brock observes that Shelley did not do himself "full justice in this letter." He did not, for he was by birth neither maniac nor brute; but he wrote on that day a lurid comment on the effect upon individual character of revolutionary Pharisaism; nor did his sentiments change with time, for in a letter to Southey four years later he wrote of the event in the same vein. The malignant reviewer of *Blackwood's* called those principles "pestiferous"; Miss Scudder rebukes the reviewer and styles them "superficial." Perhaps it is more critical to reflect merely that, as Mrs. Shelley said, the poet's verse was inspired by the passions of his private life, and that the horrors threatened in "Prometheus" against the "foul tyrant both of Gods and Humankind" sprang from precisely the same source as the imprecations upon the Westbrooks. "I have confidence in my moral sense alone," said Shelley once in a letter to Leigh Hunt; "but that is a kind of originality."

IV.

With that moral self-complaisance went another trait, if indeed it was not merely a different aspect of the same influence. By Shelley each emotion as it arose in his breast was accepted as justified in itself, without pausing to consider its cause or consequence. The full meaning of this emotionalism can be grasped only by a long view into the past. To the great writers of the seventeenth century human nature was a thing to distrust as containing tendencies of ruinous evil. "Men naturally know no Good," said Jeremy Taylor, voicing the constant opinion of his age, "but to please a wild, indetermined, infinite Appetite." But along with this fear of undisciplined nature, went a belief in the efficacy and virtue of certain supernatural emotions, in an infinite appetite that was not wild and indetermined—in enthusiasm.

The following age—and this was the whole force of Deism, one of the most important movements in history—brought about a complete reversal of this position. The very titles of the leading publications show the change: Dr. Clarke writes on "The Unchangeable Obligations of *Natural* Religion"; Wollaston elaborates his "Religion of *Nature* Delineated"; Butler preaches "Upon the *Natural* Supremacy of Conscience," etc., etc. But this rehabilitation of nature, toward which the eighteenth century, and particularly England of that age, labored so assiduously, was based, in the earlier years, on a constant distinction: nature was used almost without deviation as a synonym of reason; and strong emotion, or enthusiasm, was equally condemned as contrary to nature, and perilous. Pages might be filled with the utterances of deists and even the opponents of Deism on this head, but nothing, perhaps, can be found more characteristic and inclusive than the simple words of her father to Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, the learned translator of Epictetus: "'You seem extremely fond of her [Mrs. Rowe's] writings. I have seen some that have in them a tincture of enthusiasm. 'Tis proper to caution you not to read them with too much pleasure. Enthusiasm grows upon us insensibly." In that distrust of free emotion lay the strength of the time, the power that made its belief in nature ancillary to its belief in order and subordination (cf. Butler's "Sermons" and Dr. Johnson's conversation *passim* on subordination); here, too, lay the cause of its limitation, for this dread of enthusiasm cut off the great inspirations of the preceding age as well as the disturbing passions. The fascination of the century for the student is to watch the rise of this hated spirit of enthusiasm through all obstacles to the surface. The word was long repudiated even by those who were bringing back its force; so Wesley cries out: "The reproach of Christ I am willing to bear; but not the reproach of enthusiasm." Who can measure all that has passed in the inner life of man between the timidity of Dr. Carter and the bold utterance of Shelley in the preface to "The Revolt of Islam": "It is the business of the poet to communicate to others the pleasure and the enthusiasm," etc.? There is expressed the elevation and the power of the romantic renaissance; the peril of the movement lies in the fact that with its return to seventeenth-century enthusiasm it retained the eighteenth-century acceptance of nature, now without restriction, thus leaving to itself no inner check.

All the revolutionary poets of England were affected by the same emotional philosophy, however their practice was modified by other principles. Wordsworth proclaimed it in his worship of the "impulse from the vernal wood," but with an admixture of Puritanic asceticism which made of it a kind of passive discipline. Byron possessed with it a saving self-reproach and cynicism. In Keats it was qualified by an æsthetic humility which rendered him in the end curiously docile to tradition. Few things are more significant in the romantic poetry of England than the change in Keats's versification from the license of his rhymed couplets in "Endymion" to the almost Chaucerian regularity of "Lamia." Whether or not that change will appear altogether a profit, it must be admitted that no such organic development can be discovered in Shelley; nor in his correspondence will you find anything comparable to the long letter of Keats to Reynolds (May 3, 1818) in which he questions the very principles of his own poetic theory. "The thought of such discipline," wrote Keats himself to Shelley, "must fall like cold chains upon you." Shelley, indeed, grew in metrical skill and power of expression, but from first to last his procedure was essentially unaltered: his "Prometheus" is only "Queen Mab" writ large; his "Epipsychidion" reëchoes in firmer strain the vagaries of "Alastor." Always his philosophy, whether magnified into a shadowy mythology or expressed in human drama, whether it be the love and hate of Prometheus or his own relation to mankind, is the voice of enthusiasm, of unreasoned emotion.

It would not be profitable to follow out all the workings of that emotionalism, but one aspect of it shows so curious a link between the man and the poet as to deserve emphasis. Critics have commented on Shelley's extraordinary faculty of self-deception in regard to his friends, who so often were angels of light when first they appeared to him under the radiance of his own imagination, and demons of malevolence when they came to be known as real men and women having wills at variance with his. This form of delusion was not due merely to the inexperience of youth, for at the end of his life in Italy he was subject to the same revulsion, if not so violently expressed, toward such friends as the Gisbornes. But the classic example (classic as being so perfect an expression of a trait common to all the Rousselian tribe) is in the letters to Elizabeth Hitchener. These were for some time known in manuscript, and forced even the most ardent romanticists to admit a certain weakness in their hero. They were then printed in a separate edition, but the full weight of their testimony is best understood by reading them as they are now incorporated by Mr. Ingpen in the general correspondence.

Miss Hitchener was a young schoolmistress with whom Shelley became acquainted shortly before his marriage to Harriet Westbrook. Her notions were liberal and her fancy ardent; "an *esprit fort*," Medwin called her; "ceruleanly blue," who "fancied herself a poet." After his marriage Shelley began to send her letters in the most rhapsodical vein of adulation. She is the sister of his soul: "I look up to you," he exclaims, "as a mighty mind. . . . I anticipate the era of reform with the more eagerness as I picture to myself *you* the barrier between violence and renovation"; with his brain and his heart she constitutes the Trinity of his Essence; she must leave all and come to live with him and Harriet—"nothing shall prevent our eternal union in the summer"—and to defer to the opinions of those who foresee scandal in such a union is to sacrifice "to the *world!* to

the swinish multitude, to the indiscriminating million, to such as burnt the House of Priestley, such as murdered Fitzgerald," etc. Well, this female paragon closed her school, and joined the young married couple in July of 1812; in November of the same year she had left them, and Shelley is soon writing to his friend Hogg of "the Brown Demon, as we call our late tormentor and schoolmistress. . . . She is an artful, superficial, ugly, hermaphroditical beast of a woman." To another friend he describes her as "a woman of desperate views and dreadful passions, but of cool and undeviating revenge."

Are not these fragments of correspondence a curious comment on the statement of Mr. Clutton-Brock that most of the characters of "Prometheus" are "so abstract that we do not even know who they are"; and again that "The Cenci," which deals with human beings, is even "far more unreal" than the "Prometheus," which is professedly allegorical? As Shelley judged his friends from the immediate emotions they aroused in him, or from some fanciful association with the emotion dominant in his mind, without a care for the various and real springs of action in himself or them, so he created his poetical characters. P. E. M.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Since printing our notes on Thackeray's "English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century" (*Nation*, January 27), we have examined a copy of the first American edition of the book published by Harper & Bros. the same year, 1853. Although the title-page of this edition does not contain the words "Delivered in England, Scotland, and the United States of America," agreeing in this with the first English edition, the variations of the text show that it was printed from the second English edition, and not from the first. This American edition has a positive first edition value as it contains a seventh lecture, "Charity and Humour," not printed in England until 1885. The lecture was written and delivered in New York for the benefit of the "Ladies Society for the Employment and Relief of the Poor."

It was with a shock of surprise that we read the title-page of the catalogue of Sotheby's sale of February 24 and 25: "Catalogue of Books, Pamphlets, Tracts, Poems, Plays, etc., from the Britwell Court Library." Now, the library at Britwell Court, Buckinghamshire, is regarded as about the finest in England remaining in private ownership. It was formed by William Henry Miller (1789-1848), who was one of the largest buyers, especially of English poetry, at the several sales of the great library of Richard Heber, dispersed in 1834, 1835, and 1836. The collection has been kept intact and enlarged by later owners. On the death of Wakefield Christie-Miller, in 1898, it passed to his sons, then minors, we believe. Although no such statement is made by the auctioneers, a glance at the sale catalogue shows that the books are duplicates and imperfect copies, and not an important selection from the library itself. Some important and valuable books are, however, included, among them the first edition of Milton's "Areopagitica" (1644), uncut, and in the greater part unopened; Abraham Fraunce's "Countess of Pembroke's Yvychurch" and "Countess of Pembroke's Emanuel" (1591), both imperfect; "The Song of Mary the Mother of Christ" (1601), recently reprinted by William Loring Andrews; Painter's "Palace of Pleasure" (1566-1580), imperfect; Gay's first book, "Wine, a Poem" (1708); and several first editions of the books of Dryden, Pope, Swift, and other writers.

On February 15 and 16, C. F. Libbie & Co. of Boston will hold an important sale of autograph letters and manuscripts, partly from the papers of Joseph Willard, president of Harvard College. Eight letters of Washington will be offered, one dated April, 1754, written to Gov. Dinwiddie, one dated May, 1758, and one dated November 3, 1761. Such early letters are extremely rare. Among other important Revolutionary names, specimens of which occur in the sale, are John Hancock, John Adams, Israel Putnam, Elbridge Gerry, William Heath, Benjamin Lincoln, and others. There are also many early documents written or signed by New Englanders of prominence before the Revolution, a set of Episcopal Bishops, comprising two hundred and fifteen names, and manuscripts and letters of Bryant, Emerson, Longfellow, Thoreau, and others.

On February 15 and 16 the Merwin-Clayton Sales Co. of this city sells a collection of books and pamphlets, and on February 17 a collection of books from the library of the late Dr. William H. Egle of Harrisburg, Pa. No items of special note are included.

Correspondence.

THE BACONIAN ACROSTIC.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In a letter printed in your issue of January 20, Mr. Frederick E. Pierce of Yale University makes public some calculations as to the possible frequency with which one might find a given name hidden by the application of a given method in the first folio of the plays of Mr. William Shakespeare.

I wonder whether Mr. Pierce could be persuaded to use the carefully and laboriously obtained figures, the results of which he gives us so lucidly, in another calculation which shall take into account *all* the factors of the problem. He says that "for the sake of simplicity" he has "disregarded certain factors."

When we are calculating the recurrence of a given name in *any* place, as is the case with Mr. Pierce, we should naturally pursue a different line of calculation from that which would be necessary to show what the chances are that a suspected name will *recur in a series of closely corresponding places*, such as the first or last page or column, the prologue or the epilogue, of works suspected on other grounds to be put forth by the man whose name is the subject of discussion. This point may be illustrated by analogy.

There are many marbles in the world. One could describe the methods by which marbles are made. One could also calculate the average number of marbles which might be held in the pocket of each citizen. Quite another calculation would be necessary to determine the average number of marbles which would be held in the pockets of boys under twelve years of age. Still another calculation would be needed to determine how probable it is that any given kind of marble will be found in the pocket of the head boy of any given school.

The doctrine of chances is a difficult and subtle matter in mathematics, and yet we base our keenest bargains upon it, and most of the acts of everyday life. Its use in special cases is sometimes striking. For instance, the mind, in emergencies, makes curiously short cuts with the doctrine of chance. The mathematician can follow in the wake of the analytical faculty, and prove the validity of its deductions, but he cannot begin to equal the lightning rapidity of reason. Suppose I find a crowd in the street. A dead man lies in their midst, killed by a motor. A policeman comes up and asks if any one knows the name of the dead man. One says that he thinks that the dead man is John Jones of Summerville; another says, "No, I think his name is Brown; he lives in Worcester." Still another is quite sure that he is Ephraim Hutton of New Haven. And so on through the crowd. Perhaps several men will suggest other names. One little man, however, pushes his way through the crowd, and, after a careful look, says with some conviction in his tone, "I am pretty sure that that is John Spoopendyke of Podunk. He has been missing for some time, and that looks like him." The policeman then examines the dead man's pockets, and finds some letters; say, ten addressed to Henry Roberts, several letters addressed to other men also not suspected by the crowd, and one letter addressed to John Spoopendyke of Podunk. The policeman very naturally telephones to Mrs. John Spoopendyke, and tells her that her husband is hurt. He may prove to have been wrong in supposing that our Mr. Spoopendyke was her husband; for the dead man might be her cousin; but the policeman would in all probability have telephoned to the right place. The policeman would find it difficult to explain mathematically why he was so sure that the dead man was Mr. John Spoopendyke. The mathematician could compute the chances against the dead man being some one else. To the average intelligent mind such computation is unnecessary. In common phrase, a man "puts two and two together" very rapidly.

Had there been no little man to suspect that the dead man was John Spoopendyke of Podunk, the policeman would have hunted up the home of the man whose name occurred on most of the letters in the dead man's pockets. He would have been wrong had he suspected that that was the name of the dead man.

It is the factor of *recurrence in corresponding places*, and also the factor of *pre-existing suspicion of identity*, which Mr. Pierce has omitted from his calculation. They are the crucial factors in the mathematical problem presented by the acrostics as they are shown in my book.

Mr. Pierce characterizes my volume as "ponderous," and I am sorry that he found it heavy. No man could handle so large a book without becoming conscious of its

weight, and I am happy in having so good a reason for believing that a mere weariness of the flesh must have caused Mr. Pierce to overlook the two essential factors to which I have ventured to call his attention. WILLIAM STONE BOOTH.

Cambridge, Mass., January 24.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Booth objects to my calculation, on the ground that I ignore a very important fact, *viz.*, that a large part of the acrostics which he found are on the first and last pages of the plays. I had not overlooked this fact, but refrained from discussing it before, purely for the sake of simplicity and brevity. I will take it up now.

It will be remembered that my calculation dealt only with spellings beginning with an F; and forms like BACON and BACONO are to be disposed of by a similar, but separate, process. How many F-acrostics should we expect on the first and last pages? A play in the First Folio contains, on an average, about twenty-five pages; consequently, all the first pages taken together would be about one-twenty-fifth of the whole book, and should contain about one-twenty-fifth of the total number of acrostics. One-twenty-fifth of 200-400 (my previous estimate for the whole Folio) would be between eight and sixteen What are the facts? On the first pages of the plays there are fourteen F-acrostics. They are between eight and sixteen.

Now turn to the last pages, where we should also expect between eight and sixteen. At first it seems as if we had run into trouble here, for there are thirty. But a moment's observation shows us where the difficulty lies. At the bottom of each last page stands the word FINIS, and Mr. Booth uses the capital F of this repeatedly as a starting point. Since this word occurs on no other page, it obviously offers an unnatural stimulus to acrostics on the last page. It usually stands in the middle, where it can be taken with either column above it, and thus creates about seventy F-blocks in excess of the number which would have existed on a corresponding number of pages anywhere else. Nineteen of Mr. Booth's acrostics use the F of FINIS, and would not exist without it. Deducting these from the original thirty, we have (under the normal conditions existing on other pages) only eleven left. Again they are between eight and sixteen. In other words, on the first and last pages we find just what we should expect by the laws of chance.

As to the "preëxisting suspicion of identity," to which Mr. Booth calls attention, that means nothing here. The most ardent Baconian would not believe that Bacon, the omniscient, the life-long master of ciphers, used a form which could not be identified as intentional, even when discovered. The great philosopher would not have been so foolish.

I wish to say candidly that a skilful mathematician could find places in my previous paper where some deductions from my estimate would have to be made. But he would also find places where additions would have to be made; and the additions would offset the deductions. I am willing to discuss these points if the public wish it. But I doubt if this will be necessary. If Mr. Booth's acrostics are to mean anything, he must prove that they occur not only more frequently than we should naturally expect, but more frequently than they could *possibly* be supposed to occur by chance. To do this, he would have to prove, not that I have made an error of ten or fifteen per cent., but that I have made an error of several hundred per cent.

FREDERICK E. PIERCE.

Yale University, January 29.

A GEM MUTILATED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus"—and never more inopportunely than when, in the dryness of age, he "revises" what he struck out in the rich glow of youth!

I am of those who place Holmes's "The Last Leaf" among the most exquisite of English lyrics. I should hardly dispute one who claimed for it the first place there. I experienced, therefore, a genuine shock, recently, when, on opening a newly acquired copy of the doctor's poems, I found a thoroughly destructive change in one of its most expressive stanzas.

Of the almost perfect poem, the fourth stanza is most beautiful:

> The mossy marbles rest
> On the lips that he has prest
> In their bloom,
> And the names he loved to hear
> Have been carved for many a year
> On the tomb.

And the third is almost equal to it, in all the qualities which make poetry precious:

> But now he walks the streets,
> And he looks at all he meets,
> So forlorn!
> And he shakes his feeble head,
> That it seems as if he said
> "They are gone."

It was wonderful art, or rather supreme genius, which could make the attributes of senility contribute to a picture so graphic, so pathetic, and so poetical.

And in the two words of the third line of this stanza the whole burden and suggestion of the poem are actually condensed. Its point and climax are there. Alas, *were* there. For I find, in this recent edition, that some malign influence, at a time I know not of, led the gifted author to replace them with three others, quite commonplace and hardly better than padding—"Sad and wan."

What was the doctor thinking of, when he thus mutilated his own wonderful creation? Surely, he had but partly awakened from his after-dinner nap! Or, perhaps, some youngster from college assured him that such a rhyme as "-orn" with "gone" was inadmissible, and with hasty geniality the veteran of letters yielded to the sophomore—yet, even so, saved little to the rules.

Really, in this unhappy change of two words in the fine product of a young man's muse, English literature suffers a distinct loss. I earnestly appeal to Dr. Holmes's literary executors to restore the original reading in all future editions. J. M.

Philadelphia, February 2.

COLLEGE TEACHING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There is much in President Hyde's article in your last number that commands ready enough assent, the argument in favor of small classes and tutorial instruction being beyond discussion, as an average proposition. But the deductions of President Hyde will not hold as he presents them, because they are based on an assumption which, while it may possibly apply to a national system of schools, does not fit the case of the great universities.

He says, "all teaching that deals exclusively with men in large groups" is at best second rate. "If it is merely lectures, . . . with an occasional written examination, it is fourth rate." This is a beautiful example of methodology run to seed, and is so obviously untrue that were it not for the recent invasion of the intellectual field by highly organized and destructive hordes of standardizers, it would seem hardly worth dipping one's pen to reply.

The standardized teacher is one thing; the teacher that makes the greatness of a university is another; the argument that holds with the one does not hold with the other. And the system that deliberately turns its back on the first rate man is a faulty system. I have conversed with men who, nearly half a century after the event, were still under the influence of the almost legendary snap course of James Russell Lowell on Dante. Was this then, a fourth-rate course according to the "new standards of college teaching"? Would it have been improved had Lowell been induced to eat into his time and mental energy by holding conferences with his men? The false assumption that lurks behind President Hyde's dicta is one that a commercial community has almost of necessity attached to its intellectual workers. The thing cuts very deep. Were certain tendencies unchecked, the intellect of our country would be standardized after the manner of our steel, beef, and oil enterprises, while our universities would be reduced to the exclusive functions of normal schools dedicated to the production of pedagogical Frankensteins.

Still, we must live in hope, while uttering an occasional word of protest. After all, from Abélard to Nathaniel Shaler, the exponents of the "fourth rate teaching" have won the verdict of humanity, and so perhaps we need not view too despondingly the Draconian edicts of the "New Standard of College Teaching."

R. M. JOHNSTON.

Cambridge, Mass., February 5.

FORESTS AND RAINFALL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I be permitted to add a few lines to your recent editorial in regard to the effect of forests on rainfall, and, indirectly, on agriculture? Dr. Ellsworth Huntington, in his essay on "The Climate of the Historic Past," says:

> It has often been asserted that the destruction of forests has been the cause of the diminution of rainfall. In the Lop basin the opposite appears to be the case; the supply of water has diminished and therefore the forests have died. Rainfall unquestionably controls forestation, but

neither in the Lop basin nor in other parts of central and western Asia is there any good evidence that forests have an appreciable effect upon rainfall.

Personally, I was impressed, both in Colombia and in Peru by the fact that agriculture is in a less developed stage in the tropical forests on the eastern slope of the Andes than in the semi-arid region of the plateau where there are no forests and do not seem to have been any for centuries. It would undoubtedly be a benefit to the people of the plateau were their governments to promote forestry, for it would add greatly to the comforts of life. But it seems to be extremely doubtful whether the presence of such forests would add to the rainfall. HIRAM BINGHAM.

Yale University, February 4.

"CUSS" AND "KAUZ."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In Raabe's "Zum wilden Mann" I have just come across Kristeller's words: "Mein damaliger Prinzipal war ein drolliger alter Kauz"—and something in the tone prompted at once the rendering, "a funny old cuss." I drew on a vocabulary once quite respectable in a rural community I used to know, where men spoke of a "wammus" without ever suspecting, I think, that there was a German word "Wamms." This suggests to me an origin for the term "cuss" which would seem much more in keeping with its lenient tone than the usual connection with "curse."

May not this latter association be responsible for driving out of decent speech a word originally quite innocent of blasphemy? E. V. M.

Chicago, February 3.

Literature.

THE ORIGINS OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

The Life of Mary Baker G. Eddy and the History of Christian Science. By Georgine Milmine. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $2 net.

The Mask of Christian Science. By Francis Edward Marsten. New York: American Tract Society. $1.

Miss Milmine's study of the founder of Christian Science was first published in *McClure's Magazine*, about two years ago. It has since been brought up to date by the addition of a brief account of the controversy centring about Mrs. Augusta Stetson and the First Church of Christ, Scientist, in New York. The present volume recalls in more ways than one that other piece of historical writing from the hand of a woman which brought *McClure's* much profit and reputation about five years ago, namely, Miss Ida Tarbell's story of the rise of the Standard Oil Company. Since Miss Tarbell showed the way, the periodical press has been swamped with contemporary history and politics; but, in the entire clutter of denunciation, *exposé*, and "uplift," it is hard to find a trace of either the scientific spirit or the scientific method, which the historian of John D. Rockefeller brought to her work. The present volume is one of the rare exceptions. If scientific history presupposes the absence of a definite point of view on the part of the writer, the term will not apply here. Miss Milmine, like Miss Tarbell, is plainly not in sympathy with the persons or the movement she describes. But the indictment, if we choose to call it that, is framed dispassionately. The damaging evidence is elaborately built up and skilfully arranged, but the reader is left largely to form his own conclusions. The amount of original research involved in the writing of the book must have been very great. The result is an historical record of high value and of fascinating interest; the credit for the latter we may assign in great measure to the inherent possibilities of the subject in itself without denying the author a generous share.

We imagine that the great majority of Christian Scientists will not find Miss Milmine's book particularly agreeable reading. At the same time, there is no reason why the ardent Christian Scientist should read and lose his equanimity. If we were asked to state in a single phrase what effect the book produces on the disinterested reader, we should say that it demolishes Mrs. Eddy without necessarily demolishing Christian Science. The destructive force of the story does not consist in the fact that from her earliest childhood Mary Baker G. Eddy is shown to have been a creature of nerves and hysteria, with all the symptoms of what grosser minds might interpret as a devilish temper. Criticism in delving into the origins of religious movements is prepared to deal with the phenomena of neurosis. More important is the fact that, in spite of very striking aberrations of will and intellect, the founder of Christian Science does not succeed in rising above the commonplace. There is nothing of the dæmonic drive that makes great prophets, even when they are false prophets. Up to the age of forty-five her life is restless, cramped, uncertain, in part unfortunate, and on the whole futile. In 1866, with the death of the healer, Quimby, at whose feet in Portland, Maine, the future Mrs. Eddy had spent an ardent novitiate, she begins to find herself. She appropriates Quimby's manuscripts and definitely gives herself to the pursuit of metaphysical therapeutics, for which New England had long offered a promising field. The virtues she now begins to display are dogged resolution and a Napoleonic recklessness in utilizing other people's labor and happiness for her own purposes. It was not till 1875 that "Science and Health" was published. It was not till the early eighties that Christian Science began to move rapidly forward.

Mrs. Eddy was above sixty when she began building up a new faith, a new church, and a large personal fortune. To have accomplished all that, and to remain, even to the present day as our author asserts, the absolute mistress of her church and her fortune, would apparently argue an exceptionally gifted personality. Yet that is not the impression the record of her life produces. Mrs. Eddy had will, it is true; but in addition to that she had nearly all the faults upon which an infant cause will often make shipwreck. She was irritable, violent, and tactless; she exacted blind obedience from her followers, and would not brook the mere thought of a possible rival in the field. Her earliest converts one after the other fell away or were driven away. The air of commercialism always hangs heavy about her. In 1881 she is the Massachusetts Metaphysical College, and charges $300 for a course of twelve lessons in healing. In 1899 she calls upon all devout Christian Scientists to supply themselves with the "Mother Spoon," an ordinary silver spoon, sold at $5 apiece by the Christian Science Souvenir Company of Concord. Christian Science literature remains to the present day Mrs. Eddy's jealously guarded monopoly. But it is evident that a leader who works for her own pocket all the time is not in the tradition of successful leadership. If Mrs. Eddy succeeded it must have been largely in spite of herself.

Hence we are tempted to take issue with Miss Milmine when she declares, towards the end of the volume, that "what Mrs. Eddy has accomplished has been due solely to her own compelling personality." There is far more truth in the statement that "her genius has been of the eminently practical kind, which can meet and overcome unfavorable conditions by sheer force of energy, and in Mrs. Eddy's case this potency has been accompanied by a remarkable shrewdness which has had its part in determining her career." But, after all, practical genius, energy, and shrewdness are not uncommon qualities. When they are unaccompanied, as in Mrs. Eddy's case, by any deep spiritual impetus, we are in danger of being compelled to admit that the qualities which explain the upbuilding of a large dry goods business will explain the upbuilding of a new church. For our own part, we prefer not to look to Mrs. Eddy at all for an explanation of her success, but to call it predominantly the work of chance. Among a large number of practitioners in the allied fields of mental healing, spiritism, new thought, and other branches of "metaphysics," Mrs. Eddy happened to be the lucky person.

When, therefore, we say that the devout Christian Scientist can let Miss Milmine have her way with Mrs. Eddy without feeling his faith imperilled thereby, it is precisely because such a

man can look upon his faith as a great truth upon which Mrs. Eddy has fortuitously stumbled. In so far as Mrs. Eddy's character and her career are in consonance with science, well and good; where her personality cannot escape rough handling, why, Mrs. Eddy is only a human being like the rest of us. The paradox is this: that Mrs. Eddy is and has been the head and front of the Christian Science Church, and that Mrs. Eddy is not an essential part of the theory of Christian Science. She is "Mother" and Pastor Emeritus, and the only Christian Science author, and she holds the appointment of the rulers of the church in her hands; but she is not necessary to salvation. Whoever has agreed to cast off error and buy a copy of "Science and Health" is hencetorth master of himself in Science. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Eddy's most devoted followers have more than once broken away from her, on the very ground that her practices antagonized the principles of her own faith. The fact that those who threw off the yoke of Mrs. Eddy's obedience have never succeeded in establishing a rival Christian Science organization would, at the first glance, tend to show that Christian Science and Eddyism must go together. But this is a conclusion that only the outsider can insist upon. The true believer cannot admit that after Mrs. Eddy's death his truth will become error. His copy of "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures" retains its efficacy, whatever happens to Mrs. Eddy or her reputation.

Where Miss Milmine does knock a breach in the wall of Christian Science complacency, is first, by her analysis of the way Science has, in later days, been compromising with Error, and, secondly, in her summing up of the present strength of the Christian Science Church. Our writer shows that the general impression of the Christian Science membership as running into vague hundreds of thousands is quite erroneous. The number of Christian Scientists in the world is between 50,000 and 60,000. Their wealth, their rapid growth, and above all, the activities of their excellent press bureau, are given as reasons why their numbers are so generally overestimated. In their relations to the laws under which they live, the Christian Science healers are steadily growing more cautious. In the beginning, Mrs. Eddy's followers practised surgery and obstetrics as well as medicine proper. Surgery was given up many years ago. In 1901, Mrs. Eddy announced that Christian Scientists must submit to vaccination. In 1902, the teaching and practice of obstetrics were abandoned. In December of the same year Mrs. Eddy advised that Christian Scientists should decline to treat infectious or contagious diseases. This may be only bowing the head to Cæsar; but it is also a wise policy which tends to enhance the prestige of Christian Science by restricting the possible scope of Christian Science failure.

Mr. Marsten's book is sharply controversial. He assails in sledge-hammer fashion, where Miss Milmine gets her effects by simple narration. Such facts of Mrs. Eddy's life as Mr. Marsten employs are obviously drawn from Miss Milmine's biography.

CURRENT FICTION.

San Celestino. By John Ayscough. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Many readers of the *Nation* will recall Mr. Ayscough's "Marotz," a modern story of convent life written from a point of view perfectly free from bigotry as well as devout and sympathetic. In "San Celestino" he has essayed a more difficult task—an almost impossible task, one might have said—with equal or greater success. The story of the ascetic and recluse who was made Pope against his will, and after a vain struggle summoned courage to abdicate, might naturally be made a subject of sermon or rhapsody. This book is, in a sense, a book of devotion, written, as the author says, with "reverent tenderness"; but it is utterly free from either preaching or hysteria. Mr. Ayscough's purpose has been "to conceive an image" of the hermit who founded the order of the Celestines, and to convey it. His wish to interpret the beauty of the life of contemplation does not merely find a convenient embodiment in the hermit Peter who was forced to become Pope. He has come to possess a vigorous impression of the man himself, and is extraordinarily successful in recording it.

The story could not develop more simply and naturally, from the moment when Pietro di Murrone, the poor noble's son, leaves his country home to study theology at Salerno, to his last hours with a single faithful brother of his order, in the virtual prison at Fumone. In a way, the whole interpretation is an apology for *il gran rifiuto.* "It has been Celestine's terrible misfortune," says his apologist specifically, in bringing his study to a close, "that the keynote of earthly judgment should have been struck by an unequalled genius who was incurably a politician: for Celestine knew nothing and cared nothing about politics. As a politician he was to Dante's eyes merely a failure, and Dante had no pity for failures." In Mr. Ayscough's eyes, on the other hand, a saint fulfils his being through virtue of his saintship: the great refusal of Celestine was a refusal to consent to the futility which had been thrust upon him. To shake off the empty title was against no law of the Church, and a mere obedience to the law of his own being. As the writer admits, this book is neither a history nor a novel. "It may be called," he adds doubtfully, "a work of the imagination." As such it is sure to be recognized by readers of whatever faith who hunger after sincerity in the fiction of the hour.

Warriors of Old Japan, and Other Stories. By Yei Theodora Ozaki. Illustrated by Shusui Okakura. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Here is a familiar but ever enthralling repertory: Tametono, the archer; Yorimasa, the knight; Yoshitune, the clan champion; Benkei, the flower of retainers—of these, we never hear enough. Raiko, the slayer of a goblin more hideous than Polyphemus; Sano, the poor Samurai, who to warm a supposedly obscure guest, broke up the last of his precious garden trees; Shiragiku, with her long-lost brother; that spiritual sister of Cinderella, the Princess with the Bowl; Lazy Taro, who made himself a poet and courtier before learning that he was a king's son—all these real and fabled personages have been made into English before. Yet Mrs. Ozaki's version, by reason of its earnest simplicity, the spirited pictures of Shusui Okakura, and other artists of archaizing character, and the general attractiveness of the typographical form, should more than hold its own. We may quote a passage which suggests how the notorious stoicism of the Japanese has been compatible with artistry:

> Now the Japanese have always considered it a virtue to repress their feelings. . . . No matter what happens, one must learn to present an impassive countenance to the world, whether the heart be bounding with joy or withering with pain. Instead of making a display of your emotion, control it, and compose a poem or a beautiful sentence.

Mrs. Hugh Fraser, by way of introduction gives Mrs.. Ozaki's story. Her training, like her parentage, was equally divided between England and Japan. By marrying the Mayor of Tokyo, she may be said to have chosen for Nippon, while remaining an ideal interpreter between the two nations.

The Nest of the Sparrowhawk. By the Baroness Orczy. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

The beautiful young heiress and the wicked middle-aged guardian of this figment will have their haunting suggestion of previous acquaintance for all but the youngest readers. Conscious of this possibility, no doubt, the author has expended not a little ingenuity in contriving brand-new setting and incident. The guardian, Sir Marmaduke de Chavasse, has well-nigh unparalleled powers of chicanery, and his villany is not compromised by that fatal tincture of virtue which is threatening to give our romantic fiction some inconvenient resemblance to life. Let ill-enough alone:

if black night be your subject, why use whitewash? The present business takes place during the Protectorate, and Sir Marmaduke is nominally a Roundhead of severe life. He is probable heir to an earldom, but meanwhile is in hard straits for money. Hence his designs against the heiress—which he prosecutes in a remarkable, not to say preposterous, manner. Fortunately, if not so remarkably, there is a modest and excellent young man who loves the heiress with a disinterested and despairing love, which is in due time rewarded (the villain having ceased to be), not only with the hand of the lady, but with a less predictable succession to the earldom in question. If, as we suspect, the sole excuse for this order of fiction is that it should be consummately well done, "The Nest of the Sparrowhawk" must fall. But we have a further suspicion that the hand of commerce may be trusted to catch it, and to turn it to good account, from the author's point of view.

Marie of Arcady. By F. Hewes Lancaster. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

A story of Bayou Bienvenu, "a land of small farms and large loves, and of loyalty to love," where live the descendants of French exiles from "Arcadia," presumably Acadia. Hither flies in later days another refugee, little Marie—on her mind a secret which is not disclosed till the end of the book, but hangs like a veil over the course of a pretty little story and lends it depth and texture. The main charm of the tale, however, is not the secret, but the Bayou life, with its naïve customs and neighborly community of interests. Children at school, boys and girls courting, elders working, bargaining, or dispensing kindly wisdom from their doorways, make a gentle and contented world, where the few shadows only emphasize the sunshine. The dialect, which most of us must take on faith, is at least an interesting and important feature in the story.

The Concentrations of Bee. By Lilian Bell. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

Those who already know "The Jimmies," "The Jardines," and their friends will be prepared for the atmosphere of Mrs. Jardine's latest chronicle. "We are easy-going folk, and will not strive long to be good in any direction," she declares. So that fair warning is given of the tricks and plots that offset the Bohemian good-will and good-nature of this fantastic circle. They plan happy marriages for their favorites and unhappy ones for the punishing of their antipathies. They say and do some amusing things; they do and say many flat ones and many flamboyant ones. Extravaganza's nature is to be unreasonable, but not necessarily cheap. The reader is rather in the attitude of visiting in a family whose jokes are exclusively mutual; side-splitting to the inner coterie, but to the non-elect just a bit dry and tasteless.

ROMANTIC PHILOSOPHY.

The Eternal Values. By Hugo Münsterberg. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.50 net.

Never, perhaps, in the history of universities have there issued from a single institution of learning at any one time so many radically dissimilar versions of the universe as have come from the Harvard faculty of philosophy during the past decade. It would be too much to say that Harvard has a complete set of current philosophical tendencies; it has, however, not only a uniquely diversified set, but also one in which each example is an important, a strikingly executed, and an uncommonly well defined specimen of its type. He would be an exigent philosopher, indeed, who could find nothing to please him either in the pragmatism of Professor James, with its numerous subsidiary implications; or in the mechanistic naturalism, curiously combined with a sort of æsthetic and ethical humanism, of Professor Santayana; or in the aggressive metaphysical realism, united with a distinctive form of moral and religious idealism, of Professor Perry; or in one or the other of the two kindred, yet significantly different, idealistic systems of Professor Royce and Professor Münsterberg. That would, on the other hand, be a prodigy of higher synthesis which should reconcile all of these; for there is scarcely one important doctrine of any of these writers which is not rejected with emphasis by at least one of the others. The fact that five metaphysicians living in one community are so little able to agree upon a common platform may be regarded as circumstantial evidence favorable to the opinion that philosophy is not yet an exact science. But so long as it is not one—and yet remains an indomitable hope of human reason—that university is fortunate which brings together in one faculty such eminent and typical representatives of so many of the varieties of reflective reaction upon the universe.

Yet—one wonders whether quite so much divergence is inevitable. Its occurrence amid conditions so favorable to real "dialectic"—to that social process of coöperative thinking and reciprocal criticism, in which true philosophizing chiefly consists—is, after all, something of a scandal. One possible cause of some part of this effect defective is made apparent in the present book. Professor Münsterberg has a philosophy—an interesting, impressive, and highly edifying philosophy—and he must, therefore, be supposed at some time to have philosophized; though the marks of those ancient fires are not conspicuous in the smooth and highly finished product which the book puts before us—a body of doctrine in which there are no hesitancies, no doubts, no hint of any feeling for the reasons why anybody should ever have disagreed, no suggestion of problems awaiting solution. But Professor Münsterberg, at all events, has not philosophized with the philosophizing of his time; nor does his book make a very serviceable contribution to that coöperative enterprise. It attempts, indeed, to recall contemporary German and American philosophy to what the author believes to be unduly neglected verities in the thought of Kant and Fichte and Hegel. There may be real utility in such a call; but it is likely to be effective only if made by one who shows a genuine sensitiveness, if not necessarily to the doctrines, at least to the problems, the issues, the difficulties, and the directions of outreach, of the characteristic reflection of the present time. But Professor Münsterberg, though, doubtless, the most *actuel* of psychologists, seems to have been little touched by any philosophical problems or impulsions arising since 1831. Because of this, his book is likely to be estimated very differently by philosophical inquirers, and by that considerable public which reads philosophy as it reads a poem or hears a symphony, for the sake of the moods—pleasant or exciting or morally invigorating—which the performance awakens.

To the latter public, indeed—a public which has its rights—"The Eternal Values" will appeal forcibly, except for the fact that the English version is by no means invariably expressed in English idiom. Some rather German qualities of the mental idiom—its unction and fervor, and the author's disposition to pause somewhat frequently, in order to pat his doctrine upon the back and congratulate it on its high moral tone—will not be unfavorable to the book's vogue. The system of ideas set forth has an admirable clearness, and a certain impressive massiveness, of general outline; and the confidence and directness of the author's constructive methods are elements of literary effectiveness. Above all, Professor Münsterberg has apparently strongly felt, and he has rather tellingly conveyed, the appeal, to certain normal chords in human nature, of two or three broad and somewhat vague metaphysical concepts. He plays chiefly upon three elements of what may be called philosophic pathos. There is, first, the Platonistic pathos: the effect upon the mind of the idea of the eternity, impersonality, transcendency of "truth as such." It is the pathos of Clough's lines:

> It fortifies my soul to know
> That though I perish, Truth is so.

Professor Münsterberg also is very sure both that truth is "so," and that it makes no great difference how many mere "masses of psychological content" perish. While he does not make clear to

us what truth is like, when it is "so," or why its being "so" is worth while, the emotional effect of emphasis upon it is undoubtedly fortifying to the soul. Again, there is the voluntaristic pathos, appearing here in a Fichtean form: we make the universe real by freely and resolutely willing it, "the world is a deed," not a mere given object; the object exists only that the will may exercise itself upon it. Finally, there is the mystical pathos, the ecstatic effect of the notion of the ultimate deliquescence of all separateness and multiplicity. Professor Münsterberg's doctrine, at the end, turns out to be a sort of *Identitätssystem:* "the I, the fellow-I, and the not-I are in the over-I one and the same"; "in the deed, past and future are one," etc.

With these three kinds of pathos united in one philosophy, liberal provision is assuredly made for the satisfaction of certain cravings of the imagination and the emotions. But how the reason fares in the compounding is not so clear. For over three-quarters of a century philosophical criticism has been asking some searching questions and developing some drastic doubts about the sort of philosophy that Professor Münsterberg has now restored from Fichtean and Hegelian sources. Can all three of those doctrinal motives be, without contradiction, harmonized in a single system? Can the notion of a timeless being, embracing temporal experience as its content, be really conceived? Can we regard as anything more than a myth that game of ontological hide-and-seek in which the "over-self," while eternally remaining "unbroken," yet, "as an I detaches itself from the whole and thus creates the numberless selves and the space-time world," which must then be painfully annulled again and merged into the unity from which they were never truly separated? How, if all is one in "the over-self," can human personalities have significance or value or even genuine "reality"? Does not the concept of "truth" require a good deal of explication, especially in the light of an analysis of the human and temporal situations in which the quest for truth arises? To these and many other such questions, Professor Münsterberg gives small consideration, and no serious answers. It is for that reason that his book, though an interesting piece of contemporary philosophy, is without relevancy to contemporary philosophizing.

The Life of Major-General Sir Charles William Wilson, Royal Engineers, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., F.R.S., D.C.L., LL.D., M.E. By Col. Sir Charles M. Watson, K.C.M.G., C.B., M.A., Late Royal Engineers. With portrait, maps, and illustrations. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $5 net.

This officer was essentially a topographer and as such conducted extensive and illuminating explorations and surveys of Palestine and Sinai, besides being engaged in, and finally becoming the head of, the Ordnance Survey of Great Britain. Under the curious exchange of duties which the British military establishment permits, he was the Consul-General of Anatolia, 1879-82, with a group of military vice-consuls, one of whom was the subsequently greatly-distinguished Viscount Kitchener of Khartum. The great survey of Palestine had been completed in 1878 under Lieut. Kitchener, R.E., whose experience is another illustration that successful generals have frequently, not invariably, received a fundamental education in practical field work of that sort. A great general must visualize the *terrain* which he has not yet seen, and wide topographical service admirably develops such power. These consuls had no executive authority, but were confidential intelligence officers for the British Ambassador to the Sublime Porte and advisers whose admonitions might not be safely disregarded by the Turkish officials on the spot. Their essential duty was to observe how the reforms promised by the Treaty of Berlin were really carried out. The autumn of 1878 Wilson had spent in the delimitation of the new Servian-Turkish boundary, and during his service in Asia Minor he was detached upon a special investigation in Eastern Rumelia, while in his own territory he also made extensive tours of observation. It is not astonishing, therefore, that, when the Egyptian troubles due to the politico-military operations of Arabi began, his peculiar qualifications led to his detail as British Commissioner with the Ottoman contingent that was expected to go to Egypt, and that, when it was not sent, he was charged with a special mission concerning the trial of Arabi and the pacification of the country.

In April, 1883, Wilson resumed duty as the head of the Irish Ordnance Survey, but in September, 1884, on account of his familiarity with Eastern life and thought, he was made Chief of the Intelligence Department of Lord Wolseley's Nile expedition for the relief of Gordon. The singular course of the British Ministry of the day, marked by misapprehension and marred by indecision, may not be rehearsed here. The final embarrassment was deficient transportation on both desert and river, and when at last a column, imperfectly supplied, started, Wilson was sent with it as an Intelligence Officer, under orders to cut loose at Metammeh and notify Gordon, four days distant by water, that troops would reinforce him six weeks later! But with the commanding officer (Stewart) mortally wounded, and Burnaby, designated for command at Metammeh, killed in the combats about Abu Klea, Wilson was transformed from a staff officer into one with command, and as such was obliged to open the remaining way to the Nile and to establish the troops at Gubat. He then forced his personal way up the river with two rickety boats and Sudanese crews, running dangerous batteries at Halfiyeh and Omdurman, and reached Khartum January 28, only to find it fallen and Gordon killed on the 26th. Naturally, there was earnest inquiry in England whether the loss of those two days had been necessary. Yet even if he had arrived earlier, this officer could not, single-handed, have raised the siege, nor, with means of escape present, would Gordon have deserted his command. Wilson rejoined Wolseley at Korti and reported in detail February 9; but on March 23 that general called for and received an additional report as to Wilson's reasons for not going up the river sooner. This Lord Wolseley forwarded three weeks later with a disingenuous letter of transmittal, declining to add remarks of his own, and saying that "the reasons given by Sir Charles Wilson must speak for themselves." He must have recognized that what delay there had been was not procrastination, and that in the end it did not affect the issue; and, as the commanding general, he should have taken on his own shoulders his subordinate's reputation, or, believing him derelict, should have frankly said to. As it was, however, Wilson reverted to his topographical duties and became in succession director-general of the Ordnance Survey, a major-general in the army, and the director-general of military education. The deserving recipient of many scientific honors, including a Fellow's seat in the Royal Society and the D.C.L. of Oxford, in 1894 he was retired from active service.

This memoir has a special concern for American readers. Wilson himself escaped being an American only through his grandfather's return to England from this country, after marrying here. Wilson's uncle, Thomas, who died in Philadelphia in 1865, was a lifelong resident of that place, a liberal supporter of its Academy of Natural Sciences, and the founder of its Entomological Society. The father of Sir Charles, although resident in England, made many contributions to the scientific work of his American brother, whose tastes he shared. And, quite apart from the detailed story of the Gordon relief expedition which did not relieve, one finds here a clear account of the conditions in Asia Minor in 1879-81, which, nearly thirty years later, culminated in the massacres about Adana, where missionaries from the United States lost their lives. The crop then under cultivation bore that fruit.

Slavische Volkforschungen: Abhandlungen über Glauben, Gewohnheitsrechte, Sitten, Bräuche, und die Guslarenlieder der Südslaven, vorwiegend auf Grund eigener Erhebungen. Von Dr. Friedrich S. Krauss. Leipzig: Wilhelm Heims.

The latest work of Dr. Krauss in the field of Slavic research deals with the beliefs, myths, customs, and ceremonials, and the peculiar guslar songs, of Servia, Bosnia, and the adjacent regions upon which we depend for our Balkan question. Our author frankly states that very little of this folklore material is representative of the genuine ancient Slavic cult, most of it being the result of Byzantine acculturation, through the Greek church influence, modified and enlarged by Arabic and Turkish additions since the fall of Constantinople. The loosely organized and illiterate Balkan tribes were as little able to resist intellectual as military conquest. The product is a mass of folk belief and custom essentially Oriental and Asiatic, with here and there outcroppings of the rude primitive Slavic cult. The heroic period of Slav tradition and guslar song dates from the wars of the Turkish invasion, in which the mountain tribes upheld the throne of the emperor.

The first part of the work deals with witches, vilas, pest spirits, returned souls, the vampire, the werewolf, the nightmare spirit, cannibalistic practices and love charms, each section, with ample illustration of proverb and folk tale. The second part treats of the characteristic guslar songs, with which the author has already made us familiar, chanted to the accompaniment of the *gusla*, a sort of primitive violin. These songs are in great vogue among the people, and, in the opinion of the author, as of other investigators, constitute the real treasury of Balkan tradition. Sixteen specimens are given at length in both languages, with historical introduction and explanatory notes. Twenty-five pages of index make every reference readily available.

Many of the folklore beliefs and customs are more or less general throughout Europe, while others seem to be peculiar to the region and are built up with an elaboration of detail not often found elsewhere. Special witch nights are those dedicated to St. John and St. George, when wreaths are hung upon the horns of the cattle to make them secure from evil charms—flowers and branches being the homes of kindly plant spirits. A curious belief exists as to the danger that threatens the twelfth son of a family on St. John's night from the attacks of evil spirits armed with snags and stumps from the fields. To guard against this the peasants go over the fields in the autumn and remove every stump or half-rotted post. When the wind blows strong, the *vilas* (fairies or forest sprites) love to dance in those places where travellers halt for rest; but whoso rests where their sweat has fallen will lose speech or power of motion or be stricken by consumption. It is easy to know such places, however, by the tracks of the dancers in the dust, for they have only four toes on a foot. Then there are child-eating witches that devour their own children, and heart-eating witches that fasten upon a man while he sleeps, so that he afterwards withers and dies. The great amulet against witchcraft is a clove of garlic from seed planted and grown in the severed head of the first snake seen in the spring, the head, with the seed in it, having been buried in the garden.

Pestilence is the work of a horrible female spirit, with veiled face and hooved feet. She has no power for evil until in her wanderings she meets a sinner who for twenty years has concealed a mortal sin. Him she attacks, and, tearing out his heart and changing it to dust, she scatters this to the four winds. He who inhales this dust dies in agony. Such is the germ theory in primitive Servia. The plague spirit was once barred from entering a village by a brother and sister, who went out naked upon a pitch-dark night and plowed a furrow around the village with a plow drawn by two black oxen from the same cow. The folklorist will readily recognize the elements of the formula.

The vampire belief seems to have reached its highest development among the Slavic nations. A Servian precaution to prevent the return of a ghost as a vampire deserves notice for its suggestion of primitive paganism. On the eve of the funeral the old women go to the grave and build around it a circle of tow, to which they set fire. When the fire has burned down, a knife is driven into the earth above the breast of the corpse, and a hawthorn thorn above the place of each hand and foot, in order to pin down the ghost should it try to escape from the grave as a vampire. It should be noted that this is done only when the deceased was under suspicion in life. Those who die in youth or in grace do not become vampires. Among the Moslems the fire is sometimes actually built in the grave of the suspected one, and a hawthorn stake, burned to a sharp point, driven through the body.

In Three Legations. By Madame Charles de Bunsen. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

These memoirs contain the contemporary impressions of the wife of a Prussian diplomat at Turin, Florence, and The Hague a generation ago. Madame de Bunsen was the sister of W. H. Waddington, afterwards French Prime Minister, and French Ambassador in London. English by stock, French by bringing up, and Prussian by marriage, she had the cosmopolitan point of view and contacts which well fitted her to be a diplomat's wife. Add to those charms a quick and receptive intellect, and simplicity of character proof against the artificiality of courts and social conventions, and you have an unusual personality. Madame de Bunsen was at Turin from 1858 to 1862, during the years when the Piedmontese capital became the storm-centre of Europe. Her impressions of men and events are vivid—nothing so good has been published since Marchioness d'Azeglio's letters. The historian will be repaid by dipping into them, for they give day-by-day notes of the war of 1859. Her description of the scene between Garibaldi and Cavour in the Chamber of Deputies is the most vivid that any foreign eye-witness has written.

When the seat of the new kingdom of Italy was removed to Florence, the Bunsens moved with it. Madame de Bunsen's letters still abound in political memoranda, but social and official news predominates. We have many charming glimpses of Princess Margherita of Savoy, of Crown Prince Frederick, who came down after Sadowa and was lionized, and of celebrities whose fame was more local. In 1868, M. de Bunsen was transferred to The Hague; but on the way thither he spent some time in Berlin, and his wife "snaps" for us life at the Prussian capital on the eve of the war with France. The almost incredible stiffness and punctilio at court remind one of Spain in the seventeenth century. "If any one wishes to know their exact social value," she says, "I advise them to come to Berlin. After being waved on by Kammerherren to the particular room where you belong, and the particular table where you can have your supper, there being other rooms and other tables to which you must by no means go, and, after having to get out of the way of 'Excellenzen' and your 'Vorgesetzten' [superiors] generally, not to speak of the 'Hohe Herrschaften,' at the end of the season you are not likely to retain many illusions respecting yourself, whatever you may have indulged in before" (p. 297). Still, Madame de Bunsen's sense of humor and her cheerful temper served her not less in Berlin than elsewhere, and she never grumbles. She shows us the present Kaiser as "such a little duck" of ten; Virchow, who at an afternoon reception offered to give her a history of herring fishery since the twelfth century; Bismarck, Keudell, Mommsen, Benedetti, and many more who made history in those years. Not least interesting is her account of life in Holland; and when she comes to the year 1870 she sheds sidelights on the war. A large number of half-tones from contempo-

rary photographs add to the value of this pithy volume. Unfortunately, the proofreader has passed by many blunders in the foreign phrases.

Notes.

William Vaughn Moody's remarkable play, "The Faith Healer," is to be issued in book form by the Macmillans.

Mary Hallock Foote's novel, "The Royal Americans," a story of Revolutionary times, in which Ethan Allen and the Schuyler family appear as characters, is promised for March by the Houghton Mifflin Company.

Books on religious subjects about to be published by the Macmillans include "Studies in Religion and Theology," by Dr. Andrew M. Fairbairn; the "Ethics of Jesus," by Henry C. King, president of Oberlin College; and "The Gospel and the Modern Man," by Dr. Shailer Mathews.

The attraction of "Th Poems of Matthew Arnold," issued by Henry Frowde in the Oxford Edition, lies in the brief but happily turned introduction contributed to the volume by A. T. Quiller-Couch. He takes his text from Arnold's own words on Joubert and from Arnold's distinction between the Homers, Dantes, Shakespeares, who are "the great abiding fountains of truth," and the lesser spirits whose strength is in their fineness and reflection. Mr. Quiller-Couch's development of that text will make pleasant reading for those who have been, or still are, devoted Arnoldians. One point we question. Like so many other critics he speaks of Arnold as a poet who never has been and never can be popular. In one sense, if we compare Arnold with Tennyson or Longfellow, that is no doubt true; Arnold's readers have been chiefly in academic circles and among the thoughtful, but, after all, barring temporary fads, that is equally true of most other poets, and we suspect that the actual reading of Arnold will stand high in any quantitative test.

Henry Frowde had already brought out, in the Oxford Library of Prose and Verse, an exact reprint of Keats's "Poems Published in 1820"; he now issues another such reprint, furnished in the present case with an introduction and notes by M. Robertson. The body of the text contains the "Lamia," "Isabella," "Eve of St. Agnes," "Hyperion," and the great Odes, reproduced line for line as they appeared in the publication of 1820, without change except that for convenience of reference line-numbers have been added. As the two great sonnets, "Chapman's Homer" and "Bright Star," are given in the introduction and the ballad of "La Belle Dame" in the notes, we have here virtually all the work on which Keats's immortality depends; the miracle of its beauty and the reader's pleasure are enhanced, we think, by this separation from the earlier and later work which are marred respectively by unripeness and—alas, that it must be said!—overripeness. Mr. Robertson's notes are partly helpful but in much larger part useless or worse. Keats wrote in "The Eve of St. Agnes": "At length burst in the argent revelry"; Mr. Robertson comments: "*Argent*, silver. They were all glittering with rich robes and arms." He tells us that "shrive" means "confess," that Boccaccio was "an Italian writer of the fourteenth century," etc. Such notes are an impertinence; readers who need that kind of information had better be directed to Mother Goose than to Keats. Fortunately, the notes are placed at the end of the book, where they do not obtrude on the sight.

Bulletin No. 1 of the Keats-Shelley Memorial, Rome (Macmillan), is a handsome quarto of nearly 200 pages. It is edited by Sir Rennell Rodd, the British ambassador at Rome, and by H. Nelson Gay, the American historian, who, as a resident of Rome, was chiefly instrumental in negotiating for the purchase of the building and in fitting up Keats's apartment. R. U. Johnson, of the *Century Magazine*, first suggested the memorial and had charge of raising the American fund. The *Bulletin* contains a history of the enterprise, a report of the opening ceremonies at which the King was present, a list of documents and souvenirs, and a catalogue of the first thousand books installed in the library. There are several views and facsimiles. The volume will be prized by all collectors of Keats and Shelley material. The purchase of the house by the joint contributions of Americans and English, with the good will of the Romans, is an international event of unalloyed satisfaction.

Seven years after the appearance of the first volume, we receive the twentieth and last volume of the sixth edition of "Meyers Grosses Konversations-Lexikon." There is to be a supplementary volume, taking account of the changes in the main work necessitated by the lapse of almost a decade. By the time the supplementary volume is off the press, the publishers will undoubtedly be at work on the preliminaries of the seventh edition. It is this systematic and continuous process of revision that gives the standard German cyclopædias their high reputation for reliability, conciseness, scope, and proportion. It is a standard which we are measurably approaching in this country. The leading article in the present volume, to our own patriotic view, is the one on the United States (*Vereinigte Staaten*). The text is closely condensed, but comprehensive. The maps are plentiful. On the much vexed question of the strength of the German element in the United States, the estimate here runs to eleven million souls. Meyers is distinguished from its great rival, Brockhaus, by a stronger predilection for what newspapers call the human interest side. Of the typical American we learn that his mind, "ceaselessly bent upon the acquisition of property," is practical, penetrating, and untiring. He is tall, slim, and with strongly marked features. He develops early both in mind and body, but shows little inclination for the arts or poetry. "The women possess exceptional charm and grace, and a freedom of bearing that is both well-mannered and attractive." (Imported by Lemcke & Buechner.)

It is not strange that Dr. George A. Gordon's "Religion and Miracle" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) has assembled a swarm of protestants about him, and made him feel the *rabies theologorum*, which Melancthon said it would be one of the delights of heaven to escape. It is not so much that Dr. Gordon denies any particular miracle, or that he declares supernatural occurrences to be impossible. On the contrary he maintains that miracles are logically possible, and says that he has no interest in the destruction of the belief in miracle. It is just that lack of interest in the subject of the miraculous that makes Dr. Gordon's attitude so tantalizing to the orthodox. If he had declared that a large number of the Biblical miracles had come to be incredible to him, and had set forth with reverence and regret the reasons why he could no longer hold them, he would have found objectors, but he would have stirred less feeling. Instead of stating what miracles he does not believe, and his reasons therefor, he expresses surprise that thinking people should still be troubled about the supernatural, confesses that the subject of miracle has hardly entered his mind for many years, and proceeds to exhibit how well Christian piety, including belief in God and discipleship of Christ, can thrive without any article respecting miracle in its creed. It is this indifference and suggestion of superiority which occasion anger at his position. It may be suggested that the defenders of the orthodox view have really the deeper insight. The concept of miracle is a very old one, and has played an important part in the life of all men of religious genius. The doctrine may need restatement, and it might have been better for Dr. Gordon to attempt its reconstruction than to set it aside as so easily negligible.

The "Historical Guide to the City of New York" (Frederick A. Stokes Company), compiled by Frank Bergen Kelley, with the co-operation of the City History Club of New York, is a handsome guide-book of above 400 pages, literally crammed with instruction, interest, and amusement of an exceptional kind. It will please the antiquarian by its minuteness and authority, and the ordinary citizen by the aspect of age and tone it lends to the drab and raucous city he lives in. For instance, there is seemingly no romance connected with living on One Hundred and Sixty-sixth Street, east of Third Avenue, in the Bronx. Yet, just south of One Hundred and Sixty-sixth Street was once "Pudding Rock," a gigantic, "glacial boulder," where the Indians held their corn feasts, unmindful of subway schedules and office-bours. The entire territory of the greater city is examined for every historic spot, every old building, every tablet, and every milestone the ground can be made to yield. The material is presented in the form of sixty pilgrimages, illustrated with more than that number of maps. A delightful volume to muse over.

The peculiar merits of "The Minnesinger, Vol. I, Translations" (Longmans, Green & Co.), by Jethro Bithell, lecturer in German at the University of Manchester, are strength and originality, rather than smoothness and melody. Indeed, there is hardly a piece in the volume that does not suffer from a deficiency of these latter qualities. Nevertheless, the translator has genuine lyrical feeling and his command of language shows such a wide range, such vigor and raciness, that his renderings stand quite above the level of the uninspired and perfunctory work which we usu-

ally associate with the idea of translation. Apart from folk songs, we have hero selections from sixty-nine Minnesinger. Moreover, nearly all are represented by several pieces, so that the book reflects quite fairly the variety of their production, from the lovely dawn-songs (compare especially the one by Sir Dietmar von Aist, the translation of which, however, is unfortunately marred by bad punctuation) to humorous poems like that which describes the reception given an impudent would-be lover by the girl who is threshing flax. Happily chosen mottoes, from classical and other sources, enhance the interest of the pieces; and the same may be said of the notes, which evince a remarkable familiarity with the lyrical literature of different ages and countries. Altogether, we hope that the production of this very charming volume will not have the disastrous consequences for the author's professional career with regard to which he expresses a humorous fear in his preface. The philologists are really not so bad as they are painted. The second volume, which is still to appear, will consist of a commentary on the whole body of the Minnesinger poetry.

The efforts of the French to develop the resources and industries of that part of their western African possessions known as the Middle Niger are described in the *Annales de Géographie* for January. The river is now connected by a railway, 344 miles long, with the head of navigation on the Senegal; and representatives of many French business houses are scattered throughout the region. The imports are chiefly cotton and sugar; the exports are wool, skins, rice, and a few years ago large quantities of egret feathers. The slaughter of these birds was so great as to threaten their extinction, and the Lieutenant-Governor of the colony in August, 1907, prohibited the killing of them for two years. At the end of the close period, however, the birds had not reappeared. With this number comes the eighteenth annual bibliography of the geographical literature of 1908, consisting of 336 pages and 1,105 entries. It is a most valuable list of the principal works in various languages, as well as the publications of the scientific societies and the government departments, with explanatory notes by experts. In this as in previous years the public documents of this country have received the most attention.

The January number of the *American Journal of International Law* opens with an elaborate comparative study, by Lester H. Woolsey, of the South African Constitution; the international significance of which lies in the fact that Great Britain, in a recent treaty of general arbitration, has reserved the right, before concluding a special agreement in any matter affecting the interest of a self-governing dominion of the empire, to obtain consent of the government of that dominion. The author also presents a study of new governmental conditions in South Africa, whose system of jurisprudence, for example, he finds to be national in character, rather than provincial as are the systems of Australia and Canada. This may profitably be compared with an earlier discussion by Mr. Bryce of the constitutions of the Orange Free State and the Transvaal. The second article, "Compulsory Arbitration at the Second Hague Conference," is by Dr. Heinrich Lammasch of Vienna, who is umpire in the arbitration, by the United States and Great Britain, of the Atlantic Coast fisheries question. He describes the reception given at the Hague Conference (1907) to the proposal of the United States that all the Powers represented should pledge themselves to refer to the so-called Permanent Court of Arbitration all differences of a legal nature or such as relate to the interpretation of international treaties, provided those differences cannot be settled diplomatically, or do not affect the vital interests, the independence or the honor of the parties, or the interests of third nations. He also discusses the opposition to this principle by the German delegates, Baron von Marschall and Dr. Kriege, on the ground that it amounted to a sham because of its broad exceptions. To this Dr. Lammasch replies that the principle has not only moral significance, but, as pointed out by Von Mery, Austro-Hungarian delegate, an extensive legal bearing. A compromise resolution, chiefly drafted by Tornielli, was passed, which recognizes the principle of compulsory arbitration, and declares that certain differences, especially those relating to the interpretation and application of international treaty stipulations, may suitably be made subject to compulsory arbitration without any restriction.

There are two carefully considered papers on the law of the airship, or aerial law; one by Arthur H. Kuhn, the other by Simeon E. Baldwin, chief justice of the Connecticut Supreme Court. As Justice Baldwin says, "to harmonize the aeronaut's rights with those of other men of foreign lands over which he may take his course, demands not only adequate local legislation, but adequate international agreements." A French publicist, Paul Faucille, receives credit for having introduced this subject in 1900, at an annual conference of the Institute of International Law; Justice Baldwin quotes a quaint suggestion by one authority, that the air be considered as divided into a lower zone, in which there are rights of property, and an upper one, in which there are only spheres of influence! He thought that at any rate the ancient legal aphorism, *cujus est solum ejus est usque ad cœlum*, as old as Coke on Littleton, would have to be much modified; that no land proprietor could be heard to complain of any use of the air above his land by which no injury could result. But equally clearly, damage might be done him by an aerial navigator, and the difficult problem would be to define the remedy and secure its application.

We wonder whether the time will ever come when librarians will tell us why they reject certain books. It is our belief—in the present state of library affairs, with a plethora of select reading lists—that this would be a most beneficial method; for with the continual publication of positive recommendations, the librarians are deluding the public into the belief that there are no negative books. "A Children's Catalog," based on twenty-four special library lists, has just been issued by the H. W. Wilson Company. Part one contains 3,000 books indexed under author, title, and subject. Such a digest, based on authorities and with selected annotations, should supplant the majority of library bulletins and bibliographies dealing with children's reading; the one technical omission is the name of the publisher under each title, together with some indication of the best edition. In this respect, the "Catalogue of Books in the Children's Department of the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh" is more serviceable. Part two consists of an index to *St. Nicholas*, volumes twenty-eight to thirty-six, the titles entered under author and subject, together with an analytical subject reference to about five hundred books catalogued in part one. Such is the scope of this very extensive compilation, prepared under the guidance of Marion E. Potter.

The catalogue stands fairly well the test of catholicity, popularity, and democratic averages of taste. But it is not over-solicitous about the care of older readers who are on the borderland between the children's room and the adult department of the library. In proving this fact, we have noted some curious omissions. If Blackmore's "Lorna Doone," and Fouqué's "Undine," why not Aldrich's "Marjorie Daw" and Howell's "Lady of the Aroostook?" Is this a case of oversight or of doctors disagreeing? In later editions it might be wise to give consideration to this point, as well as to drop much matter of a supplementary school character. The subject index suggests a moral. Under biography it is weak, under poetry strong; under Shakespeare, the plays are recommended in retold form, save where the school requirements intervene, while Scott is curiously graded; under songs, the music is sparse, and under plays, there is the same paucity. We should like to see a full cross reference under fiction and under biography.

The total number of scholars in residence at Oxford under the Rhodes Bequest during the academic year of 1908-9 was 179. Of these, 78 were from the colonies of Great Britain, 90 were from the United States, and 11 were from Germany. The total number of scholars and ex-scholars at the beginning of the academic year of 1909-10 was 178. The wide range of study pursued by the scholars is shown by the following classification: Honor schools for the B.A. degree: Jurisprudence, 39; history, 23; natural science, 20; literæ humaniores, 16; theology and English literature, 10 each; mathematics, modern languages, and engineering, 3 each; honor moderations classical and mathematical, 1 each. Of fifteen appointments during the year, eight were obtained by Americans, as follows: C. F. T. Brooke of West Virginia, instructor in the department of English at Yale; P. Nixon of Connecticut, assistant professor at Bowdoin; J. J. Tigert of Tennessee, president of Kentucky Wesleyan College, Winchester, Ky.; J. A. Brown of New Hampshire, professor at the Syrian Protestant College at Beirût; S. K. Hornbeck of Colorado, instructor at Che-Kiang Provincial College, Hangchow, Che-Kiang, China; B. E. Schmitt of Tennessee, assistant professor at the University of Wisconsin; J. N. Schaeffer of Pennsylvania, preceptor at Princeton, and C. H. Foster of Idaho, instructor at the United States Naval Academy. The following hold fellowships in the United States: B. B. Wallace of Minnesota, at the University of Wisconsin, and E. R. Lloyd of West Virginia, at the University of Chicago. Of 83 scholars from the United States who have

completed their course at Oxford. 82 have returned to their own country and one has taken up work in England. The qualifying examinations for candidates for the scholarships of 1910 were held in October, 1909. Of the 196 candidates who presented themselves, 67 passed in all subjects, 34 passed in all subjects except Greek, and 95 failed. No candidates presented themselves from four of the United States, and from seven States no candidates passed; but from many of these States there are eligible candidates from past years. The next qualifying examination for the scholarships of 1911 will be held about the middle of October, 1910. Circulars giving detailed information in reference to the award of scholarships may be obtained on application to The Rhodes Trust, Seymour House, Waterloo Place, London, S. W.

The Rev. Dr. Edward Lord Clark died in Boston on Saturday, at the age of seventy-two years. He was born at Nashua, N. H., and graduated at Brown in 1858, and at Andover Theological Seminary in 1863. Ordained to the Congregational ministry in 1861, he was pastor of churches in North Bridgewater, Mass., New Haven, New York, and Boston between 1863 and 1902. He had published "Daleth-Egypt Illustrated" and "Israel in Egypt."

Mrs. Jessie Van Zile Belden died in New York on February 2, aged fifty-three years. She was born in Troy, N. Y., was educated at Troy Female Seminary, and at St. Agnes's School, Albany, and had served as New York State regent of the Daughters of the American Revolution (1898-99). She had published several works of fiction, including "Fate at the Door," "The King's Ward," and "Antonia."

Science.

The Relation of Medicine to Philosophy. By R. O. Moon, M.A., M.D. (Oxon), F.R.C.P. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

In his preface the author of this work states that he wishes to show, in considering various important epochs in history, how closely medicine is bound up with current thought. Speaking generally, he says medicine has advanced during the period of great intellectual activity and has stood still in times of intellectual torpor. This fact seems quite patent, and is as true of other professions and sciences. One can scarcely find at first glance any great need for a book, then, to prove the point; especially as this book is, of necessity, an epitome or abstract of the various histories of medicine which have been written and which cover the ground more exhaustively. And certainly ground enough is covered—or skimmed. Beginning with the early Greek philosophy, the author traces its relationship to primitive Greek medicine, following down through the post-Hippocratic school, the school of Galen, Arabic philosophy and medicine, the influence of the Middle Ages, the school of Paracelsus—through the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries to the present day.

Finally, Dr. Moon notes that the progress of medical science has enormously reduced the death-rate, and that the alleged increase in the number of diseases is an absurdity, because what formerly was considered one disease—fever, for example—has been differentiated into many. As for the slowness with which medical science has advanced to its present state, he says:

> Looking back through the vista of the ages, it seems to us hardly credible that medicine should have been taught and practised from the time of Galen till early in the sixteenth century, without any serious attempt having been made to study anatomy, so essential does an adequate knowledge of the structure of the human body seem to be.

The answer is simple enough: the mediæval mind knew no science of medicine, and even if it had known, the dissection of the body would have been held sacrilegious. Disease, death, and poverty were dispensations of Providence, and any attempt to study them at close range with the idea of their prevention would have seemed like questioning the omnipotence of God and His divine right to chastise.

Concerning the progress of medicine in the nineteenth century, Dr. Moon states that the system of homœopathy was not a new one, for it was known to Hippocrates. The old legend of the spear of Achilles which healed the wounds it inflicted shows the belief in the doctrine of similars. Hahnemann, he says, was the lineal successor of Paracelsus. He thought of spiritual powers existing in drugs themselves; medicine was not a dead substance, but dynamical and spiritual. Hence there is revealed that element of mysticism which is at once the strength and weakness of homœopathy. As to the greater progress made in medicine in the century just past, as compared even with all those that preceded, for this there are three sufficient reasons: first, the systematic study of pathology, or the origin, growth, and nature of disease; secondly, the foundation of physical diagnosis, the employment of percussion and auscultation and the use of the clinical thermometer; thirdly, the great advances made in biology, chemistry, and in bacteriology, through the discoveries of Pasteur. Of course, it is obvious that medicine simply shares the universal tendency to specialism in every department of human endeavor. In the past, the great obstacle to this had been the utter absence of systematized facts; but the time is now at hand when medicine, by and large, can be brought to a focus with the sister sciences, and thus serve, in a higher degree than ever, the purposes of a sane and rational life.

This volume, although it contains little that is original, may serve as a short history of medicine for those who have not the time or inclination for a more exhaustive study of the subject.

"Notes on New England Birds," collected from the fourteen volumes of Henry D. Thoreau's "Journal" by Francis H. Allen, is to be published in the spring by the Houghton Mifflin Company.

Among the numerous recent books within the field of aeronautics, one of more than usual interest is "Aerial Navigation of To-day," by Charles C. Turner (Seeley & Co.). Not only has the writer had considerable practical experience in ballooning, but he has also carried on extensive researches into the technical sciences connected with aerial navigation. His purpose in writing the present volume was to give in a compendious form the results of his labor, so as to enable "those who are interested in the subject, but have neither time nor opportunity for prolonged study, to gain a fair idea of the progress that has been made in the conquest of the air." Starting with the preliminary stages in the evolution of aeronautics, when men first conceived the idea of conquering the air, he discusses, among others, such topics as the history and principles of ballooning and of mechanical flight, military and naval aeronautics, aerial law, the new industry of aeroplane-manufacture, the social significance of the conquest of the air, and the main points of difference between the various types of flying apparatus, whether they be lighter or heavier than air. The reading of the book is rendered easy even to the layman by the fact that a carefully selected glossary is appended; while, for the benefit of those who desire to read more widely, an aeronautical bibliography of selected works has been furnished. The volume is the latest addition of the publishers to their "The Science of To-day Series."

R. C. Punnett, who has made a special study of the doctrines of Mendel, has been appointed to the Cambridge professorship of biology, recently resigned by William Bateson.

William Page May, the English neurologist, died last month. He had written much on nervous diseases, and had also published "Helouan and the Egyptian Desert."

Dr. Jakob Volhard, professor of chemistry in the University of Halle, died in that town last month. He was born at Darmstadt in 1834. He was first associated with Liebig at Munich, and was afterwards professor at the University of Erlangen. He had published two works on the early history of chemistry, and at the time of his death was at the head of the Hygienic Institute of Halle University.

Friedrich Kohlrausch, the German physicist, died last month at Marburg. He was born at Rinteln, in 1840, was educated at Erlangen and Göttingen, and had been professor there and at Zürich, Strassburg, Würzburg, and Berlin. He had made special researches, and many important discoveries in the field of electrolysis, and had published a "Lehrbuch der praktischen Physik," which is considered an authoritative reference work. His other books include "Das Leitvermögen der Elektrolyte, insbesondere der Lösungen," "Kleiner Leitfaden der praktischen Physik," and "Die Energie oder Arbeit und die Anwendungen des elektrischen Stromes."

Drama.

Whatever may be thought of its philosophy, the fact remains that in "A Man's World," which was produced in the Comedy Theatre, on Tuesday evening, Miss Rachel Crothers has written one of the strongest, most interesting, logical, and dramatic pieces on the now dominant topic of the relations of the sexes, that has been seen in this city for years. The distinguishing merit of it is that it is founded upon a clear and definite thesis, discusses it with notable fairness from various points of view, and in the imaginary case selected for illustration, faces the legitimate consequences of the premises without hesitation or faltering. For once sense has not been sacrificed to sentiment, or the desire for a happy ending. The argument is that men would be less lax in their lives, if good women were not so ready to ignore or condone their offences. The heroine has moulded her life in accordance with this principle. She is a successful writer, a spinster, living in a Bohemian apartment house, with an adopted child, the illegitimate orphan of a deceived and abandoned young woman whom she had encountered abroad. Naturally she is the object of scandal, and she revolts against the injustice that imposes all the shame and the sorrow upon the feebler partner. Fearing the weakness of her sex, she resolves to keep strict guard over her affections, but soon falls in love, in spite of herself, with a masterful young journalist, who bluntly refuses to be converted to her opinion that both sexes should be subject to the same law of morality, or to speak of it patiently. Nevertheless, she is supremely happy, until she discovers, by chance, that he is actually the father of her ward, and the man whom for years she has regarded as the epitome of all that is contemptible and vile. In a series of well-devised and strongly passionate scenes he strives to vanquish her prejudices by appeals to her reason and her affection, but, although broken hearted, she stands by her conviction unflinchingly, dismisses him for good, and again takes up the burden of life alone. There is more of dramatic point, perhaps, than of human nature in her inflexibility, and there are important phases of the question, which Miss Crothers does not touch, but she has written a striking drama, full of vital characterization, and uncommonly well made. The impersonation of the heroine by Miss Mannering contains some of the best work this actress has ever done, and the general performance is excellent.

H. B. Irving is negotiating with Hall Caine for a drama on the subject of the Flying Dutchman. It is to be called "The Demon Lover."

A new Shylock is to be seen in London soon. This is Arthur Phillips, a young actor, who was recently in the company of Lena Ashwell. He has been playing the part in the provinces to the Portia of Ellen Terry. His London experiment will be made at the Court Theatre.

Advices from Australia report the great success in that country of Oscar Asche and Lily Brayton, who have arranged to extend their tour for a further term of six months. Consequently they will not reach England until October next, when they will produce Stanley Weyman's play, "Count Hannibal."

Edmond Rostand's much discussed "Chantecler" was produced for the first time last Sunday evening, before a large and evidently very friendly audience at the Porte Saint Martin Theatre, in Paris. Rostand has been quoted as saying that he first conceived the idea of the piece in 1901, upon observing the inhabitants of an ordinary farmyard, which he happened to pass during a stroll; the central idea being suggested by the dominance of the cock, who appeared to be lording it over the fowls and other animals within his domain. Just what the playwright proposed to make of this idea, has been the subject of much speculation; it seemed curious enough that the creator of Cyrano should lend his genius to the poetic and dramatic treatment of such a notion.

This curiosity was heightened when the great comedian, Benoît Constant Coquelin, who, it had soon become known, was to play the central character, the cock, began to recite in public portions of the lines of the play; in fact, within two or three years many of Rostand's friends seemed to have become fairly familiar with much of the text of the piece. In January, 1909, Coquelin began to arrange for rehearsals of the play in Paris, under the immediate direction of Rostand, but these preparations had hardly taken definite form when Coquelin died (on January 27). It was no easy matter to find his successor, but Lucien Guitry was finally selected, and the rehearsals were continued. During the year, several dates were tentatively or conjecturally mentioned for the first presentation of the piece, but there were as many postponements for reasons not always made clear, though it now appears that, after the actors had become fairly familiar with their parts, the last scenes were considerably changed, both as to lines and action.

The central idea of the play is Chantecler's notion of his own importance, and his belief, shared by the other fowls and animals, that the sun appears and the day begins at his command. This notion is dispelled from his own mind, when he finds that the sun has risen and the day has fully dawned while he has been listening, in a wood, to the love-making of a hen pheasant with whom he had become infatuated. But the pheasant is caught in a snare, and upon the advice of the dog, who is his friend, Chantecler retreats to the farmyard crowing, and the other fowls are kept in ignorance of his disillusion.

Henry Bataille has two new plays about to appear in Paris. At the Gymnase will be produced "La Vierge folle," a play of action and ideas, in four acts, one of which passes at the Savoy Hotel, London, and another at Greenwich. The principal part will be taken by Mlle. Berthe Bady. His other new play promises to be novel. Besides being a dramatist, M. Bataille is a lyric poet, and "Le Songe d'un soir d'amour," to be seen at the Français, is a one-act play in *vers libres*. The scene is modern, but in the production certain effects of stage lighting will help to bring out a fantastic or "fairy" element in the poem. Mme. Bartet is to play the chief part.

Music.

Piano Questions Answered by Josef Hofmann. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., 75 cents net.

Piano Compositions by Ludwig van Beethoven. Edited by Eugen D'Albert. Oliver Ditson Co. Vol. I. $1.50.

Hundreds of students in this country have asked Josef Hofmann: "What is the quickest way to become a great piano-player?" He admits that there are cases of artists suddenly acquiring a wide renown; but, in such cases, there was not a leap into greatness, but into the public's recognition of it. The greatness itself was acquired slowly, by a combination of talent with hard work, under proper guidance. To provide such guidance for those to whom access is denied to the best teachers, Mr. Hofmann wrote a book, a year or two ago, entitled "Piano Playing," the substance of which had been published in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. It called forth a number of questions for further information on a variety of topics, and the answers to these constitute the new (doubly indexed) volume, which may be cordially commended to all students who aspire to rise above mediocrity.

Under the head of technique, the author discusses such points as touch, position, staccato, legato, fingering, glissando, octaves. Other topics are: the pedals, phrasing, rubato, memory, sight-reading, accompanying, transposing, bad music, the student's age, etc. As regards the sustaining pedal, while recognizing its great value as a means of coloring the music, he declares, "from sad experience," that it is far more important to know when *not* to use it than when to use it. The ear must be the guide. It is well-known that Beethoven himself used the pedal much more freely than is indicated in his printed music. In Bach, the pedal must be employed with caution, lest the fine texture of his polyphony be blurred; but often it is very important, because "it accumulates harmonic tones, holds the fundamental tone, and thus produces effects not dissimilar to the organ." These words are of value at a time when most teachers make their pupils, when playing Bach, follow the letter instead of the spirit. Mr. Hofmann also throws a stone at those who hold—as most still do—that in tempo rubato, the left hand must keep strict time. This, he declares, "can find application only in a very few isolated cases; only inside of one short phrase, and then hardly satisfactorily." The perfect rubato, he adds, "must be the result of momentary impulse." Would it not be wise to abandon the misleading expression "rubato" altogether and speak of fluctuating tempo?

Of practical advice, there is plenty.

The question what salary an accompanist might expect is thus answered:

An experienced and very clever accompanist may possibly earn as much as fifty dollars a week if associated with a vocal, violin, or 'cello artist of great renown.

For good accompanying, women are in demand. But the pupil should not start out with the idea of becoming an accompanist, because "it seems like going to a commercial school to study to be an 'assistant' bookkeeper." In the preface, there is a fling at the superstition that music can be studied abroad better than here. Mr. Hofmann knows personally five American teachers who struggled at home and who now in European cities have studios thronged with American pupils.

One of the most amusing things about musicians is their attitude toward Beethoven—an attitude of unqualified worship, on bent knees, of everything he wrote. How could Josef Hofmann have the temerity to intimate that Beethoven's sonatas "are not all on precisely the same high plane of thought"? No such heretic is Eugen D'Albert, who declares that "the genius of Beethoven is so great that any attempt to explain his works seems almost a profanation"! However, when the Oliver Ditson Company explained why they wanted him to edit a volume containing selections from that composer's pianoforte works, he overcame his "holy awe" (*heilige Scheu*) and accepted the offer—fortunately, for no one better qualified for this task could have been found. He is not one of the academic pianists who believe that Beethoven's pieces must be played in a dry, impassive manner.

"How can they fail to realize that Beethoven's works are pulsating with warm life and fairly clamor for a free, vigorous, and temperamental performance?" It is from this emotional point of view that the editor's comments are made in the eight columns of introductory notes. Beside these, there are a large number of footnotes to the 125 pages of music, and these notes are of particular interest and value. Some of them concern technical matters, but most of them supplement the expression marks or explain and justify D'Albert's own interpretation of disputed passages. Like Bülow, he believes in applying to Beethoven here and there the Lisztian method of giving a quasi-orchestral tone-color; for instance, on page 67: "Imagine the first half of this measure played on muffled drums and the second half on the trumpets and trombones." The sonatas included in this collection are opus 2, No. 13; opus 13 ("Pathétique"); opus 26; opus 27, No. 2 ("Moonlight"); opus 31, No. 3; and these are followed by Seven Bagatelles, opus 33. Other volumes are to come.

Inasmuch as Richard Wagner was sixty-five years old before Italy, France, and England paid any attention to his operas, Alfred Bruneau might think himself lucky to get a hearing for one of his operas in remote America at the age of fifty-three. But the operatic world moves much faster than it used to move, and it is strange that "L'Attaque du Moulin" should have had to wait till this week before being produced in what is now the operatic centre of the world. That opera was first given in Paris seventeen years ago, with a cast including Mme. Delna and M. Clément. Both of these singers are at present members of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and to this circumstance doubtless is due the production of "L'Attaque du Moulin," at the New Theatre on Tuesday evening. The opera is based on a tale by Zola, who subsequently became Bruneau's regular collaborator, one of his tenets (attacked by Saint-Saëns and others), being that librettos should be in prose. The story is concerned with a mill, held by the French against an attack by the Germans during the war of 1870. There is a considerable amount of firing in the first and last acts, and the music, too, with its bugle calls and orchestral turmoil, reflects the war spirit. There is, of course, a love story interwoven with the militarism, and calling for appropriate music. Bruneau's score proves him to be a thorough musician, and one who knew how to write dramatically for the voice as well as the orchestra. He knows how to create moods, and had he but possessed the divine gift of writing melodies of individual aspect he might have become as successful an opera composer as his teacher, Massenet.

It is customary among musicians in these days of Debussy, Strauss, and D'Indy to sneer at operas which, like Flotow's "Martha," owe their vogue entirely to the simple melodies strung through them. That the public generally is not in the same mood was shown at the Metropolitan last Friday, when a large audience witnessed and applauded a performance of "Stradella," a once very popular work by the composer of "Martha." It had not been sung in this city for about a quarter of a century, and was therefore a genuine novelty to the majority of those who heard it on this occasion; yet everybody recognized most of the pretty tunes as "familiar quotations," and many were surprised and said to themselves, "I didn't know that was from 'Stradella.'" Few melodies in the whole range of opera are more inspired and expressive than the Hymn to the Virgin, the singing of which by the hero disarms the bravoes who are about to assassinate him and makes them fall on their knees. The singing of this hymn by Leo Slezak did much to increase the popularity that has made him a serious rival of Caruso. The cast included also another singer, Alma Gluck, whose lovely voice and leap into fame are among the talked-of things of the season, and the two amusing comedians, Goritz and Reiss, whose equals it would be difficult to find in any theatre. With such a cast, "Stradella" is likely to become again a regular feature of the Metropolitan repertory.

Sir Edward Elgar is reported to have completed the second movement of a violin concerto.

One of the most popular German writers on music is La Mara (Marie Lipsius). Among her works is a collection, in four volumes, of brief biographies of the composers of all countries. A fifth volume is devoted to twenty-four women who became famous as singers or players. Breitkopf & Härtel are now the publishers of all these volumes. The third has been considerably changed, the biographies of some composers who are no longer in vogue being replaced by sketches of Hans von Bülow and Grieg.

Dr. George B. Gardiner, the English musician, who had collected much unpublished folk-music, especially from Hampshire, died on January 19.

Art.

Art in Great Britain and Ireland. By Sir Walter Armstrong. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 4 color plates and numerous text illustrations. $1.50 net.

This is the first-comer of a much-heralded General History of Art, which is to be published simultaneously in English, French, German, Italian, and Spanish. The little volume is light enough to carry in the pocket. It contains, besides a handful of color-plates and half-tones, numerous tiny inset illustrations, select bibliographies at the end of the main divisions, and an adequate index. It follows, obviously, the typographical form of Salomon Reinach's useful "Apollo."

To write the broken history of British art these allied publishers could hardly have found a better contributor than Sir Walter Armstrong. He shows himself fully aware of the difficulty of his task, and in a constant vivacity offers a kind of compensation for the necessarily disconnected character of his book. This manual is not merely a chronicle, but a critique. It is as easy to read consecutively as to consult casually. In its general disposition, the volume is less a unit than a series of detached essays. After a general chapter on Anglo-Saxon art, each branch—architecture, the minor arts, painting, and sculpture—is dispatched once for all. This naturally involves some long steps between chapters. One settles the modern painters, only to begin over again with the miniaturists; whereupon another retreat to find the pioneer water-color men. Perhaps the fragmentary nature of all the material, saving only architecture, made this parallel arrangement the lesser evil. We think, however, a general division into mediæval, transitional, and modern art would have been preferable. As it is, only a rather alert reader will manage to keep clearly in mind the chronological relations of workers in the various arts.

Architecture properly has the lion's share of the space—more than a third. The essential originality and worth of English Gothic are stoutly maintained,

though the suspicion that the best of these plumes are often borrowings is not fully met. Of the architecture of the century just past Sir Walter is a pungent critic, and this is, perhaps, the most interesting portion of the book. The sound English tradition, he makes no doubt, is the modified Palladianism of Inigo Jones and Wren. The neo-Greek building of a century and more ago he condemns unqualifiedly. The Gothic revival he regards as at best a magnificent aberration. Back to the fathers is his watchword, and all the younger men who have quarried out of Sir Christopher or his sources are warmly commended. The topic is too large to be discussed in a review. We may note only that a similar tendency, if somewhat more Hellenistic in temper, is strong in France and America.

One will look with highest expectations to the chapters on painting, in which the author is an authority; and, in fact, these sections are always vivacious. But here intrudes also a capricious, or perhaps merely a British, element which occasionally produces untoward results. Gainsborough is estimated in the most perfunctory spirit. From the bare notice of him no one would gain a notion of his unique spiritual elegance. Romney seems overrated, and Hoppner, in many opinions, hardly earns the large title of "genius." Turner again is merely noted, and the isolated position of Watts is only faintly suggested. In the earlier field the statement that Van Dyke's so-called English manner is based on the miniatures of Samuel Cooper, is too disputable to put in a handbook. The likelihood is that both followed pretty faithfully the modish type of the Stuart court. Among the few living painters included, Clausen might well have had a place. In the chapter on etching Cotman and Turner should have been mentioned, while among draughtsmen Charles Keene surely deserved something more than bare registration. Unaccountable omissions, unless the index is defective, are George Cruikshank and Samuel Rowlandson.

These are minor and inevitable blemishes in a generally well proportioned and stimulating book, which, aside from its budget of facts, abounds in fine incidental criticisms. On pp. 102 and 197 are false references to cuts which should be set right in the next printing.

From F. Gutekunst of Philadelphia we have received photographs of the late Richard Watson Gilder and Bishop Goodsell. They measure about 14 by 16 inches, and are suitable for framing.

We receive from the Government Printing Office, at Washington, "The National Gallery of Art; Department of Fine Arts of the National Museum," by Richard Rathbun, assistant secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, in charge of the United States National Museum. This document contains a complete history of the gradual upbuilding of a department of fine arts under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution. Of late years the movement has been quickened by such notable donations as those of Harriet Lane Johnston, Charles L. Freer, and William T. Evans. Through these gifts the museum possesses, in hand or in prospect, important paintings of the early English school, representative examples of modern American painting, with an unexampled selection from the work of Whistler and of the ancient painters of China and Japan. The inventories of these gifts, with the accompanying illustrations, will, to a layman, be the most interesting feature of the volume. One must regret that the far Eastern paintings of the Freer collection, in many opinions the most valuable portion, are merely mentioned and not catalogued. As yet there is no building devoted to the national collections. The Evans pictures, for example, are temporarily housed in the Corcoran Gallery. Sooner or later Congress must make dignified provision for collections already rich, and likely to be substantially increased as soon as a proper installation of gifts can be assured.

"Concrete Pottery and Garden Furniture," by Ralph C. Davison (Munn & Co.), is a compact manual, fully illustrated by diagrams. It tells clearly the methods of making vases, fences, seats, tables, etc., out of cement, giving specific directions for the making of modelling templates, and moulds in plaster or in glue, for coloring the plaster, etc. The directions are so full and simple that with their guidance a diligent amateur might safely undertake this art, but in most cases the book might better be passed over to an open-minded plasterer. Whether cement compositions are quite as durable in this climate as their advocates think remains to be proved. But the material lends itself readily to many beautiful uses, as may be seen in Italy, where the mason's trade still retains its finer traditions. American gardens would certainly be the more sightly for the substantial forms illustrated in this book. One may hope that forms adapted to our conditions may supersede those exotic objects of more or less dubious antiquity with which the gardens of the rich are being overcrowded.

Twenty paintings and one pastel drawing, forming the unsold portion of the collection of the late H. S. Henry of Philadelphia, were sold in Mendelssohn Hall, New York, last Friday. The lot fetched $225,750, the highest single price, $53,100, being paid for Millet's Going to Work—Dawn of Day. The other pictures sold, and their prices, were as follows: Troyon, La Charette de Foin, $28,800; Daubigny, La Saulaie, $23,600; Corot, Lake Nerni, $23,100; Corot, Le Vieux Pont de Briques, $22,200; Daubigny, The River Marne, $14,600; Jacque, The Shepherdess, $13,300; Decamps, Le Frondeur, $12,100; Schreyer, The Bursting Shell, $7,200; Millet, The Weary Wayfarers (pastel), $7,100; Dupré, Le Vieux Chêne, $7,100; Diaz, The Glade in the Woods, $6,900; Corot, Environs de Sèvres, $6,100; Corot, Lisière Boisée d'un Etang, $5,500; Dupré, Vaches se Désaltérant dans une Mare, $5,200; Daubigny, The Pond, $4,300; Corot, Paysanne Gardant sa Vache en Lisière de Bois, $4,150; Diaz, The Sultan's Daughter, $3,600; Dupré, Silvery Moonlight, $3,300; Diaz, The Bathers, $2,900; Jacque, Miniature Landscape, $1,600.

Finance.

THE COLLAPSE IN STOCKS.

It is by this time generally admitted that the break in Stock Exchange prices, since the beginning of the year, has been severe and prolonged beyond the majority of modern instances. Within a month, Amalgamated Copper shares have fallen 20½ points, American Smelting 28¾, Reading 16¼, Southern Pacific 18⅜, Union Pacific 26½, and United States Steel 16. The fall in "Steel common" especially has been sensational, because it has followed the declaration, a fortnight ago, of the largest disbursement ever made at one time to the shareholders. It is reasonable enough to argue, as many people do, that the prodigious inflation of values last year, under the auspices of our most powerful capitalists and in the face of a manifest strain on money, foreshadowed inevitably a great relapse, such as has occurred this week. But in this, as in other similar cases, the aspects of automatic reaction and readjustment are curiously mixed with what may be called the personal aspects of the movement.

The present break in prices has already, in point of time, long outlasted the Stock Exchange decline of February, 1909, or of December, 1904, or of May, 1901. For persistency and duration, the "rich men's liquidation" of 1903, which began at the close of April and continued, with intermissions marked by little else than dulness, into August, provides the nearest parallel. The most recent very prolonged decline, that of 1907, which began long before the October panic of that year, is now well understood to have been a consequence, not primarily of prudent capitalists withdrawing their funds from investment markets, but of compulsory liquidation by some of the richest men in the United States, entangled in their own imprudent speculations. The prolonged liquidation which beat down prices in 1903 was exactly similar in character. Where the captains of finance in 1907 had been trapped in the ill-fated "Harriman speculation" of the preceding autumn, the victims of 1903 had tied themselves up by underwriting the huge promoting schemes of 1901 and 1902.

Perhaps the most interesting aspect of the present market is that no one in Wall Street hints at a duplication of those conditions. There were times, during the speculation for the rise in 1909, when a situation of the sort witnessed in 1903 seemed a probable sequel. Had it not been for the fact that previous liquidation, in both finance and trade,

had been thoroughgoing, as it certainly had not been on the eve of 1906 or 1902, results this year might have been similar. But Wall Street believes that they were not—that the banks, whose own position was precarious in 1903 and 1907, were strong enough in 1909 to allow the strain on their resources to continue until the powerful manipulators of values should have liquidated.

It is commonly assumed, in other words, that the authors of the stock speculation of 1909 were able to extricate themselves from the market during November or December, when the New York banks, with the assistance of other domestic lenders, were bearing the heavy load of credit obligations. Now a somewhat similar situation existed at the conclusion of the prolonged "bull speculation" of 1904—an undertaking ascribed by Wall Street gossip of the day to the so-called "Standard Oil group." As in 1909, so in 1904, the manipulation for the rise in stocks lasted from June to the end of the year.

It was then believed, and apparently with reason, that the clique of capitalists conducting the movement realized their own profits in November and December, when the speculating outside public, as it happened, had been drawn into the market on a considerably more substantial scale than it was in 1909. Having thus extricated themselves, the ring-leaders of the "bull movement" of 1904 withdrew all their artificial support, matched orders, and manipulation from the market. Whether or not because of authoritative information of that fact, a group of "bear speculators," introducing their campaign with a series of wild advertising screeds by Lawson, assailed the market with manifest confidence that no one would interfere with their activities, and broke prices 10 to 20 points.

Something very similar appears to have happened on the present occasion; indeed, the phenomena of early profit-taking for their own account by the wealthy ring-leaders, abrupt pulling-out of the artificial supporting pegs, and setting-loose of professional bears, whose audacity could hardly be based on anything but assurance of immunity from interference, have been so exactly duplicated as to suggest how little originality there is, after all, in the methods of high finance.

Only in two or three respects has the attack on stocks, at the conclusion of the "bull campaign" of 1909, differed from that which followed the campaign of 1904. Banks did not, in the earlier episode, lend by wholesale at top prices on overvalued or worthless stocks, and then suddenly call the loans when prices had already been brought down. Nobody threatened financial panic, then, as one of the counsel for the great combinations of capital did this week. Nor did the parties interested in the speculation of 1904, having pulled out the pins and left the structure to collapse, circulate broadcast information that the government at Washington was responsible for the fall in prices. But this is merely tantamount to saying that the present episode has been a more than usually discreditable affair.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Addresses delivered at the twenty-seventh annual meeting of the Indian Rights Association, December 17, 1909. Philadelphia: Indian Rights Association.

American Ephemeris and Nautical Almanac for the year 1912. First edition. Washington: Government Printing Office.

Askew, A. and C. The Tempting of Paul Chester. Fenno & Co. $1.50.

Auringer, O. C. The Death of Maid McCrea. Boston: R. G. Badger. $1.

Bacon, B. W. The Fourth Gospel in Research and Debate. Moffat, Yard. $4.

Balcarres, Lord. The Evolution of Italian Sculpture. Dutton. $6 net.

Ball, W. V. The Law Affecting Engineers. Van Nostrand. $3.50 net.

Barker, J. E. Great and Greater Britain. Dutton. $3 net.

Beatrice: A Legend of Our Lady. Translated by H. de W. Fuller. Cambridge: Harvard Coöperative Society. 50 cents.

Begbie, H. Twice-Born Men: A Clinic in Regeneration. Revell Co. $1.25 net.

Blumner, H. The Home Life of the Ancient Greeks. Trans. from the German by A. Zimmern. Third ed. Cassell.

Broadley, A. G. Rivers and Streams of England. Painted by S. Palmer. Macmillan. $6 net.

Broad Lines in Science Teaching. Edited by F. Hodson. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Brown, V. The Screen. Dutton. $1.25 net.

Cambridge History of English Literature. Edited by A. W. Ward and A. R. Waller. Vol. IV. Putnam. $2.50 net.

Civil Code of the German Empire. Trans. by W. Loewy. Pennsylvania Bar Ass'n, and Univ. of Pennsylvania.

Clarke, C. C., Jr. Common Difficulties in Reading French. W. R. Jenkins Co. $1.

Cooke, R. J. Questions for High-Churchmen. Eaton & Mains. 25 cents net.

Correspondence of Priscilla, Countess of Westmorland, 1813-1870. Edited by her daughter, Lady Rose Weigall. Dutton. $5 net.

Davenport, C. B. Inheritance of Characteristics in Domestic Fowl. Carnegie Institute of Washington.

Dobe'l, B. A Century of Sonnets. Published by the author. London.

Elliott, E. G. The Biographical Story of the Constitution. Putnam.

Excelsior! Ballad for School Chorus. Text by H. W. Longfellow; music by P. A. Schnecker. Ditson Co. 25 cents.

Fairbairn, A. M. Studies in Religion and Theology. Macmillan. $3.50 net.

Fyffe, E. Eight Violin Pieces in the First Position, with Piano Accompaniment. Ditson. $1.25.

Gardner, F. The Future Life. Chicago: Veritas Press. 25 cents.

Gay, A. G. Mon Livre de Petites Histoires. W. R. Jenkins Co. $1.

Goodnow, E. The Market for Souls. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.25 net.

Hall, T. C. Social Solutions. Eaton & Mains. $1.50 net.

Hardman, W. A History of Malta During the Period of the French and British Occupations, 1798-1815. With notes by J. H. Rose. Longmans, Green.

Harvard University Catalogue, 1909-10. Cambridge.

Hearne, R. P. Airships in Peace and War. With Introduction by H. S. Maxim. Lane Co. $3.50 net.

Hill, F. T. On the Trail of Washington: A Narrative History of Washington's Boyhood and Manhood. Appleton. $1.50 net.

Hill, L. The Two Great Questions: The Existence of God, and the Immortality of the Soul. Chicago, Ill.: Regan Printing House.

Hollack, R. Entweder + oder?! Leipzig: Teichmann & Co.

Hoople, C. M. Along the Way. Grafton Press.

Kohler, K. Grundriss einer systematischen Theologie des Judentums. Leipzig: Gustav Fock.

Joseph, M. Judaism as Creed and Life. Second and revised edition. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Langstroth, C. The Perfume Holder: A Persian Love Poem. Second edition. Monarch Press.

Lowe, W. H. Systemization of the Russian Verb. Putnam. $1.50 net.

Morley, C. London at Prayer. Dutton. $2.50 net.

Financial.

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Morley, V. Indian Speeches (1907-1909). Macmillan. $1 net.
Müller, J. P. The Fresh-Air Book. Stokes Co. 85 cents net.
Musical Antiquary, January, 1910. Frowde.
Nason, E. H. Old Hallowell on the Kennebec. Augusta, Me.: Privately printed.
Nicholson, R. A. Elementary Arabic. Thornton's Arabic Series, Vol. III. Putnam. $2 net.
Nevill, R. Light Come, Light Go. Macmillan. $4.50 net.
North, L. The White Flame: A Play in Four Acts. Los Angeles: The Golden Press. $1.
Paullin, C. O. Commodore John Rodgers: Captain, Commodore, and Senior Officer of the American Navy, 1773-1838. Cleveland, O.: A. H. Clark Co. $4 net.
Pratt, A. The Living Mummy. Stokes Co.
Putnam Anniversary Volume: Anthropological Essays. Presented to F. W. Putnam by his friends and associates. Stechert & Co.
Racine's Phèdre. Edited, with notes, etc., by I. Babbitt. Boston: Heath. 30 cents.
Ralston, V. When Mother Lets Us Sew. Moffat, Yard. 75 cents net.
Rudaux, L. How to Study the Stars. Trans. by A. H. Keane. Stokes.
Russell, E. Jesus of Nazareth in the Light of To-day. Phila.: Winston Co. 60 cents net.
St. Cyres, V. Pascal. Dutton. $3 net.
St. John, E. P. Stories and Story-telling in Moral and Religious Education. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 60 cents net.
Salaman, M. C. Old English Colour-Prints. Edited by C. Holme. Winter number of The Studio. Lane Co. $3 net.
Schaff-Herzog Encyclopædia of Religious Knowledge. Vol. VI, Innocents-Liudger. Funk & Wagnalls. $5.
Schemann, L. Gobineaus Rassenwerk. Stuttgart: Fr. Frommanns Verlag (E. Hauff).
Sherman, F. F. An Old American Publisher (Abraham Shearman, Jun.). Privately printed.
Shore, W. T. Charles Dickens and His Friends. Cassell. $1.75 net.
Sir Orfeo: Adapted from the Middle English by E. E. Hunt. Cambridge: Harvard Co-operative Society. 50 cents.
Stephens, J. Insurrections. Macmillan. 40 cents net.
Sudermann, H. Strandkinder: Ein Schauspiel in vier Akten. Stechert & Co.
Sutherland, H. Ireland Yesterday and To-day. Phila.: The North American. $1.
Tiffany, E. B. The Tocsin: a Drama of the Renaissance. San Francisco: P. Elder & Co.
Tompkins, J. W. The Top of the Morning. Baker & Taylor Co. $1.50.
Tupper, F., Jr. The Riddles of the Exeter Book. Edited with introduction, notes, etc. Boston: Ginn & Co. $2.50.
Tutton, A. E. H. Crystalline Structure and Chemical Constitution. Macmillan. $1.60 net.
Twenty-seventh Annual Report of the Executive Committee of the Indian Right Association, for year ending December 16, 1909. Philadelphia.
Tynan, K. Peggy, The Daughter. Cassell. $1.50.
Van Eeden, F. Ysbrand: a Tragicomedy. Translated from the Dutch. Privately printed.
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The Nation.

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The Week.

Few members or ex-members of the United States Senate would command more attention on a great Constitutional question than ex-Senator Spooner, and his emphatic assertion that the proposed Federal corporation law would be a radical violation of the Constitution has, therefore, unusual interest. The great scope of the Federal Government in the domain of interstate commerce is unchallenged, but to create manufacturing corporations, operating in the several States, would be, according to Senator Spooner, an extension of Federal power which finds no warrant in the Constitution, and whose consequences would be subversive of the State system under which we have lived. In the Knight case, which has played so important a part in the history of the Sherman Anti-Trust law, the Supreme Court made a sharp distinction between the regulation of manufactures to which interstate commerce was incidental and the regulation of interstate commerce itself; and now, in this broader question of Federal corporations, Senator Spooner invokes the same distinction. It was, by the way, with a view to avoiding this kind of difficulty that the idea of a Federal license, instead of Federal incorporation, was brought forward; a system under which the corporation would not be a creature of the Federal Government, but would have to comply with certain conditions in order to be permitted to participate in interstate commerce. Whatever may be the merits of this proposition, it is certainly not open to the most serious part of the attack made by Mr. Spooner upon the project of Federal incorporation.

President Taft, in his speech of last Saturday, referred, to the sudden expression of acute misgiving, principally in Wall Street circles, over the so-called "corporation policies" of the Administration and the courts. Yet there never was a stock market more susceptible of ready explanation than that of the past five weeks. Last year, the financial community was only emerging from the after-effects of a very disastrous financial and commercial panic. The country's trade had recovered, but it had not reached the level of its former prosperity. As a result of these trade conditions, idle money was piled up in the banks, and it was this idle money which the Stock Exchange speculators borrowed to promote their own undertakings on the market. Prices of stocks, which had already made very large advances during 1908, were bid up 20 or 30 per cent. more in 1909, many of them reaching higher figures than were attained even in the great speculations before the panic. Based, as these stock speculations were, on cheap and abundant money at New York, their successful continuance required either continued easy money, or purchase of the stocks from the speculators by the investing public, or the raising of capital abroad to support the high New York prices. None of these expectations was fulfilled. The demands for stock speculation brought the New York money market into a period of stringency and depleted bank reserves; the home investing public refused to buy at the high prices; while as for Europe, the French authorities blockaded a scheme to "list" the Steel shares on the Paris Bourse, and the Bank of England, in October, took strong measures to prevent recourse to Lombard Street by speculative New York borrowers. It was surely not strange that the topheavy structure of speculation should have fallen to earth.

So far, the affair is in no respect different from a hundred other similar Stock Exchange occurrences. The present case is singular only from the obstinate insistence, even in respectable Wall Street circles, on the theory that the Government's "corporation policies" were the cause for the break in stocks, and, inferentially, that stocks would not have broken but for those policies. Now, we shall not pause to indicate how completely such a theory ignores the facts which we have recited, or to suggest the rather obvious inconsistency of supposing that the market will rise violently (as it did last September) on the President's public announcement of those policies, and then break violently because of his repetition of the same announcement, four months later. We base our disbelief in any such fundamental influence by the "Washington policies" on the nature of those policies themselves. Some of the comments on the matter, in and out of Wall Street, are so extraordinary as to lead us charitably to suppose that their authors must be ignorant of the facts.

President Taft's speech on Saturday night was amazingly frank in its references to the party situation and outlook. He said, almost in so many words, that his Administration was unpopular; that many Republican newspapers were outspoken in criticism; that the party at Washington and throughout the country was torn by factions; and that the general expectation was that the Democrats would carry the Congressional elections, this year, and would win in Ohio and New York. For a parallel to such astonishing bluntness in a public address by a party leader to his followers, we think the records of Presidential oratory would be searched in vain. The ordinary way is to allude to such doubts and fears as inventions of the enemy, and to affirm with a confidence not really felt that the glorious old party will rally and smite its opponents hip and thigh. But what other men reserve for private conversation or for their self-communings in a diary, Mr. Taft blurts out in a speech. He referred to the trials which Lincoln had to go through. It is true that in the dark days of 1864 Lincoln wrote in his diary that it seemed to be certain that he would be defeated. Yet it would be impossible to imagine him saying so publicly. Mr. Taft, however, apparently would have done it! His honesty and downrightness are so great that he keeps nothing back. Does this argue a kind of simplicity or even innocence in him, or is it consistent with a settled view of wise policy? We shall have to wait for time to give us the answer.

Not content with showing that the Payne-Aldrich law cut down the average rate on dutiable imports by 12 per cent. and enlarged the proportion of goods coming in free by about the same percentage, President Taft went on to

say that "for the production of revenue the Payne law is even more an improvement on the Dingley bill." This he proceeded to demonstrate by pointing out that during the six months that the present tariff had been in force (from August 5 to February 5) customs receipts amounted to $166,000,000, while "the semi-annual average" under the Dingley tariff was $130,000,000. But this thought must inevitably suggest itself: if the rate on dutiable imports has been materially cut down and the percentage of imports coming in free has also been considerably enlarged, the only possible way in which the revenue can have been increased is by a very great increase in the total of importations. And yet we all know that (leaving out of account the panic year) no such great increase has taken place. What, then, is the explanation of the President's figures? Several factors conspire to account for them. The Dingley act was passed a long time ago, and our foreign trade has been growing enormously in the interval; to compare the six months just past with the semi-annual average for the preceding dozen years is not very instructive. Secondly, we are now in a time of high prices, and especially of high American prices, a double reason for increasing customs receipts. And thirdly, the first six months of the tariff are a very unreliable indication of its normal working, since imports may have been held back for its enactment.

Spitzer, the convicted dock superintendent of the Sugar Trust, persists in asserting his innocence to the last. As he started on his journey to the Atlanta penitentiary, he declared that he was not responsible, directly or indirectly, for any weighing frauds that may have been committed. From the artistic standpoint, we should be inclined to say that he overdoes the thing a little when he not only insists on his own innocence and ignorance, but is careful to refer to the now famous apparatus of the frauds as "the steel springs and holes alleged to have been found in the scales." Such careful guarding of a case goes beyond the limits of reasonable caution, and thus tends to defeat its own object. In justice to the Sugar Trust, however, it must be admitted that the failure of Spitzer and the four convicted weighers to incriminate anybody "higher up" is disappointing. There is no room for reasonable doubt of the Trust's guilt, but the consistent silence of its subordinate agents is a mystery. On the other hand, the case of Heike, the secretary of the Trust, who has been indicted in connection with the same frauds and whose plea of immunity is now denied, presented a very sinister aspect. Whatever might be the effect of that plea in the eye of the criminal law, it could have but one meaning in the forum of public opinion. It must necessarily be regarded, under all the circumstances, as equivalent on its face to a confession of guilt. There are situations in which such a plea could be made without any such implication, but this was not one of them. In the first place, the offence charged was fraud of the simplest and most unmistakable kind; there was nothing doubtful, subtle, or intricate about the nature of it—nothing that might make it bear one aspect in the mind of the person committing it and another in the view of the law. Secondly, the immunity plea was extremely far-fetched; the testimony given by Heike before the Federal grand jury had reference to violation of the anti-Trust law, and had nothing to do with the weighing frauds. In deciding against the Sugar Trust secretary's plea for immunity and ordering him to trial with other employees of the company on the charges formulated by the grand jury, Judge Martin of the United States Circuit Court has done a notable service to the cause of justice and of popular regard for the law. The "immunity bath" has become almost as notorious a feature of our criminal law procedure as the insanity plea.

The United States Treasury has long boasted that it was "thief-proof," but recently its authorities had to confess that a small sum of currency had been stolen from them. Some bold and ingenious rogue had broken through their system of checking off and certifying and registering and guarding. This, however, was somewhat of the nature of a feat, which must be of rare occurrence. Compared with it, the long-continued embezzlements of the treasurer of the Big Four Railroad seem startling and inexplicable. That such an official could have a "shortage" of several hundred thousand dollars, and the company none the wiser, appears to be a terrible indictment of its business methods. And the guilty man's explanation of how he was able to steal the money undetected does not help matters. He simply abstracted certain sums from the receipts of station agents, and although the latter sent in duplicate returns to the auditor, the latter did not take the trouble to compare them with the treasurer's books.

The progress of the nation-wide campaign against race-track gambling is summarized in the report of a hearing held last December before a sub-committee of the United States Senate's Judiciary Committee on Senator Burkett's bill, "to prevent the nullification of State anti-gambling laws by international or interstate transmission of race-gambling bets or of racing odds." The great bulk of expert testimony was presented by Mr. Henry Brolaski, who has listened to the lure of the real estate business after twenty-one years as "a gambler, poolroom proprietor, bookmaker upon race-tracks, and hand-book maker." In New York our specialist estimates that there are now fifty poolrooms and 500 handbooks in operation, with a clientèle of 100,000 players. The percentage against a player in these handbooks is from 5 to 15 per cent., and "common sense will tell you that from 5 per cent. up will eat up any man's capital if taken out six times a day." The number of race-tracks destroyed by recent legislation is given as fifty-eight, although by "destroyed" is evidently meant crippled for betting purposes. There are still in operation twelve tracks, of which two, in Florida, are to be suppressed at the end of the present year. The tracks in active being are situated in Kentucky (3), Oklahoma (2), Nevada (2), Maryland, Virginia, and Montana.

The decision by the Princeton trustees last week seems to have met the question immediately at issue in a way both happy and just. Few details are as yet published, but the main points are clear. Two gifts for the endowment of a graduate college had been offered, one apparently conditioned upon a site on or near the campus, the other contemplating a location at a distance from it. There were also questions about the control of the new institution by the academic governing body of the university. Because it was found impossible

to unite the two foundations, or otherwise to reconcile the differences about administration, the larger gift was withdrawn. While regretting this, and hoping that an adjustment may yet be found, the trustees distinctly uphold President Wilson. He was right, they decide, in insisting upon a proper university control of the proposed graduate college, and upon its being absorbed into the common academic life at Princeton.

President Wilson has left his attitude in no doubt. He is for the freest and fullest play of the democratic spirit in colleges, and as a means of securing it at Princeton urged a system of dormitories in which all the students should live. This involved the abolition of the expensive and exclusive clubs which have been so marked a feature of life at Princeton. But though the faculty approved a proposal which many considered revolutionary, the trustees have thus far declined to give their assent to it. This is clearly the question about which the "dissensions" have sprung up, involving, as is known, a great deal of bitter feeling with rumors that President Wilson would be forced to resign. Now, if this were an affair that concerned Princeton alone, it would be important, but not nearly so important as it appears when we reflect that the same question is troubling college authorities all over the country. How to resist the invasion, not of luxury, but of the spirit of caste that so insidiously attaches itself to luxury, and how to preserve that democratic mingling of young men which many still think of as the best thing that college life has to give them—these are problems vexing professors and presidents from East to West.

Commander Peary's prompt turning over of the $10,000 presented to him to the fund for South Polar exploration will disarm those who have accused him of mercenary motives. Nor can there be any question of trespassing upon a British preserve. As the National Geographic Society explains, the expedition of Capt. R. F. Scott of the English navy will be making observations on "the other side of the Antarctic area," while the American party would proceed by way of Coats Land. Assurances from British explorers, including Shackleton, make it plain that there would be only a spirit of friendly rivalry. Peary, as Gov. Hughes said last night, has come late into the full measure of the acclaim due him, but there is no lack of heartiness in it now. Congress should not delay in taking, as President Taft suggests, some "substantial notice"—such as a vote of thanks and a medal—of an achievement which has heightened our national fame.

There is little reason to doubt that the budget will be the first measure brought in by Mr. Asquith, and that, with certain modifications to please the Irish, it will pass the Commons and be approved by the Lords. The budget must be made law before the end of March if the country is to be spared a condition approximating financial chaos. Mr. Redmond's speech before the executive committee of the Nationalist Party may lend itself at first reading to the interpretation that the Irish will insist on Home Rule before everything else. "For the Government to pass the budget and postpone the veto question was a policy that Ireland could not and would not approve." But that, as the context shows, can be taken to mean only that the veto question and Home Rule must be taken up in the very near future, and possibly after the budget, but certainly not before. If the financial bill were to pass with the aid of Irish votes, and Mr. Asquith should then ignore his pledge to the Irish, the latter could, of course, inflict instant punishment by turning the Government out. The Parliamentary prospect, therefore, is for a speedy disposal of the financial question, to be followed by a long and uncertain struggle over the mending or the ending of the Lords.

The Government of India lives up to the traditional British practice of blending clemency with firmness. It announces an amnesty for native prisoners deported last year on the charge of sedition, and at the same time puts into effect a severe press censorship law. Newspaper publishers and printers are required to deposit sufficient funds to guarantee the payments of any fine that may be imposed for the publication of seditious matter. Any amount declared forfeit on the stated charge must be made good against a recurrence of the offence. The penalty for a third violation is complete suppression. If, as the Viceroy declared, it is true that the anti-British movement has now degenerated into mere anarchism, and the Government has nothing to fear from the more responsible Indian leaders with whom it has dealt in the past, it is hard to see why there should be any need of a muzzle for the Indian press. The rabid anarchist will run his course, press or no press, or, if anything, will only profit by the suppression of freedom of speech. It is probably true that terrorism has struck no deep roots in India. But the way to eradicate it is obviously not by a policy which may drive calm spirits into the arms of the extremists.

The Prussian Government is guilty of almost incredible short-sightedness in its new franchise bill which fails to remove the chief objection to the present suffrage system that Bismarck denounced as the worst conceivable. The Prussian masses are thirsting for more democracy, primarily for equality at the ballot-box. They have made their wishes known in orderly mass meetings and by disorderly rioting. The educated classes have spoken through their press and in numerous ways. Yet the franchise bill proposed by the new Chancellor retains the three-class system, by which electors are divided according to the taxes they pay, and even increases the first and second classes. Direct voting instead of indirect seems about the only real concession in the bill. To make matters worse, the Chancellor decried government by Parliament and said that "one of the results of the democratization of parliaments in all countries was to render the political sense of a people coarse, superficial, and a hindrance to progress." The Government, he declared, would oppose the democratization of Prussia and the German Empire. All of this means two things: that Von Bethmann-Hollweg is not the man for the place he holds, and that, in opposing the desire of the people, he is ready to play with fire. It may be reassuring to the complacency of the Government that Socialist demonstrations in Berlin should be kept so firmly in hand by the military and police. But it is not so reassuring to think that those demonstrations should continue, and with increased enthusiasm, in spite of the military and police.

THE COUNTRY AND THE TRUSTS.

The President's declaration, in his speech last Saturday, that if "the present methods of carrying on business" are in violation of the law, "they must be changed to conform to the law" has evoked from the organs of the Trusts the arrogant and supercilious criticism which any such assertion always has to expect in those quarters. It is treated as the talk of an ignoramus or a demagogue; of a man unable to measure the significance of his own utterances. On the same principle, we are told, the President might have stood by a law that brought business to an absolute standstill; if you are going to stand by a law just because it was once enacted, and never look to consequences, you may as well, say these critics, let the country go to the dogs altogether.

Well, Mr. Taft is not quite so reckless as all that; moreover, brief as was his reference to the enforcement of the Anti-Trust law, it was long enough to show explicitly that he is not so simple as all that. He is standing by the law not merely because it *is* the law, but because he emphatically approves of the law, or at least of its general purpose. He does not say merely that business must conform to the law because the law is on the statute books; he says it must conform to the law because the country demands that either that law, or some law more effective for the same purpose, shall remain on the statute books. This is what the President said:

> If the enforcement of the law is not consistent with the present methods of carrying on business, then it does not speak well for the present methods of conducting business, and they must be changed to conform to the law. There was no promise on the part of the Republican party to change the anti-Trust law except to strengthen it, or to authorize monopoly and a suppression of competition and the control of prices.

That is the nub of the matter. What the President says of the Republican party is, of course, still more true of the Opposition; it is true of the nation as a whole, and it is true of the most sober thinkers of the nation, that they have no desire or intention "to authorize monopoly and a suppression of competition and the control of prices." The important thing about the President's statement is not so much his declaration that the law will be enforced, as his assertion that the law ought to be what it is, or stronger; and those Trust magnates will show themselves wisest who admit that in this assertion he represents the people of the United States, and who govern their conduct accordingly. Instead of threatening blue ruin in case the country does not bow to their wishes, they will do well so to arrange their affairs as to avoid the disastrous consequences, to themselves as well as to the rest of us, of a policy of obstinate resistance.

The jaunty assumption of superior wisdom so often exhibited by the champions of the Trust is closely connected with their addiction to a body of doctrine that has many of the earmarks of superstition. We use the word, to be sure, in a rather loose and broad way; what we mean is a belief, real or pretended, that disposes of a large and complex subject by a simple dogma, and then sees all facts in the light of that dogma. No sooner had the tendency to gigantic combinations become a marked feature of the economic situation than there sprang up a great number of writers and speakers who read not only into the future but into the past of the industrial and commercial development of the world the character necessary to sustain their dogma of manifest destiny. All attempts to preserve competition as a really important element in great economic activities were absurd; any one who could not see the handwriting on the wall wrote himself down a back number. Competition had been a good enough thing in its day, but its day was evidently over; now let us welcome the new order, since it was vain to strive against its coming. But, confident as these prophets were, and ready as was their acclaim by that considerable class of persons who fear, of all things, to be counted among the "back numbers," something more was needed to bolster up the Trust position. To make their predicted future acceptable, it was necessary to show their beneficence or their indispensableness in the present and the past.

But the present and the past are somewhat more refractory material than the future; and it is perhaps to this circumstance more than to any other that the failure of the Trust propaganda to make greater headway is to be ascribed. It requires something of an effort of memory to recall the time—though it is not many years ago—when the plea that was most conspicuously made in behalf of the Trusts was that of the enormous cheapening of production which they brought about. That something might justly be claimed in this direction no one could dispute, but there were, all along, two criticisms of the Trust contention: first, that the degree of economy of production was grossly exaggerated, and second, that there was no guarantee of the economy inuring to the benefit of consumers. In the early days, to hear the Trust advocates, one would have thought there had been no such thing as cheapening of manufactured goods, from the days of Arkwright and Watt, until the advent of Rockefeller and Morgan; but the claim was so riddled to pieces in the course of a few years that it has almost dropped out of sight. In its place, however, has come the pretension that "the present methods of doing business"—that is, the monopolistic methods of law-breaking Trusts—are the only methods on which business can be carried on in our time. The pretension is absurd, and rests, like the other, on an ignoring of the facts of business history. It is as baseless as the preposterous claim that the prodigious cheapening of production that had taken place in a hundred years of unprecedented industrial progress without monopoly was a matter of no consequence alongside the wonderful gains achieved by the financial consolidations of our Trust magnates.

THE VALUE OF DEBATE.

The tendency to underestimate Congressional debate has been growing in recent years. Various and obvious causes have contributed to it. There has been, for example, the weariness with long "set speeches," either purely for buncombe or for time-killing. Then people have come to have an increasing impatience with deliberation in matters of legislation about which they have made up their minds. The famous maxim of the corporation manager: "Vote first and do your discussing afterwards," has insensibly crept into our view of the way to dispatch public business. Furthermore, the chief dependence seems to be placed upon those who draft bills, instead of those who debate them. When able lawyers and skilled public men and Administration officials put their heads together and frame a measure to accomplish a given end, the im-

pulse is to take their *cachet* as final, and to dismiss all inquiry or criticism as captious. After Rome has spoken, who are you to raise your voice?

Now, it is not necessary to appeal to our past or to general theories of government by public discussion in order to show the folly of this undervaluing of keen and full debate in Congress. We have under our eyes, in the Senate argument about the postal savings bill, which is going on from day to day, an excellent and conclusive example of the great importance of subjecting legislative proposals to the closest scrutiny. These Senate debates have not been, unfortunately, reported in the press with anything like adequacy, but no one who will follow them in the *Congressional Record* can fail to be impressed by their utility and fruitfulness. The postal savings bill was reported with a fine air of completeness. The people wanted it; it was "sure to pass"; obstructionists were to be swept out of the way. Senator Carter, who was in charge of the matter, pressed for an instant vote. But full debate was insisted upon, and it has been of the greatest use. Besides the attacks on the constitutionality of the bill, made by Senators Rayner, Bailey, Bacon, and others, the text of the measure itself has been mercilessly analyzed and such defects brought out that Senator Carter himself was forced to admit the necessity of many amendments and much recasting. It appeared that such vital points as the method of withdrawals by depositors, the liability of funds held in one State being drawn upon to meet demands in another, the whole question of the reserve which banks must hold against deposits of postal savings, had been entirely forgotten or slurred over by those who drafted the bill. Holes were knocked in it by one Senator after another, and the final form of the measure will be very different from what it would have been but for this most enlightening debate. It was a striking instance of the way in which the truth is brought out and the public interest served by free argument and the impact of mind on mind.

Not only is the worth of Congressional debate held too cheap by the general public, but the capacity of Representatives and Senators is grievously underestimated. Of course, there are windbags and dunderheads among them. It is often exasperatingly difficult to get to the real points at issue. But when large matters are up and free play is given to intellect, there is as much of it available in Congress as in any place we know. It naturally takes a measure which is not made one of party to bring out the full force of the reasoning powers which Congressmen can apply to it. This is the case with the postal savings bill. Registering the decree of no caucus, it has to take its chances with the acute criticism which unfettered minds may pour upon it. Any one who studies its full report in the *Record* will get a new idea of the intellectual resources of the Senate, and of the enormous advantage to the public of having such men as Congress possesses to sift and try important bills.

It is inconceivable that the Administration should expect that its darling measures can be exempted from this wholesome searching in the course of their passage through Congress. The Federal Incorporation bill, for example, appears to have been drawn with great care and skill. Beyond question, able lawyers, skilled in corporation affairs, have got their minds together in its construction. But there is nothing like the cross-fire of debate for revealing unsuspected weaknesses or oversights. The most capable draftsmen cannot think of everything. We are not contending for any abuse of the privilege of debate. There must some time come an end of argument, and the vote be taken. But within reasonable limits, the freedom of debate should be cherished and exalted, because only by such public examination of public measures, such attack and defence, such sharpening of iron upon iron, can the people in a democracy be made certain either that the end sought in a given law is one that should be sought, or that the proper means to attain it have been selected.

A NEW ACADEMIC CAREER.

The selection on Monday of Mr. Frederick P. Keppel as dean of Columbia College has called forth many congratulations for the university. The new dean's ability and fine personal qualities are widely recognized. At thirty-five, he succeeds a man double his age, who has long carried the authority of years popularly associated with the high office of dean. Mr. Keppel's connection with the university dates from 1902, since which time he has been secretary. By virtue of that office, he was in charge of publicity work and other administrative details, with a success to which his promotion now testifies. Unlike Dean Van Amringe, for years professor of mathematics, Mr. Keppel has never been a member of the teaching staff, but has confined himself exclusively to executive work.

It is this fact in connection with Dean Keppel which will, we fancy, attract the widest attention in academic circles. True, Columbia has another dean—Goetze of the School of Science—who is not a teacher; he was promoted from the superintendency of grounds and buildings. But Mr. Keppel's position bulks larger in the college world, and his appointment seems a deliberate affirmation of this new policy of choosing deans solely for their executive experience and talents. Since time immemorial the college dean has been thought of not only as a disciplinarian but as a teacher and as shepherd of the faculty. However his duties may have varied from time to time, or in this or that place, the ideal of the dean as a man of deep learning and a teacher of the youth over whose conduct he watches parentally, has usually prevailed. At Harvard to-day Dean Hurlburt is professor of English, though his actual teaching is limited. His predecessor, Dean Briggs, was also in the English Department. At Princeton, Dean Fine teaches mathematics, and at New Haven Dean Wright gives courses in Latin; and such professorial activity of deans is the rule in practically all the colleges. Plainly, therefore, Mr. Keppel's selection is a marked break with tradition.

Indubitably, the vast increase in the size of a college like Harvard or Columbia carries with it such an enlargement of the duties and responsibilities of a dean as to have long ago foreshadowed their total absorption of the time of any one man. Even with the creation of special deans for the various graduate and undergraduate schools, the work has grown apace. But more important than this is a marked tendency the country over to create solely executive positions in colleges and universities. It is a new academic career which is drawing into the college life men who may or may not have ability to

teach, but are primarily interested in executive work—men like Anson Phelps Stokes, jr., of Yale, and of Jerome D. Greene, secretary to the president of Harvard. Mr. Greene's record in this position gained him a vote for the presidency of the university when Mr. Lowell was the successful candidate before the Board of Overseers. If men of Mr. Stokes's type, men of means and social position, were to devote themselves to this new career instead of leading empty lives or spending themselves in the pursuit of riches, the country would be far better off. Be this as it may, at Harvard there are now two or three men besides Mr. Greene who are devoting themselves exclusively to executive work of a weighty character. Treasurers, bursars, and secretaries who were business men there have long been; but the man who performs executive duties alone, yet ranks with the instructors and sits with the faculty, is distinctly a modern development.

From the point of view of the teacher there can be no complaint about this new academic reinforcement. Many professors are overburdened with executive work; they must run their department organizations, sit in faculty committees of every sort, and perform administrative duties that never end. Some, of course, enjoy this as an offset to the routine of teaching. For others with a distaste for business and fully absorbed in the dreams of the scholar or the research of the scientist, the coming of the practical man of affairs is certain to be a cause of satisfaction. To hitch a genius to a plough is ever an act of folly—how great the collegiate world recognized when Columbia University lost George E. Woodberry and could not use the talents of MacDowell. Men of this type are too precious to be wasted in the routine of administration; a college could well afford to hire others to do the kind of work from which the teacher who lives in his books and in his classes shrinks.

At the same time, it would be a misfortune if too many of a college's teaching staff should be freed from all touch with the business side of college life. The scientist who devotes himself exclusively to research and abandons all teaching, handicaps his own development. But if teaching reveals to a man the extent and solidity of his own knowledge as nothing else can, a certain amount of executive work, the give-and-take of the faculty debate and committee discussion, the facing of practical problems, the coming into contact with the undergraduate from another point of view than that of the classroom—all these have their great benefit for the average professor. Where to draw the line is the question. At Harvard President Lowell's programme looks to relieving men of promise both as regards their teaching and administrative cares, in order that they may have time not only for research, but for creative writing. Dr. Lowell is probably not unaware of the criticism that few telling books are now coming from the Harvard faculty, when one considers its acknowledged ability; and what is true at Harvard is true elsewhere. If the new academic executive can help to lift the burdens from the men who have a message to convey or genuine knowledge to set forth, he will speedily appear in all our college communities.

THE FAME OF "CHANTECLER"

That part of the world which points an accusing finger at M. Edmond Rostand and calls him a consummate self-advertiser, can scarcely be blamed. The history of "Chantecler" carries about it all the earmarks of the press-agent's art as it was elaborated more than a hundred years ago by Mr. Puff in Richard Brinsley Sheridan's "Critic." Rostand's latest play has profited by the puff direct, the puff preliminary, the puff collateral, the puff collusive, and all the other forms of stimulating a sluggish public interest that the long experience of mankind has developed. Years before the play was staged the elder Coquelin went about reciting entire half-pages from the text. From the Gascon village where Rostand was at work came stories of heroic effort and heroic despair that prepared the world for the birth of a masterpiece. Rumor spoke of incidents reminiscent of Virgil's throwing his "Æneid" into the fire. The later developments are a matter of contemporary and universal fame—Coquelin's death, the search for a substitute, the painful and palpitating series of rehearsals and postponements. There was not even wanting a great national calamity to serve as a sombre background for the great national play. Parisians must have turned towards "Chantecler" with all the more gusto because it offered relief from the horrors they had just escaped.

Yet it would be quite wrong to speak of the new play or its author as if they would only profit by the enormous notoriety they have come in for. The money returns will undoubtedly be great. Given the *réclame* that "Chantecler" has enjoyed, and it is useless, from the manager's point of view, to attempt to discuss the play on its merits. London and New York and Milwaukee would accept it even if it were entirely lacking in dramatic action, in human interest, and in poetic appeal. London and New York and Milwaukee would accept it even if it were the greatest dramatic poem in all literature. But the perils of swollen publicity are as heavy as its financial rewards. Unavoidably, it creates among the better class of readers and theatre-goers a prejudice against the much-acclaimed masterpiece which it will find hard to live down. Publicity is a beast that turns upon its own children and rends them. The newspapers reduce all subjects to an apparently common plane of turbid puffery. If the newspapers the world over go mad over "The Merry Widow" and go mad over "Chantecler," the natural result is to reduce Edmond Rostand's play to the level of Franz Lehar's. The grosser attributes of fame will be the portion of both men, just as they were the portion of the author of "Trilby." There will be "Chantecler" hats and storm shoes and neckbands. There may even be a "Chantecler" cocktail for gentlemen who are not accustomed to go home until morning.

It may be argued, however, that such temporary and tinselled fame cannot harm a real work of art. When the shouting of the multitudes dies, the quieter spirits will come out of their hiding place and render their verdict. If "Cyrano de Bergerac" was a great work of art, it was none the less a work of art because it swept around the world like wildfire. We may go further. We may assert that no amount of advertising can create the tremendous enthusiasm with which Cyrano was received, and that such enormous vogue is in itself proof of exceptional merit in a play or a book. All this may be conceded, and yet the difference pointed out that "Cyrano de Bergerac" made its own

way, while "Chantecler" will make its way, so far as the multitude is concerned, because it is by a famous author who spent seven years in writing the play. By all accounts, "Chantecler" has nothing of the melodramatic swing, the romance, the sentiment, or the boisterous humor that brought the world to Cyrano's feet. When the new play was written, Rostand, who is credited with a shrewd insight into practical things, must have known that it might daze the crowds but could scarcely win them. He wrote for his own Parisian audience and for the select few the world over. It was the higher taste of his age that he aimed at. If, on the way, there was an honest penny to be picked up, where was the harm?

But it would be unjust to take it for granted that M. Rostand reasoned after such a mercantile fashion. How much of the *réclame* that surrounds "Chantecler" is due to the poet's efforts and how much to the efforts of his business agents? We can assign the latter their full share without holding the author blameless. It is absurd, on the one hand, to imagine that the years' delay in the production of "Chantecler" was a mere device to tickle the public palate; if Rostand's motives were mercenary, he would have made the greatest haste to reap the profits that were his in any case. On the other hand, there is no denying that the writing of the new play was carried on to the accompaniment of an extraordinary number of cymbals and lutes, of sackbuts and psalteries. Did Rostand bare his heart to the world for commercial reasons? We need not go so far. We find an adequate reason in the traditional conceit and vanity of the man of genius. Whose head should have been turned by success if not Rostand's? To leap from comparative obscurity into fame, wealth, a seat in the Academy, and the acknowledged successorship to Victor Hugo was enough to make any man accept himself as a favorite of the gods. If henceforth he assumed that the world must be interested in his daily progress, the ailment was a very human one. But whereas formerly the excesses of genius were a natural and commonplace thing, to-day they are seized upon by the genius of publicity and turned to gain.

SHELLEY.—II.

V.

I am aware that my criticism of Shelley may seem harsh and prosaic, yet I am really saying nothing which cannot be confirmed by the words of Mr. Clutton-Brock, and even by the opinions, less openly avowed perhaps, of the more whole-hearted Shelleyans. It is scarcely doing violence to draw such support even from a critical work like Arthur Symons's "Romantic Movement," which is written with the avowed purpose of exalting the work of Blake and Coleridge and Shelley as the final criterion of poetry. Mr. Symons does indeed look upon Shelley as an enchanter who "never mistakes the images which he calls up for realities," but, with that extraordinary contradiction which dogs all such critics, he adds immediately that "Prometheus" is "a cloudy procession of phantoms, seen in a divine *hallucination*." Even more significant is that strangely-fated essay on Shelley by the late Francis Thompson. Dithyrambic praise has never poured itself out in more intoxicated language than in some of these paragraphs:

> It ["Prometheus Unbound"] is unquestionably the greatest and most prodigal exhibition of Shelley's powers, this amazing lyric world, where immortal clarities sigh past in the perfumes of the blossoms, populate the breathings of the breeze, throng and twinkle in the leaves that twirl upon the bough; where the very grass is all a-rustle with lovely spirit-things, and a weeping mist of music fills the air. The final scenes especially are such a Bacchic reel and rout and revelry of beauty as leaves one staggered and giddy; poetry is spilt like wine, music runs to drunken waste. The choruses sweep down the wind, tirelessly, flight after flight, till the breathless soul almost cries for respite from the unrolling splendors.

Yet these closing scenes are "nevertheless the artistic error of the poem"; yet Shelley wrote "with some misdirected view to truth"; yet in religion and morals "his methods were perniciously mistaken"; yet "his theory was repulsive but comprehensible"; and "the spell on which depend such necromantic castles is some spirit of pain charm-poisoned at their base." That charm-poisoned spirit was nothing less than the peculiar romantic illusion of the Revolution which ignored the native impulse of evil, ever lurking in the heart of man, ready to leap forth when its chains are shaken, and which valued the emotions in accordance with their mere spontaneity and intensity.

If, notwithstanding these admissions, the true Shelleyan still cherishes the "Prometheus" and "The Revolt of Islam" as great and beautiful powers in the intellectual world, the issue becomes a matter of emphasis, or, rather, of exclusions in taste. What really appeals to the romantic idealist in the spirit of these poems, in their total effect, is a kind of elusive, yet rapturous, emanation of hope devoid of specific content. The poet may look upon the world of living men with perverted gaze, but his truth is faith in the future; he is "a being prophetic of some higher state to which mankind shall attain"; and from the intoxication of this sheer hope the destinies of mankind become like the vision of the chariots of the Hours:

> In each there stands
> A wild-eyed charioteer urging their flight.
> Some look behind, as fiends pursued them there,
> And yet I see no shapes but the keen stars:
> Others, with burning eyes, lean forth, and drink
> With eager lips the wind of their own speed,
> As if the thing they loved fled on before,
> And now, even now, they clasped it. Their bright locks
> Stream like a comet's flashing hair: they all
> Sweep onward.

There is at least something in this that seems dynamic, a power to make man

> . . . hope till Hope creates
> From its own wreck the thing it contemplates.

And indeed it is on this power, without account of its direction, that Mr. Clutton-Brock bases his admiration; to him Shelley "in his worst errors . . . was far more admirable and less mischievous than those who persuade us to submit to the mere mechanism of life by their own comfortable submission to it." Shall we, then, end here? The right comparison, I maintain, is not with those sunk in the comfortable mechanism of life, but rather with those strong poets of the true romance, who can hope and still maintain the balance of common-sense. I am bold to assert that this surrender to hope without thought of the thing it contemplates is possible only to a mind which has, in a sense, been debauched by false ideas and vain reading; that a mind deeply nourished on the true poets may for a time and by a sort of self-violence suffer itself to become inflated with this wind of vanity, but cannot long forget the actual outcome of that spirit in the poet's own life and its sterility or falseness in dealing with the actual motives of mankind. It is no sufficient answer to say that the veritable content of Shelley's hope is love, for the scope of this emotion is left equally vague, if not morbid, as the other. It is a long hope to build on the power which "makes the reptile equal to the God"; nor will that power convey much satisfaction to the heart that has sustained itself on the *amor* of Catullus in this world or on that of Dante in the visionary spheres. Love without a true understanding of evil is meaningless.

VI.

Or it may be that your Shelleyan

eschews philosophy and ideas altogether, caring only for the poet's musical evocation of beauty. To such a one, as to Francis Thompson, the "Prometheus" is like a magical incantation, under the spell of which forms of fleeting iridescent loveliness float before his dream-open eyes:

Dim twilight-lawns, and stream-illumined caves,
And wind-enchanted shapes of wandering mist.

That is an innocent and blissful kind of inebriation, very desirable, no doubt, in a world too much given to seeking its escape from prose in quite other and baser ways; but he who indulges therein should beware of speaking of this phantom realm as if it were peopled with ideas. There is a beauty of dreaming and a beauty of waking; they are sisters both and daughters of the gods, but only one is acknowledged on Olympus. If you desire to know them apart, read in "Prometheus" of the voices that emanate from those wind-enchanted shapes:

Canst thou imagine where those spirits live
Which make such delicate music in the woods?
. . . . . .
'Tis hard to tell:
I have heard those more skilled in spirits say,
The bubbles, which the enchantment of the sun
Sucks from the pale faint water-flowers that pave
The oozy bottom of clear lakes and pools,
Are the pavilions where such dwell and float
Under the green and golden atmosphere
Which noon-tide kindles thro' the woven leaves;
And when these burst, and the thin fiery air,
The which they breathed within those lucent domes,
Ascends to flow like meteors thro' the night,
They ride on them, and rein their headlong speed,
And bow their burning crests, and glide in fire
Under the waters of the earth again.

Read that and then recall Adam's account to Eve of the music that haunted the woods of Paradise:

. . . How often from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air. . .

The change is a transition from dreaming to the sober certainty of waking bliss; from a bubble-blown phantasmagoria to the ecstasy of intellectual beauty.

The fact is that if you press the meaning from all but the very few unreasoning worshippers of Shelley, you will find that they regard his long poems, organically conceived, as of a kind which the world would willingly let die, and that they really cherish him for the strains of lyric ecstasy caught up in the amorphous mass. That is fair criticism, and a man may pass over much in the waiting expectation for those scattered strains of music,

Clear, silver, icy, keen, awakening tones
Which pierce the sense and live within the soul.

Of Shelley, taken merely as the author of a group of lyrics, brief in compass but exquisite in melody and feeling, quite another account might be given than this I am writing. Here, whether in independent songs or in short strains that can be detached from their context without any mark of incompleteness, here, when he expresses a purely personal joy or sorrow, love or regret, his genius suffers no let or thwarting; it is even strengthened by that romantic acceptance of the emotions. That is the Shelley of the young man's and the maiden's passionate admiration:

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory—
Odors, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heap'd for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when Thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

VII.

But it is necessary to add that even this wonderful lyric vein is subject at times to a kind of defeat from excess of the very power that produced it. "Adonais" is commonly reckoned, and no doubt is, the most perfect of his longer lyrics; yet the best stanzas of that poem, those that contain lines which have sung themselves into the memory of the world, are almost always marred by lapses into the vague and inane. There is no greater stanza in the elegy than the forty-fifth:

The inheritors of unfulfilled renown
Rose from their thrones, built beyond mortal thought,
Far in the Unapparent. Chatterton
Rose pale, his solemn agony had not
Yet faded from him; Sidney, as he fought
And as he fell and as he lived and loved
Sublimely mild, a Spirit without spot,
Arose; and Lucan, by his death approved:
Oblivion as they rose shrank like a thing reproved.

The literary inspiration of those lines (and in pointing to this I mean no disparagement of Shelley's originality) is clearly born from a kind of mystical blending of Virgil's

Heu, miserande puer! si qua fata aspera rumpas,
Tu Marcellus eris—

and of Milton's

So were I equal'd with them in renown.

There are lines in Shelley's stanza—the first and the eighth, particularly—which are in no wise diminished by this association with two of the most celebrated passages in literature; yet a comparison of the stanza as a whole with the full parts of the "Æneid" and "Paradise Lost" shows quite as clearly the weakness of Shelley. It is inconceivable that Virgil or Milton should have held so loose a rein on his genius as to sink from "The inheritors of unfulfilled renown" to the vapid "Far in the Unapparent," or should have dropped immediately from the magnificent directness of Shelley's eighth verse (which rings like Lucan himself when most Roman) to the vague allegory of Oblivion shrinking reproved.

It would not be difficult to extend this kind of criticism to a considerable number of Shelley's most admired lyrics—to show, for instance, that the throbbing and tumultuous music of the great "Ode to the West Wind" straggles here and there to unmelodious conclusions, chiefly because the poet—like all his English compeers—disdained the inherent laws of the *terza rima* as these are exemplified in the works of Dante and the lesser Italian masters of the measure. There is no other metre in which it is so imperative to mould the thought to the pauses of the rhythm, under penalty of letting the rhymes hang as an impertinence instead of a support; but this lesson none of the English poets learned, and least of all was Shelley capable of such wise docility.

Nevertheless, granted that "Adonais" may occasionally descend into bathos, if it contains also images of pure and radiant beauty, why not give ourselves to these, and pass the errors by? Doubtless that is the part of wisdom, so far as it is feasible; but here again we are blocked by certain insurmountable exclusions of taste. There is a pleasure, the highest critical joy, in the perfection and harmonious unity of such work as Milton's "Lycidas," and he who has trained his mind to respond to that joy has by the very process rendered himself sensitive to false and obtrusive notes. He simply cannot read the stanza quoted from "Adonais" without suffering from the spirit of perversity engaged within it. It is true, no doubt, that there are blemishes—occasional awkwardnesses of execution, failures of the imagination, even lapses of taste of a kind—which may not affect essentially our attitude toward an extensive work of art; but they are not the faults which throw a suspicion of obliquity or vanity upon the very sources of the artist's inspiration.

These, I say, are the inevitable exclusions of taste. If a man avers that the thorough appreciation of "Lycidas" does not exclude for him an unmarred pleasure in "Adonais," I can only suspect that he has never felt the full force of the former. This is by no means to say that the enjoyment of Milton deadens a man to all lower forms of literature. The commonplace or the small may in its own sphere be commendable and may afford a true relish to the finest palate; and, indeed, one of the functions of criticism is to set forth and so

far as possible rescue from oblivion the inexhaustible entertainment of the lesser writers. But the humble is another thing than the false, the false is noxious just in proportion to the elevation of the genius to which it adheres. There is nothing mutually exclusive in the complete enjoyment of both Milton and Crabbe; it is at least questionable whether the same man can heartily admire both Milton and Shelley. P. E. M.

Correspondence.

AN UNPUBLISHED BROWNING LETTER.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Not long ago, while hunting for something else in a heap of old letters, I happened to find a letter from Robert Browning which, I think, I had not seen for twenty years or more. It is dated at "19 Warwick Crescent, London, April 8th, 1887," and is a reply to one of mine in which I had asked him about certain apparent misprints in "Colombe's Birthday," and had criticised his use of "demean" in the sense of "degrade" or "debase," where Bertbold says of the chamberlain:

> He'd hesitate
> A doubt his lady could demean herself
> So low as to accept me.

One of the misprints was "crowding" in the phrase "crowding attestation," as printed in the English "library" edition of 1888 (Act i, line 175). I had no doubt that it should be "crowning," as in the first edition (1844), and printed it so, with the approval of Miss Hersey, in our edition of the play, published just before I wrote the letter to Browning. I also called the attention of Mr. Scudder to it, as he was then at work on the "Riverside" edition of Browning; but he declared that "crowding" must be the poet's own alteration, and insisted on retaining it in the first issue of his edition. If the reader will look at the context in tbe play, he will see that there was a certain plausibility in the editor's opinion.

The other misprint to which Browning alludes is "conjecture" for "conjuncture" (Act. v, line 189: "For each conjuncture was she great enough"); but there could be no doubt about that.

Now for the letter, which reads thus:

Dear Mr. Rolfe: "Crowding" and "conjecture" are two vile misprints in the stereotype English edition—full of such. They come of the printer's laziness, who, if the type gets misplaced, prefers to replace it as he best can, without troubling the "Reader" [that is, the proofreader], who may not be at hand. The "grey, smooth chamberlain" is rightly given, however.

[This, by the way, which occurs in the line preceding "demean," *was* right in the stereotype edition, but *not* in the *first* edition, which misprints "grew" for "grey." I was sure that it was a misprint, though somebody had suggested that it might be equivalent to "grewsome."]

I take "demean herself" in the sense of the familiar French word whence it is derived—"se démener"—to behave in an unusual manner—"se. démener comme un possédé"; and qualify it accordingly by the adverb "low," not "much," as would be proper if the word "demean" could explain itself sufficiently.

I had occasion only yesterday to point out to a correspondent the particular misfortune to which *verse*—rather than *prose*—is subject. A stop drops from the end of a line, which thus is suffered to run into the following one, making nonsense enough. There are dozens of instances of this in my own poems, and I never remember one which was corrected by a critic. In my own case, there has been no carelessness in proof-correcting; but after the author's best is done, the printer's worst may indulge itself. In my last poem the word "palette" is given once correctly, and a second time as "palate."

Believe me, Dear Sir, yours very sincerely, Robert Browning.

Browning's "last poem," mentioned in his letter, was probably the "Parleyings," where—in the "Furini"—the word "palette" occurs twice; but it is printed correctly in all the editions I have. That book was published in 1887, apparently before he wrote to me.

So far as I am aware, Browning was the only man on eartb who ever attempted to justify the misuse of "demean" when his attention was called to its origin and the related noun "demeanor"; and his defence of it is very lame. It is derived, as he says, from the French *démener;* but that word has not, and never did have, the sense of "degrade" or "debase." I do not know where he found his definition, "to behave in an unusual manner"; but that is not necessarily a bad or disgraceful manner. Tbe word does sometimes mean to be "agitated" or "excited," but, whether that is "unusual" or not, it does not in itself imply anything base or degrading.

But, if we look into the history of the French word, we find that originally it meant to "lead," "conduct," or "guide," thence, to "drive" (animals or vehicles), and reflexively to conduct or behave one's self—coming to refer to "bebavior," just as "conduct" (with the similar original meaning) has done. Etymologists have sometimes been puzzled to explain its connection with the early Latin *minare* (classical *minari*), from which it is clearly derived, but which came to mean "threaten." But that word originally meant to "lead," "conduct," and the like; but being specifically used with reference to the driving of cattle, which involves threatening cries or ejaculations, it came to have the idea of threatening associated with it. This is the only explanation that seems to have been suggested by Latin, French, Italian, and English lexicographers, including the editors of the New English or Oxford Dictionary.

As to the misuse of "demean," the English etymologists all now agree that it arose from the erroneous supposition that the word was derived from "mean." As long ago as 1847 Sullivan pointed this out in his dictionary: but tbe revised quarto Webster, about forty-five years ago (in 1864?), gave "debase," "degrade," as one sense of "demean"; quoting Sbakespeare for it in "The Comedy of Errors" (iv, 3,83), where Luciana says:

> Antipholus is mad,
> Else would be never so demean himself,

tbat is, behave himself, as it means in every instance in which the dramatist uses it. If the dictionary editors had turned to "3 Henry VI" (i, 4, 7), they would have found this passage:

> But this I know, they have demean'd themselves
> Like men born to *renown*, by life or death.

I called tbeir attention to this, among other errors, and it was corrected in their next revision.

Another bad slip of Browning's was his assumption, in a note to "Paracelsus," that the modern word "bombast" had its origin in the turgid style of tbe lectures of Paracelsus. It was actually suggested by the original meaning of the word, namely, cotton, or "cotton wool" (from the Latin *bombyx*). The earliest instance of "bombast," or "bumbast," cited by the Oxford Dictionary, is in 1568; and in 1572 it is mentioned as used for stuffing doublets, the old padded coats for men. It soon came to be used figuratively of inflated or turgid language; as in "Love's Labour's Lost" (v. 2, 791):

> pleasant jest and comedy,
> As bombast and as lining to the time;

Where "lining" is expressive, as "stuffed" is in "Othello" (i, 1, 13):

> A bombast circumstance,
> Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war.

Sundry other etymological slips of Browning could be cited, if space permitted; the worst one, the monumental one, we might call it, being his use of *twat*, in "Pippa Passes." W. J. Rolfe.

Cambridge, January 18.

THE ENGLISH ELECTIONS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The general impression seems to be that the Parliamentary elections in England have resulted in a drawn battle between the Liberals and their Conservative opponents. This view overlooks some significant facts. It should be remembered, first, that this was no ordinary battle, but a distinct fight against hereditary privilege and for radical economic changes, which were universally recognized as striking at the very root of the special advantages enjoyed by the great landowners of Great Britain. On this issue the Liberal party was undeniably the second choice of virtually all who voted for tbe Labor candidates. While the policy of the Irish Nationalists subordinates all other issues to Home Rule, no person acquainted with the history of landlordism in Ireland can doubt that on the Budget as a separate issue the Irish sympathies are with the reforms of Lloyd-George. On the face of the returns, therefore, the voters have declared unequivocally for the principles on which the Liberal party has appealed to them.

To realize the full force of the Liberal victory, however, it is necessary to go behind the returns. In a conflict between the privileged and the disinherited classes, it should be emphasized that privilege must profit largely by the limitations imposed on the franchise in the British Isles. Where property, and not manhood, is the basis of suffrage, conservatism bas an unfair advantage. It is alleged, in palliation of the British property qualification, that a very low limit is imposed, amounting to about fifty dollars a year as rent for householders, occupiers, and lodgers. The system of registration, however, requires a continuous residence of eighteen months in one place for this class, failing which the vote is lost. This strikes a deadly blow at the immense body of me-

chanics belonging to the more migratory trades, and disfranchises hundreds of thousands of them at each election. Domestic servants and bachelors living at home are further specifically denied their rights as citizens. It has been statistically shown that where manhood suffrage prevails, the proportion of voters at a general election is about one in four. In Great Britain, however, the average is about one in six. At the last general election, in 1906, the number of voters was 7,266,708. Under full manhood suffrage, the number would have been more than 10,000,000. It can scarcely be seriously contended that any considerable proportion of the disfranchised 3,000,000 would be favorably disposed to the class which is the cause of their deprivation of citizen rights.

The great landholders are also favored by the system of plural voting. A man owning property or nominal residence in two or more boroughs may vote in each of them. The law is thus made to favor wealth, at the expense of misrepresenting the real sentiment of the people. The exact number of plural voters is not easy to determine; but it is sufficient to play an important part in a close election. In a campaign having the taxation of land values as its central issue, hardly one of these plural land-votes would be cast otherwise than on the side of the landholders.

Another most serious factor is found in the immense number of tenant farmers throughout England. While it is true that the old "rotten boroughs" have been largely reformed out of existence, the opportunities for indirect but none the less effective coercion of votes by the great landlords remain enormous. The intimidatory proclamation of the Duke of Sutherland to his tenants is but a single illustration of the degree to which an unprincipled landlord is able to interfere with the principle of free and impartial suffrage. How many tens of thousands of votes were won to the Conservatives by this unscrupulous method, can never be known; but it can certainly not be negligible.

Other elements of the situation might be brought to attention, such as the natural hesitation of the English people in the face of novel propositions of taxation, the dread of Socialism so cleverly though dishonestly played on by the spokesmen for the Lords, the war scare, and the mistakes of the Liberal party on minor issues. Under such a combination of adverse influences, the actual success of the Liberals at the polls must be taken to represent the real desire of an overwhelming majority of the British people. If the Budget, involving the taxation of land values, is deliberately ratified at the polls by the majority of an electorate confined to property-owners and those of the working population most favorably situated and having least cause for complaint at the existence of special privilege, a full, honest, and unintimidated vote of the people of Great Britain would assuredly have buried the Conservative party and the House of Lords so deep as to destroy all hope of resurrection.

BOLTON HALL.

New York, February 11.

AN AMERICAN POETESS OF 1759.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In a fragment of the *Universal Magazine* for March, 1759, I find this early fruit of the American muse:

The R A K E.
By a Lady in New England.

——— Video meliora proboque,
Deteriora sequor. HOR.

An open heart, a gen'rous mind,
But Passion's slave, and wild as wind:
In theory a judge of right,
Though banish'd from its practice quite;
So loose, so prostitute of soul,
His nobler wit becomes the tool
Of ev'ry importuning fool:
A thousand virtues misapply'd,
While Reason floats on Passion's tide.
The ruin of the chaste and fair;
The parent's curse, the virgin's snare;
Whose false example leads astray
The young, the thoughtless, and the gay:
Yet, left alone to cooler thought,
He knows, he sees, he feels his fault;
He knows his fault, he feels, he views,
Detesting what he most pursues:
His judgment tells him, all his gains
For fleeting joys are lasting pains:
Reason with Appetite contending;
Repenting still, and still offending:
Abuser of the gifts of Nature;
A wretched, self-condemning creature;
He passes o'er Life's ill-trod stage,
And dies, in youth, the prey of age!—
The scorn, the pity of the wise
Who love, lament him—and despise!

Perhaps some American antiquary may be able to identify this apt quoter of Horace. WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

Southport, England, December 11.

THE CARNEGIE FOUNDATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching has issued some new regulations for the awarding of pensions (see *Science*, January 14, 1910). These regulations differ from the preceding ones mainly in the omission of the service pension. At present, a teacher in an accredited university cannot retire on a pension until he reaches the advanced age of sixty-five—unless, to be sure, he retires under the disability clause, of which it is needless to relate here.

Prof. Arthur O. Lovejoy has discussed these changes in the *Nation* for February 3. It is not the purpose of this letter to comment on any of the statements advanced by him, but to draw attention to at least one other aspect of this important matter.

Judging from conversations with professors and from letters, the new regulations strike the teachers themselves with discouragement, if not with dismay. The opinion prevails that the Foundation will have accomplished at least one kind of *advancement*—that of the age of full professors who are still in the harness. In other words, if these regulations remain in effect, it is thought that the faculties of the future will be filled with aging and aged men, who are clinging to their jobs in an endurance test against time. It appears that this purpose is nearing accomplishment.

In view of the wide difference of opinion evident between the directors of the Foundation, on the one hand, and the teachers on the other, we may well believe that the new regulations would not have been adopted had there been an abundance of funds at the disposal of the Foundation. If this be the fact, it is to be hoped that some authoritative statement to this effect will be issued by the Foundation, in order that close and sympathetic relations may continue to exist between the Carnegie Foundation and its beneficiaries.

Let me add, in conclusion, that I have heard nothing but praise of the widow's clause in the new regulations.

RAYMOND WEEKS.

Columbia University, February 10.

EDOUARD ROD'S PATRIOTISM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The name of Edouard Rod has been so identified with France and French letters that all except the Swiss are inclined to forget his Vaudois origin and certain things in his life and character, which bound him to his native land. His refusal to seek a place among the Forty, notwithstanding the advice of Comte d'Haussonville, was inspired by patriotic sentiment. M. Charles Burnier says:

> One day when I spoke of the Academy to Rod, and asked him rather indiscreetly whether he had no legitimate ambition to enter it, he answered—it was at the time of the "Lys rouge": "No, because I should be obliged to have myself naturalized as a Frenchman, and I consider that *inélégant*."

This attachment to his country was shown also by his custom of always spending the summers in Switzerland, where he had residences in Valais and Vaud. "The most beautiful object in the world," he said, "is Lake Leman, between Rolle and Geneva." A. A.

Neuchâtel, Switzerland, February 1.

ROSTAND AND TOM D'URFEY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The production of M. Rostand's "Chantecler" gives additional piquancy to a notice, in the Dictionary of National Biography, of a somewhat similar venture on the English stage two hundred years ago. In the account of Tom D'Urfey we find:

> In his burlesque, "Wonders in the Sun; or, the Kingdom of the Birds," a comic opera, . . . he brought on the stage actors dressed as parrots, crows, etc., and the business was farcical in the extreme. This justified the remark of Dryden, that "You don't know my friend Tom as well as I do. I'll answer for it he will write worse yet!"

JOHN M. CLAPP.

Lake Forest, Ill., February 7.

Literature.

SVEN HEDIN'S EXPLORATIONS IN TIBET.

Trans-Himalaya: Discoveries and Adventures in Tibet. By Sven Hedin. With 388 illustrations and 10 maps. New York: The Macmillan Co. $7.50 net.

In these two volumes which describe his latest journeys in Tibet, Dr. Sven Hedin carries us into a different region from that traversed in his previous explorations: a region almost as little

known as were Eastern Turkestan and North Central Tibet before those explorations, and not less remarkable in its physical character. Starting from Kashmir, he reached Ladakh, and, organizing his party there, turned northward across the great Karakoram range of the Himalaya and travelled first northeastward, then eastward, then southeastward over the lofty plateau which lies at the back of the Himalayas, and is studded with small lakes, most of which have no outlet to any ocean. Far down to the east he reached the great river Tsanpo, or upper part of the Brahmaputra, and the famous Buddhist shrine of Shigatse. Thence he turned back west, up the Brahmaputra till he reached its source. Near it lie the sacred Mansarowar lakes, where he spent some time thoroughly exploring their neighborhood. Thence turning north and determining the head stream and very springs of the Indus where they issue from the ground, he turned west, and after almost reaching Ladakh, started back again on a second journey to the north and east, in which he crossed his former route, traversing valleys and crossing ranges hitherto unvisited, till at last he again reached the borders of British India and descended upon Simla, its summer capital. To describe these wanderings in detail would be useless, because the names of the mountains, lakes, and rivers he passed are nearly all of them new, even to the scientific geographer, and the tracks followed could not be made intelligible without a map. Suffice it to say that Dr. Hedin traversed, along routes previously unknown to any but the scanty native population, and sometimes running through pathless wildernesses, a region some six hundred miles long and fully three hundred broad, concerning nearly the whole of which scarce anything was previously known. This is a real service to geography, which well deserve the honors paid in Europe to this courageous and resourceful explorer.

If we say that Dr. Hedin is a better traveller than a writer, we do not mean to disparage his narrative style, which is simple, clear, and straightforward. He describes the incidents of each day's march in a plain, unvarnished way which gives the reader a sense of what the actual conditions of travel are in a wild, lonely, dreary country, where the hardships of cold, dirt, and other forms of physical discomfort find compensation in the grandeur of snowy peaks, of vast prospects, and of brilliant atmospheric effects. His occasional bursts of sentiment, which have the genuine naïveté of the Scandinavian spirit, as we know it in writers like Björnson and Jonas Lie, are altogether winning. But he has not the gift (or if he has, he does not use it) of presenting any general view of the phenomena he has observed. Two or three chapters, summarizing the general results of his expeditions and describing in a broad way the features of the country and the life of the people, would have been both helpful and interesting, for they would have put those features in a form which the reader would have found it more easy to comprehend and to remember. We must, however, recognize a difficulty which Dr. Hedin himself mentions. His publishers imposed on him limits of space which obliged him to omit parts of his narrative, so that here and there we skip over long stretches of country. The book was becoming already so large that the publishers were probably well advised but the work might certainly have been better planned as a whole.

To the reader who is not primarily a geographer, eager to comprehend the mountain structure of this extraordinary country, the most interesting parts of the book are those which describe the life, and especially the religious life, of the Tibetans. These people are almost as unlike the rest of mankind as their dwelling-place is unlike other countries. Sir J. D. Hooker, who ranks with Darwin as the most vivid and instructive of scientific travellers, long ago, in his "Himalayan Journals," described Tibet as "the highest, coldest, driest, barrenest, windiest region on earth"; and the extraordinary isolation in which the Tibetans have lived for many centuries, cut off by deserts on the East, North, and West, and separated from India on the south by the gigantic barrier of the Himalaya, has favored the development of a peculiar type of semi-civilization, and of a still more peculiar ecclesiastical system. The church of Tibet and the monasticism of Tibet offer strange, even grotesque, parallels, to some of the forms which Christianity took in the early centuries and in the Middle Ages. But, even apart from this parallelism of their phenomena, they are in themselves well worthy of study.

Dr. Hedin does not treat them systematically, but he gives us some interesting lights on the external aspects of the Tibetan religion, in which Buddhism is curiously intermixed with spirit worship and other forms of primitive superstition.

The centre and metropolis of the Tibetan church, is, of course, Lhasa, the preëminently sacred city, in which the Dalai Lama resides, and which, down till the recent British expedition, had been visited by no European, save the French Abbé Huc (in disguise) some seventy years ago. Now, however, the books written by Englishmen who formed part of that expedition, have made it so well known, that curiosity began to fix itself upon another city of scarcely inferior sanctity, Shigatse, with the famous monastery of Tashi Lunpo, where dwells the Tashi Lama, or Panchen Rinpoche (holy teacher), second in dignity only to him of Lhasa. At the time of Dr. Hedin's journey, the Dalai Lama, who had fled at the approach of the British forces, was still far away in the North, so the Tashi Lama was virtually head of the church for the time being, and to see him was an extraordinary privilege. Dr. Hedin achieved it and his description of this Buddhist Pope is worth quoting:

> We go higher up smooth, steep staircases to open landings, up more steps, higher and higher, to the Holiest of Holies, in the Monastery of Tashi Lunpo. The conversation is carried on in lower, more subdued tones. . . .
>
> We enter, not without feeling solemn. I make a deep bow at the door, and two more before I stand before him. The Tashi Lama is sitting on a bench in a window recess, and has in front of him a table with a small teacup, a telescope, and some printed sheets. He is dressed as simply as an ordinary monk, wears a cerise costume of the usual style, coat, waistcoat, and vest, and the long scarf which is thrown over the shoulder and wound round the body like a toga. Between its folds peeps out a yellow under-vest, with gold embroidery. Both arms are bare, and the head uncovered. His complexion is fair, slightly inclining to yellow. He is somewhat below the middle height, is well proportioned, looks healthy, and, having lately completed his twenty-fifth year, has every prospect of attaining a good old age. His short-cropped hair is black, and there is scarcely any down on his upper lip. The lips are not thick and full like those of other Tibetans, but thin and gracefully formed; his eyes of a chestnut brown color. . . . There is not a single idol, no wall painting, or any other decoration, scarce any furniture, not a thread of carpet, only the bare stone floor, and through the window his melancholy and dreamy, but clear and open, glances wander over the golden temple roofs, over the town below them, with its dirt and sin, over the dreary mountains which bound his earthly horizon, and away through the azure blue sky to a Nirvana invisible to us, where his spirit will one day find rest. But all the time he preserved a wonderful calmness, a refined, amiable politeness and dignity, and spoke in a charmingly soft and subdued voice, modest, almost shy. . . . We talked about all kinds of things in heaven and earth, beginning from his own religion, in the Pantheon of which he takes the highest rank among living prelates. He displayed an alertness, an interest in everything, and an intelligence that surprised me in a Tibetan at least." (Vol. I, pp. 319, 320.)

Nowhere perhaps in the world does religion, in the form of external symbols and observances, bulk so largely in the eyes and minds of a people as Buddhism does in Tibet. Monasteries are in sight everywhere: a large part of the population dwell in them. The church is, or was till the recent war gave the Chinese an opportunity for re-asserting and making real their almost vanished suzerainty, the ruling power in the country. The tombs of saints and divers shrines stand everywhere

along the tracks. Prayer flags and pennants float from poles on and around every building. Prayer mills are turned by the water of every stream, each flag, each mill, bearing the sacred formula, "Om Mani Padme Hum" (Oh, the jewel in the lotus flower), so that every waving of the flag, every revolution of the mill, repeats a prayer for the benefit in its future course of the soul of him who fixed the flag or the mill in its place. Nearly everybody carries in his hand a little machine with a wheel which he turns round and round as he sits and talks, and which in each turning repeats again the mystic phrase. Nowhere, not even by the anchorites of the Thebaid in the fourth and fifth centuries of Christianity, or by the Celtic hermits who placed themselves on isolated wave-washed rocks along the coasts of Ireland and Scotland in the sixth and seventh centuries, were the austerities of a life of solitude and privation carried so far as they are to-day by these Tibetan lamas who immure themselves in a cave or small stone building which is thereupon walled up, leaving only one small aperture—a sort of tiny tunnel—through which food barely enough to support life is thrust in by some one from the nearest monastery. The solitary inmate, living in unbroken darkness, utters no word and hears none. It would be a deadly sin for the lama who brings his food to speak to him, and were he to speak, all the merit he has acquired by his mortification and seclusion would be thrown away. Dr. Hedin saw the outside of such a hermitage, erected with very thick walls over a spring, the interior perfectly dark. Within it dwelt an anchorite who had already lived in silence for three years, and had vowed himself to perpetual seclusion. Should he not draw in the daily bowl of food, the lama who brings it might guess that he was ill, but would not interfere. Only if six days elapse without the bowl being touched do the monks conclude that the inmate is dead, whereupon they break open the enclosing wall, and bury him. Dr. Hedin was told of a lama who had died fifteen years before, having entered this hermitage at the age of twenty, and spent forty years in it. A still more remarkable case was that of a devotee who had lived immured in the darkness of such a hermitage for sixty-nine years. It is hard to believe that the human frame can retain life for so long a period in a climate intensely cold in winter, with a supply of daily food extremely scanty, and always the same kind of food, and without a single ray of sunlight. One must suppose that the hermit, occupied solely in meditation and in the repetition of the magic Om Mani, passes into a sort of stupor, in which not only day and night and summer and winter pass unnoted, but all sense of time itself is lost, and the Nirvana which he seeks is practically attained by a loss of individual consciousness itself as well as of all human desires and passions.

Intensely religious as the Tibetans are, after their fashion, and bent as they are on keeping all European strangers out of their country, they do not seem to be intolerant. Muslims come up and move freely about among them, as well as Hindus; one of their most sacred spots is, indeed, an object of equal veneration to Hindu pilgrims coming from the plains of India and to the Buddhist natives of the plateau. This is the Manasarowar Lake, called by the Tibetans Tso Mavang, a beautiful sheet of water, about sixteen miles wide, which lies between the source of the Brahmaputra to the southeast, and the source of the Indus to the north, at a height of 15,098 feet above sea level, three thousand feet higher than Lake Titicaca in Bolivia, and higher than the highest summit in the Rocky Mountains or the Sierra Nevada. Dr. Hedin, who prudently carried a small boat about with him, putting its pieces together when he had to use it, explored the lake to ascertain its depth, and had a perilous adventure on it in a storm, for this lofty plateau is a land of tempests. Indeed, his aquatic adventures on the lakes are the most thrilling in the book. North of the lake is the sacred mountain, which the Hindus call Kailas, and the Tibetans Kang Rinpoche. It rises from the plateau, here 15,000 to 16,000 feet in elevation, to a height of 21,818 feet, and may owe its especial sanctity not only to the proximity of the sacred lake, but to the peculiar form of its topmost peak, which resembles the Tibetan shrine tomb consecrated to a saint. Immense numbers of pilgrims come from India, as well as Tibet, to make the circuit of it. That circuit is twenty-eight miles long, and the path is in many places steep and rocky, but the worshipper will sometimes make it thirteen times in succession. The greatest merit is earned when the mountain is compassed by a series of prostrations in which the devotee measures his own length along the ground all the way. Such a pilgrim body-circuit is equivalent in soul value to thirteen circuits made on foot. Whether the top of the mountain is accessible we are not told. Dr. Hedin does not seem to have ever climbed any summits (as a regular Alpinist would have done), or to care about them; he tells us only about passes. Perhaps the peak is deemed inaccessible; perhaps the spirits that dwell on it would repel a daring intruder. Anyhow, it is, as Dr. Hedin observes, the most holy of all holy mountains; holier than Sinai or Ararat or Fuji Yama; holier than any of the sacred heights of Europe, such as Monserrate in Spain or Croagh Patrick in Ireland.

We have not space to dwell upon the endless difficulties which our traveller encountered in the constant efforts of the Tibetan authorities to turn him back. He evaded some of these by various stratagems and devices, but sometimes was forced to yield and abandon routes he had hoped to take. It is all the more creditable to his temper and feeling that, in spite of these frequent struggles with the Tibetan officials, he speaks warmly of the courtesy and kindliness of the people as a whole; observing with truth that it is far easier to succeed among semi-civilized or barbarous people by good humor and gentleness of manner than by threats or violence.

The name Trans-Himalaya, which he proposes to give to the long line of mountains separating the Upper Brahmaputra Valley from the isolated lake basins of northern Tibet, seems highly inappropriate. It suggests a region, not a mountain range, and his arguments in its favor leave us unconvinced. That is a matter for the scientific world to settle. Meantime, we congratulate him on a journey which reflects the greatest credit on his courage, his tact, and his endurance, and which has immensely increased our knowledge of this strange land and its people.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Journal of a Recluse. Translated from the original French. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

The reading of this book leaves it easy to believe that the purported translation is one of the tricks of the trade of authorship used to give a stronger appearance of actuality to its origin. It is the story of a Scotchman born in humble life who, having shown himself of the stuff that meets emergencies, was privileged to receive an education on an equal footing with the young lord his master, and to share his travels and experiences so long as Lord Eliot lived. At his patron's early death he emigrated to America and presently, under the influence of Thoreau's writings, turned recluse on the Pacific Coast in the forest lands of the State of Washington. Two thwarted love affairs strongly influenced his life; one an undeclared affection for the sister of his young master; the other, a mutual passion between himself and his niece, who first meets him when she is grown to woman's estate. This temptation successfully withstood, the hero turns his attention to education, agriculture, and to keeping a journal in French. There are few topics on which he does not discourse, bringing to bear on all a mixture of conservatism and free thought which would perhaps naturally result from the immersion of a Scotch brain

in advanced ideas. Himself a man of simplicity and integrity, he has an intellectual passion of curiosity which leads him to give ear to every doctrine that comes his way, with a philosopher's indulgence to most things—unless it be the American system of education. To this he gives some eloquently hostile pages.

Other chapters of his journal are devoted to creeds and causes, to nature and civilization, to man and woman. Now he is as practical as Franklin, now as introspective as Amiel. He is old-fashioned enough to know "from observation that there is nothing so futile as these so-called *reasonings* between children and adults. They are taught to argue expertly on their own side, and the argument finishes usually by the yielding of the adult, because he has no longer the capacity for blind persistence that is a trait of youth." He is enough of a free lance to say, "For me . . . religion is nothing but poetry petrified into dogma." Throughout he is ready to take pains in behalf of such of his kind as he has sifted out and found deserving. A pricker of the bubbles of pretence, instability, and cowardice, he reveals himself as a materialist with a diligent working sense of honor.

Old Harbor. By William John Hopkins. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

A year or two ago, with "The Clammer," Mr. Hopkins captured a pleased audience. Its plot was nothing; but its very insignificance gave a charm to a delicate and fanciful treatment. There was, to be sure, a touch of self-consciousness about it, and "Old Harbor" confirms one's suspicion that the earlier story was the *tour de force* of an amateur—if there be such a person separable from the motley rout of our "fictionists." "Old Harbor" attempts a thing which has repeatedly been done with more or less success. Our New England coast villages with a past have been pretty thoroughly exploited by dealers in local color. It is an interesting type for America—the little old port, once active in shipping, and now, with its stately mansions and rotting wharves, but a monument of the past. Mellow decay is a phenomenon to be cherished on this side of the water. But Mr. Hopkins has little or nothing fresh to offer in his interpretation. He has provided a sufficiently varied assortment of characters—but he has provided them. They have not made themselves alive through him. Consequently, the best we can say for them, one and all, is that they are suggestive of familiar types. Eben, the prodigal brother, who is in a way the most striking person in the story, is a figure of some pathos. His sister Harriet is the New England spinster of tradition. "Clanky Beg" is one of the most artful idiots ever seen off any stage, quite the god from the machine from start to finish of the action. Dr. Olcott, with his property nag, is the gruff and kindly country doctor of tradition—what rustic tale can get on without him? And so on. There are a drunken ne'er-do-weel, a stately gentleman of the old school, two proud and poverty-stricken gentlewomen, a young artist, and a young coquette—who is reformed. For broad comedy, you have an Irish "Yarb" woman, and a Scotch apothecary, who occasionally exchange dialects without ceremony. Altogether, it is the kind of book that if you know rural New England, will remind you of people and things you have seen. But it is artificial—a series of reminders rather than a veritable interpretation.

Sailors' Knots. By W. W. Jacobs. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The constant reader of Mr. Jacobs looks, nor looks in vain, for a renewal of entertainment with each new volume of his salt coast sketches. His originality in inventing situations seems without limit. His wharves where night-watchmen sit and remember are the scenes of a wit that loses not its savor. And his tidy cottages in clean little streets, his cosey interiors and deft housekeeping, offset the antics of his characters in such wise as to make his work seem like Howarth illustrations in type. His drollery is so gladdening that cheerful forgiveness may be accorded an occasional lapse into seriousness. The introduction, for example, of a real haunted house as background for one of his stories, "The Toll-House," quickly passes out of mind on the reading of "Double Dealing," a quite perfect specimen of the author's art.

Great Possessions. By Mrs. Wilfrid Ward. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A noted general, Sir David Bright, has been killed in the Boer war, and his young widow, Lady Rose, is horrified by the discovery that the will left with his solicitor insults both her and his own memory by leaving a mere pittance to her and the bulk of his enormous fortune to a Madame Danterre, of whose existence she has hitherto been ignorant. An enigmatic message forwarded from the front by one of Sir David's comrades adds to Rose's bewilderment. Madame Danterre, who has been blackmailing Sir David for years by alleging that he married her while he was delirious with fever, many years before his marriage to Rose, dies and leaves to her daughter, Molly Dexter, Sir David's fortune and a distressing temptation in the form of the will executed just before his death, reversing the provisions of the former document. Our old friend, the device of the mis-sent letters, comes valiantly to the front at this point. Of course, Molly suppresses the will for a time, and revels in her ill-gotten wealth, only to find it apples of Sodom: equally, of course, her conscience is ultimately too strong for her, and she departs to a life of expiatory service and sacrifice, leaving Lady Rose—a true British type of blond and fragile loveliness, and a compendium of all the virtues—to the enjoyment of her rights, and a somewhat tardy appreciation of the merits of the high-minded and self-effacing hero, who has been her lover since her childhood.

GARIBALDI.

Garibaldi and the Thousand. By George Macaulay Trevelyan. With maps and numerous illustrations. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. $2.25 net.

Garibaldi is most fortunate in having found at last a biographer who is enthusiastic but not uncritical. The life of the hero of the Defence of Rome and of the Sicilian Expedition must be told with all possible glow and color in order to reproduce for readers to-day some of the romance which held his contemporaries spellbound. He is, indeed, the theme for a young historian. Mr. Trevelyan, though young, has already had wide experience in historical writing, and this experience enables him to keep his balance throughout. Without being himself beglamoured, he causes us to feel the glamour of Garibaldi's person and exploits.

His first work on Garibaldi ("Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic," 1907) left his hero in exile after the astonishing retreat from Rome; this volume begins with a description of him making candles in Meucci's factory on Staten Island. Then follows a rapid sketch of his wanderings, and of the progress of the Italian movement until Cavour, having won the support of Napoleon III, forced Austria to declare war in 1859. In that campaign Garibaldi carried on a brief but brilliant guerrilla warfare along the Lakes. Next he appeared in the autumn as a general in the army of the Central Italian League; but just at the moment when he seemed about to precipitate an untimely invasion of Umbria, he listened to Victor Emanuel's advice, threw up his command, and retired like a reluctant eagle to his island crag. Mr. Trevelyan, having now reached his central subject, narrates in greater detail the preliminary agitations in Sicily, the assembling of the Thousand, their departure from Genoa and landing at Marsala, their amazing march to Palermo and its capture. This logically concludes the first part of their marvellous enterprise. In a second volume the author promises to complete the story of the Thousand.

Such is the substance of the book. What are its qualities? In the first

place, it is written in a brisk and sinuous style; next, its perspective is well kept; thirdly, it is judicial; and, finally, it is based on acquaintance with all the principal printed sources, and also unpublished documents and reminiscences. Mr. Trevelyan excels, as readers of his earlier volume will recall, in describing military operations, especially if they be of the irregular kind in which Garibaldi often showed himself a master. But, both for strategy and conducting an engagement, he rates Garibaldi higher than a partisan leader; we incline to think, however, that Garibaldi belongs with the wonderful Boer commanders, or with a raider like Morgan, rather than with the Stonewall Jacksons and the Shermans of large operations. Still, we have yet to see Mr. Trevelyan's account of the battle of the Volturno, and we must not forget that, whether he be classed as a glorified guerrilla or not, Garibaldi's achievement in 1860 produced results which few modern generals have equalled.

Among the questions concerning the Expedition, none has been more acrimoniously debated than that of Cavour's attitude toward its organization. The tendency of the Garibaldians has been to deny that he helped, and they have cited this or that incident to prove his opposition; the Cavourians, on the other hand, have asserted that, although the Prime Minister would have preferred that there should be no expedition at that time controlled by the Party of Action, he saw that it was safer to let them start than to risk an upheaval at home; and that, having taken this position, he actually gave them as much aid as he could without bringing all the cabinets of Europe down on Piedmont. Mr. Trevelyan in general accepts the latter view, and traces with much discernment the swiftly changing phases of the affair. This may serve as an example of his care to establish the proper relations between the political and the active forces in the episode.

Another point to be remarked upon, because it is representative, is his accurate study of topography. He traces the course of the Thousand from Marsala to Palermo with the minuteness of a map-maker; indeed, he has been over the route himself, and having an eye for the picturesque, he relieves what might otherwise be a painstaking description of a military march by charming bits of local color. Yet in spite of this gift, he never indulges in fine writing for its own sake. The throbbing passages come quite naturally and are not pressed.

In construction, the work is well planned; one topic leads to the next, and unless it be in the account of the approach of the various detachments to Palermo, there is never a lack of clearness. Mr. Trevelyan writes to be read, and those readers who believe that historical writers of the highest class must be full of human interest, will rejoice that he, who is equally a scholar, has proved that this can be accomplished. We await eagerly his concluding work on Garibaldi and Cavour: for his sense of the significance of the Risorgimento is constantly expanding, and it will have a worthy theme in the final conflict between the great statesman and the modern paladin.

The Earliest Cosmologies. By William Fairfield Warren. New York: Eaton & Mains. $1.50 net.

Dr. Warren holds that the ideas of the Hebrews, Egyptians, Greeks, Iranians, and Indo-Aryans concerning the form of the universe were derived from Babylonia, and he finds in the ancient texts the following data for the reconstruction of the Babylonian universe: (1) The earth occupied the central place; (2) the northern half of the earth was viewed as the upper, the southern as the under; (3) the northern half was regarded as having the form of a seven-staged pyramid; (4) the under half was held to consist in like manner of seven stages; (5) the earth was four-cornered; (6) there were seven heavens and seven hells; (7) above the seventh heaven was the "highest heaven," that of the fixed stars; (8) this eighth heaven was divided by the Zodiac into two portions, an upper or Arctic, and an under or Antarctic, and at the pole of the former was Anu's palace; (9) the north pole of the heavens was regarded as the zenith of the cosmic system, and consequently the sun and moon were supposed to move in a horizontal plane; (10) the order of the planets, proceeding from the earth, was: Moon, Sun, Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn; (11) to pass from the upper half of the earth to its under half, that is, from the abode of living men to the abode of the dead, it was necessary to cross a body of water; (12) according to Diodorus Siculus (ii, 31) the Babylonians believed that twelve designated stars south of the Zodiac stood in the same relation to the dead as do the twelve corresponding stars north of the Zodiac to the living. Dr. Warren's conclusion is that the Babylonians conceived of the earth (the upperworld and the underworld) as composed of two seven-staged pyramids separated by a body of water; around it seven homocentric globes (the planetary spheres), and beyond these another sphere, the heaven of the fixed stars; and the other ancient cosmologies he holds to be of the same character.

The difficulty in Dr. Warren's learned and well-conducted discussion is that he constructs a symmetrical scheme from data too varied and too vague to admit of such a formulation. It is true that the Babylonians conceived of the earth as a mountain, and it is possible that the sacred staged structure, called *zikkurat*, was an imitation of this form (though another explanation is possible); but the number of stages in a *zikkurat* was not necessarily seven, and there is no proof that the earth-mountain was supposed to have just seven stages. Proof is similarly lacking for the assumption of this pyramidal form for the underworld. In support of his contention Dr. Warren (p. 35) quotes Jensen's statement ("Kosmologie," p. 175): "The seven *tupukati* of the underworld are a facsimile of the seven *tupukati* of the overworld"; now, Jensen defines this term as meaning "earth-zones," not "stages," and understands the seven gates through which Ishtar, in her descent to the underworld, has to pass as indicating simply seven regions or divisions. For the assertion (quoted by Dr. Warren from Winckler) that in the Babylonian system there were seven heavens and seven hells, no proof is offered. There is no support in the Old Testament for a seven-staged pyramidal underworld—*Sheol* (Ezek. xxxii, etc.) is a single underground region where all the dead dwell together; and, it may be added, the word "hell," if it be taken in its later sense, is a misrepresentation of the Babylonian and Hebrew nether worlds, neither of which is a place of torment. Seven heavens there are in late Jewish works, such as the Slavonic "Enoch" (dating from near the beginning of our era), and there is a suggestion of such a scheme in the New Testament (2 Cor. xii, 2); but this is a late application of a sacred number to the structure of the celestial world, not an old cosmological conception. Some of the data in Dr. Warren's list are commonplaces of early thought and have no serious cosmological significance: the earth is necessarily taken as the centre of the universe, and might naturally be taken as quadrilateral, though this latter point is not certain. The belief that to reach the otherworld it was necessary to cross water is found among low tribes—this is one of the many lines of travel to the beyond imagined by the ancients. Hades sometimes lay far off in the west, or in some other direction, and one had to traverse deserts to reach it; sometimes it was placed in the bowels of the earth, and a ghost, like Samuel, came up, or a living pilgrim, like Æneas, went down. In Egypt particularly the conception of the locus of the otherworld was vague and fluctuating; in Babylonia and Canaan it seems to have been always a subterranean region. It is probable that the Babylonian astronomy passed into India and Greece, but in none of these countries do the current astronomical beliefs support Dr. Warren's specific thesis. If the northern half of the earth was regarded as the upper and

the southern as the under part (and a northern people could not think otherwise), and if the sun and the moon were supposed to move in a horizontal plane, this tells us nothing of a seven-staged pyramidal earth. Dr. Warren is of opinion that Homer regarded the earth as a sphere—the relation between this spherical earth and the pyramidal earth is not clear. We cannot here follow our author into his delineation of the voyage of Odysseus and other matters discussed by him; his conclusions all rest on his theory of the earliest cosmologies.

Sailing Ships: The Story of Their Development from the Earliest Time to the Present Day. By E. Keble Chatterton. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.75 net.

This is a heartfelt book, the author's affection for his subject being manifest on every page. Since it embodies the results of painstaking and thorough research into records extending back to the era of the pyramids, and of consulting well-nigh all available sources of information, it will long hold first place as an authoritative work. It is very readable in spite of its encyclopædic character. Its parts are made to hang together by the author's endeavor to explain the causes for the invention of each type of craft and rig and to make clear the influence exerted upon nautical design by the early voyages between the Mediterranean and the North Sea, each locality profiting by the experience of the other. The former lively interest in sailing vessels has largely disappeared, except in the case of yachts, and is now historical rather than actual; but Englishmen, who owe so much to maritime adventure, cannot fail to appreciate this endeavor to trace the origin, development, and decline of the sailing ship.

With us, the subject ceased to be of primary importance when we turned our backs on the ocean and began the conquest of the lands lying west of the Alleghanies and the Mississippi; but we played a gallant rôle once upon a time, of which we have good reasons to be proud. Written for his own people, Mr. Chatterton's book gives but scant space to our California clippers and their marvellous voyages. It is to be hoped that some lover of American ships and sailors will do for our builders and navigators what Mr. Chatterton has done for their European colleagues, and will tell us of the Forbes rig and his invention of the double topsail among other kindred matters.

We note in Mr. Chatterton's volume the absence of reference to the famous British East Indiaman Heather Bell, which in the 70's averaged 300 miles a day from just south of the line to the longitude of the Cape of Good Hope, a wonderful record. Although Mr. Chatterton pronounces the sailing ship's valedictory, he seems to believe that commerce will have to revert to its ancient practice when coal and oil become prohibitory in price.

The bibliography is otherwise quite complete, but it is hard to understand how the author failed to consult Nicolaes Witsen's splendid work on shipbuilding, written in Dutch and published in Amsterdam in 1671. The index is exasperatingly inadequate. To ascertain when the square spritsail gave place to the jib and when vessels became weatherly enough to make their way against the wind through "beating" or "tacking," one must run through the text itself; yet these are really critical episodes in the sailor's art. The letterpress and the illustrations from authentic documents leave little to be desired either in scope or accuracy.

Francesco Petrarca: Poet and Humanist. By Maud F. Jerrold. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4 net.

Here is a painstaking labor of love. The author has not merely read widely in the enormous mass of Petrarch literature, but has thoroughly familiarized herself with the original texts, including Latin works usually neglected, and generally has provided her own translations. She has shown tact in arrangement, and has chosen a form of expression at once sufficiently enthusiastic and self-effacing. It seems to us the best single work on the humanist poet in English, and not likely soon to be superseded.

Naturally there are slips, and occasionally points where deeper study would have modified her opinions. The view taken of the poetry of the Troubadours seems to us far too favorable, based rather upon the old romantic criticism of Fauriel and Renouard than upon intimate acquaintance with the texts. Koeppel's various studies on Petrarchism in England would have been of assistance in preparing the chapter on the imitators of Petrarch. Since the right dates of Chaucer's first Italian journey were established a dozen years ago in *Modern Language Notes*, XI, 210—and more briefly in the *Nation* in the autumn of 1896—it is disheartening to note once more the venerable error that the poet was in Italy the greater part of the year 1373. His absence from London was less than four months, from December 1 to April 28; his sojourn in Italy must have been rather less than two, and the chance that he had time to make the legendary visit to Petrarch is a very remote one. Had he seen the Laureate he could hardly have failed to be better informed concerning Boccaccio, whom he imitated so freely. The two charming impersonations of Music and Rhetoric which are reproduced as works of Melozzo da Forlì have been assigned by competent authority to Justus of Ghent. Fifteenth-century prints of the Triumphs are useful illustrations. Evidently no portrait of the poet has seemed worthy of presentation, which seems a pity, for Guariento's repainted fresco at Padua is not without merit, while many of the early portraits are characteristic enough to inspire confidence.

We would gladly dwell upon this excellent book, but its subject is too large to be compassed in brief notice. Instead let us present a passage which will give a fair idea of the author's manner. It is on love of nature, in which all the world knows Petrarch was a forerunner:

> Love of nature, as of all things else, can be of many kinds. There is the love of the artist, who seizes an effect and constructs a picture; there is intellectual love which is impressed by brightness, or sombreness, or savageness, by mystery or simplicity, according to the cast of mind; there is the love of association which marks out certain scenes and places from all others, not because of what they are, but for what they suggest and embody; and then there is the spontaneous love of nature for her own self, the only love which is entirely worthy of the name, which is all-embracing, which does not look for sympathy, but imparts it, which does not ask to be understood, but understands. None of these loves was foreign to the soul of Petrarca, but the last was preëminently his, and in this he was a pioneer.

In spite of Vaucluse, Italy was always the darling land of the poet. He was the first to express many modern feelings, and he first uttered the longing that thousands of enthusiasts have felt long before Du Bellay, Goethe, Byron, and Browning gave to a universal nostalgia classic sanction. "One should call every one an exile who is condemned to live out of Italy," writes Petrarch once for all. The epigram is worth perhaps most of the subsequent poetic variations on the theme.

Notes.

The Revells will soon publish the autobiography of the Rev. Dr. Henry H Jessup, under the title, "Fifty-three Years in Syria." Dr. Jessup became a missionary of the Presbyterian church to Syria in 1860.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell celebrated his eightieth birthday, on February 15, by publishing a new book of verse, "The Comfort of the Hills," which includes besides the title poem the "Ode on a Lycian Tomb," "An Ode to Battles," "The Song of the Captured Confederate Battle-flags," "The Birthday of Washington," and "In Memory of William Henry Drummond."

To the Tudor and Stuart Library has been added a reprint of the first authentic edition (1643) of Sir Thomas Browne's

"Religio Medici," together with "Observations upon Religio Medici, occasionally written by Sir Kenelome Digby, Knight 1643." Editions of the "Religio Medici" are abundant, but none of them, to our knowledge, can compare with this beautiful reproduction from type made from dies of the seventeenth century. We have here, too, the assurance of accuracy that goes with the work of the Clarendon Press. The interest of Sir Kenelm Digby's "Observations" is more curious than intrinsic, but it was a good idea to bind it up with the "Religio." One day in December, 1642, Digby, then lying a prisoner in Winchester House, received from the Earl of Dorset a letter recommending the "Religio," which had appeared in a pirated edition. Digby immediately sent out his servant to obtain a copy of the book, and on the same night, the 22d ("I thinke I may say the 23., for I am sure it is morning, and I thinke it is day"), sent his "Observations" on the work to Lord Dorset. Just how Digby found time to write his long review in one night, as it appears he did, Digby's present reviewer would give a good deal to know. His praise of the book is well known:

> This good natur'd creature I could easily perswade to bee my Bedfellow, and to wake with mee as long as I had any edge to entertaine my selfe with the delights I sucked from so noble a conversation.

"Town Planning; Past, Present, and Possible," by H. Inigo Triggs (Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons), is a beautiful literary expression of the civic spirit now abroad in England, a legal manifestation of which was the Housing and Town-Planning bill of 1908. After considering ancient and modern types of the town, Mr. Triggs discusses in a practical way the subject of town planning for the health, convenience, and beauty of urban life. The book contains 173 illustrations, making an impressive exhibition of what can be done when the public business is well managed and public resources are ably administered. To an American reader the work may suggest sad regret that we do not possess institutions of government able to perform such noble functions of public service.

"Readings in American Government and Politics," by Prof. Charles A. Beard (Macmillan), is a source book of the kind now increasingly employed by political science in establishing itself on an inductive basis. It is a record of events and proceedings illustrative of the actual characteristics of American government, national, State, and municipal. The pathology of our politics receives due attention and such morbid traits as log-rolling, "Senatorial courtesy," corporation benevolences to party managers, Tammany junkets, etc., receive appropriate exemplification in the records presented. The work is well-planned and well-executed.

In the intellectual movement which it has become usual to call the twelfth-century renaissance John of Salisbury is one of the central figures. An Englishman by birth, he spent many years with the great teachers of Paris and Chartres, in the leisurely days when there were neither courses of study nor degrees and men were free to study as they would; made no less than ten journeys to Italy, where he saw much of the papal court and came into contact with the new translations of Aristotle; served as secretary to three successive archbishops of Canterbury, including Becket; and died bishop of Chartres. No writer, of his own age, or, indeed, of the whole mediæval period, shows so broad and accurate a knowledge of the Latin classics, and nowhere is the cause of classical learning defended against the rising tide of the scholastic logic more warmly than in his "Metalogicus." His other principal work, the "Policraticus," or "Statesman's Book," is a discursive treatment of a variety of political and philosophical themes, enriched by a wealth of ancient examples, but not devoid of references to the author's own times, as, for instance, to the itinerant justices of Henry II, who are here first mentioned by that name. A critical edition of this interesting cyclopædia has just been published in two volumes by Clement C. I. Webb (Frowde). The text is based on the manuscript of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, which is almost certainly the original presentation copy given by the author to Archbishop Becket. The annotation is judicious, and the effort to identify the sources of John's citations has taken his editor on long excursions into the civil and canon law and the ecclesiastical writers of the Middle Ages, as well as over a wide range of ancient literature.

"Virginia's Attitude toward Slavery and Secession," by Beverley B. Munford (Longmans), is an attempt to show that the secession of Virginia was due, not to devotion to slavery and a desire to perpetuate it, and least of all to hostility to the Union, but to the adoption by the Federal government of a policy of coercion. This violated the compact theory which, in Virginia as in the other cotton States, had always been regarded as constitutionally sound; because it would compel those States to remain in the Union after they had decided to withdraw from it. In support of this contention, Mr. Munford examines in considerable detail, and with much fresh and suggestive array of evidence, the history of slavery in Virginia, dwelling particularly on the comparatively small number of slave-owners, the injurious effect of slavery on the economic development of the State, the pronounced anti-slavery sentiment among all classes, and the humane treatment of the slaves themselves. Even the fact that every proposed scheme of emancipation seemed beset with insurmountable obstacles, and that pro-slavery opinion grew markedly after 1833, did not prevent Virginians from freeing their slaves in large numbers down almost to the outbreak of the civil war. Mr. Munford's temper is so admirable, and his method so direct, as to make adverse criticism seem ungracious. We cannot but think, however, that he has somewhat confused the cause of secession with its occasion. Granted that war was entered upon, as Lincoln said it was, not to abolish slavery, but to preserve the Union, it is, nevertheless, hardly credible that resistance would have been so prompt or determined had there been a very deep or widespread desire to escape from a social system of which slavery was one of the chief bulwarks. If, as Mr. Munford insists, Virginia seceded simply because the Federal government resorted to coercion, the conclusion is unavoidable that the State preferred to continue on a low social plane under its own guidance rather than to attain an admittedly higher one by Federal aid. That such was the fact, not in Virginia alone, but throughout the cotton States, is, we believe, the true explanation of secession; but we are not clear that Mr. Munford expects such an inference to be drawn.

Maurice de Saxe, adventurer, soldier of fortune, royal bastard, avowed lover of Adrienne Lecouvreur and many others, is one of the shining figures of the wonderful eighteenth century. Having been brought into the world in total disregard of the ordinary observances in regard to marriage, he continued to go through life with a similar disregard for conventionalities. Although, perhaps, not equal to his father, Augustus the Strong, reputed by scandal and Carlyle to have been the father of three hundred and fifty-four bastards, Maurice still lived a life not devoid of affairs of the heart. As he left no memoirs, W. R. H. Trowbridge has undertaken to provide him with some, under the title "A Beau Sabreur, Maurice de Saxe, Marshal of France: His Loves, His Laurels, and His Times, 1696-1750" (Brentano's). This supposititious autobiography, based on some historical study, is rather cleverly done. It is easier to recreate the eighteenth century atmosphere and to give a proper idea of Maurice's remarkable career by letting him tell his own story, much as in an historical novel, than would be possible in a more serious biography written in the third person. So he describes his extraordinary ancestors, his acts of bravado, his life in Paris, and his conquests over the fair sex. Incidentally, he repudiates the usually accepted statement that he persecuted Justine Favart with a *lettre de cachet*. Maurice was also a good deal of a soldier. Frederick the Great had the highest idea of his abilities. But with this side of his life—with his long campaigns and with the facts of political history—Mr. Trowbridge does not allow him to weary posterity.

It is doubtful if a more vexatious colonial problem confronts British statesmen to-day than that involved in the question of Asiatic immigration into the colonies. In recent years a widespread anti-Asiatic agitation has arisen, showing itself most clearly in the Transvaal; the opposition to Indian immigrants in British Columbia; the dispute between Japan and the United States concerning school regulation in San Francisco; the drastic anti-Asiatic legislation introduced in the Natal House of Assembly; the outcry in Jamaica against Chinese shopkeepers; and the hostility shown by Australia and New Zealand toward immigrants from China. An attempt is made to present a fair and impartial summary of the question by L. E. Neame in his small book entitled, "The Asiatic Danger in the Colonies" (London: Routledge & Sons). For Great Britain, the status of the Asiatic is an empire problem, according to Mr. Neame, because of the political changes of the last half-dozen years. It is rendered the more complicated by Britain's alliance with an Asiatic Power and by the fact "that millions of the Eastern races are British subjects and claim the privileges which the empire boasts it confers." The author maintains that the colonial attitude toward Asiatic immigration is in no way

due to a lack of appreciation of Asiatic virtues, but is rather a testimonial to Asiatic capacity for attaining success. He aims to justify the policy adopted.

The German public must long ago have mastered the elementary data in Baedeker's United States, if it is educated up to a handbook on New York which devotes itself almost exclusively to the city's history and an interpretation of the city's life. The volume which Mrs. A. von Ende has contributed to the *Kunst* series, imported by Lemcke & Buechner of New York, is an admirable bit of work. We have nothing just like it in English. Within 130 small pages Mrs. von Ende has brought together an extraordinary amount of information, and presented it with more than common charm and lucidity. The point of view is that of the sympathetic and philosophic foreigner. That will explain a certain distribution of light and shade which a native writer would hardly fall into. There is, for instance, the strong emphasis on Poe and Whitman, whose appeal to the European mind is traditional. In similar tone is the specific reference to our present school of radical publicists—single-taxers and Socialists—whom Europeans are apt to take as a more important factor in our politics than we regard them, and possibly with greater insight than we display. But as a matter of fact, all through her little book, Mrs. von Ende has laid stress on the social development of New York as affected by the appearance of new classes and new ethnic elements. As part of a series devoted to *Kunst* the present volume goes to proper pains to gather up all that can be said for our literature, our art, and our music since early colonial days.

Some of the information heretofore available chiefly to German students respecting the influence of Babylonian and Persian religions on the early development of Christianity is presented in popular form by Dr. Paul Carus in "The Pleroma: An Essay on the Origin of Christianity" (The Open Court Publishing Co.). The book is a sketch of the growth of the principal doctrines and usages of Christianity from the point of view of those who hold that the influence of Hebrew thought and usages upon Christianity has been grossly exaggerated, and that religious ideas current in the pagan world in the first centuries had far more to do with determining the character of the Christian faith than has been popularly imagined. Dr. Carus holds that Judaism "did not bear or bring forth Christianity, but that Christianity is, so to speak, a grandchild of ancient paganism, and the motherhood of Judaism is by adoption merely." He maintains that Paul was the founder of the Gentile church, and that he "took his building materials, not from the storehouses of the faith of his fathers, but from the wreckage of the destroyed temples of the Gentiles." Like Delitzsch, Winckler, Jeremias, and Gunkel, among the Germans, Dr. Carus calls attention to neglected factors in the origin of Christianity, but writers of this school are inclined to do less than justice to the continuity in moral spirit and religious attitude between the faith of the Hebrew prophets and that of the Christian apostles, and to forget the disparity between the religion of Paul and of Augustine, and the pagan cults, whose vocabularies and forms they undoubtedly employed to a greater extent than is commonly allowed.

Neither excellent paper nor handsome type has been spared in the making of Edward J. House's ornate volume, "A Hunter's Camp-Fires" (Harper & Bros.). It is a collection of hunting adventures in North America and Africa by a well-known sportsman, who goes about his task in an unpretentious, straightforward way. The extent of Mr. House's experience is seen by the fact that he describes the killing of nearly every important game animal from the walrus of Whale Sound to the equatorial elephant of Meru. If there be any particular charge to bring against the book, it is that all such issues as the scenic, the ethnographical, and the geographical are almost entirely subordinated to that of the chase itself, and that hence the volume contains an inordinate amount of killing. The charge will no doubt rest lightly on Mr. House's conscience, for he affirms that "the legitimate and sportsmanlike pursuit of big game has never required any apologies," and declares that he has found an element of excitement in hunting with a rifle that he has always missed when using the camera. And these records of his adventures bear sufficient witness to an habitual state of palpitation of the heart, for in at least three separate chapters he relates that, at the crucial moment, he had forgotten to throw a cartridge into his rifle-breech. This may be regarded more in the light of extreme frankness on the part of Mr. House than any especial carelessness, for few hunters of temperament in the course of so extensive a career would have defaulted less. Mr. House makes no pretence to elegance of diction, and perhaps no very exalted standard of literary criticism should be applied to books of this kind; but it may, nevertheless, be permitted to the reviewer even of a record of slaughter to regret a lack of feeling for the meaning and value of words. The book is well illustrated by eighty photographs made by the author. There is no index.

The work of issuing the Weimar edition of Goethe's "Werke" (Weimar: Hermann Böhlaus Nachfolger), is fast nearing completion. The three new volumes that have just appeared, XLIV, XLVII, and XLVIII of the "Briefe," edited by Max Hecker, Carl Schüddekopf, and Hans Gerhard Gräf, respectively, under the supervision of the editor-in-chief, Bernhard Suphan, complete the publication of the poet's letters down to the end of June, 1831. Vol. XLIX, edited by Hecker, and containing Goethe's last letters, is in press and will appear shortly. Schüddekopf is now working on Volume L, which is to comprise "Nachträge," and the final index. This concluding volume of the series is promised for the current year. Vol. V2 of the "Gedichte," so long awaited, is now in press and is to be issued at Easter. Julius Wahle, the editor, has finished this work, begun over twenty-two years ago by Gustav von Loeper, the earlier volumes of the poems having appeared in 1887, 1888, 1890, 1891, and 1893, respectively. The publication of these three remaining volumes will complete the monumental edition, with the exception of the index to the "Tagebücher," which students of Goethe will be glad to hear is now also well under way. The edition, when complete, will form a "stately row" of one hundred and thirty-six volumes. The three volumes just published contain 739 letters, of which 373 are for the most part new, as they have either never before been printed at all or only in part. In the critical apparatus are included forty-five more letters and notes, in the writing of which Goethe had some part, and thirty-three of these are now for the first time made accessible. Many of the new letters are, to be sure, of a purely business character, but a goodly number shed added light on matters of importance to the student of the poet's life and work. The total number of letters thus far published in this edition, including those in the "Lesarten," is 13,193, which will be increased by a few hundred when the last two volumes appear.

Instead of the volume of "Publications" issued annually by the Goethe Society of Weimar, as a quasi-Christmas gift, there was sent to each member last December a set of the so-called "Volksausgabe" of Goethe's works, edited by Erich Schmidt, with brief introductory notes, commentaries, and glossaries. The ruling spirits of the society have for some time been planning such an edition, in the hope that Goethe's popularity might not always be confined to the better educated and the rich. In order to achieve this end a liberal subsidy was paid to the Insel-Verlag of Leipzig to publish the popular edition and deliver complimentary sets to the society's members. Besides the 3,000 and more necessary for this purpose, an edition of 20,000 sets was put on the market at the low price of six marks for the six volumes, bound, and, to the happy surprise of those who fathered the plan, the edition was soon exhausted. The editor's introduction of twenty-eight pages gives an outline of the poet's life, not a simple, popular narrative, as might, perhaps, have been expected, but a succinct statement of the salient facts, liberally interspersed with bits of authoritative advice intended to keep the neophytes from being led astray by skeptics and scandal-mongers.

Prof. George T. Flom has contributed an historical and bibliographical introduction and notes, to a new school edition of Esaias Tegnér's "Frithiofs Saga" (Chicago: Engberg-Holmberg Publishing Co.). The list of translations of the poem is based on the bibliography by Elof Tegnér in Vol. VII of the large 1885 edition of Tegnér's "Samlade skrifter," and Mr. Flom has added the titles of those that have appeared since. The text is accompanied by illustrations reproduced from August Malmström's and Knut Ekvall's originals. The former are excellent in historical and archæological details as well as artistically; the latter might well have been omitted.

In the Semitic Study Series, edited by Professors Gottheil of Columbia University and Jastrow of the University of Pennsylvania, two new numbers, xi and xii, have appeared (G. E. Stechert & Co.): the "Mishnah Treatise Sanhedrin," edited, with introduction, notes, and glossary, by Prof. Samuel Krauss of the Israelite Theological School of Vienna, and "Selections from the Arabic Writings of Maimonides," edited, with introduction and notes, by Prof. Israel Friedländer of the Jewish Theological Seminary of America, New York.

These numbers maintain the excellent standard of their predecessors, and, like them, will be very serviceable to college students and others who are unable to get access to larger works or need guidance in the study of peculiar idioms. The selections are judicious. "Sanhedrin" is an important legal and ethical tract, and, though the Arabic writings of Maimonides have been translated into Hebrew, the student should know the original; for the guidance of the beginner a table of the Hebrew letters used in writing Arabic is given, and there is a list of the differences between classic Arabic and the Arabic of Maimonides, which, as Dr. Friedländer points out, was not a distinctively Jewish form, but the common dialect of the time (the twelfth century), the *koinē*, employed some times, though rarely, by good Arabic authors. The two editors of these numbers are authorities in their respective subjects and have done their work carefully. The proofreading is remarkably good, considering the fact that the editors were at great distances from the place of printing (Leiden).

Arthur Munby, an English poet, whose "Dorothy: a Country Story," in elegiac verse, was republished in this country soon after its appearance in England in 1881, died last month at the age of eighty-one. He had also published "Vulgar Verses," intended to be verses of common life, under the pseudonym of "Jones Brown"; "Susan," "Ann Morgan's Love," "Poems, Chiefly Lyric and Elegiac," and, last year, "Relicta." He was one of the competitors for the prize offered in 1859 by the Crystal Palace Company for a poem on the Burns centenary, and his contribution was considered one of the best offered.

The Right Rev. John Dowden, Bishop of Edinburgh, died January 29, at the age of sixty-nine years. He was the eldest brother of Prof. Edward Dowden, and had served as Donnellan lecturer and select preacher at Dublin University, and as Pantonian professor of theology at Edinburgh University. He had edited "Correspondence of the Louderdale Family, with Archbishop Sharp," and had published "History of the Celtic Church in Scotland," and "History of the Theological Literature of the Church of England."

Franz Rittweger, the German author and journalist, died recently at Frankfort, at the age of eighty-one. He at one time edited a paper in New York, and thereafter was on the staff of the Frankfurter *Zeitung*. His publications include "Aktenstücke zur neusten Geschichte Frankfurts," and "Frankfurt am Main im Jahre, 1848."

Science.

A History of Botany, 1860-1900 By J. Reynolds Green, F.R.S. New York: Henry Frowde. $3.15.

This "History of Botany" is a continuation of the work by Professor Sachs, which covered the period from 1530 to 1860. It is interesting to note that the two volumes are of approximately the same size, although one treats of a period of above three hundred years, and the other one of only forty. But that is the ratio which prevails in many other fields of scientific activity, and indicates the rapidity of progress in the latter half of the nineteenth century.

Professor Green has wisely followed the method pursued by Sachs in grouping the special subjects involved in botanical advance under separate headings: as Morphology, the Anatomy of Plants, and their Physiology. As to the general introduction, it is a masterly presentation of a difficult matter. To give in forty pages an impartial account of the main features which characterize the steady progress of the science demands the exercise of a judicial mind familiar with all the evidence. It is not easy to apportion the credit due to this investigation and to that, especially when the investigators belong to different nations. The author justly assigns to Sachs and to Darwin the honor of having by their own stimulating work and by that of their immediate followers, caused the greater part of the marked progress during the forty years under consideration.

Some of the chief matters which are emphasized in the main body of the book are the following: (1) The great impulse given to morphology in its widest sense by the theory of descent and by a more scientific study of fossil forms; (2) the replacement of certain convenient dogmas by a statement of actual conditions in development; (3) the vast advance in all branches of plant physiology. It is not likely that any botanist will agree with all that Professor Green has stated in regard to these subjects, but it must be confessed by all that in general he has been impartial. Professor Green refers to Campbell, Farlow, Ganong, Jeffrey, and Webber, noting the substantial contributions which each one of these American botanists has made to the science. Points which will strike the reader most forcibly when comparing this volume with its predecessor are these: (1) The great increase in botanical activity in England, during the period treated of, and (2) the comparative silence with which important work in systematic botany is passed over. And, furthermore, œcology, which is practically physiology in a wide sense applied to systematic and geographical botany, as explanatory of adaptations, does not receive quite its due. But, on the whole, the treatise can be heartily recommended as well-balanced and trustworthy.

The "Text-Book of Anatomy and Physiology for Nurses" (Macmillan) is the third edition of the book compiled by Diana C. Kimber and first published fifteen years ago. This edition professes to have been completely revised by Carolyn E. Gray of the New York City Training School for Nurses. The revision might well have been carried much further, for many fundamental facts of physiological interest are neglected or quite inadequately stated. Completely neglected, for example, are foods and diet, although the digestive processes are perhaps sufficiently described. On the anatomical side, there is almost too abundant, although uneven, material with very numerous illustrations well reproduced from good sources. The book seems to assume that all nurses are women and nurse only their own sex. There is a liberal glossary, which contains many surprises.

We have often wondered what use color-blind lovers of flowers can make of the numerous handy little guides to plant names in which the species are arranged according to the solar spectrum. For those with normal vision the scheme works well, and to such persons the handy little book, with the amazing title, "Who's Who Among the Wild Flowers" (Moffat, Yard), will prove useful and interesting. The author, W. I. Beecroft, has given sketches of almost two hundred common plants of the Eastern United States, and short descriptions of many more. Here and there, blank pages or parts of pages are left for notes to be made on the spot when one is collecting the plants, and this hint as to the utility of fresh notes ought to be taken by every user of the book. Descriptive notes, carefully made at the time of collecting plants, have much value, especially in these days when more attention than ever before is paid to slight differences of form and surface. The volumes of contemporary biography entitled "Who's Who" are compiled largely from material furnished by the people written about. The present volume, on the contrary, gives its sketches without much assistance from the subjects described. It is strongly to be hoped that the amateurs who use this convenient manual will try to see what the plants described have to say for themselves. The author has shown excellent judgment in the selection of non-technical terms; the book is, even for the merest beginner, very easy reading, and the author has wisely chosen a conventional and international, and not a provincial, system of nomenclature for the scientific names of the species.

Mrs. Fanny Bullock Workman and her husband describe, in the *Geographical Journal* for February, their sixth expedition to the Himalayas. This was to explore the Hispar glacier, which in extent, complexity, and grandeur exceeded every other ice expanse they had seen. Especially interesting were the snow columns, called *nieve penitentes*, of which pictures are given as well as of a camp at an altitude of 19,100 feet, and a peak 21,350 feet high with Mrs. Workman on the summit. This number also contains the paper on the "Cycle of Mountain Glaciation" read by Prof. W. H. Hobbs of the University of Michigan at the last meeting of the British Association, with maps and reproductions of photographs.

The second volume of the "Missions au Sahara" (Paris: Librairie A. Colin), by R. Chudeau, treats of the region between the Niger and Lake Chad, the physical conditions, fauna, flora, the life of the natives, and the commerce of all the Sahara. The investigations seem to show that the old idea that the desert was encroaching on the fertile land is incorrect. There are extensive districts which were formerly sand wastes but are now covered with vegetation.

The little volume, "A History of the Oxford Museum" (Henry Frowde), by H. M. Vernon and K. Dorothea Vernon, is more than its name implies, being a brief history of the fates of natural science at the most conservative of universities. For the century and a half after Bacon Oxford kept her theological skirts clean by the simple expedient of appointing, when possible, to the chairs of science incumbents who had none of the dangerous qualifications. As late as Acland's time, in the middle of the last century, the lectures were closely censored. Dr. Kidd, "after examining some delicate morphological preparation", declared, first, "that he did not believe it, and, secondly, that if it were true he did not think God meant us to know it." The demonstrations were ordered stopped on the ground that the professorship called only for lectures. At last the Museum rose under the patronage of Ruskin, being the finest Gothic design of the talented Woodward. Here a lover of symbolism might like to see an architectural expression of that keen idealism which for two centuries had maintained the feeble spark of science in chilling surroundings. The description of the building of the Museum is very interesting, and there are precious anecdotes of the eccentric stone-cutter, O'Shea, to whom some of the best decoration is due. When this fine structure was nearly up the university seriously proposed that, in order to save expense, the curator should be of the grade of a college butler. The tide may be said to have turned at the university in 1860, when Huxley, in the Museum library, made his monumental retort to Wilberforce's burlesque of the evolutionary theory.

The liberal spirit of the present régime in Turkey is shown by the interest in archæological research. The first thorough exploration of the famous church of St. John of the Studium is being made by the Russian Archæological Society, which is bringing to light the remains of ancient buildings, one of which is thought to be a temple of classical times, as well as sculptured stones, bas-reliefs, and ancient tombs. An English archæologist is investigating the church of St. Irene, hitherto so difficult of access, and the remains of the Byzantine palaces on the Marmora are also to be submitted to his research. This modern spirit is shown, too, by the magnificent recent additions to the Museum galleries and the care with which its treasures are guarded.

John Ferry, an ornithologist connected with the Field Museum at Chicago, died in that city on February 11. He was born in 1877, graduated at Yale in 1901, and had served on the United States Biological Survey and as a collector for the Smithsonian Institution.

Sir Charles Todd, who had been government astronomer for South Australia for more than thirty years, died last month at Adelaide. He was born in 1826, and had served at the Royal University and the Cambridge University. Since 1861 he had been in charge of the Adelaide Observatory, where he had made many valuable astronomical observations.

William Hillhouse, until recently professor of botany at Birmingham University, died recently at the age of fifty-five. He was a co-founder of the Bedford Natural History Society, and of the *Cambridge Review*, and had published (with Strassburger) a "Practical Botany."

Prof. August Meitzen, the German statistician and economist, died recently in Berlin at the age of eighty-six. He became professor of political economy in Berlin University in 1875, and had published "Geschichte, Theorie, und Technik der Statistik," "Internationale land-und forstwirtschaftliche Statistik," and "Siedelung und Agrarwesen der Westgermanen und Ostgermanen, der Kelten, Römer, Finen und Seawen."

Drama.

IBSEN'S LITERARY REMAINS.

The literary remains of Henrik Ibsen have appeared simultaneously at Copenhagen and Berlin, making three bulky volumes in the original language and four slightly smaller ones in the German version. The total number of pages in the Norwegian-Danish edition runs up to 1553, and yet this represents only a part of the voluminous deposit of notes, drafts, corrected manuscripts, and parallel versions, now owned by the Christiania University. The editing has been done with laudable discernment by Dr. Halvdan Koht of Christiania and Dr. Julius Elias of Berlin, both of whom are already well known to Ibsen lovers through their editing of his letters. Their personal contribution to the present work includes an excellent analysis of Ibsen's working methods and a series of biographical and bibliographical notes that must prove highly valuable to all future students of the Norwegian dramatist's work and life. Besides the 122 pages of preface and introduction, the first volume contains about ninety poems, most of which made their first—and hitherto only—appearance in Scandinavian newspapers during the fifties and sixties; a considerable number also of articles, reviews, speeches, prose sketches, notes, and aphorisms; two separate versions of his early play, "Olaf Liljekrans," one of which was meant to serve as liberetto for an opera; the fragment of a prose version of "Love's Comedy," already known under the name of "Svanhild"; a couple of chapters of a novel that was never finished, and one complete, hitherto unpublished, play, "St. John's Eve." The second volume opens with the so-called "Epic Brand," previously published in a separate volume under the editorship of Karl Larsen. The rest of this volume and the third contain extensive notes, sketches, variants, corrections, and "working manuscripts," for all the later plays, from "Peer Gynt" to "When We Dead Awaken."

The bulk and scope of the material thus given to the world make it very hard to form any exact estimate of its quality. Even at a glance, however, it seems evident that these volumes fail to offer a great deal that can be of interest to the general reading public. Throughout, their value is psychological rather than literary. As documents revealing the workings of a master-mind they hold a high position; but the actual novelties which they bring are little more than literary curiosities. This applies, for instance, to "St. John's Eve." This romantic prose comedy in three acts, written in 1852 for the Bergen Theatre and performed there twice, is strikingly characteristic of that period, just after the production of his firstling, "Catiline," when the young Ibsen had neither found a form for himself nor discovered his own particular genius. In other words, the play is as little Ibsenesque as it could possibly be. Its sole interest lies in the fact that it shows Ibsen striving to write in prose at a much earlier time than we heretofore suspected. What has just been said of this play applies also to all but a very few of the poems. They are youthful, immature, and lacking in everything but a certain facility of language that always belonged to Ibsen when he expressed himself in verse. A conspicuous exception is formed by some verses written as late as 1871 and entitled "Judas." They may be translated as follows:

Among the disciples he stood apart—
Might surely be called twelfth wheel on the cart.

The motive is unknown, that prompted his act,
For history nothing records but the fact.

We know that, with conscience nodding, he went
And kissed the Saviour—as it was meant.

Both for heaven and hell thus his mission was filled,
But what if Judas had otherwise willed?

Here we have the germ of that mighty double drama, "Emperor and Galilean," which Ibsen to the very last proclaimed his greatest work. And here we have, too, a laconic summary of the problem that overshadowed all others in his mind during the entire first half of his fifty years of playwrighting: the problem concerning the relation of the individual human will to that world-will which Ibsen found manifest in every phase and form of existence. And among the notes for "Emperor and Galilean" we find this one: "When the world spirit can find no more souls to tempt and lead astray—then the judgment day has arrived." It is, of course, impossible to look through these volumes without being deeply impressed with the painstaking way in which Ibsen worked, the careful attention he gave to the minutest details, and his habit of trying out the same idea over and over again until, at last, he succeeded in getting at its innermost essence.

Except for the opportunities which it af-

fords Madame Kalich, the reasons for the production of "The Witch" at the New Theatre are somewhat obscure. The piece has no particular merit as literature or drama, is not valuable as historical reminiscence or illustration, is unpleasant in subject and depressing as entertainment. It is an adaptation by Hermann Hagedorn from a play by H. Wiers-Jenssen, a Scandinavian dramatist, and the scene is transferred from Denmark to Salem, Mass., the action and personages, it is said, being as appropriate to one country as the other. This can readily be believed, as, with one exception, the incidents and characters are entirely conventional. The real dramatic interest centres around the progress of an illicit love story, to which the witchcraft episodes are largely subservient. Joan, the heroine, a girl of Portuguese descent, has been married for nearly a decade to Absalom Hathorne, an old minister—an ex-witch-hunter—who neglects her. She is sullenly eating her heart out, when her stepson, Gabriel, a youth of her own age, returns home. For him she conceives an overmastering passion, and soon—having heard that her mother was a witch—begins to test her own abnormal powers, practising on her lover and her husband. Having become Gabriel's mistress, she confesses her infidelity to Absalom, in a moment of reckless exultation, and tells him that she wishes he were dead. Whereupon, stricken with heart disease, he expires at her feet. She and Gabriel plan to hush the matter up, but the dead man's mother denounces Joan, proclaiming her a witch and murderess, and demanding that she be tried by the ordeal of touch. In the presence of her husband's corpse the wretched woman collapses, and, in a state of semi-stupefaction, confesses to the truth of everything alleged against her. The implication is that she will be hanged in due course. The whole story is melodrama, without much originality or any distinction, except in the case of Joan, who, in the hands of Bertha Kalich, becomes a significant and tragic, if often unintelligible, figure. Her psychology is incomprehensible. It is impossible to decide whether the author meant her to be regarded as actually possessed, the victim of hysterical or insane delusion, or simply conscienceless and lewd. But the theatrical opportunities in her are large, and Madame Kalich makes very full—possibly, too full—use of them. The ignoble passions—hate, suspicion, abject fear, and low desire—have seldom been depicted more vividly. But her Joan is a thing apart from the play itself, which maintains a very low level when she is off the stage.

Edmund Gosse, in a letter to the London *Times*, says: "As all the biographies repeat, Henrik Ibsen lived in an apothecary's house at Grimstad from 1844 to 1850, from his sixteenth to his twenty-second year. . . . A national movement is now being made in Norway to purchase it, and to fill it with memorials and biographical objects—to make an Ibsen House, in fact, which shall be to Norwegians all that the Goethe House in Frankfort is to Germans."

There is said to be a possibility that Miss Anglin may abandon—temporarily, at any rate—the emotional drama with which she has been associated for so long.

The annual Shakespeare Festival at Stratford-on-Avon will this year occupy nearly four weeks. For the twenty-second time the performances will be under the direction of F. R. Benson. The festival will be opened by Sir Herbert Tree, with a performance of "Hamlet," given in curtains. Among other artists taking part in the festival will be Miss Geneviève Ward, who will appear as Volumnia and Queen Margaret. Arthur Bourchier and Miss Violet Vanbrugh have promised to appear as Benedick and Beatrice, Otho Stuart as Clarence and Bassanio, Henry Ainley as Marc Antony, Lewis Waller and Miss Winifred Emery as Benedick and Beatrice, James Carew and Miss Ellen Terry as Shylock and Portia.

The reported failure in London of "The Strong People," C. M. S. McLellan's latest play, may be accounted for in more than one way. Apparently it is a vigorous and serious piece of work, but the improbability of the plot and the fact that the scenes and the conditions depicted are American may have had a good deal to do with the cool reception.

It seems pretty plain from the criticisms in the London press that Comyns Carr, in his dramatization of Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde," has missed the point of it as completely—and vulgarized it as remorselessly—as any of the preceding adapters. It is pretty plain, also, that H. B. Irving, in his dual embodiment, has paid more attention to the clumsier melodramatic possibilities than the finer spiritual significance of the story.

Music.

Musicology. By Maurice S. Logan. New York: Hinds, Noble & Eldredge.

The Nature of Music. By Julius Klauser. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

"Musicology" is a word coined by Mr. Logan to designate the science of music. His book is accompanied by a circular which contains the statement that "until now no one has produced a book teaching solely the science of music." As a matter of fact, there are dozens of books on the theory and philosophy of this art. Mr. Logan's, however, is more comprehensive than most of the others. It deals with rhythm, expression, keys, intervals, chords, progressions, modulations, counterpoint, acoustics, sources of musical sound, the ancient Greek modes, temperament, etc. Expression, the most important of all the aspects of the art, is treated much too briefly, although the author includes under that head embellishments, which are usually the negation of expression. As a convenient compendium for advanced students his book may be commended. It is rather Utopian on his part, however, to expect it to be used in schools. He holds that music should be studied as a science wherever instruction is given; that every child should be taught its fundamental principles, whether or not he is to be a singer or a player; and that as a means of developing the mind, and rounding out education, musicology is as much entitled to a place as any other "ology." This may be true, but school children are already overburdened with subjects, and the little time given to music in the public schools should be devoted to it as an art, with just enough of the science to make it understandable.

Music as a science is also the subject of Julius Klauser's book, but he treats of a few aspects only, and presents some startlingly novel theories and views. As the aim of contemporary musicians like Debussy and Strauss seems to be to subvert all the established laws of composition, so Mr. Klauser starts out by contradicting the fundamental tenets of the musical historians—particularly the tenet that melody antedates harmony by unknown ages, and that harmony was discovered and introduced only a few centuries ago. On the contrary, it is here maintained that "harmony is and from the beginning always has been an element of melody." The author denies that the chord is, as everybody believes, the original form of musical harmony. To the establishment of these theses he devotes nearly three hundred pages. Whether he succeeds in proving them, we are unable to say, the reasoning being often too deep for our comprehension. Had Mr. Klauser lived to revise these chapters, it might have been otherwise. As it is, it seems likely that the chief value of the volume will remain the appendix, which notates the songs of eighty-six different birds.

Organists will be interested in the arrangement for their instrument of the dirge from MacDowell's Indian Suite, just published by Breitkopf & Härtel. It was made by W. H. Humiston.

The manuscript of three songs of Walter von der Vogelweide, has recently been discovered in the archives of Münster. The music is being reduced to modern notation.

A Munich bookseller is offering for sale the manuscript of Wagner's early and unfinished opera, "Die Hochzeit." The price asked is $5,000. The manuscript is inscribed, "fragment of an unfinished opera, 'Die Hochzeit,' by Richard Wagner. Dedicated to the Musical Society of Würzburg." It is dated "Würzburg, 1st March, 1833."

Since Sir Edward Elgar's symphony was first heard at Manchester, on December 3, 1908, under the direction of Dr. Hans Richter, no fewer than eighty-four performances of the work have been given. Seventeen of these were in London and suburbs, ten in America, and eight on the Continent—Berlin, Vienna, Munich, St. Petersburg, Leipzig, Budapest, Bonn, and Rome. The symphony has also been heard in Canada, at Toronto, and in Australia, at Sydney and Adelaide.

Last summer Prof. Fritz Stein of the University of Jena unearthed from its archives what he believes to be an unknown early symphony by Beethoven. It was in the form of manuscript parts for strings, flute, two oboes, two bassoons, two horns, two trumpets, and drum. The find-

er's attention was first directed to it by noticing that the score for the second fiddles was inscribed "Louis van Beethoven," and that for the 'cellos "Symphony by Bethoven" (*sic*).

Art.

The Chicago Art Institute announces an endowment by Mrs. Potter Palmer, from which will be awarded annually a prize of $1,000 for the most acceptable work in sculpture or painting executed by an American.

Professor Garstang, who is excavating in Egypt, has discovered on the site of the ancient Meroe a sun temple by Egamenes, mentioned by Diodorus. The structure is of great interest, and shows Greek influence. The building, which also includes a sanctuary lined with enamelled tiles, contains sculptures representing King Egamenes's victories and a triumphal procession. A list of the tribes in the districts of the southern Sudan is also given. Further excavations were made on the site of the temple of Ammon at Meroe which show that the building was restored by Neteg Ammon. Many inscriptions and statues were found.

The trustees of the Metropolitan Museum have decided to reserve the large central room, used during the recent Hudson-Fulton exhibition, for temporary exhibitions, chiefly of loans. These exhibitions will begin with one of Whistler's works, which is to open about March 15. Only Whistler's oil paintings and pastels will be shown; neither blacks and whites nor water-colors will be admitted. On this account, the exhibition will not be so large as that held some years ago in Boston, or as the London memorial exhibition, but it will be larger than any collection of the artist's works ever brought together in this city. Charles L. Freer of Detroit has promised to lend his collection of Whistler's work, the largest in existence, all the paintings that the museum will need to fill up the room after it has collected from other sources—a most generous and public-spirited offer. Richard Canfield will lend Count Robert de Montesquiou, the Parisian poet, the Rosa Corder, the Ocean, La Napolitaiue, and the seven pastels that make up the celebrated Venetian series. Frank J. Hecker of Detroit will contribute the famous Music Room; Mrs. Samuel Untermyer, the Falling Rocket, which brought about the quarrel and law suit with Ruskin; J. H. Whittemore, L'Andalusicnue and the White Girl; John G. Johnson of Philadelphia, Lange Leizen; the Boston Museum, Little Rose of Lyme Regis and the Master Smith of Lyme Regis, and the Brooklyn Museum, the portrait of Florence Leyland. Miss Birnie-Philips, the executrix of Whistler, has also promised to send two pictures from London. On Monday, February 21, the museum will celebrate the fortieth anniversary of its incorporation by holding the annual meeting of the corporation at four o'clock in the afternoon in the Bishop Jade room. Joseph H. Choate, the last surviving member of the original board of trustees, will address the meeting, to which the public will be admitted.

A great improvement has been made in the room where are the Boscoreale frescoes, which were acquired in 1903. A small extension has been built out of the gallery, just large enough to hold the frescoes of the cubiculum which used to occupy the centre of the gallery. Care was taken to copy as near as possible the original room, of which photographs were taken before the frescoes were removed. An exquisite little flying Eros in bronze, belonging to J. Pierpont Morgan, also found at Boscoreale, has been placed on a table, discovered at the same place, in the centre of the cubiculum. The larger frescoes from Boscoreale are now seen to much better advantage in the gallery. The glass has been removed from them, and they have been cleaned. It is proposed, now that the cubiculum has been removed, to devote the whole floor space to Greek sculpture, and some remarkable specimens, recently acquired, have been placed there. One is a crouching Venus, a fine version of the type of which the statue in the Louvre is the most famous copy. A Greek lion, similar to the Nereid lion in the British Museum; a fragmentary statue of a seated Philosopher, remarkably fine in the treatment of the drapery, and signed with the name of the sculptor, Zeuxis; a charming female torso, and a Roman portrait bust of a young man, in an almost perfect state of preservation, are among the acquisitions in statuary. A very interesting addition to the museum's treasures is a large water jar, with plates, cups, and jugs of terra-cotta, covered with a black glaze, probably a dinner service, belonging to the third century B. C., which were found together in a grave. One of the most important of the more modern accessions is a Virgin and child in polychrome, the work of Verrocchio. It has its original coloring, and from its style must be dated before 1470—an exquisite work. A fine bronze of Hercules slaying a lion, ascribed to Bertoldo, and a Paduan inkstand with bird caryatids also deserve notice. Edward G. Kennedy has presented the museum with a small portrait study of himself by Whistler, and in memory of William Mackay Laffan, who rendered so much service to the museum, when he was one of its trustees, Thomas F. Ryan has given it a group of Pygmalion and Galatea, by Rodin.

To open his new galleries at No. 550 Fifth Avenue, Mr. Montross has arranged an exhibition chiefly retrospective and, since all the pictures are lent, devoid of commercial implication. It is reassuring, of course, to meet those tried and favorite champions of establishment, Dewing and Tryon, in pictures which one already knows—pictures many of which are in their degree famous. All but three of this group, which come from the collection of Col. Frank J. Hecker, form part of that notable collection which Mr. Charles W. Freer has dedicated to the nation. Both Dewing and Tryon have in an unusual measure the sense of tone and arrangement. Tryon at times commands a rare poetic sentiment, and Dewing has a lovely quality of paint. These merits, being pretty rare to-day, have brought their possessers critical and even popular acclaim, and it becomes a species of blasphemy to scrutinize their work with the usual critical caution. If that bold attitude were to be taken it would possibly appear that these two painters have rather more than a due portion of the defects of their qualities. Both are inclined to sacrifice significant structure to special iridescence or stylistic partipris. Mr. Tryon's gift is more robust, and his work more open-hearted, but his tendency, possibly because his admirers have hailed his least substantial work, is, for the sake of tone and mood, to go into a kind of structural liquidation. The three Whistlers shown here, one the famous Variations in Pink and Gray, Chelsea, and two sketches—all representing him quite in his most rarefied mood—have amazing steadiness. One can move about in them. They are painted in a kind of divine prose which makes about half the Tryons suggest a psuedo-poetry.

Abbott Thayer is too rarely seen in New York. Maybe he is alien to it, and holds aloof from a sense of fitness. In any case there is a refreshing absence of the stereotyped about him. He plays his own game. Monadnock in Winter is, or ought to be, a very famous picture. It is amazing how so large and finely-balanced a thing can be done so simply. It seems as if a house-painter could have painted it, if he could have seen it. There, of course, lies the art. Just a strip of keen pale blue, white mamelons, seen loftily over the tops of tall evergreens, which imprison the deeper sapphire emanation of a snow that is aquamarine in the foreground—that's all there is of it; but that's enough to convey the majesty of the forest, and the mountain, and a sense of cerulean depths beyond. It is rendered in big symbolic strokes, quite as a child or a giant might, have done it. Beside it hang two portraits which look as if our child-giant had been deprived of honest paint and supplied with putty and refractory brushes. The mystery of Thayer is in this group of three pictures —his occasional triumphs, his frequent inadequacies. To account for him will puzzle the future critic.

The most notable article in the *Burlington Magazine* for January is Sidney Colvin's report on an album of sketches by Tintoretto recently acquired by the British Museum. There are nearly one hundred designs, mostly executed with the brush in the freest manner. This find quite contradicts the tradition that Tintoretto painted his great compositions without previous study. These drawings are of the highest artistic importance, and it is good news that the album is to be reproduced. The frontispiece of this number is the profile portrait of a lad in the Gustave Dreyfus collection, which, after figuring as a Lorenzo di Credi and Alvise Vivarini, is now shown by Claude Phillips to be by Jacopo Bellini. It is the only portrait we have from his hand, and it is hoped that its identification may lead to the discovery of other portraits which are recorded but gone astray. R. L. Hobson's valuable articles on "Wares of the Sung and Yuan Dynasties" reach the sixth instalment. Of timely note is an article on Cézanne by Maurice Denis, the first of a series. Kenyon Cox continues his survey of the pictures of the Hudson-Fulton exhibition with appreciations of the Halses and Vermeers. In our opinion, he does not quite do justice to the exquisiteness of that early picture, A Girl Sleeping. It seems to us not inferior to the later works, but merely different, being more traditional

and Rembrandtesque. Mr. Cox's observations on the chronology of Vermeer are interesting and doubtless will be provocative of discussion.

We have received a "Guide to the Celtic Antiquities of the Christian Period preserved in the National Museum, Dublin," by George Coffey, keeper in the museum and curator of the Royal Irish Academy Collection. This little handbook, with its 18 plates and 94 smaller cuts, is more than its title implies. Together with its descriptive list of objects, including such extraordinary pieces of metal work as the Tara Brooch, the Ardagh Chalice, and the Shrine for St. Patrick's Bell, it presents a general discussion of the disputed question of Celtic ornament. Mr. Coffey arrives at the conclusion that both the simpler ornament of the La Tène style and the interlacing bands of the finest period are drawn from Eastern sources, but promptly developed in directions essentially Celtic. In fact, the persisting glamour of the Empire, meaning Byzantium, is accountable for pretty much all the early approaches to civilization made by the Northern Celts and Teutons. But these Barbarians borrowed in the spirit of conquerors. As for the interlacing band ornament, the cuts in Mr. Coffey's guide have sent your reviewer to a small Coptic diptych of ancient but uncertain date in which the painted cover design is in elaborateness if not in fineness a true counterpart of the panels in the Book of Kells. Byzantium imposed herself everywhere. Whence she herself drew her forms is a larger matter, and at this point irrelevant. The indigenous Celtic art was that of enamelling, of which we have abundant traces but few complete examples. Apparently this beautiful art was transmitted to the Romans, only to perish among its originators. The later mediæval objects in the Dublin Museum are the product of Limoges furnaces. What Mr. Coffey says about the general qualities of fine Celtic design is excellent and calculated to enlighten those who see only its complex ingenuity. He writes:

> The swing and life of the curves, and the perfection of their quickening as they approach completion or run to a spiral, give them a feeling of life comparable to skating, coupled with a fineness and sureness of line which endow them with a rare perfection.

We wish these words might be nailed up in a hundred shops where "Celtic ornament" is being listlessly produced. This little book, of which we have merely suggested the interest, is published by Hodges, Figgis & Co. of Dublin, and Williams & Norgate of London, at the small price of one shilling and sixpence.

"Venice and Her Treasures," by Hugh A. Douglas (Scribner), is a pocket guide which is distinguished from its predecessors merely by the number and sharpness of its cuts and by Maud Crutwell's notes on the pictures. Otherwise it is much what such a work has to be. Its chief defect is in failing to emphasize the best of the later paintings. For example, the remarkable drawings by Tiepolo in the Correr Museum are not mentioned, while the School of the Carmine is recorded as an excellent barock structure with no hint that it contains some of the finest Tiepolos. It should seem that a special guide should be at least as comprehensive as Baedeker. In the list of painters the dates of Antonello da Messina are erroneously given as 1444-1493. For several years it has been known that the right dates are 1430-1479. More justifiably no hint is given that the year of Titian's birth is disputed. The average tourist needs to be told that the bronze Descent from the Cross in the Carmine is of the fifteenth century. The great Last Judgment, a mosaic, in the Cathedral of Torcello, is described as a "fresco." While the lists of artists, doges, saints and their symbols are convenient, on the whole the *raison d'être* of such a book seems to be that there are so many tourists that some will certainly buy it. At a dollar and a half they will get a fair money's worth.

Unusual qualities of concreteness, sympathy, and sobriety are shown in G. Hermine Marius's "Dutch Painting in the Nineteenth Century" (London: Alexander Moring, Ltd.). The rather dreary stretch before the appearance of Jongkind is enlivened by the discovery of survivals from the old tradition. Indeed, though varying greatly in quality, the painting of Holland has been singularly consistent in themes and ideals. The various classicisms and romanticisms have hardly affected its serene and sometimes stolid course. The chapters on the painters of a half-century and more ago, while reviving in the Bilderses and others a few interesting personalities, are on the whole, of local interest. A. G. Bilderses, as is proved by a fine observation quoted on p. 84, was in theory far in advance of his times. For most of us the appeal of the book begins with Bosboom, the master of lofty interiors, Josef Israels and the Marises. It is not to be expected that a Hollander should treat Israels with reservations. To many foreigners the sentimental substratum of much of his art will cause misgivings. With the Marises—the superb construction and arrangement of Jacob, the silvery luminosity of Willem, the mysterious fairy land of Matthys—we are on firm ground. Everything that is said about them is admirable. One misses only some brief account of the peculiarities of Dutch watercolor painting, which has greatly influenced modern practice. Except for the impassioned symbolist Van Gogh, the ultra-modern movement in Holland seems rather a pale reflection of French eccentricities. The etcher, Gravesande, in spite of his inequalities, deserves something more than casual mention. It is premature to express an opinion concerning the Dutch revival. Some of the stronger men are still living and developing. In general the movement seems to run along rather narrow traditional lines, and here perhaps may lie its strength. We cordially recommend this genial and informing book. It has 131 good illustrations. The translation by Alexander Texeira de Mattos reads like an original. On p. 114 is an ugly misprint of the name Swinburne, otherwise the proofreading is worthy of the good typography.

From Jacques Reich of this city we have received an etched portrait of John Marshall in the same style as the other portraits in his series of Famous Americans. The painting followed is that by Chester Harding, and represents Marshall as a younger man than he appears in the better-known painting by Innes. It is an excellent presentment of the great Chief Justice, and well worthy of framing.

A revised and enlarged edition of "Windows: A Book about Stained and Painted Glass," by Lewis F. Day, is imported by the Scribners. Like the two earlier editions, the scope of this handbook is technical and historical. It abounds in diagrams, detail drawings, and photographic cuts of famous windows, and the writer incidentally sets forth principles on the laws of the craft. In what he says of the glass of the best periods a criticism of much modern designing is implied. We think it would have been useful to make that criticism quite explicit, and in particular to weigh in the balance the much admired archæistic glass of the Holliday firm. What is said of John La Farge's glass is inadequate, and suggests that Mr. Day has not seen many good examples. It is quite beside the mark to find in the accidental nodosities of ancient glass the precedent for the purposeful manipulation of American pot metal. Whatever may or may not be the merits of La Farge's procedures, their essential originality will be evident to any one who will give them fair scrutiny. Mr. Day's manner is easy and picturesque, and his general ideas about design eminently sound. This new edition of a book that has already proved its usefulness is welcome.

Alfred Charles Whitman, for many years departmental clerk and superintendent in the students' room in the department of prints at the British Museum, died on February 2, at the age of forty-nine. He had published "Masters of Mezzotint," "Valentine Green, Engraver," "S. W. Reynolds, Engraver,'" "Samuel Cousins, Engraver," "Charles Turner, Engraver," 1907.

The death is announced of Eugène Thirion, a popular French painter, at the age of seventy. He studied under Picot, Fromentin, and Cabanel. His Les Nuits de Musset is at the Luxembourg, and his Le Lévite d'Epraïm Moudissant la Ville de Gaabe at Perpignan. He also supplied a panel, L'Histoire, for the Hôtel de Ville, in Paris.

Finance.

ILLUSIONS OF THE DAY.

The sharp recovery in prices this week —running to 5⅜ points in Union Pacific, as compared with the week's lowest, to 7½ in Reading, to 4½ in Steel common, and to 6⅞ in Amalgamated Copper—was nothing very surprising, when the violence of the preceding decline was kept in mind. Nevertheless, to those of the simple outside public who had been led to believe that the "attitude of Washington" was at the bottom of the break in prices, the fact of a favorable turn in the market may possibly have seemed curious. But the one thing which Wall Street does not expect to have asked from it is consistency. There are times when Wall Street embraces a fixed idea, and accepts it as the explanation of everything that happens in a market; but it is perfectly capable of rejecting the same idea overnight, and

of laughing, next day, at any one who revives it. The great majority of thinking people, in the financial community, are perfectly well aware of the absurdity of the "Washington argument" as a primary explanation of the break in stocks. Nevertheless, they point to somebody —often a personage of importance or of seemingly unbiassed attitude—who holds that idea, and therefore has been selling stocks.

But how do they know that this was the reason why the man in question sold his stocks? The man himself said so, we are told, and believed it. This would be convincing, anywhere but in Wall Street; but in Wall Street, strange as the statement may appear, it is not convincing at all. The experiences of many years bear witness that, when sagacious investors have realized through their subtle and usually correct instinct that prices were too high, or have bought because prices impressed them as low, they will, later on, attribute their action to events which occurred after their decision, and which subsequent history proved to have no real bearing on the market. The "election boom" of November, 1908, illustrated this. It is doubtful if any sensible financier bought stocks because Taft had been elected; indeed, his election was a certainty months before the voting. The market situation was ripe for an advance in any case; but there are people, even now, who will honestly say that they bought in 1908 because of the election returns.

It is only when illusions of this sort have a larger scope that they may become really dangerous. There are times when, by force of mutual suggestion, a whole financial community accepts as its basis of action facts which are incorrect and reasoning which is preposterous. In the case of the great financial manias of history—the South Sea Bubble, the Dutch tulip speculation, and the Mississippi craze are instances in point —the record is absolutely explicit that the illusion was not limited to the simple man in the street, but worked equally upon powerful capitalists and great banking houses. Perhaps the most conspicuous modern instance was the illusion which possessed the Wall Street community in April, 1901, taking the shape of an absolute belief that the law and precedent of political economy had been superseded by new forces in American finance and industry. No one who did not happen to visit Wall Street at that time can have any proper conception of the readiness which serious financiers turned upside down the reasoning processes of their whole preceding life.

In a very much less degree, the curious "Sunshine movement" of 1908, when conventions were held and lodges organized to preach the doctrine that if we thought ourselves prosperous we would be prosperous, was another case in point. It is rather early, as yet, to classify 1909; yet it is difficult not to believe that the "Steel speculation," at its climax, was an illusion of this sort. The argument, in its extreme form, was based on premises which all of the company's previous experience contradicted, and on assumption of facts and figures which last year's own official statements of the company repeatedly discredited. Yet there were bankers who talked of "200 for Steel common," of 6 per cent. dividends, and of bond issues to fund all back expenditures for improvements. In that case, as in other similar, there is a possibility that some of the victims of the illusion began by trying to convince other people that such things were true, and ended by convincing themselves.

One sometimes wonders whether there is not considerable illusion about the matter of "holding companies." The holding company device, in its present form, is a little more than ten years old. Very few of such companies appear to have exerted the influence, predicted in the early days of "Trusts," towards introducing such sweeping economies as should lower cost of production while improving the quality of goods; in some of them, exactly the opposite result may be shown to have been achieved. As an institution, the holding company may have increased the stability of trade, or it may not. Some holding companies have accomplished this—the Steel Corporation seems to have done so. Others, however, like the Amalgamated Copper, have been engines of overproduction and demoralization. The forced dissolution of the Northern Securities holding company, in 1904, was dreaded as a calamity—this, in spite of the fact that nine-tenths of our prosperous railways had nothing to do with holding companies. Yet it was Mr. Hill himself, once president of that holding company, who calmly asked, a couple of weeks ago, "What is the difference whether the owners have one green certificate to represent their interest, or two red ones?"

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abram, A. Social England in the Fifteenth Century: a Study of the Effects of Economic Conditions. Dutton. $1 net.

Aristophanes. The Acharnians. Greek text revised, with a translation into corresponding metres, etc., by B. B. Rogers. Macmillan. $3.25 net.

Aristotle. Works. Translated into English under the editorship of J. A. Smith and W. D. Ross. Frowde.

Beerbohm, Max. Yet Again. Lane Co. $1.50 net.

Bosher, K. L. Mary Cary. Harper. $1 net.

Bourne, G. C. Herbert Spencer and Animal Evolution. Frowde.

Boyce, R. W. Mosquito or Man: The Conquest of the Tropical World. Dutton. $3.50 net.

Bradley-Birt, F. B. Through Persia, from the Gulf to the Caspian. Dutton. $3.50 net.

Brigham, W. T. The Volcanoes of Kilauea and Mauna Loa. Vol. II, No. 4, Memoirs of the Bernice Pauahi Bishop Museum. Honolulu: Bishop Museum Press.

Bunston, A. Mingled Wine. Longmans, Green.

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Chance, W. Poor Law Reform. London: P. S. King & Son.
Chouville, L. Histoires Courtes et Longues. Frowde. 60 cents.
Common-School Catalogue, 1910. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Crane, R. T. The Utility of All Kinds of Higher Schooling. Chicago: Privately printed.
Cullen, A. Adventures in Socialism. Macmillan. $2 net.
Dargan, E. P. Hylas and Other Poems. Boston: R. G. Badger.
Dartmouth College Catalogue, 1909-10. Hanover, N. H.
Davenport, C. B. Eugenics. Holt. 50 cents net.
Day, R. E. New Poems. Grafton Press.
Dix, B. M. Allison's Lad and Other Martial Interludes. Holt. $1.35 net.
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Müller, M. Comparative Mythology: an Essay. Edited, with notes, by A. S. Palmer. Dutton. 50 cents.
Murphy, T. D. In Unfamiliar England. Boston: Page & Co.
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Osler, W. Address on the Nation and the Tropics, together with report of proceedings in connection with the opening of the winter session of the London School of Tropical Medicine, October, 1909. Frowde.
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Sumner, E. A. Abraham Lincoln. Tandy-Thomas Co. 25 cents.
Temple Dictionary of the Bible. Written and edited by W. Ewing and J. E. H. Thomson. Dutton. $4 net.
Thackeray's History of Henry Esmond. Edited, with intro. and notes, by T. C. and W. Snow. Frowde.
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Wicksteed, P. H. The Common Sense of Political Economy. Macmillan.
Yale University Bulletin General Catalogue, 1909-10. New Haven, Conn.
Zielinski, Professor. Our Debt to Antiquity. Translated, with introduction and notes, by H. A. Strong. Dutton. 75 cents net.

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The *Nation* is published and owned by the New York Evening Post Co. Oswald Garrison Villard, President; William J. Pattison, Treasurer; Paul Elmer More, Editor.

Three dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada $3.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union $4.00.

Address THE NATION, Box 794, New York.

Publication Office, 20 Vesey Street.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1910.

The Week.

A far-reaching investigation into legislative corruption at Albany has been forced by the exposures first published in the *Evening Post*. Already the matter has gone beyond the trial of Senator Allds, which is still pending, and a resolution is before the Legislature for a joint committee to inquire into "any fund or funds . . . for the purpose of corruptly or otherwise influencing the action of the members of the Legislature upon *any* subject during the year in question, or in *prior* or *succeeding* years." The scope of the investigation is to be further enlarged by a direction to ascertain "whether any such funds *now* exist, or have been *recently* contributed or employed for any such purpose."

Plainly, New York is on the eve of a breaking up of the great deep of public corruption. We are going to get much new light upon the sinister influences which have so often thwarted the will of the people, and made representative government at Albany a farce. Upon the subject of legislation as a matter of barter on the part of political committees and party bosses as well as individual Assemblymen and Senators, we shall have a great deal of fresh material. It is objected, we know, that the inquiry will be futile, in the sense that no criminals will be brought to justice. Some who are implicated may be saved by the statute of limitations, while others who are morally proven guilty it may not be possible to convict in the courts. But this is, after all, only a small part of it. The people can sit in judgment as well as judges. They will mark the evidence as it comes out, and will visit a swift and inexorable punishment upon those whom it involves. If the investigation is as honest and thorough as is now promised, and as it ought to be, many a New York statesman will retire to private life, many a party manager will disappear. Yet if the disclosure of the truth ruins reputations and shows corruption clinging in unsuspected places, so that the people drive this worst kind of treason from public life, who shall say that the judgment is not true and righteous altogether?

It is not surprising that Congress is represented as experiencing a feeling of great relief in consequence of the announcement that the President's legislative programme for the present session is cut down to four bills. With the long extra session behind them, and the Congressional elections before them, Congressmen have naturally not been happy at a prospect which made a session going far into the summer look like a possibility. The four measures on which it is stated that the Administration will insist are a revision of the interstate commerce laws, an act relating to the admission of Arizona and New Mexico to Statehood, an act to regulate the issue of injunctions by Federal courts, and an act to give the President definite and adequate power for the withdrawal of public lands for entry for purposes indicated by the public interest. The principle involved in the last-named proposal is clear and simple. It is not proposed to bestow upon the President any arbitrary power or to permit him to make irrevocable decisions; but merely that it shall be within his absolute discretion to order withdrawals whenever, in his judgment, the public interest requires it, and that such order shall stand until rescinded either by his own action or by the action of Congress. It is only in this way that the public domain can be effectively safeguarded.

It appears that the publicity feature of the Federal corporation tax is to be eliminated automatically. This is the part of the law which has provoked greatest protest, and bills are pending in Congress to repeal that clause of the act which provides for making a public record of the returns of the various corporations. But now it comes out that there is a legal and administrative snag in the way of the execution of that clause. Congress voted $100,000 for the expenses of collecting the corporation tax, but forgot that an old statute of 1882 forbids the paying of money to employees in the District of Columbia without express authorization. So the Secretary of the Treasury is at a standstill as regards making public the records of the corporation tax. Congress might still clothe him with power, but is not at all likely to do so, especially with the Constitutionality of the whole law challenged and soon to be passed upon by the Supreme Court. President Taft's letter to Mr. MacVeagh does indeed suggest that the Secretary might go to the House and ask a specific appropriation of $50,000, but it is clear that the Administration will not be heart-broken if the House refuses.

Philadelphia is once more plunged into a condition of uncivilized warfare. Since the violences of Chicago's famous teamster strike, Philadelphia has held the proud record of being our only city of the first rank in which relations between a great public service corporation and its employees are those of chronic enmity, varied by periodical recurrences to riot, arson, and assault. If the latest strike of the street railway workers has come unexpectedly, it is not for want of repeated warnings to which the powers that rule in the city of brotherly love have given little heed. It is asserted by the employees that they have been forced into the strike by the deliberate policy of the traction company. The agreement concluded last year between the company and its men expires on the first day of June. In the course of negotiations looking towards a renewal of the agreement, so the representatives of the union maintain, the company officials have not only refused to meet the men half-way, but have done their best to bring on trouble. This, it is said, they have done by organizing a rival to the Amalgamated Union, under the name of the United Carmen's Association, and by discharging without cause prominent members of the former union. Last October, and again at Christmas-time, and again about a month ago, the men maintain, the company did its utmost to force a strike. It has succeeded at last. The present strike was brought about by the discharge of nearly 200 union conductors and motormen last Saturday "for the good of the service." This, the union men contend, was virtually a lockout. To such direct and specific charges

the company has not yet made a clear and convincing reply.

In all conflicts between a great corporation and its employees, we have come to insist that some regard shall be paid to the rights of the public. In Philadelphia it is not merely a question of the public's right not to have its business life paralyzed, but actually a question of the public's right not to be maimed and killed by the policeman's revolver or the rioter's club. At the same time we feel that the people of Philadelphia, in the present crisis, are not altogether guiltless. If they have rights in the matter they have also duties, and these they have sadly neglected. For the situation would clearly seem to be that a very large section of the people of Philadelphia are in sympathy with the strikers' demands. Else we cannot understand the systematic wrecking and burning of cars, carried on with the precision of a sappers' and miners' brigade. Last year the people's sympathies were almost wholly on the side of the strikers. The unholy alliance between the traction company and the powers that rule the city was brought into the light of day. It was made apparent that the men had been driven to strike because a corporation that had watered its stock to buy the politicians could not afford to pay a decent wage. But if the sympathies of the people of Philadelphia do incline so strongly to the side of the strikers, why has nothing been done to prevent a repetition of last year's civil warfare? Why has not public sentiment forced some reasonable and permanent form of agreement between the company and its men? Why have the politicians remained in touch with the company's cash-box? The responsibility for riot and murder comes more clearly back to the people of Philadelphia than they may like to think. But the imperative duty of the moment is to restore order and preserve public safety, whatever it may cost.

The history of three-cent traction in the city of Cleveland proves completely that the voice of the law is not the only thing that can be drowned in the clash of arms. Let the battle rage long enough and men will forget their original motives and their original positions and the claims of consistency, and, in general, what they have been fighting for or why they have been fighting so long. Last week the people of Cleveland, by the largest majority ever given to a public measure, adopted the Tayler traction plan establishing a three-cent fare on the street cars with a cent charge for transfers. There is to be an eight months' test to determine whether the operating company can earn 6 per cent. on its capital. In any case, four cents is to be the maximum fare. Thus after a campaign of years ending in his defeat at the polls, Tom L. Johnson is in a fair way of seeing his favorite issue brought to a triumph. The Cleveland *Leader* has fought Johnson bitterly. But it says: "Now is the time to make sure of three-cent fares everywhere for nearly a year at the least, and for the future three-cent fare, *or lower*, if such a thing is possible."

CAIRO, Ill., February 18.—Thomas Halliday killed and three men wounded was the outcome of an attack on the jail here last night, made by a mob which tried to lynch two negroes who had been arrested for snatching purses from women.

That is what the lynching spirit comes to in a community that takes to it in good earnest. This region about Cairo is doing an incalculable injury to the good name of the whole country by these recurring exhibitions of besotted brutality. Within the country, however, the disgrace attaches to the State of Illinois, and it behooves the decent citizens of that State to awaken to the necessity of putting an end to it. Defending the jail and shooting the rioters is very good as far as it goes, and Sheriff Nellis deserves the commendation of good citizens, the country over, for his unflinching performance of his duty; but to stamp out the evil nothing less than determined prosecution and relentless punishment of lynchers and would-be lynchers will suffice.

The Western Union Telegraph Company has done a most rational and excellent thing in determining on the introduction of a "night letter service," in which the cost of telegrams filed before midnight and transmitted at the company's convenience in the course of the night shall be at the same rate for fifty words as day telegrams command for ten words. Just what the success of this plan may be remains to be seen; but it is evidently based on business principles and at the same time calculated to supply a public convenience. With this departure fresh in mind, it ought to be possible for the company's managers to give attention to an obvious desideratum as to the regular telegraph rates, which is as plainly indicated. The regular rates are thoroughly irrational in regard to dispatches of more than ten words. Take the standard case of the thirty-cent dispatch, with two cents for each additional word. Since, in this country, the words of the address and signature are not counted, the ten-word dispatch means the telegraphing of probably twenty words on an average, so that what actually happens is that we pay about one and a half cents a word for a ten-word dispatch, and two cents a word for additional words. On the other hand, if it pays the company to send the ten-word (*i. e.*, really a twenty-word) dispatch at one and a half cents a word, it would certainly pay to send additional words at much less than one cent a word. For it must be remembered that the cost to the company of messenger service is wholly involved in the minimum dispatch, and that the same is true of the time of the operator in answering questions, making change, making the connection, filing, etc. The correct principle for telegrams is an initial charge of a certain amount and an additional charge of so much a word. Thus, instead of the rate of thirty cents for ten words and two cents for additional words, we should have an initial charge of twenty cents, and then a cent a word for any number of words; or perhaps twenty-five cents and half a cent a word.

Judge Hand's temporary injunction in favor of the Wright brothers against the French aviator, Louis Paulhan, pending the decision of their suit to establish their patent rights, is sweeping in scope. The ethics of the question are not so easy to decide. It is natural enough for the Wrights to try to reap the full fruits of their long years of labor. At the same time the world cannot help feeling that to create a monopoly in the aeroplane at the present stage of its development is not for the best interests of the public or of the cause which must be so close to the Wrights themselves. Experimentation with air machines must be going on in a thousand corners of the United States, and it would be a pity if any obstacle

should be put in the way. Even where aviators originate no ideas of their own, they do their part by supplementing and perfecting the ideas of others. Every man who goes up in the air adds something to our comparatively slight knowledge of winds and currents. In any case, it should be possible to make a distinction between the aviator who gives public exhibitions for money and the scientific experimenter.

M. Velain, professor of physical geography at the Sorbonne, is said to express the unanimous opinion of French scientists in declaring that unusual rainfall would not alone account for the floods. The clearing of the watersheds of the upper Seine, the Yonne, and the Marne rendered them incapable of holding the water, which was sluiced off into the Seine as if from a steep roof. The general council of the department of the Marne had previously ascribed the flood chiefly to deforestation, and demanded the enactment of laws to check further clearing. The situation is much like our own in the Southern Appalachian region where the baring of steep hillsides has greatly accelerated the run-off and done enormous damage. France has, however, this advantage: the lands from which she has cut away the forests are true agricultural lands, whereas much if not most of the clearing on the higher slopes of the Southern Appalachians has taken place on lands too poor and steep to yield permanent profit under the plough. There is another point of resemblance between our case and that of France. There, too, ill-advised taxation is cited as the reason for which the protective forest was stripped away. The legislation asked in Marne includes reduction of forest taxation and exemption of taxes on planted timber until it is mature enough to market. The forest destruction caused by an unwise system of taxation in the United States has repeatedly been ranked by experts as second only to the appalling destruction caused by fire.

It did not need Björnstjerne Björnson's recent severe illness to call forth admiring tributes from his fellow-countrymen. He has long been thought of and talked of with enthusiasm by Norwegians. A traveller in Norway gives an account of an incident which took place not long ago at the time of the summer manœuvres of the army. As the soldiers were on their way back to Christiania, their route took them past Björnson's house, and the general in command sent an adjutant ahead to ask if a demonstration by the men would be acceptable. When the troops came up:

> With his family and guests assembled about him on the veranda, the monumental figure stood with bared head to receive the military greeting. As each regiment passed in review below, presenting arms as to their chieftain, there went up a deafening shout of personal salutation from each of the soldiers, who then joined in singing the national hymn, to whose author they were thus offering this spontaneous salute. There was the unique spectacle of a man in private life being accorded a military spontaneous demonstration by the nation's army which a king might envy.

Mr. Asquith's position is undoubtedly difficult and even dangerous, and for this he himself is partly responsible. He is now confronted, like many another Prime Minister, with the awkwardness of having to make good in Parliament words uttered on the hustings. In his Albert Hall speech he declared in the roundest way that the Liberal Government would no longer submit to having its measures emasculated by the Lords, and he went on to say that he and his colleagues would refuse to take office without "guarantees" against such a process in the future. The natural inference from this sort of language, and the inference, indeed, which was almost universally drawn from it, was that the King, if necessary, would be asked to create peers. This interpretation Mr. Asquith now repudiates. He truly says that the Constitutional position is not to invoke the royal prerogative except upon some particular bill which the Lords may have rejected after it has passed the Commons. But this seems very cold and lawyer-like after the heated words of campaign orators, and the Prime Minister will inevitably suffer from the reaction of sentiment.

A week of rioting and of conflicts between citizens and the police is, to say the least, a startling development for well-disciplined, well-governed Prussia. From the capital the disturbances have spread to Schleswig and the Rhine. Be it that the demonstrations are the result of a carefully laid Socialist plot, or the spontaneous outburst of popular discontent, the implications, so far as the Government is concerned, are serious enough. If the Social-Democrats, with a voting strength of nearly four millions, shall at length decide to adopt sharper tactics than the scrupulously peaceful demonstrations they have hitherto contented themselves with, the chiefs of reaction may find that it will not be so easy to "ride down" one-third of the German nation. In the nature of things, it cannot go on forever that three or four million citizens shall allow themselves to be kept in the state of political impotence to which the masses in Prussia are reduced. It is all very well to speak of the army as the sole and ultimate prop of the throne, but it will be an evil day for Germany if that splendid army in which her pride and hopes so largely centre shall be turned to the purpose of repressing domestic sedition.

The severe press law enacted by the Viceroy of India in Council and commented upon in these columns at the time was the first piece of important legislation put into being since the reconstitution of the Viceroy's Council, in accordance with Secretary Morley's scheme of reforms. The maximum number of official members is thirty-six, while the number of elective non-official members is thirty-two. This is an enlargement of the former restricted council to the size almost of a little parliament. A parliamentary system, however, it is not. Members of the council may bring forward questions and resolutions, but questions are to be framed in good faith as requests for information and not for an expression of opinion or the solution of an hypothetical problem. Resolutions must not contain "arguments, inferences, ironical expressions or defamatory statements." No questions or resolutions are permitted in the field of foreign relations or on any matter under adjudication in any British court. Extensive discretion is vested in the president of the council, with regard to the manner in which questions shall be presented, debated, and voted upon. Finally, it is prescribed that every resolution shall have effect only as a recommendation to the Governor-General in council, and further, that the president may, for sufficient reasons, dispense with any of the rules of procedure. We understand now why such a moderate organ as the *Hindustan Review* suggests that a good deal granted in the Reforms has been taken away in the Regulations.

THE BRIBE-GIVING CORPORATION.

The testimony at Albany on Thursday of last week brought out more sharply than before the part which corporations had played in the corruption of the Legislature. In Senator Conger's description we see the exact process. The bridge companies began by paying small sums to prevent what they regarded as hostile legislation. They bought individual Assemblymen, and also the Republican State Committee, through its chairman, Col. Dunn. But every year the thing had to be done over again. The word got round that the bridge-building law was "a fine thing." Legislative strikers multiplied and became more audacious. By 1905 the demand had mounted to $10,000, whereupon the bridge companies resolved to become virtuous, since bribery was proving so expensive, and would raise no further corruption funds.

Now, various indefinite statements have been made regarding the loss of business which the bridge companies suffered in consequence of the final passage of the bill of which they had bought the suppression year after year. But even conceding the accuracy of the figures, we venture to say that the profits on the lost business would have been less than what it cost, and was threatening to cost, the companies in bribe money. That, of course, was the real reason why they refused longer to be bled. It was not a spasm of virtue which seized them: it was simply a pain in their purse. They found that they had been fools to bribe at all, and that they should be bigger fools if they kept on. And this is precisely the point which experience has repeatedly established in all this history of "strike" bills and corporations. It is actually cheaper to make an open fight than to enter upon a course of secret payments. We believe that this could be demonstrated in the case of any corporation that has ever been dishonestly attacked by blackmailing legislation or denied rights to which it is entitled both legally and in the public interest. For less money than is spent in wicked surrender, an honorable victory could be won.

The clearest illustration of this which we have had in recent years is the attitude of the Pennsylvania Railroad in regard to securing franchises for its new terminal in New York city. The matter was held up in the Board of Aldermen, and the intimation was almost publicly given that the Pennsylvania would have to bribe its way through. But it refused to pay a cent, made a public fight against the Aldermen, and finally succeeded in getting the power to grant franchises taken away from them entirely. The cost to the company in the way of necessary and lawful expenses, but more through delay in beginning to secure a return on its investment, was undoubtedly heavy. Yet it was indubitably less than would have been involved in letting every blackmailer thrust his dirty hands into its treasury, and the officials of the road had also the satisfaction of knowing that they had saved their honor.

In line with this is the statement of the manager of a large public-service corporation who is quoted in the Binghamton *Republican* as saying, three years ago: "It is getting so that it costs so much to buy off legislators that it is difficult for a company like ours to continue in business." That fact was advanced as a reason for assenting to Gov. Hughes's plan of a Public Service Commission. However distasteful that system of State control, it would at least give a certain protection against "strike" bills. But the chief point is that this man had found out that the process of submitting to blackmail was ruinously expensive. It is cheaper to fight than to pay. That ought to be posted up as a motto, in red letters, in the directors' room of every large—and honest—corporation.

It will be said, however, and said with perfect truth, that bribe-giving corporations not only resist unjust attacks but go out to purchase privileges to which they have no title. Here the question of economy has to give way to that of honesty. In the same issue of the Binghamton *Republican* from which we quoted above, we find a telephone manager giving the true explanation why the telegraph and telephone companies had not been put under the Public Service Commission. It was "less than ten days ago" that he made the reply, when told that his concerns would be brought under the law this winter: "Don't you believe it. We've got too much money to spend for them to get us under that law as easily as you may think."

This is the most hideous aspect of the whole matter. That we should have conscienceless and corrupt legislators is bad enough, but what are we to think of the eminently respectable men, leaders in society, pillars in the church, who through the corporations which they control fatten upon legislative corruption while they intensify it? That is the thing which must never be lost sight of in all this wretched Allds scandal, and in what may follow. Bribery requires the scoundrel who pays as well as the scoundrel who receives. Corruption means the conspiring of thieves outside the Legislature with those inside. And in our indignation at the detected and ruined betrayers of a public trust, let us not forget to reserve a double portion of wrath for the even more guilty corporation managers who ought also to be detected and ruined. It may be that the criminal law cannot reach them, but public contempt and personal odium can be made to fall upon them in overwhelming volume. And we can but hope that the searching of the dark corners of the Capitol at Albany will produce in the offices of corporations, too, a shivering dread of exposure; and that the more wholesome atmosphere which is certain to follow in the political world may also invade the world of corporate management, where it is fully as necessary if bribery is really to be punished and stamped out.

THE INDIAN WAREHOUSES.

We may expect a war in Congress over the proposed abolition of the warehouses for Indian supplies. Five such establishments are now maintained under a law which prescribes not only their number but their places. Under the last Administration steps were taken looking to their abandonment. Their personnel, including superintendents, was put in the classified service; their clerical force was reduced to the minimum; outside purchases were oftener made, and other features eliminated which had placed the control of the warehouses in the schedule of political spoils. Further efforts were blocked by a combination between members of Congress who realized that the closing of any one warehouse would soon demonstrate the uselessness of all.

They were originally established as convenient points for the delivery of the hardware, clothing, dry goods, foodstuffs, drugs, furniture, and the like, which the Government buys under contract for the equipment of the Indian

agencies and schools and for distribution among the Indians. The assembling of the goods made possible their inspection in bulk before shipment, but the social and commercial changes which have come over the frontier West have tended steadily to diminish the importance of this plan. The farming country has filled with settlers who have had their own needs to supply, and as a consequence there have sprung up thrifty villages and towns where all sorts of goods can be bought at short notice and transported to the agencies and schools by a wagon haul no longer than that required to bring in freight from the railway. Meanwhile, one after another of the old treaties has expired, under which the Government had bound itself to furnish the Indians annually with certain necessaries; and the gratuities in food and clothing and farming utensils which in early days it was the custom to give to the most backward tribes have year by year become less in amount and more limited in area of distribution. To-day the schools are substantially the only recipients of gratuities; and the one excuse for continuing the purchase of supplies for adult Indians is that they may be encouraged to self-support by the privilege of buying tools, machinery, and a few other things from the official commissary at cost price.

In his annual report for 1909, the Secretary of the Interior urged the discontinuing of all five warehouses as soon as practicable; the Commissioner of Indian Affairs is a little less radical, expressing the opinion that only one is needed. Both officers regard the existing system as unjustifiably cumbersome and expensive. This does not mean that purchases for the Indian Service are to cease, or that retail prices are to be paid to local dealers, but only that, instead of awarding contracts for the delivery of about two million dollars' worth of merchandise at warehouses from five hundred to three thousand miles distant and paying the additional cost of transportation, the Government will authorize its field representatives to call for bids from the nearest and most convenient market. For all the heavier wares, like agricultural machinery, the manufacturers now maintain local agencies all over the West, and as favorable terms can be got as from the factories direct. A standard binder which costs, bought in Chicago and shipped to Harlem, Mont., $138.65, can be bought through competitive bids in Harlem for $116. Sisal binding twine shows a difference of $1.24 a hundredweight in favor of the local as against the distant market, and a yet larger saving can be made on stirring ploughs. These items illustrate the general rule that a decided economy may be effected by local buying in certain lines of merchandise.

Of course, it would be impossible to apply to such piecemeal purchases the same wholesale system of inspection as is now employed. The inspecting would have to be done by the Government officer in charge of each agency or school. This, however, is in the long run about as satisfactory as the old method, and in some respects an improvement; for the man on the spot, who has to handle the utensils, dispense the medicines, or prepare and give out the food, can hardly fail to know best what is suited to the special needs of his field.

The fight in Congress to prevent the abolition of the warehouses will draw its main inspiration from the unwillingness of members interested in New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, or San Francisco to let go of anything governmental which is now planted in those cities. The consideration of administrative economy will not appeal to them half so strongly as the need to explain to their constituents next autumn how it all happened. Whether the Administration carries its point will depend, therefore, on how seriously the lawmakers concerned take their own repeated declarations in favor of cutting unnecessary public expenditures to the quick. The saving involved in the change has been variously estimated at from twenty-five to fifty thousand dollars a year. It will probably be nearer the higher than the lower figure; for a system of this sort includes a multitude of incidentals which, though too petty to enter into a detailed estimate, go to swell the total cost.

For the citizen whose chief interest in Indian affairs is on the human side the contemplated reform will mark another forward step in the process of unification which offers the one practical solution of the Indian question. The tortuous road which the Government has trod is strewn with the wreckage of artificial devices for civilizing the Indian, as if the problem had been one in mechanics or physics instead of in human flesh and blood and brain. These failures have tended to fix more firmly in men's minds the idea of the segregation of the Indian as one apart, and destined to remain apart, from the main body of our population. The extinction of all visible monuments of that long-persistent theory would follow logically the establishment of his freedom to become a citizen, to own land and other property in his individual right, to trade with whom he pleases, and to go and come at will. Doubtless the Great Father at Washington will long act in some respects as his guardian and be a voluntary purveyor to his needs, though not on just the same terms as of yore; but as reminders of his period of helplessness, it will be better for his self-respect that the warehouses should be wiped off the map.

AN ECONOMIST TO THE RESCUE.

In the whirlwind of talk evoked by the high-price cry, it would be well for all of us to clear our minds of cant. But the injunction applies with especial force to the political economist. From him, if any one, is to be expected a firm resolve to keep his mind clear in the midst of the hubbub, and, if he can do nothing to explain or illuminate the situation, he should at least not add to the confusion by irrelevant discussion or by misty imaginings.

Such, however, does not seem to be the conception of Dr. Simon N. Patten, professor of political economy in the University of Pennsylvania. His contribution, in the current *Independent*, to a series of articles on the increased cost of living is a paper entitled "The Crisis in American Home Life." Some of his opinions on fundamental questions pertaining to home and society are sound enough, and, taken in themselves, would call for praise, not censure; but to empty his farrago of notions about a score of matters—matters of morality, matters of fact, matters of taste, and what not—in an ill-assorted jumble of uncritical dicta, and pretend that it has any real relation to the present condition of prices, is to discredit, as far as in him lies, the profession that he represents. It is no defence against this accusation to assert that the general charges

made by Professor Patten against the existing condition of society—some or all of them—are true. That the demand of the middle classes for comforts and luxuries is constantly increasing; that the servant question is becoming more and more difficult to deal with; that the hold of religion on the lives of the people has relaxed—these and kindred things it required no political economist to tell us. Nor are they new phenomena; and yet in not a single place in Professor Patten's article does he indicate that all these tendencies have been in full force for at least a generation, whereas the complaint of high prices is only a few years old. Even in the wayfaring man it would show discreditable carelessness to overlook the fact that it is hardly a dozen years since the great cry of the economic wailers, the world over, was for the abnormal lowness of prices; in an economist such want of thought is disgraceful.

Professor Patten commands a forcible style, and no one can deny to him freshness of thought. His originality is, indeed, his undoing; one can hardly, perhaps, apply to a man with whom great new ideas spring up spontaneous every morning in the year such standards of responsibility as are binding on more matter-of-fact people. The assurance, however, with which he dismisses the views of sober economists, and the confidence with which he "hopes to show" that his own succeed where all others fail, are a little less easy to excuse. Whether he is justified in this estimate of the value of his own lucubrations as compared with the results of the thought of the rest of the world, we cannot attempt to indicate by a detailed examination of his article; but some specimen bricks may enable our readers to judge for themselves.

Two little examples may suffice: one serving to illustrate Professor Patten's irresponsible handling of facts, the other his general laxity of thought. Speaking of Philadelphia, he has this to say of "the salaried class and the small proprietors whose incomes range from $1,000 to $3,000"—of this class as a whole, be it understood:

> They have suffered not only from the rapid rise in the cost of living, but also in many cases from an actual decrease in income. Years ago they were the well-housed class of whom the city was justly proud. The rows of three-story houses in the older part of the city attest to how they lived, and as to what was their standard. To-day these three-story houses are largely boarding or apartment houses, and the families who formerly lived in comfort, having sold or stored their household goods and treasures, live in single rooms of their former houses.

No indication is given of any investigation upon which this astonishing statement is based. Again:

> A fourth cause for the present crisis lies in the new status of women. Forty years ago a man could live comfortably on $1,000 a year. Under the magic of the wife's hand this $1,000 became $1,500 or $2,000. The wife created more value by industry in the home than her husband did out of it. In her hands cloth became clothes, flour bread, and fresh fruits the winter's preserves. Now all things are done outside the home and must be purchased with the $1,000 income.

The scientific accuracy of this estimate of the value of the wife's magic saving—in dollars and cents, we mean, of course—is somewhat open to question; but waiving that, what has "forty years ago" to do with the question? The thing to be explained is the rise of prices since 1898; just before that time they were lower than they were "forty years ago." But that makes no difference to a sociological economist running amuck.

In larger matters, there is the same looseness of treatment. The broadest theses are laid down as to stoppage in the growth of capital, stoppage of saving among the middle classes, and other large subjects, without the least indication of proof; the position of John Stuart Mill on the question of capital and population is stated with crude inaccuracy, and, even as so stated, is refuted only by assuming that to be an established fact which is in reality but the offhand conclusion of Mr. Patten himself in regard to the cessation of saving. Take it all in all, the article, as related to the discussion of the high-price question, has only one merit; it should serve as a warning of the depths to which a man of ability may descend if, in a matter demanding cool and responsible analysis, instead of following the light of reason and respecting the canons of scientific thinking, he is bent only on pursuing his own crotchets and exploiting his own nostrums. That Mr. Patten's views on various matters concerning social arrangements and their betterment have merit, we do not deny; but to see the phenomena of a five-year-old era of high prices in the light of his all-embracing notions of social improvement is only to darken counsel.

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

Kinglake once took a fling at "the qualifying words which correct the imprudences and derange the grammatical structure of a Queen's speech." In the King's speech of Monday, however, the ordinary vaguenesses and ambiguities would have been sadly out of place. The Parliament which now begins its work meets under conditions that demand a simple and direct announcement of the legislative programme. It is not the case of a new Government coming into power, with extensive schemes of law-making to sketch out. The former Prime Minister returns, after a political crisis and an electoral struggle, with his Cabinet virtually unchanged, and with a very definite labor immediately at hand. Finance is the first and pressing question before the new Parliament, and we have only to think of the very passion of Englishmen for orderly and well-settled governmental finance to understand what a driving force Mr. Asquith has behind him when he appeals for the speedy enactment of the nation's tax laws. With little more than a month remaining before the expiration of the fiscal year, the collection of taxes has not yet been validated by Parliament, Treasury borrowings in vast sums have to be provided for, and the whole financial system of the country saved from falling into chaos. Now, Englishmen may occasionally show tolerance for chaotic conditions in other affairs of government, but they want to think of the year's budget as something fixed and certain. What they have to pay, what the government can spend, what is the exact condition of the national Exchequer—if the Briton is at sea in regard to these things, he feels that he has lost both headlands and compass. It is this deeply rooted instinct for the good order and dignity of British finance which Mr. Asquith can securely count upon as an aid to him in making the nation's books balance.

Before the powerful pressure along this line it is virtually certain that all merely party considerations will be forced to give way. There has been a good deal of talk among Mr. Asquith's Labor and Irish allies of refusing to vote for the budget unless he shall first stand and deliver pledges concerning subsequent legislation, of the kind that they desire. In the House, Mr. Redmond made threats. But the budget sim-

ply must be passed at an early date. This is so strongly felt to be the first inevitable duty of Parliament that Conservative votes are even confidently predicted in support of Mr. Asquith, if needed. But there is no good reason to suppose that they will be needed. The Irish leader has to do a certain amount of loud talking in order to keep his followers up to concert pitch, and to make head against the little mutiny in his own ranks, but it is inconceivable that either he or the Labor members should be found trying to upset the Government in haste.

Indeed, that part of the King's speech which refers to the House of Lords marks out a line of procedure on which it should be easy for all parties to the coalition to agree. As soon as may be, Parliament is to take steps to secure to the Commons undivided and undisputed control of all financial measures, and in general legislation "predominance." This looks to the absolute doing away of the Lords' veto on finance bills, and to a serious modification both of the personnel and the functions of the upper chamber. For the fight to bring about those reforms, both the Irish and the Labor party would seem bound to enlist. If they bolt, they hurt themselves first. The legislation which they desire can be brought within sight of attainment only by first battering down the obstacles which the previous claims of the Lords have presented in almost insuperable form. Time enough to talk about another appeal to the country after this great struggle has been fought through in the Commons.

One serious difficulty in the present situation of the English political world is that neither side to the controversy, not one of the four political parties, has really a statesman of the first-class. There is no one to appeal to the democratic ideals of the people as could Gladstone; no Conservative with the hold upon his party and the authority with the nation which Lord Salisbury had; and the Irish have no Parnell. If the world is, as Napoleon said, governed by the imagination, it must seem a pity that at this juncture there is no great English orator, no inspired political leader, to fuse differing opinions in the glow and fire of his genius, and to work out a solution of the problem amid the acclaim and with the support of the large body of his countrymen.

LOSING OUR STANDARDS.

Hard on the heels of the stir created by the placing of Gen. Lee's statue in Statuary Hall at Washington comes the news of a brisk discussion at Harvard of the desirability of recording in Memorial Hall the names of the graduates of Harvard who served in the Confederate army. It was the genial Harvard *Bulletin* which made this suggestion as a result of some glowing eulogies of Harvard soldiers in the civil war, and apropos of the invitation to Major B. M. Harrod of the Confederate army to address the undergraduates on Memorial Day in Memorial Hall. There was a prompt protest from Col. Norwood P. Hallowell of Boston, a gallant officer of one of the Massachusetts colored regiments. Memorial Hall, he averred, was erected in honor of the men who died for freedom, not for slavery, and to preserve the Union. Any recognition of the gallantry of the Harvard men who went South ought, he thought, to be made elsewhere. To Col. Hallowell, it would be a sacrilege to put into Memorial Hall the names of the Harvard men who fought for an unrighteous cause and sought to destroy the government.

This has, of course, led to the charge that Col. Hallowell has waved the "bloody shirt"; that he is as much an anachronism in Boston as Senator Heyburn of Idaho is in the Senate. In the *Bulletin* the battle wages merrily. Into it we do not care to enter save to say that if Harvard wishes to honor her Confederate dead she may properly do so, but not in Memorial Hall. The funds for erecting this building were raised for the distinct purpose of honoring the soldiers of the Union. To that, it was solemnly dedicated. To state this uncontested fact is neither to harbor old antagonisms nor to wave the "bloody shirt." Beyond this one comment on the Cambridge situation we do wish, however, to point out that the Lee and Harvard episodes are merely symptoms of a kind of intellectual haziness altogether too prevalent. In this era of good feeling we are not only ready to kiss and make up with former enemies, but we actually seem to be taking the position that there really never were any points of difference between the North and South, no question of right or wrong, no question of human liberty or serfdom. At most, some academic Constitutional questions were settled by the terrible loss of life in the war between the States!

Nor is it in the matter of the civil war only that we seem to have lost every standard of judgment. We meet the same lack of clear-cut thought in many a contemporary political matter. There is a successful order of journalism in which everything is for the best. Honest indignation at any wrong, or in behalf of any principle, is strictly bad form. The other fellows have their good points. Is there a miscarriage of justice? Then remember that there were miscarriages of justice in the Holy Land. Does a President abuse his appointing power? Well, so have all his predecessors. Why should we worry about that? Are upheavals threatening? Well, be sure that somehow all will be for the best. Whoever wins in any election or on any issue, it marks a triumph for optimism. The best policy is not to ruffle anybody's feelings.

At the hands of this school all history becomes foggy. In our admiration for the bravery of the men who fought on both sides in any contest we readily forget what it was all about. Cervera was a brave man; so was Sampson. The issue behind the struggle disappears. Who cares? A monument to Weyler may yet be proposed for the Battery. Jefferson Davis should have one in Central Park. As for the Mexican War, we should be glad to glorify it, did not the words of Ulysses S. Grant and of other outraged participants forbid. So we slur it all over or forget about it. We are rapidly getting to that point in regard to the Philippines. Who cares to inquire if there is any principle behind our occupation of that archipelago, any question of morality, of right or wrong? Probably fifty years hence some editors will be solemnly affirming that we took their country from the Filipinos because it was necessary for the Supreme Court to show that we had the right to hold subject colonies.

In the face of all this, one is tempted to ask of what use are standards of any kind. Why seek to have any, either private or public, if in a few years they will all dissolve in a flux of good feeling? If there ever was a war fought on behalf of democracy, of individual liberty, of substantial Christianity, it was the American civil war. Both sides cannot have been right; nor is it true that both were ready to spill blood

merely because of a Constitutional question. To insist now that there was no difference in the ideals and purposes of the two forces of 1861 is to reduce history to the plane of the moving-picture shows, to make light of the greatest sacrifices ever offered in this or any country for principle and patriotism. It is to decry the men who saved the Union if we declare that there was only a chance difference between their views and those of their opponents, or to assert that time has wiped out all the principles for which Lincoln and his followers stood. To take such a position is to say that there is nothing steady in our political firmament, that there are no fixed stars of morality by which human beings must steer.

POETRY AND COUNTRY LIFE.

The London *Times* has been giving a great deal of attention to the question in just what degree, and in just what sense, and with just what limitations, poets have "preferred and lived, of free choice, the simple country life." In the first place, the *Times* ventured to suggest that Wordsworth was the only poet who had done so. Then Mr. Alfred Austin, evidently regarding this as an aspersion upon his brotherhood, came forward with an indignant protest. His excited state of mind is shown by the circular character of his argument:

> One could fill a whole page of the *Times* with quotations giving conclusive evidence of Shakespeare's monomania, if you like, for the simple country life. Even in "Measure for Measure," what says the Duke?
>
> For I have ever loved the life removed,
>
> a line in which one seems to hear Shakespeare himself speaking.

One seems to hear! Exactly; but, of course, one does not "seem to hear' Shakespeare himself speaking unless one starts out with the idea that this was a proper sentiment for Shakespeare to have. In like manner we could testify to Shakespeare's monomania for complicated court life, his monomania for war, his monomania for peace, his monomania for eating and drinking and fasting, and so on *ad infinitum*. The *Times* kindly refrains from pressing this point, but answers Mr. Alfred Austin with a column dissertation on poets and their ways, maintaining, on evidence external and internal, that, except for Wordsworth, even those poets who have derived their chief inspiration from nature have not cared to live the simple country life.

This seems to us true enough. Poets in general have chosen Nature as a priestess, but not as a companion. And indeed, the appeal of poets to mankind at large is greatly dependent on this fact. They are constantly giving voice to the love of the country, but it is the townsman's love, not the countryman's. And it is the townsman who longs to find expression for his feeling. The countryman's love of the country is something so ingrained, so elemental, that it cannot be analyzed or written about. But the city man is constantly talking about the country in more or less rapturous language. He calls it nowadays, "God's out-of-doors"; can we wonder that he is glad when a poet enables him to dispense with that phrase? The poet, then, expresses his own feeling about the matter, which is merely that of the ordinary man, but raised to a higher power. He feels, like most of us who live in cities, that the simple country life is a very lovely thing to hark back to, that the thoughts of it, the memories of it, whether drawn from one's own experience or from that of one's parents or friends, have a great power to sweeten, to purify, to recreate, our complex city life. He may even think that a simple country life is in itself the most desirable kind of life, but he feels that the choice is no longer open to him. He may live in the country; but when once he has thoroughly belonged to the town, he cannot again lead the simple country life; for the deliberate pursuit of simplicity is one of the last refinements of the complex.

A more serious question, however, is confronting our modern world. How much longer will poets, how much longer will mankind, have any "simple country life" to fall back upon? One cannot live on memories of an indefinite antiquity, and the simple country life is already little more than a memory. The chief difference between the country and the city at present seems to be that the country has a lower grade of the same things. A small village has come to be very much like a large city with the best parts left out. Take its amusements, for example. It has not the theatre, but it has the moving-picture show; it has not the opera, but it has the phonograph; it has not books, but it has the Sunday supplement—and lives on it all the rest of the week.

The city, too, is doing its share to blunt the fine point of the contrast. It does not import the baser elements of the country, perhaps because it can't, but it does what is worse. It takes the most delicate things it can find and cheapens them by affixing high prices. It takes the flowers of the fields and the fruits of the trees and uses them as mere adjuncts of its own flaunting luxury—mere evidences of "conspicuous waste." Worst of all, it robs the seasons of their sentiment. How can a poet, or any one else, dissociate the thought of spring, when spring finally comes, from the picture of those poor little far-sought daffodils and tulips and strawberries that he has seen in the shop-windows in this chill February weather? The best he can do is to protest against the anomaly, as does Mrs. Gilman in her newly launched organ of protest, the *Forerunner*—

> I hear, in raw, unwelcome dawns
> The sordid sparrows sing,
> And in the florist's windows watch
> The forced and purchased spring.

NOTES ON GERMAN BOOKS.

There is no lack of books about America and Americans on the German book market, but none more sane and impartial in spirit than Ludwig Brinkmann's volume of essays and sketches, called "Eroberer," which is just published by Rütten & Loening of Frankfurt. The initial chapter of this remarkable book begins significantly with the question: "Has America been really discovered?" For whatever is known of a country is to the author of little value so long as its spiritual content has not been grasped. His own attitude is so modest as to command respect; he claims no merit for his papers except the earnest desire to show his readers what he himself has long known: "that there is a new land of which we know nothing, a world that we have yet to discover." He begins his reminiscences of American travel with Concord, which he calls the cradle of an iron race of conquerors; he is convinced that though the people now care little for philosophical musings and æsthetic triflings, the time will come when they will remember their true home and long from the clamor of combat for its classical quiet. Still it is the new America that impresses him most profoundly; of all the pictures that he has seen in the art galleries of the country a painting of Broad Street, New York, has struck him most forcibly: he sees in the skyscrapers the massive expression of an upward will and is ashamed to think

that his compatriots here and abroad belittle these attempts of a new race to create a style reflecting its character and responding to the requirements of its material life. Guarding like a fortress the entrance to the new world, New York is to him full of beauty, for "beauty is the lovely daughter of power." A year later, when he sees the new San Francisco rising upon the débris of the old, he is again struck with the expression of power in American architecture. The work of reconstruction reminds him of ants forever building and rebuilding their cities. "They must build, for that is their nature." So the American people must work, because it is their nature.

To the discerning eye of this critic, the story of the drowned mine of Cripple Creek illustrates many of the salient features of the people's character: "An American knows no limits; the expanse of his country makes his spirit of enterprise far-sighted; should he consider only the business close at hand, he would fear to spoil his eyes." There is a dramatic account of a solitary walk across the mountains from one mining-town to another, when he meets a woodcutter, and is shocked by the recklessness with which the devastation of our forests is going on. His record of a visit to Salt Lake City gives an intimate glimpse of the woman's side of Mormonism and leaves no doubt of the author's sympathies. Everywhere Herr Brinkmann seems to gain his impressions first hand. On reaching the plains, he plunges with zest into the life about him, and finds in "Cimarron Jack" a cowpuncher-philosopher who becomes a most interesting interpreter of America and Americans. A son of New England, transplanted by chance into the wilderness and the vastness of the plains and ever after under the spell of the unlimited horizon, the former Platonist demonstrates to him why we cannot be Heilenes and why the Americanism rising upon the ruins of Hellenism is a logical phase in the evolution of humanity. This chapter of campfire talk is teeming with ideas, and the song which Cimarron Jack sings, as he drives his cattle to shelter, whether authentic or an invention of the author, suggests the rugged beauty of the rhythms of Walt Whitman. The home life of an American mine-owner in Mexico gives the author opportunity to compare the drudging, careworn women of his country, driven by the sacred sense of marital or domestic duty, with the pleasure-loving, self-indulgent type of American women represented by Jane Dickinson. It is a pity that in his wanderings across our continent the author does not meet a single American woman belonging to those thousands that work harder, perhaps, than any European woman, but work from a love of work and a love of the freedom earned by that work. This chapter is the only one lacking the freshness and spontaneity which characterize the book as a whole.

As a severe but judicious critic of his nation and his time Karl Scheffler presents himself in the book of essays called "Idealisten" (Berlin: S. Fischer & Co.). Simply and forcibly he limns various types of the German nation. At times he assumes a tone of pessimism, but he ends with reflections on that which is alive; for there are things in the contemporary life of his country which convince him that the much-vaunted idealism of his people is after all, not dead. He perceives it still seeking realization in the hunger for truth, which manifests itself in religion and social life, in science and art, in literature, and in the divers phases of life itself. He admits that this idealism of truth is analytic rather than synthetic in its results, that it produces Eiffel Towers rather than Gothic cathedrals, that it explains the theory of tone vibrations, but does not create new music, that it tells us exactly what art can and should be, but does not make great artists. Yet the fruit of this passionate search for truth is maturing in a new reading of life. Knowledge of the world may have robbed our heavens of their deities, but to the imagination it has infinitely widened the horizon. In art this search for truth has broken the reign of academicism. He traces the effects of impressionism through all phenomena of life and sees in it not a decadence, but a beginning.

Meyer-Graefe's "Spanische Reise" (S. Fischer & Co.) is a unique book of travel. Whoever expects a carefully arranged and labelled accumulation of facts and impressions will be disappointed, unless the preface has been read, in which the author admits that during his trip he wrote only in the hours for which he had no better use. Thus prepared for his personal and unconventional point of view, you are at once captivated by the charming freshness of these sketches of landscape and people, and profoundly impressed by the excursions into art which is the author's special domain. Meyer-Graefe had evidently started on his journey to Spain and Portugal with the intention of studying Velasquez, but lost sight of his original purpose when he discovered El Greco. This artist, whose foreign descent and erratic development occupied no little space in the art gossip of the reign of Philip II, so forcibly takes hold of his German admirer that he seeks remote nooks and corners of the country for specimens of his work, and ends by seeing Spain through the eyes of Greco. Whether it be due to this subjective point of view, or to the admirable directness of his style, the author certainly makes his readers see Spain not as a decorative historical background, but as a living entity and present reality. No reader is likely to forget the chapter in which, with a whimsical frankness and an undernote of pathos, he tells how his interest suddenly was transferred from Velasquez to Greco. He writes to a friend that a world has crumbled within him. He desires to admire despite himself, but Velasquez can no longer rouse his enthusiasm, nor can even Goya. All this is so gracefully told that the book affords rare enjoyment to the reader untrammelled by preconceived notions of what a book should be which on its title-page is announced as a book of travel and is really a chapter in art history.

No member of that brave and rebellious little flock that Karl Henckell, himself one of them, appropriately called *Gründeutschland*, was better fitted to commemorate the life and work of Detlev von Liliencron than Otto Julius Bierbaum. Nor could the dedication of this book be addressed to one worthier of such distinction than Michael Georg Conrad. For both Liliencron and Conrad, their seniors by a decade or two, retained their youth longer than many of those young men that undertook to revolutionize the literature of their country. Liliencron, Bierbaum, and Conrad stand for the strongest and most vital features that characterize the modern German school, for a wholesome hedonism which offers a corrective for the sentimental bathos of a previous, and the sterile cynicism of their own, period. It seems appropriate, too, that in the volume by Bierbaum, simply called "Liliencron" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.), no attempt is made to present a systematically arranged memoir, but that it is compiled from papers written by the biographer in the course of the thirty-one years which elapsed from the time when he reviewed the first poems of Liliencron, until the day in 1909 when he was called to speak at the memorial service in Dresden.

The several papers that make up the book, while they deal with the work and cluster about the personality of the poet, are really a summary of contemporary German poetry. For the very firstlings of his pen, written when he was past thirty, bore evidence of such a rare and ripe individuality, that he at once became a power in the literary life of his generation. "Wherever in German poetry to-day there is life, one can trace the manner of Liliencron. No poet since Heine has had so profound an influence upon his contemporaries, and it is only since the advent of Liliencron that the power of Heine has been finally weakened." Liliencron's influence over his contemporaries was that of a healthy personality and a brave acceptance of life:

> Nietzsche excepted, it was Liliencron who most decisively determined the poetical creation of our time, and his influence will linger. It was not the influence of one who

had founded a school and from whom this or that could be learned, but something more than that: a sort of transference of power, an influx of courage and of joy. Artists of that stamp have a meaning far beyond the height of their personal art. They are life-givers, they increase the fresh force of the intellectual realm of their nation. For they are those that rouse strength in others.

By presenting so sympathetically limned a portrait of Liliencron and dispelling many mythical stories that have sprung up about his character and conduct, this book deserves a special place in the Liliencron literature which is fairly under way.

It is pathetic to see the book by Frau Ebner-Eschenbach, bearing the title "Altweibersommer" (Imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.). For this slim volume of sketches, tales, and fables offers to her readers the fruits of the aged author's experience—winged seeds that are borne along the autumn wind. The rich knowledge and the genial philosophy of life that made her novels an ethical factor in the fiction of her generation are in these stray leaves from her notebooks; and the language is ever the same, marked by a natural dignity and unstudied grace which are becoming more and more rare in modern German prose. Compared with this book of wisdom, the volume of humorous *causeries* by Otto Ernst, "Vom grüngoldnen Baum" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.), is of light weight, indeed. It seems as if the author of "Flachsmann als Erzieher" and the creator of Asmus Semper were here amusing himself with clever conceits and whimsical fancies while resting from the serious work of recent years. Yet his admirers will recognize in the book the wholesome spirit of the author and will enjoy the informal chat in which the man behind the author appears as a jolly good fellow.

Ludwig Ganghofer is so sympathetic a figure in German fiction that his "Lebenslauf eines Optimisten" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.) will be eagerly welcomed. The book covers the period of childhood and begins with those vague earliest recollections that need a mother's memory to be properly dated. There are charming bits of description; old houses, old streets in quaint old provincial towns pass before one's eyes, and even the optimist cannot suppress a little sigh that they are doomed to make way for things of the new time. But the essential note of the book is the tactful frankness and discretion of the author in handling certain difficult situations and incidents which would have given his ultra-naturalistic brethren an occasion for the manifestation of coarseness parading under the guise of truthfulness.

Among the numerous translations that have recently appeared are three new volumes of Lafcadio Hearn in the exquisite edition of his works, translated by Berta Franzos and illustrated by Emil Orlik, which bears the imprint of Rütten & Loening of Frankfurt. They are "Kwaidan," "Kyushu," and "Buddha." The same firm has just brought out a book by a Danish writer, Jurgen Jürgensen's story of the Congo, "Christian Svarres Kongofahrt," which in its handling of the colonial problem is compared to Multatuli's "Max Havelaar." Among the latest additions to the German edition of George Bernard Shaw are "John Bull's Other Island" and "Major Barbara," like the earlier volumes, translated by Siegfried Trebitsch, who is improving in his work; the publisher is S. Fischer of Berlin. The first of a series of interesting historical novels from the Swedish of Verner von Heidenstam, "Folke Filbyter," is published by Albert Langen of Munich.

A. von Ende.

Correspondence.

CONCENTRATION AND DISTRIBUTION OF STUDIES IN THE SMALL COLLEGE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The *Nation* recently characterized the new plan adopted at Harvard for concentration and distribution of studies as a radical and thoroughgoing modification of the elective system, one that "means much to thousands of individual young men whose choice of studies it will directly affect." Does not this make the new rules appear to be more severe restrictions on the elective system than they really are? As a matter of fact, only one-seventh of the men who have graduated with honor from the Harvard Law School during the past decade failed to meet the new concentration requirement. In respect to distribution, the courses of these men were elected very much in accord with the newly adopted principles. The electives of former classes, however, have not been sufficiently interpreted and published to permit such generalizations regarding the influence of the new rules as have appeared in numerous publications. In particular we cannot say to what extent the freedom of choice of the "Gold Coast" population will be restricted. From my preliminary studies, covering thousands of complete programmes, I am convinced that not half the men at Harvard will feel the effects of the new rules, except so far as their attention is called to the fact that a majority of the faculty believe in some degrees of concentration and distribution.

There can be no better way to consider the need of a small college for such rules as Harvard has adopted than to examine the actual programmes developed under free election. A study of the entire courses of all the graduates of Bowdoin College of the class of 1909 is therefore profitable. This class of fifty-four members took its entire course under an elective system which, for our present purposes, may be regarded as virtually unrestricted. It is true that a concentration requirement existed. Each student was obliged to complete before graduation either one major and two minor subjects or two major subjects. A major subject was one pursued for three consecutive years. A minor subject was one pursued for two years. A detailed study of all the electives of five classes, however, supplemented by personal inquiry in a hundred cases, revealed the fact that apparently not more than one or two students in any class were limited in their choice by the major and minor rules. Above 90 per cent. of all the students concentrated their work in excess of the prescribed amount. Finally, since every student took more hours in the language and literature group than the rules specified, and since he was at liberty entirely to ignore the other three groups (2. Natural Sciences; 3. History, Political and Social Sciences; 4. Philosophy and Mathematics), we can here discover to what extent the Harvard regulations, had they been operative, would have modified the fifty-four individual programmes, which were, in fact, under no such restrictions.

In the first place, the concentration requirement apparently would have had no calculable effect on the electives of this class. The obligation to choose six courses in one department or in one of the recognized fields for distinction, amounts at Harvard to a requirement of concentration in about 34 per cent. of a student's work. That is to say, each student must take one-third of his work in one department or in closely related departments. For purposes of this study, elementary courses are not counted, but advanced courses in the literatures of cognate languages are regarded as "closely related."

At Bowdoin, without compulsion, all but four of the class chose this degree of concentration. (The student who devoted the smallest proportion of his time to his major group gave 36 per cent. to Natural Sciences and 29 per cent. to Language and Literature.) Three of the four exceptions just noted were students who received honors from the faculty and whose electives would have been approved by any committee instructed "to make exceptions to the rules freely in the case of earnest men."

A significant comparison may be made between the degree of specialization twenty years ago, when the studies were mainly prescribed, and the degree of specialization to-day under free election. Ninety per cent. of the class of 1890 spent only 13 or 14 per cent. on their major subjects. Ninety-seven per cent. of the class of 1909 took above 18 per cent. of their work in their major subjects (not counting closely related subjects). The most highly specialized course under the old régime was more scattered than the most widely distributed course under the elective system. Evidently there was not the slightest ground at Bowdoin for the fear that the new freedom of choice would result in greater scattering of electives.

With reference to the Harvard rules for distribution among the three groups other than the student's major group, the electives of these fifty-four Bowdoin men exhibit the following results:

Four students fell one-half course short of the requirement in natural science.

Four students fell one course short, and one student fell one-half course short of the requirement in history, political and social sciences.

Three students fell one-half course short of the requirement in philosophy and mathematics.

No student failed to meet the requirement in language and literature.

To satisfy the complicated Harvard rule regarding the distribution of the six courses among the three groups, five students would have been obliged to substitute for a choice in literature a course in one of the other groups. Such are the few scattering cases that would have been slightly affected by the new Harvard rules, had these rules been operative, and had the committee not included these few cases within the excuse limits of their liberal instructions. I may add that each of these students could, in my judgment, have presented adequate reasons for his slight departure from the necessarily arbitrary scheme which its devisers agree should be administered with free allowanee for individual needs. Even without such allowance, less than 2 per cent. of the units in the total schedules of this class would have been changed by the Harvard rules.

If, therefore, the total experience of the class just graduated is any criterion by which to judge the future—and no better one is possible—the adoption by Bowdoin of the entire Harvard scheme would have only a negligible effect. Nearly, if not all, that the new plan for compulsory concentration and distribution of studies at Harvard aims to achieve is, in fact, already achieved under the much more restricted curriculum and the virtually unrestricted elective system of a typical small college. WILLIAM T. FOSTER.

Teachers College, Columbia University, February 14.

[The article above criticised had no reference to the particular form that the Harvard rules have taken; it appeared in the *Nation* of December 16, on the occasion of the action of the Overseers in pursuance of which the rules were afterwards adopted. What was welcomed as so important was the recognition by Harvard of the cardinal defects of the elective system as hitherto carried on at that university, and the declared purpose of the contemplated change.—ED. NATION.]

THE OLD LIBRARIAN'S ALMANACK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In examining "The Old Librarian's Almanack" (the first issue in Dana and Kent's The Librarian's Series, printed at Mr. Dana's press in Woodstock, Vt.), several interesting points have come to my attention which are not presented in the brief but serious notices of the work in the *Nation* and elsewhere. The "Almanack" is copyrighted by Mr. E. L. Pearson, who has for several years conducted the "Librarian" column of the Boston *Transcript*. In his preface Mr. Pearson sets forth interesting bibliographical and biographical incidents regarding the Almanack and its composer—the worthy Jared Bean, some century and a half ago, "curator of the Connecticut Society of Antiquarians." These limn for us very neatly the figure of an old-time librarian, a book-lover and bookdelver, reminiscent of that other famous student, Dr. Dry-as-dust; and the characteristics thus outlined stand out more clearly in the pages of the Almanack itself, with their quaint counsels, distiehs. maxims, and verses. A little careful investigation into the "references" cited by Mr. Pearson brings further enlightenment. No mention of the sale of an imperfeet copy of the Almanack in 1896, as stated by him, is to be found in "Book Prlees Current"; "Mrs. Sarah Gilman Bigelow's 'Literary and Genealogical Annals of Connecticut' (N. Y., 1870)," which is the cited authority for the old librarian's biography, has no existence in trade or library catalogues, and is unknown to students of Connecticut genealogy; the Newburyport Antiquarian Society, in which this treasure is said to repose, is unknown among learned societies, and no trace of the valuable collection of the late "Nathaniel Cutter, Esq.," where Mr. Pearson says he "found" the Almanack, is known to collectors or dealers. To the careful reader of the Almanack these curious facts will come, not as a surprise, but as amusing confirmation of the internal evidence of the book itself.

Mr. Pearson, however, is in error in one statement concerning his bibliothecal hero. He states that Jared Bean "died a bachellor." This is a mistake. The old librarian was married clandestinely, and late in life, to a young English woman, who, finding his attitude toward her sex intolerable, left him within a year, and returned with her infant to her native shores. Matilda Bean, the only child of this ill-mated couple, though descending in the social scale, attained maturity and became well known to a later generation as Mrs. Harris, the familiar friend and confidante of that eminent female practitioner, Mrs. Sairey Gamp.

HELEN E. HAINES.

Pasadena, Cal., January 31.

THE CARNEGIE PENSIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Referring to Professor Lovejoy's letter in relation to the service pension of the Carnegie Foundation, printed in the *Nation* of February 3, permit me to say:

The matters noted by Professor Lovejoy were covered in some degree by the following resolution adopted at the same meeting, but apparently not known to him:

It was also on motion, duly made and seconded, resolved that first, the executive committee be instructed to safeguard the interests of the following classes of cases: (a) those who have research work in view and have shown themselves unmistakably fit to pursue it; (b) those whose twenty-five years of service includes service as a college president; and (c) those in whose mind a definite expectation has been created by official action that they will be accorded the benefits of the Foundation within the year 1910; and that, secondly, the executive committee be authorized to formulate regulations in accordance with these instructions.

The retirement of men in good health to pursue their studies unhampered may be regarded as one of the most important functions of the Carnegie Foundation. It seemed, however, financially impossible for the Foundation to meet the demands of an unexpectedly large class of men, professors for twenty-five years, in good health, who have done no important scholarly work in the past, and are planning none for the future. DAVID STARR JORDAN.

Stanford University, Cal., February 11.

ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. A. T. H. Brown, in your issue of January 27, made the suggestion that St. Paul and Minneapolis should get together and adopt one name. His reason appears to be that the combination would form the seventh largest city in the United States, whereas at present there are two cities ranking sixteenth and twentieth in size. Minnesota now has two "pushing, thriving cities." If they combined, there would be but one. Which is the more desirable, two cities with a combined population of 500,000 persons, or one city with the same half million persons performing the same work, wearing the same clothes, eating the same food, with unehanged ambitions and sentiments? Will the combination produce more enterprising business men, more honest public officials, more beautiful homes, a higher degrees of culture, more brotherly love?

As far as the selfish purposes of the politicians is concerned, it seems to me there would be a greater danger in the combination. St. Anthony, as a combination of St. Paul and Minneapolis, could control State politics. The "country" would then always be in the minority or on the "city" side.

May we not call the spirit that keeps up the two city organizations local pride, rather than selfishness? Is there any harm in the little joke of the man from St. Paul who calls your attention to the fact that the railway companies quote rates only to St. Paul, because nobody wants to come to Minneapolis, anyway? I think we can even forgive the man from Minneapolis for the statement that he is willing to unite the cities under a combined name, calling the sum "Minnehaha," the "Minne" for Minneapolis and the "ha-ha" for St. Paul. E. W. HAUCK.

Sutter, Cal., February 15.

"THE LAST LEAF."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your eorrespondent, "J. M.," who is puzzled by the "mutilation" of "The Last Leaf," apparently has never seen the poet's own explanation of the revision.

Appended to the illustrated edition of "The Last Leaf," Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Cambridge, 1886, is a history of the poem written by Dr. Holmes and dated Beverly Farms, July 9, 1885, in which appears the following:

The poem as first written had one of those false rhymes which produce a shudder in all educated persons, even in the poems of Keats and others, who ought to have known better than to admit them. The guilty verse ran thus:

> But now he walks the streets
> And he looks at all he meets
> *So forlorn,*
> And he shakes his feeble head
> That it seems as if he said
> "They are gone!"

A little more experience, to say nothing of the sneer of an American critic in an English periodical, showed me that this would never do. Here was what is called a "cockney rhyme"—one in which the sound of the letter *r* is neglected—maltreated as the letter *h* is insulted by the average Briton by leaving it out everywhere except where it should be silent. Such an ill-mated pair as "forlorn" and "gone" could not possibly pass current in good rhyming

society. But what to do about it was the question. I *must* keep

They are gone!

and I could not think of any rhyme which I could work in satisfactorily. In this perplexity my friend, Mrs. Folsom, wife of that excellent scholiar, Mr. Charles Folsom, then and for a long time the unsparing and infallible corrector of the press at Cambridge, suggested the line

Sad and wan,

which I thankfully adopted and have always retained.

JAMES H. PERSHING.

Denver, Col., February 13.

"IT'S ME."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The article on "It's me" in the *Nation* of February 10 sent me to my notes, where I find a good many examples from literature. The animadversions of your writer on linguistic principles in general are, in the main, sound, but they are irrelevant and inapplicable to the idiom in question. Professor Jesperson is accustomed to look facts of language in the face, and hence records this familiar locution. "It's me" is a fact of language, just as "c'est moi" is, though of quite independent development. That "It's me" is not "an innovation" is shown by its frequent use in Elizabethan literature, and that its use is not confined to "the small boy" or "the radical" is shown by the following illustrations from Emerson, Browning, Tennyson, Shelley, Byron, and Thackeray, to go no further.

In Emerson's "The Adirondacks" he writes: "So like the soul of me! What if 't were me?" Which recalls Shelley's line in his "Ode to the West Wind": "Be thou me, impetuous one!" And in his "Essays" Emerson writes: "I am not one thing and my expenditure another. My expenditure is me."

Other examples are: "How will He know it's me"—Tennyson; "Is it me thou fearest?"—Byron; "'Of course it's me,' answers the young man"—Thackeray; "'Twas me this day last year at Ravenstein You hurried"—Browning.

Nor is this "a question of temperament"; it is simply in accord with the democratic tendency of the language to use the objective after the verb, whatever the kind, just as the tendency is to use the nominative before the verb; as, "Who did you give it to?" "He was denied admittance," "He was given a dinner." Authors make authority, and when the grammar of grammarians stands in the way of an idiom of the people, grammar is going to get run over.

EDWARD A. ALLEN.

University of Missouri, Columbia, Mo., February 16.

[If authors make authority, certainly the great weight of authority, from Elizabethan days to the present, is for "It is I." Probably there are few idioms, generally regarded as undesirable and likely to remain so regarded, for which testimony could not be found equal to that for "It's me." "He saw you and I" is common in Elizabethan and later writers, but it is scarcely in the way to become good idiom. Perhaps this letter from a teacher of English explains in part the inability of so many college graduates to write correctly.—ED. NATION.]

Literature.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF A PEOPLE.

The American People: A Study in National Psychology. By A. Maurice Low. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.25 net.

The fruit of more than twenty years of residence and nine of study, this attempt to trace the formation of American nationality evidently deserves serious consideration. Mr. Low approaches his subject quite in the spirit of Taine. The human product emerges, he assumes, along a line which is a resultant between the stresses of inner character and outward circumstance. In this first part of a comprehensive study the formative process is followed to the eve of the Revolution. That America has produced a new race is the point of departure: "America is no longer England, or even a reflex of England. America is American; and if the character of the American people is to be understood and their civilization is to be correctly interpreted, they must be measured by their own standards, and not weighed in the scales of foreign make." Just what the American character is Mr. Low's enthusiastic rhetoric indicates only in broad and rather vague lines. We hear of the indomitableness of the democratic spirit, of the fluid condition of our social and public life, of a national vitality still too high to have reached "that stage when imagination makes a greater appeal than action." The sketchiness of the treatment is probably due to the fact that Mr. Low means to build up his picture *a posteriori*.

That the Puritan is at once a much-maligned type and the very heart of American nationality is the main contention of this book. That the Puritan was gloomy, hated the arts specifically, affected sombre colors, was fanatical beyond the wont of the age, Mr. Low brings abundant evidence to disprove. Many of the repressions which have passed for fanatical were directed against overt disorders or immoralities, or otherwise based on sound public policy. The Puritan, who must be carefully distinguished from the milder and relatively ineffectual Pilgrim, was a person of influence and education, a persistent rebel, but also a shrewd man of affairs. In a passion for knowledge he contained the dissolvent of the tyrannical theocracy he aspired to found. Practically our early history is one effort towards education, with intermittent rebellion against the pretensions of the crown, and frequent unopposed secessions of discontented or oppressed sectarians. Boston became another England, pushing off her best into the wilderness. By a sound practical sense, curiously opposed to his theoretic intolerance, the Puritan managed to live at peace with neighbors of liberal views. Thus the Rev. Thomas Hooker's settlement at Hartford managed to set up a real democracy, the harbinger of the liberation to come, between the stern theocrats of Boston and New Haven. Roger Williams's eccentric refuge at Providence Plantations was unmolested, and he, while admitting all innocuous vagaries among his fugitives held them strictly to decent conduct. In a word, the Puritan persecuted no one who was not under his nose or otherwise troublesome, and in this was far in advance of his age. Possibly, Mr. Low here credits too much to character what really was due to inaccessibility. The Bostoners were simply too busy to bother about the remote subversive Hookers and Williamses. But the general truth that the Puritan régime steadily made for self-government and individualism is incontestable. Mr. Low's conclusion is that the Puritan's virtues were largely his own and rapidly intensified by opportunity and necessity, while his faults were merely those of his age.

We cannot follow the details of the argument. It is always ingenious and usually sound. The assertion of the isolation and relative unimportance of the Mayflower compact and the Plymouth Colony will doubtless be unpopular, but we doubt if it can be shaken. Possibly the importance of the Hartford colony is exaggerated, though in view of the marked influence of the Connecticut system upon the constitutions of other colonies and that of the nation one must welcome the prominence given to Hooker's constitution. In dispelling certain discredited but stubborn misconceptions about the Puritans, Mr. Low has done good service. Most people probably still believe that the "sad" color worn by the colonists was funereal in effect. As a matter of fact, it included a wide range of those subdued shades which persons of taste still affect. "Liver colour, tawney, russet, French green, deere colour, orange colour" are called "sadd" in a contemporary list of dyes. Obviously a city thus habited would have presented no monotonous aspect. Of course, readers of Samuel Sewall's diary, or even of Mrs. Earle's pleasant books, knew all these things, but they have to be repeated. We are still in a stage where many intelligent persons believe our forefathers pronounced Ye (the) as they did the personal pronoun. On the value of what seem the portentous church hours, as intellectual recreation, and on the usefulness of the Sabbath rest, Mr. Low is amusing and persuasive. The Indian he treats almost as summarily as the colonists did. He was the "whetstone" on which wars

were sharpened, and we used him up in the process. *Voilà tout!*

What is especially novel in a study that necessarily moves on most familiar ground is the emphasis laid upon the Puritan as an incorrigible stickler for his rights. The Revolution was merely precipitated by the casual stupidity of English ministries. It was already written in the stars. Mr. Low hardly notes the rather interesting paradox of persisting social distinctions with increasing political equality—a process well exemplified in modern France. Well into the last century, college lists contained an especial category of "esquires," *i. e.*, gentlemen. A great-grandfather of your reviewer as a "gentleman" bought a tract of land from another ancestor who is written down officially a "yeoman."

The other colonies receive a less extended treatment, though Virginia is regarded as hardly second in importance to Massachusetts. As Charles I drove out the Puritans, so Cromwell made Virginia attractive to the Cavaliers. But the first had the enormous advantage of laying their own social foundations, while the second were superimposed upon a poor white class already produced by the deportation of criminals and ne'er-do-wells. King Tobacco, requiring *latifundia*, costly change of fields, and servile labor was already regnant, and under his patronage oligarchs throve rather at the expense of the commonwealth. Here were bred, however, amid generous social amenities those masterful men who were to direct the early republic. Here, we think, flowered a true sense of hospitality and communal responsibility which remain a valuable leaven in our tumultuous civilization. One likes to dream of what might have been could the South have grown merely as a greater Virginia. But, unlike Massachusetts, Virginia sent out pioneers in abundance, yet rarely colonies of her best. As the feeble stream of settlement trickled southward the pall of slavery, and corresponding ignorance grew heavier. The rebel spirit inherent in the colonial breast persisted, but the rationale of protest was obscured. The Mecklenburg resolution is, we think justly, regarded as a ripple without ulterior profit. Nor was there anything constructive to be had from Oglethorpe's ready-made colony of Georgia. To the end Virginia remained the ideal to which the South generally, while approximating, never fully attained.

Lord Baltimore's colony of Maryland, however, struck in the principle of religious toleration a prophetic note, which it was soon unhappily to disown. George Calvert is the single mysterious figure in our early annals. If we knew what he really was up to, a historical novel of the Henry James type might possibly be evoked. Mr. Low weighs the possible motives with a delicate hand, and comes to no conclusion, but is evidently doubtful of the common view that Calvert was a disinterested philanthropist. Whatever his aim, he kindled a spark that while America is herself can never die. More directly in the apostolic succcssion of religious liberty is Roger Williams, about the only unambiguous Protestant saint that colonial America produced. We can merely allude to the just and vivacious pages which reveal in Rhode Island that pullulation of rival tolerant sects which was to amaze Tocqueville some two centuries later, and was to be written down as the chief characteristic of new America.

Pennsylvania was, in a manner, a new Maryland, but steadied by proximity with the northern colonies and by an opportune influx of sturdy German immigrants. With the abundant literature of German immigration Mr. Low seems unfamiliar. It is a field that he will have to cultivate seriously in his later volumes. The Swedes of Delaware and the Dutch of New York simply came and went, contributing nothing to the commonwealth but their brawn. This is a hard judgment, but we think a fair one. The Puritan and Cavalier had the good fortune to derive from an England in intense intellectual and political fermentation. The Dutch colonists, urged merely by considerations of trade, had the ill-luck to leave a fatherland complacently diminishing its rather small stock of ideas. Thus they could contribute, and Mr. Low hardly concedes them so much, only their sturdy physique and some sedative leaven of common sense.

This book is almost exclusively analytical, and beyond saying that the analysis is scholarly, based on sources, and in the main persuasive, criticism can only take the form of exposition. The style is always alert and stimulating, though at times it seems to us overswollen in the manner of high-political journalism. We await expectantly the synthesis which the next volume must bring.

CURRENT FICTION.

Lord Loveland Discovers America. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

A very good-humored, pleasant, wholesome, improbable story of a young peer, conceited and wife-hunting, who gets his deserts in America—and something over. Lord Loveland is the type, the commanding type in English fiction, of the hero in love and war who, by virtue of his old name and good looks, has but to put forth his finger to lay the world at his feet. He is complaisantly used, as a rule, by the British romancer: as, for example, by Mrs. Ward, in her recent study of international adventure and matrimony. This story, indeed, is a perfect obverse of "Marriage à la Mode." The situation at the outset is the same. Our young nobleman, who finds himself at the last extreme of (noble) poverty, is dispatched to America by his haughty mamma to get him a profitable wife. She assures him that there are plenty of American heiresses in the market, and that not one of them would dream of refusing him. That is his opinion, and he sets forth in full feather, prepared to see and to conquer. So far the two stories march side by side: here is a sharp parting of the ways. Mrs. Ward is in sympathy with her hero from start to finish. It seems to her quite natural that he should marry an American girl for her money, and she provides for the subsequent action by making the girl unworthy of him. The present writers hold a brief for the other side. They very much dislike the spirit of Lord Loveland's enterprise, and see to it that he pays in full. He carries letters of credit and of introduction to the States, but soon after his landing matters occur which make it impossible for him to use either. He is cast out of the Waldorf-Astoria, and thereafter, for a few weeks, has an educating experience as a penniless sojourner in a strange land. The upshot of it all is that he reforms, ceases to be conceited, begins to love his fellow-man, and is duly rewarded by the acquirement of an heiress (or rather a fabulously successful novelist and playwright), whom he has wooed as a poor girl. Of course, if my lord had recalled the existence of the British consulate, there would hardly have been a story. Fortunately, he did not, for the narrative is so lively, hearty, and soothing to American sensibilities as to commend itself strongly, even to the jaded reader.

Tower of Ivory. By Gertrude Atherton. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Mrs. Atherton's sharp and yet sweeping pen has gathered to her no inconsiderable band of admirers; few of them would have ventured to predict a story from her hand at once so modern in its waiver of the agreeably romantic, and so proud in its idealism. Its mere outline might be rendered sufficiently sordid in the telling. A young Englishman, heir-presumptive to a title, is in Munich, languidly preparing himself for a diplomatic career. At twenty-three, with the god-like beardless features of the British hero of romance, he is much spoiled by all women. His longed-for succession to the title hangs upon the death of an unmarried elder brother, which misogyny and drink seem to promise in the not distant future. Meanwhile young John Ordham, with nothing to live on and extravagant tastes, is deep in debt; and the inevitable marriage for money is urged upon him from all quarters. He meets a beautiful Amer-

ican girl, and is ardently coveted by her and her clever "Momma." He is attracted, but "Momma" sees that he will never really swallow the bare hook of a pretty little chatterbox, and whisks the girl off to London before the first attraction is exhausted. Ordham is left in Munich with only a pleasant and fading memory of the child.

Six months later, however, he is tricked into marriage with her, and after the deadly commonplace experience of calf-love, wakes to find himself cheated and bound to a silly woman. And he then realizes that before his marriage the best of him, his heart as well as his mind, has become the property of another woman. He has met Margarethe Styr after the little heiress's departure from Munich. Margarethe is his senior by a dozen years, and the intimacy which has sprung up between them has remained blameless. But the bond cannot be broken, and after Ordham's marriage it becomes clear to both that it is not a bond of friendship. "The Styr" is a great singer and actress, a protégé of the mad King of Bavaria. During the many years of her career as a singer she has lived upon a high plane intellectually, and her private life has been without reproach. But she admits to Ordham that the rumors are true which assign to her a low origin, and a shameless life for many years as a professional courtesan. She does not regret that life, since she believes that it has contributed to her powers as an artist, and even to her present strength of character. But he proposes to cast his career to the winds, and to join their lives at all cost. His wife dies, and his brother. He becomes almost in the same moment a peer, and a man free to marry the woman to whom he feels that fate has already joined him. But the Styr understands that this will mean ruin for them both, and finds the only way out.

The silly little wife, the pair of manœuvring dowagers, the brutal brothers, do not quite emerge from the convention of their rôles. But Ordham and Margarethe Styr are persons conceived and presented with extraordinary clearness and power. One does not doubt that the bond which unites them, and which is fated to suffer no tarnishing by failure of magnanimity on either side, is the supreme bond which has linked the great lovers of all time.

Rhoda of the Underground. By Florence F. Kelly. New York: Sturgis & Walton.

This story deals with the operations of the extensive system of assisting runaway slaves across the Canadian border, known in ante-bellum days as the Underground Railway. While written from an obviously partisan point of view, it shows fairness of judgment, and a sympathy with those individual slaveholders who tried so gallantly and so vainly by their personal kindness to redeem the institution of slavery from its inherent evils. The writer has embodied the two opposing sides in Rhoda of the Underground, and her lover, who is a determined adherent of the South. There is a fine victory of principle over personal feeling, and they part as war is declared—he to serve in the Confederate army, and she to nurse in the Union lines, leaving to the decision of Providence the vexed question of which is to yield, and agreeing to abide by the result of the war. It is one of those books the soul of which so far outweighs its body that one can readily overlook the mediocrity of the latter.

Cab No. 44. By R. F. Foster. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

This writer, well known as an authority on bridge, plays out his story, mystification upon mystification, like a well-planned hand at no-trumps. The plot is ingenious, and though at times a little trite, it succeeds beyond the wont of detective stories in rewarding the reader with a final surprise. The chief interest lies in the movement of the story, for, in spite of much careful effort at characterization, the personages are no more than marionettes who go through the action of their pantomime at the will of their manipulator. The weakest link of Mr. Foster's chain is the effort to minister to that pathetic fallacy, the absolute necessity of the "love interest." The hero's affair of the heart is unconvincing to the point of being ludicrous. It is to be hoped that in the future the author will see fit to give us a detective story that makes no attempt to deal with anything but the keen analysis and unravelling of problems that are so well within his scope.

FRENCH MEMOIRS.

A Rose of Savoy. By H. Noel Williams. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50 net.

Madame Du Barry. By H. Noel Williams. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2 net.

Madame de Maintenon. By C. C. Dyson. New York: John Lane. $4 net.

The old régime in France is still the apparently inexhaustible storehouse of courtly romance. Indeed, for a good many people the old régime means little else than the court at Versailles or the gossipy salons of Paris. Few know the real eighteenth century: the great creative period which made the nineteenth possible, which saw the dawn of science, the emancipation of reason the rise of rationalism, the development of commercial and colonial politics, the beginnings of social and economic science. It stands in most minds for the stately formalism of an age of hollow morality, for a clogged classicism in literature—burst through, it is true, by the volcanic passion of Rousseau, and cleft by Voltaire's rapier thrusts; a stilted world in a stilted style.

The three books before us are all of a kind. They are biographies built up out of the results of the more recent French investigations. They are works of vulgarisation, not original contributions to historical knowledge. This is not said in condemnation. It merely means that they must not be judged as products of scientific research, but rather as literary compilations: efforts to convey a more or less correct impression of the results of such research on the part of others. The trouble is, however, that when one who is not a trained historian attempts to popularize the scientific achievements of historical research, he is as likely to mis-state the case as would a theologian writing a text-book on Darwin. History-writing seems so easy to the untrained mind. These books teach us, if anything, how difficult it really is.

Noel Williams has now written some ten volumes of biographies, all dealing with notabilities at Versailles. He is familiar with that world of intrigue in which French royalty moved, from the Fronde to the Revolution. He has gone to the works of the best of recent French investigators. His picture is drawn in the plainest lines, without a touch of rhetorical display, in homely and uninspired fashion. But a straightforward style does not always mean a straightforward story. Mr. Williams tries to be impartial, but because his interest is in his heroine and in her story rather than in mere truth for its own sake, he fails to meet the demands of the impartial reader. When two accounts conflict, the one dramatic, the other commonplace and sober, he cannot resist the temptation to choose the striking narrative for the body of his page, even when he shows his deference to the critic by referring to the other in his footnote. For example, take the account of the "Rose of Savoy" (p. 464), where we are told that when the Duke of Orleans (later the Regent) went to sprinkle holy water on the coffin of the Dauphin,

> he had to endure "the most atrocious insults from a people which believed it was showing clemency in not falling upon him and tearing him to pieces!" Similar scenes were witnessed in Paris, when he passed through it with the funeral cortège, in spite of the precautions taken by the police, and "for some minutes there was everything to fear."

This is straight from Saint-Simon, the duke's bitterest enemy. Mr. Williams feels obliged to tell us in a footnote that Sourches and the *Mercure* tell of the orderly conduct of the crowd. Yet he follows Saint-Simon without a qualification in the body of the text. Such use of the tools of historical scholarship

makes the scholar skeptical of the "vulgarizer." For whenever truth and fiction conflict, truth falls into footnotes and fiction has the page.

The "Rose of Savoy" was Marie Adelaide of Savoy, duchess of Burgundy, and mother of Louis XV. She was the light-headed, high-spirited little princess, who came to grace the court of Louis XIV, when it was already taking on that austere tone which Madame de Maintenon brought into it. There is something in the relation of this sprightly girl, fond of practical jokes, to her moping husband, which suggests that other royal visitor to Versailles, Marie Antoinette. Fortunately for herself—and for her husband—the duchess did not live to share the responsibilities of government. The woman who caused the fall of Vauban was about as well fitted to rule as the one who brought about Turgot's retirement. Their husbands were of an equal degree of ineptitude, though from different causes. The "Rose of Savoy" was not without a thorny side to her character, and that long inertia known as the era of Fleury might never have given its refreshment to exhausted France if this vivacious woman had been able to satisfy her caprice at the expense of the nation. Mr. Williams has, of course, not concerned himself with these broader aspects of the problem. He becomes interested in his heroine as a light-hearted girl, and tells her story as a friend. The details of what dresses they wore, how "Monsieur's waistcoat was entirely covered with diamonds, tied by strings formed of diamonds," the number of times the king kissed her when she first arrived at court, the amount of money Madame de Montespan lost at the gaming table—items like these fill up the pages of a biography which finds but little else to record. And yet we had already Sainte-Beuve's keen analysis of the Duchess.

As for Madame du Barry, here historians forget that the proudest ladies of France—the sister of the powerful Duc de Choiseul, for instance—envied her, and that her chief reproach was not that she was mistress of a king, but that she was low-born, and had been immoral outside of court circles. In this biography, however, Mr. Williams has been relatively successful. Not venturing to be too sympathetic, he has made a fairer use of sources. Here are many indications of conscientious study. Vatel is the main basis for the biography, but his exhaustive apology for the "joyous libertine" is duly tempered. The result is, we believe, a reproduction of du Barry as she really was: light-hearted, unconventional, unaffected, simple but vulgar in bearing, generous at heart, not malicious like Pompadour, not imperious like Montespan, absolutely unmoral rather than a conscious sinner—a jolly, giddy thing, retaining her healthy animal spirits in the unwholesome atmosphere of corrupt Versailles. One must not forget in judging her that she retained the affection of the king to his dying moments, and that Louis XV had tired of all the means of self-gratification ever offered to a man before she entered into his life. This is a genuine tribute to her charms. Madame du Barry has borne the blackest character among many of her class, but when one looks at the peculiar kind of achievement of her life, and then follows her generous impulses to her equally unmoral mother and to her neighbors, one feels little of that repulsion called out by the selfish, sordid lives of her titled rivals.

The life of Madame de Maintenon has recently been the subject of serious research, and something like a definitive biography is now possible. The work of the late De Boislisle has proved much to be legendary which formerly passed for history. The stories concerning her stay in the West Indies, the arrangement of her marriage to Scarron, and the way she was introduced at court, are now to be retold in more sober guise. The "Souvenirs de Madame de Maintenon," published by Hanotaux and d'Haussonville in 1902, furnish us with her last letters and the only authentic copy of the Journal of Madame de Maintenon's secretary, Mlle. d'Aumale. We are now in a position to know intimately what manner of woman it was who "converted" Louis XIV, turned him from a libertine into a Puritan, and still managed to retain her control over him absolutely, so long as he lived. Mr. Dyson's biography is an attempt to place this new knowledge before the English reader, along with the well-known history of which Maintenon was the centre. The political rôle of the King's wife had been exaggerated by earlier biographers. In these pages the point is well made that Louis was not the man to be led, too directly at least, into plans that were not his own. This tribute to his strength of character is also to be found in the latest full study of his reign, the masterful analysis by Lavisse. But if Madame de Maintenon was not responsible directly for the expulsion of the Huguenots, she induced an attitude of mind in the king which led indirectly to the same end. She was more than a colorless ornament, a kind of prude sitting by the royal fireside to grace his moments of leisure. She was a strong-willed woman, of infinite tact and indomitable perseverance, who never tired under the most exacting demands of that egoist whose ego was held to be a sort of divine symbol of the nation. Such a woman was no mere figure-head set over the king's household. But her influence was of that intangible type which leaves no record for the historian. Mr. Dyson's biography is a careful piece of work; albeit wanting in deep insight. Its chief merit, indeed, is in the elaborate use of the sources, of which there are many interesting citations. A little thin in itself, the narrative takes on color and gains in interest from these glimpses of parts of old letters and diaries, more eloquent than any comment: the very human stuff out of which the tale is made.

Homer and the Iliad: An Essay to Determine the Scope and Character of the Original Poem. By F. Melian Stawell. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3 net.

Even after the recent works of Lang, Leaf, Seymour, Bréal, and Murray, the "Homer and the Iliad" of Miss Stawell cannot be pronounced wholly superfluous. Its main value, however, lies not in the demonstration of its thesis, but in the accompanying literary criticism and incidental appreciations of Homer's art. Miss Stawell's special theory of the origin and structure of the Iliad will go the way of all Homeric theories. Its distinctive feature is the rejection, with Grote, from the "original Iliad" of book ix, the Embassy to Achilles, and of book viii, which leads up to it; though she retains not only the general picture of the war contained in books ii to vii, but also books xxiii and xxiv, after the climax has been reached in the death of Hector. In the affirmative part of her argument, Miss Stawell follows and resumes Mr. Lang, with many interesting and subtle suggestions of her own. For example, she argues that if we retain book xxiv, the Ransom and Burial of Hector, then book xxiii, the Funeral Games in honor of Patroclus, is needed to prevent the immediate juxtaposition of the emotional climax at Hector's death with that which finds expression in the lamentations at his burial. She might have reinforced this point by a comparison with the structure of Plato's "Republic," where the interpolation of the digression on poetry in the first half of book x has the same effect and probably the same intention. In her rejection of book ix, she expounds and expands the arguments of Walter Leaf and other disintegrating critics. It would be idle to go over this ground again. We note merely that destructive criticism brings with it bad luck, as usual. To prove that book xix is incompatible with the embassy, Miss Stawell tells us that in xix, 134-6, Agamemnon even goes so far as to say that he had never been able to give up his anger. Agamemnon says nothing of the kind. Miss Stawell mistranslates οὐ δυνάμην λελαθέσθ' Ἄτης, ἥ πρῶτον ἀάσθην.

We have ourselves no theory of the Iliad, constructive or destructive, to maintain. But it is a curious fact that destructive arguments nearly always involve misinterpretation or false statis-

tics. One such argument, hitherto generally accepted, Miss Stawell successfully challenges. The late origin of books xxiii and xxiv has been affirmed on the ground of the Odyssean character of their diction and syntax. Contemporaneously and coincidently with Prof. John A. Scott's treatment of the same question in the January number of *Classical Philology*, Miss Stawell shows, in the tables of her appendix, that the alleged distinctions are illusory, and that these books are, if anything, rather less, not more Odyssean than the others. From this, she advances to what many will deem the extreme position of affirming a common authorship for both poems. The little differences in culture, mythology, and ethics which undergraduates are required to memorize vanish under closer scrutiny. Even the *Nekuia*, allowing for a few evident interpolations, is, she thinks, a consistent conception of the life after death, worthy of a great poet. The linguistic differences between the "Odyssey" and the "Iliad" are less than those between Milton's early poems and "Paradise Lost." There remains not the slightest tenable disproof of the traditional faith in a common authorship.

Space fails to do justice to the admirable literary criticism, which relieves these philological details and which makes the book worth reading even for those sensible students who have resolved to waste no more time on Homeric controversies. No one has shown more convincingly the inadequacy of the poem postulated by critics under the name "The Wrath of Achilles." They may cut away the parting of Hector and Andromache, but they cannot think it away. "Our sympathy with Hecuba's last appeal to Hector is infinitely more tender, if we have already known her as the mother who would always see in the warrior the little child at her breast. . . . We must still read xxii in the light of xxiv (as well as in the light of iii and vi and xii, or our loss will be incalculable). If Homer does not exist, we must just invent him for the sake of literature."

The chapter on Homer and the Icelandic sagas brings out many interesting analogies, and there are numerous other apt and illuminating illustrations from later literature. One parallel is too happy to be omitted. To show that the phrase ἀπὸ δρυὸς οὐδ' ἀπὸ πέτρης in Hector's last soliloquy may well be understood in the picturesque literal meaning of the words, and need not necessarily be taken in the conventional idiomatic sense, which they bear elsewhere, Miss Stawell quotes two passages of Browning:

> The water slips o'er stock and stone.
> ("By the Fireside"),

and,

> Why men! Men and not boys! Boys and not brutes!
> Brutes and not stocks and stones!
> ("The Ring and the Book").

The Rise of the Mediæval Church and its Influence on the Civilization of Western Europe from the First to the Thirteenth Century. By Alexander Clarence Flick. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

Professor Flick's purpose, as he himself states it, is to meet the demand for "a simple account of the evolution of the old Church minus all theological and dogmatic discussions." He lays down with great clearness the principles on which all writing of church history ought to proceed, emphasizing especially the importance of holding the treatment absolutely to the rules that govern all other kinds of historical study and writing. At the beginning of the book and at the close of every chapter, he gives extended bibliographies of original and secondary material. At the foot of every page are copious references to the passages of historians, theologians, or what not, from which his statements are taken. We are thus able to follow the author pretty closely in the process of his study. The title "Rise of the Mediæval Church" is misleading. In reality the book is a continuous narrative of the growth of the church during the first twelve centuries of its life, and quite as much weight is properly laid upon the early period as upon the mediæval.

If we were to use one word to characterize this book, it would be "academic." Dr. Flick has had good teachers and has handled the right books. He has examined evidence for and against the claims of the Church in its chief institutional crises. The student will find here a fairly useful and trustworthy guide to wider reading. He will not be misled by doctrinal or other prepossessions, and perhaps this is all the author desires. The book is, however, another illustration of how much harder it is to make a good brief general survey of a period than to write either an encyclopædia or a monograph. To be successful such a survey must first of all have style—not be stylish; Heaven forefend! —but have that subtle sense of form and proportion for which we have no name but style. And this style must come from such a complete command of the subject as cannot be gained by hearing lectures or working in "seminaries" or even by investigating in libraries. It must come from such penetration with the knowledge of great moments and the spirit of great men that its overflow will reach the comprehension of the untrained, but attentive reader.

Dr. Flick is best in his presentation of critical moments, as for instance, the Petrine question, or the causes of Roman persecution. He likes to enumerate, and every teacher knows that enumeration is always welcome to the pupil. But when these critical points are passed, the narrative drops into a rather wearisome monotone of facts, presented in short detached sentences that do not carry. It is well to know what writers an author is mainly following, but continual reference to his sources, early and late, becomes tedious and ineffective. We especially dislike the repeated references, chapter after chapter, to pages and sections of modern books. It is a demoralizing method for the teacher and cramps the space which the author should keep free for better things. The pupil who cannot find his way in a book without this aid is not worth helping.

Dr. Flick holds out the prospect that he may continue his work through the Reformation and the modern period. We hope he will; but we hope also that he will see his way to pruning off several of the weaker parts of his scheme and holding more firmly to the valuable plan that underlies it.

Anna van Schurman: Artist, Scholar, Saint. By Una Birch. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. $2 net.

If the belief that learning, piety, and personal attraction in a woman are stepping-stones to fame, the case of Anna van Schurman, "artist, scholar, saint," is a sufficient disproof. Even the latest biographer of Anna van Schurman confesses that her name came to the writer's notice by accident. The result of the ensuing investigations is a readable exposition of this one-time celebrity's career—her life, her work, and her religious struggles. Incidentally, we have a glimpse into Dutch seventeenth-century life, and the general current of religious feeling in the Low Countries during that period. A little more than two centuries has elapsed since the Star of Utrecht, the Tenth Muse, stood preëminent among her countrywomen in the world of art and letters. Royalties and foreign men of letters corresponded with her. Queen Christina of Sweden travelled all the way from Brussels to Utrecht to visit her. The incomparable Anna became an object of cult among her own countrymen. She spoke or wrote with fluency several modern, ancient, and Oriental languages; had mastered every subject included in the higher education of her time; was an accomplished painter on glass and porcelain; a poet, musician, and dialectician. Yet she just reached that point in which general proficiency stops short of genius; and today her name is conspicuous by its absence from the encyclopædia or library of biographies.

The strong religious tendency which showed itself in Anna van Schurman's character from her infancy was partly the result of heredity, but largely of environment. The Spanish yoke had been thrown off; and the renaissance of national life that followed was marked by a corresponding activity of religious life. The Reformation had multiplied sects by giving greater scope to indi-

vidual opinion. The sense of reverence inherent in the Dutch character produced an atmosphere of religious discussion in which the individual conscience was the main factor. Anna met many lights of zeal and piety, and gradually drifted into that current of religious thought of which Labadie was the chief apostle. She put away earthly things—and, certainly, worldly *convenances*—after coming under the spell of the French evangelist; formed a "spiritual alliance" with that worthy, made common household with him, and shared his trials and persecutions in being driven from pillar to post. Her advanced middle-age at this turning point of her career could not shield her from the tongues of the ill-natured; posterity would judge her differently. Her character was that of a shrewd, talented, womanly woman, in whom the saint wrestles long with the sinner, and finally gains the mastery. Whether her life was a success is a question which the individual reader must decide. A woman who continually deplores the vanity of her talents and erudition, yet says in the same breath that they are noble as coming direct from God, and who is "delighted" when a French poet writes odes to her personal charms, is perhaps a riddle, but certainly very human. "Papa" Labadie and "Mamma" Van Schurman jogged together very pleasantly through the last years of life, finding peace in the spiritual communion which brought them together.

Tremendous Trifles. By G. K. Chesterton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.20 net.

Composing romances, writing the lives of illustrious contemporaries, and interpreting Christianity to the English does not, of course, consume all the exuberant energy of Mr. Chesterton. In his playful moments, which must be tolerably frequent, he contributes to the columns of the *Daily News*. The thirty-nine articles which constitute this book—the number has doubtless a symbolical value—originally went straight from the author to the man in the street, and so preserve for us the first fine careless rapture of the journalistic fancy. They were written apropos of everything that happened to turn up—a piece of chalk, wind in the trees, a lost ticket—the more insignificant the better. But, as a good-natured blacksmith *in horis subsecivis* hammers odd scraps of iron into children's toys with the same big strokes and the same fierce shower of sparks that accompany the shoeing of a horse or the forging of a chain, so Mr. Chesterton wields his adventurous pen. "Let us be ocular athletes," he cries, "let us learn to write essays on a stray cat or a colored cloud." He does not pretend to conceal his delight in displaying his athletic power; he hastens to add, however: "Any one else may do it better, if any one else will only try." Characteristically magnanimous, he underrates his own accomplishment. The assurance is too bald and emphatic; in its present form, it threatens a dangerous rush of young men into journalism. At most, it means that if you have caught your hare, you may learn to cook it; if you have written a sermon, you may learn to put it into a stone or a brook or a piece of chalk—or even into a life of George Bernard Shaw. With a vigorous analogical mind, one can start from anything and get to almost anything else—in time. To start from Fleet Street and land in heaven, to start from anything and land infallibly after precisely three jumps in democracy, patriotism, or orthodoxy—*hoc opus, hic labor est.* This is Mr. Chesterton's feat—a few, whom just Jupiter loved, have done it. Without subscribing to all his thirty-nine articles, one may find genuine delight in at least a dozen of his philosophical parables.

The Commonwealth of Australia. By B. R. Wise. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3 net.

Mr. Wise, the author of this good book, is a native Australian, educated however in England at Rugby and Oxford, whence after attaining to much distinction as a scholar, and also as an athlete, he returned to his birthplace. Here he has reached eminence, serving long as attorney-general of New South Wales, and taking an important part in the federation of Australia. His broad mind, evident ability, and wide experience qualify him admirably for his task, and we have in his work a compact and illuminative account of his great country in all its phases—its physical characteristics, its development, sociological, economical, and political, and its condition at the present moment. Though a loyal subject of the Crown, and a devoted patriot, he shows no narrowness, and abstains from all buncombe. He recognizes candidly many faults in his people, and does not veil the mistakes they have made in their struggle. While the story throughout has great interest to serious students, we think Americans will find most valuable the statesman-like résumé of the framing of the Constitution through which Australia has become a new United States.

Though the Australians had the advantage of our precedents and experience and of those of Canada, and bore them in mind at every step as they proceeded, yet their conditions were none the less perplexing. A remote Anglo-Saxon outpost close at hand to a multitudinous and aggressive Orient, a collection of provinces whose interests often sharply conflicted, a determination to be thoroughly independent and yet a loyal portion of the British Empire—certainly the problems of the men of the South Pacific were scarcely less formidable than those of the men of 1787. How the happy result was obtained, and how the complicated mechanism works now in its initial stages, is calmly and lucidly set forth by one who fought in the debates and has had a hand in the administration.

Of the many points of interest to Americans, we will note only these: the Australians have determined that theirs shall be a white man's country. They stand to-day a remarkable homogeneous body of five millions, mostly English and Scotch. The colored races are not welcomed to citizenship; and as regards European stocks other than Anglo-Saxon, while there is no constitutional bar to admission, yet ingeniously devised immigration tests make entrance difficult to populations of low standard. The doctrine that the land shall be an "asylum for the oppressed of all nations" has no currency. The Australian frankly accepts this narrowness, maintaining that an Anglo-Saxon polity must be administered by an Anglo-Saxon people, and that in the end, it will be better, not only for his own commonwealth, but for the world, that there should be this exclusion. As to this point, he holds that the experience of the United States is a warning.

Again, as to a tariff, the Australian Constitution provides for high protection, as a convenient source of public revenue, as insuring a diversity of industries, and also as a safeguard to a high wage for the working classes. A high wage, they regard as essential to a proper standard of living; it is the workman's right; and here it is well worth while to note the intelligent and persistent effort to prevent the absorption of the advantage by greedy individuals and trusts.

These are particular points of interest, but, in every part, the Australian Constitution deserves to be pondered by thoughtful Americans. Mr. Wise does for Australia what President Lowell does for England and Mr. Bryce for the United States. It is the convenient handbook for an epoch-making political construction of English-speaking men.

Notes.

The Macmillan Co. announces the completion of the new edition of the "Dictionary of National Biography" in twenty-two volumes, which occupy only about one-third of the space required for the sixty-four volumes of the original edition.

The "Revised New Testament" is about to be issued by the University Presses of Oxford and Cambridge, with fuller references. The marginal references, begun by Dr. Scrivener and continued by Dr. Moulton, both of whom have died, have been completed

by Dr. Moulton's son, Dr. J. H. Moulton, and his old pupil, Dr. A. W. Greenup.

It is announced that the New York Public Library, at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street, which has been building for more than ten years, will be completed, except the approaches and furniture, on May 1.

The women students of Cornell University have fallen heir to the homestead of the late Charles Alfred Hasbrouck, about a mile from the campus, and the house is to be turned into a lodge for them.

Dr. Frederick J. Furnivall, the English Shakespearean scholar, celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday on February 4, and on the following Sunday sculled thirteen miles on the Thames. "It is quite a customary thing for me to do this spin every Sunday morning in the winter for a little exercise," he remarked.

Etienne Emile Marie Boutroux, the French philosopher, who expected to sail for this country this week, is to deliver a course of lectures at Harvard, and will also make four public addresses at Cambridge under the auspices of the Cercle Français upon the "Essence of Religion" and the "Movement of Contemporaneous Philosophy."

Prof. John M. Manly has recently arranged with the Oxford University Press for the publication in facsimile of the Caedmon manuscript in the Bodleian Library. The agreement is to issue a collotype to subscribers at five guineas net; only one hundred copies will be published. The plan was laid before the Modern Language Association of America at the Eastern meeting at Cornell University; and a resolution was unanimously passed commending the enterprise to American scholars and university libraries, and requesting the committee on the reproduction of early texts to make preliminary arrangements for publication. In accordance with this resolution, Prof. J. W. Cunliffe of the University of Wisconsin is issuing a circular with a form of subscription attached, which he will send to any one interested. Applications will be filed in the order in which they are received, and the subscription list will be closed as soon as one hundred names are registered. The manuscript consists of 260 large pages, and is of especial interest, not only on account of the importance of the text and the very remarkable illustrations, but because of the system of metrical points, which cannot be studied to advantage without exact reproduction.

"The Literary Profession in the Elizabethan Age" (Sherratt & Hughes, Manchester and London), by Phœbe Sheavyn, D.Lit., is an exceptionally solid and valuable monograph. Parts of the book have already appeared in the *Library*, and the first five chapters, which deal with the economic side of the subject, were presented as a thesis for the degree of doctor of literature in the University of London. The whole is now published as the first number in the English Series of the Publications of the University of Manchester. Miss Sheavyn has collected interesting data in regard to the personal relations of authors, their habits, social standing, etc., and she discusses also the tastes of Elizabethan readers, and the Puritanical opposition which poetry—especially the drama—had to contend with. Much the most important part of her work, however, is that which deals with the economic aspects of an author's life in the Elizabethan Age. To be sure, she offers no views of startling novelty with respect to these questions. Nevertheless, she has brought together a valuable mass of evidence on all the matters involved—patronage, the prices which the different forms of literature commanded, subsidiary means of support which were open to authors, and the rest. Dr. C. W. Wallace's Shakespearean discoveries were made public too late to be used in this book. The picture which Miss Sheavyn draws is one of terrible hardships. It is even darker than one might have imagined, before being confronted with the large body of evidence. The transition from the old system of patronage, exclusively, to the independence of later times, brought with it pains of both body and soul. On the question of copyright Miss Sheavyn adopts the current view that the Elizabethan "law regarded—or was popularly believed to regard—the mere possession of a manuscript, apart from any previous entry in the books of the Stationers' Company, as implying ownership, and consequently the right to dispose of it." Notwithstanding the evidence she cites in proof of this statement, we cannot believe that the practice was so general as is assumed. So high an authority as A. W. Pollard (in his recent "Shakespeare Folios and Quartos") argues that it was not.

William J. Harris, borough librarian of Bromley, England, has compiled a useful bibliography entitled "The First Printed Translations into English of the Great Foreign Classics" (Dutton), which marks, we hope, the commencement of an effort to render information concerning translations in general more accessible than has hitherto been the case. The present work, so far as it goes, seems to have been done with care—for one thing there is a satisfactory title-index; but we do not understand the principles of inclusion governing the main lists. Why, for example, should annotated editions of Old English texts be numbered among "first English translations"? Obviously, too, some of the translations here listed as the first have little interest beyond that which comes from priority of issue; intrinsically they may be worthless. If the editor's chief aim had been to provide "a supplement to text-books of English literature," he might in a first venture have restricted his field to that of translations of Greek and Latin classics, and yet have taken this field broadly enough to include the best and most significant as well as the earliest versions of classical authors. A bibliography that mentions Potter's translations of Euripides, and not Murray's, might do some immature student of English a considerable disservice.

The "Ten Great and Good Men" celebrated by Henry Montagu Butler, D.D. (Longmans), are all Englishmen, and, with a single exception, orators. These lectures, which were mostly delivered before school or college audiences, have a calculated simplicity, and, though they naturally savor of the platform, make good reading. On the subject of public lecturing the master of Trinity, Cambridge, has his views, which are communicated in a preface. He hopes that the book may encourage other speakers to youthful audiences to treat of national heroes in a simple and forceful spirit. For such addresses this book might indeed serve as a model. Burke, the second William Pitt, Canning, John Wesley, Wilberforce, Lord Shaftesbury, the philanthropist, John Bright, "Chinese" Gordon, Dr. Thomas Arnold, and Thomas Erskine are the ten worthies under discussion. All are treated sympathetically, none more so—and the fact illustrates Dr. Butler's ripe tolerance—than the dissenters Wesley and Erskine.

The English "Who's Who" (Macmillan) for 1910 comes to us with fifty more pages and about 500 more names than were included in last year's edition, bringing the number of sketches up to about 20,000. The usefulness and general accuracy of this book are now well established, and its scope is increased each year by the addition of names of Americans and Continentals. True, it is not easy for an American to see why certain of his countrymen are included and others are not; but, after all, it may be well enough that we do not see ourselves as others see us. Thus far, the volume's rate of growth has not prompted the publishers to adopt as a remedy the theory that with some persons distinction is chronic, while others recover from it—a treatment it has been found necessary to employ in other cases in order to check biographical *embonpoint*, and a sort of fatty degeneration of fame.

"New Hampshire as a Royal Province," by Dr. William H. Fry (Columbia University Press), adds another to the list of substantial monographs in the field of American history, for whose inception scholars have chiefly to thank Prof. Herbert L. Osgood. Dr. Fry's narrative has little claim to literary distinction, and its more than five hundred solid pages make serious reading; but as a contribution to the study of the American colonial period it has high importance. Like its predecessors in the series to which it belongs, the work is a detailed study of government and administration; such questions as the growth of population and the extension of the settled area, intercolonial relations, and general economic and social development being, for the most part, excluded. Thus, after an excellent introductory chapter on the history of New Hampshire to 1679, when the colony became a royal province, Dr. Fry proceeds at once to examine in detail the organization and powers of the executive, legislative, and judicial departments, the land and military systems, and the thorny maze of colonial finance. The Governor, though in reality exercising less ample powers than his commission would indicate, and dependent upon the Assembly for his salary, seems nevertheless to have been a difficult official to get rid of, as experience with Cranfield, Belcher, and the Wentworths shows. In the relations between the Governor and the Assembly, matters appear to have run about the same course in New Hampshire as elsewhere in America, the lower house of Assembly successfully asserting its right to control the colony purse and the treasury officials, and stubbornly refusing, not always with the best of reasons, to make permanent provision for the support of the government. The situation in regard to paper money

was peculiarly difficult in New Hampshire because of the exposed frontier and the frequent wars with the French and Indians; though the depreciation of the bills of credit seems not to have been greater than elsewhere, nor return to specie payment after the last war, more troublesome. The religious controversies which rent Massachusetts are happily absent from the early history of New Hampshire; nor did the Bay colony, when the New Hampshire settlements were incorporated with it, apply to them its own rigid ecclesiastical restriction of the franchise. Dr. Fry's long chapter on the land system is especially important as the first thorough-going examination of a really difficult topic. If the volume errs at all, it is in the direction of undue detail, together with the occasional description of governmental operations of the ordinary sort, in no way peculiar to New Hampshire; but these are minor blemishes in what must be praised as a sound piece of historical work.

Another selection from the addresses and fugitive writings of Henry D. Lloyd comes to us under the title of "Men, the Workers" (Doubleday, Page & Co.). Next to "Wealth Against Commonwealth," the present volume is perhaps the best exposition of Lloyd's attitude towards certain concrete aspects of the labor movement, particularly trade unions, strikes, child labor, and the eight-hour day. Speaking at the great meeting in the Chicago Auditorium, in 1903, called to celebrate the arbitration of the anthracite coal strike, Lloyd was able to draw some striking lessons from the progress of organized labor since 1895, when "dim and dingy Battery D," in the same city, held the meeting called to celebrate the release of Debs from Woodstock jail; and the papers in this volume have historical value as an indication of that progress.

In his "Source Book for Social Origins" (University of Chicago Press) William I. Thomas has brought together a large number of extracts from prominent writers on the relation of society to geographic and economic environment; mental life and education; invention and technology; sex and marriage; art, ornament, and decoration; magic, religion, myth; and social organization, morals, the state. The selections are judicious, and to each group are added a comment and a bibliography; there are also supplementary bibliographies on the various geographical divisions of the world. The volume furnishes useful material for students—the bibliographies are extensive and are accompanied by remarks on the value of the books mentioned. The work is dedicated to the memory of William Jones, the young Indian folklorist who was killed in Luzon not long ago by a hostile tribe.

Now that the ends of the earth have been explored, it is fitting that the energetic traveller should turn his steps to regions more accessible, but hitherto overlooked. Such a country is Corsica, which, though it lies within sight of the Riviera, and is passed by scores of steamers daily, remains, for the tourist at least, almost *terra incognita*. If Napoleon had not been born at Ajaccio, we may doubt whether the island would have emerged even yet from the mediæval penumbra in which it was hidden for centuries. George Renwick, in "Romantic Corsica" (Scribner), succeeds very well in showing the attractions of Corsica, and he tells how easily they may be visited. He himself covered more than 800 miles on a bicycle—sufficient evidence that the roads are good. He has something to say of the history of the place, where Paoli competes with Napoleon for local commemoration, much about the people and their customs, and still more about the scenery. T. G. Ouston contributes a chapter on mountain-climbing, and there is information as to hunting and shooting. A large number of excellent views really illustrate the volume.

A notable addition to the Aryan series of the Anecdota Oxoniensia has been published this year (Oxford: Clarendon Press), to wit, the Âitareya Âranyaka, edited by Arthur Berriedale Keith, already well known to Sanskrit scholars through his articles on religious and social problems. The text is supplemented by the parallel chapters of the Çânkhâyana Âranyaka, vii-xv, and eight very complete indices. This, however, is only half of Mr. Keith's work. The other half consists in a useful historical introduction (including a dissertation on style and grammar) and an English translation of the Âranyaka with copious notes, wherein the editor has "tried to extract as much as possible" from the text. And it is indeed remarkable how much modern scholarship can find in a philosophical manual of this sort, or, in other words, how much more we know than the writer knew. For example, the ancient author of this work, which the editor ascribes to the seventh or eighth century B. C., describes a "swing-ceremony"; but he does not really know why the swing is swung, although he attempts an explanation. Yet to modern science the ceremony is one easily pigeonholed under the heading of sun-charm and sympathetic magic. To his note on this point the editor might have added a reference to the charm still practised in India, not only in the Krishna cult, which he mentions, but in the rites of wild tribes, and, had he gone further afield, he might have shown also that this rite of the wild tribes had its parallel again in those of our American Indians. But this would perhaps be an overloading of a wagon already packed full of good things. Nor is the well-read editor often at fault to supply the deficiencies of the authorities to whom he refers. If Speijer (p. 177) "is unable to cite an example from Sanskrit" to illustrate the common Latin agreement in gender of a superlative with its own noun rather than with the gender of the partitive genitive (occasionally violated, as in Keith's example, *velocissimum animalium delphinus est*), the omission might easily have been supplied. There is a good case, for example, in the great Sanskrit epic: "Of streams (fem.) the best (masc.) is ocean (masc.); of quadrupeds (masc.) the best (fem.) is the cow (fem.); of lights (neut.) the best (masc.) is the sun (masc.); of mountains (fem.) the best (masc.) is Himavat (masc.); and of castes (fem.) the best (masc.) is the Brahman."

More important are other questions raised in the editor's extremely valuable notes. To touch only on one point, Mr. Keith rightly rejects Deussen's metaphysical explanation of the great word *brahman*, but does he himself go to the root of the matter when he says that the "original sense of *brahman* must clearly have been prayer or spell"? To the present reviewer, *brahman* appears to be indisputably derived from the root *barh*, which meant primarily strengthen, and *brahman* was first of all "the Power," corresponding to Polynesian *mana*. From this came both the meanings, spell and spiritual power, eventually the universal power, impersonal God. But these examples only show how rich a field the commentator of the Âitareya Âranyaka has traversed. If the text must be in the hands of every Sanskritist, it is none the less true that in the commentary the Latinist and the comparative religionist (if this word may stand without protest) will also find many facts known to them perhaps in their own fields, but here happily illustrated from a treatise much older than any prose work in classical literature.

A meeting in commemoration of the life and work of Richard Watson Gilder was held in Mendelssohn Hall, New York, last Sunday afternoon. Gov. Hughes, who presided, delivered a eulogy of Mr. Gilder's character and career, and other speakers were Robert Underwood Johnson, Talcott Williams, President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia, Johnston Forbes-Robertson, the English actor, Dr. Hamilton Wright Mabie, and Jacob Riis.

Mrs. Maria McIntosh Cox, an author and writer for newspapers, died at her home in New York last Monday at the age of seventy-seven years. She contributed to the *Evening Post* a number of sketches on the civil war, and also published in that paper a series of contributions under the captions "Household Thoughts" and "Home Thoughts." Her separate books include "Jack Brereton: or Three Months' Service," a war story, and "Raymond Kershaw."

Miss Mary Olivia Nutting, for more than thirty years librarian of Mount Holyoke College, died on February 13, at the age of eighty. She had travelled widely and had written several books, among them "Life of William the Silent, and the Netherland War," "Steps in the Upward Way," and "Our Summer at Hillside Farm." Her pseudonym was Mary Parrett.

Dr. William Everett, for many years head master of Adams Academy, in Quincy, Mass., died on February 16, at the age of seventy-one years. He graduated at Harvard in 1859, was awarded the B.A. degree by Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1863, and an M.A. by the same college in 1869, and from 1870 to 1877 was tutor and assistant professor of Latin at Harvard. From 1877 until 1893 he was master of the Adams Academy. He was for many years a contributor to the *Nation*.

Arthur Fraser Walter, a great-grandson of John Walter, the founder of the London *Times*, and its chief proprietor until last year, when, under a reorganization of the company he became chairman of the board of directors, and the controlling interest was secured by Lord Northcliffe (Sir Alfred Harmsworth), died on February 22, at his home, Bear Wood, Wokingham, at the age of sixty-three.

James Allanson Picton, the English nonconformist clergyman, Radical politician, and writer, died recently in London, at the age of seventy-seven years. His publica-

tions include "New Theories and the Old Faith," "Life of Oliver Cromwell," and "Lessons from the Rise and Fall of the English Commonwealth."

Science.

Trees and Shrubs of the British Isles. By C. S. Cooper and W. P. Westell. 2 vols. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $7 net.

These two handsome volumes contain sixteen full-page colored plates and seventy full-page black and white plates drawn from nature by C. F. Newall. The authors have succeeded in giving good popular accounts of the native species of shrubs, as well as trees, growing in the British Isles, and they have included in their list many of the more striking cultivated plants. As the type and size of page have been selected to suit the pictures, and a heavy paper used, it is evident that these ponderous quartos were not meant for handy use out of doors, but were designed for the libraries of those who are not particular in matters of study, but who like to have a general notion of plants. The authors are wisely conservative. They have adopted an old system of plant-arrangement and have, as a rule, taken only the best known specific names for the shrubs and trees described. They have given the common name first, and that is an excellent plan in a work of this kind, since it frees a good many readers from an unnecessary embarrassment. A large number of ardent lovers of trees and shrubs know the common names and do not care at all for the scientific ones. The descriptions are generally accurate and plain, and can be easily read by any beginner with the help of the excellent glossary prefixed. The treatise has a good deal to say about various enemies of plants, the fungi and injurious insects, and gives sound advice as to preventive and curative measures.

The drawings are singular in one respect, which will not merit general approval: the inequalities of surface of the leaves are very strongly emphasized, sometimes with an unpleasing result. One naturally compares these drawings with the work of the best of our own artists, such as Faxon and Mrs. Ames, and the comparison is not favorable. But the colored plates are much above mediocrity.

The work would be easier for amateurs to use if the authors had given keys to the groups. Nevertheless, if a beginner patiently and faithfully tries to match his specimens with these drawings and paintings, he will not be likely to go far astray. It will be necessary to caution the American reader that he must translate into his vernacular some of the terms employed in the insecticidal and fungicidal recipes: for instance, "paraffin" is our well known kerosene oil.

"Reptiles of the World," by Raymond L. Ditmars, curator of reptiles in the New York Zoölogical Park, and author of the excellent "Reptile Book," which is devoted to American reptiles, will soon be published by the Sturgis & Walton Co.

From Rome comes the first monthly bulletin of the International Institute of Agriculture, not nearly so complete as it will be, but at least a tangible beginning in the collective official report of crop supplies by the nations. This first bulletin is of eight pages, neatly arranged, setting forth the decisions of the general assembly, an outline of the statistical service proposed for this and next year, the system of distribution of countries into geographical zones, and other information. A table of winter wheat figures is fragmentary, those for the United States being the only complete returns. There is another table of winter rye statistics; also assurances that the German and British governments are now making inquiries with a view to supplying the reports requested, and that the Italian government will be ready to furnish monthly information after June 15 next. At a time when the world is concerning itself about high prices of food, the possibilities of the Institute's bulletin become of significant interest.

A tablet is to be placed in Sage Chapel, on the campus of Cornell University, in memory of Ross Gilmore Marvin, the member of the Cornell faculty, who was with Commander Peary during his recent Polar expedition, and was drowned in the Arctic Ocean on April 10, 1909.

Col. Charles Chaillé-Long was awarded a medal by the American Geographical Society on February 15, for work done in exploring the sources of the Nile, while serving on the staff of Gen. Gordon in 1874. Col. Chaillé-Long is a native of Maryland, where he was born in 1842.

The research expedition for the study of Alaskan glaciers sent out last summer by the National Geographic Society, under the leadership of Prof. R. S. Tarr of Cornell and L. Martin of the University of Wisconsin, is described by them in the *National Geographic Magazine* for January. These glaciers are hundreds in number, and the Malaspina, with a surface area of 1,500 square miles, is the largest in the world outside the Polar regions. Their changes are at times very great, as in 1905-06, for instance, one glacier moved forward a mile. The discovery of the cause of this remarkable motion was the foremost object of the expedition. The report is accompanied by fifty-four striking illustrations and maps. At the annual meeting it was announced that the total membership of the society was 53,333, the net increase for the year being 14,637.

In a "History of the Human Body" (Henry Holt & Co.), H. H. Wilder of Smith College seeks to put Anatomy in a popular form such as may be appreciated by the general reader and be particularly useful to the medical student. This is done by giving as many of the essential facts concerning the structures of the lower vertebrates as seem to throw light on those of man, together with brief chapters on the phylogenesis, ontogenesis, and ancestry of the vertebrates. The result is a handsome book of nearly six hundred pages, in which the author brings together a large mass of material, much of which is necessarily presented with such brevity as to make it doubtful if the average student will rightly apprehend what he reads. Much of the matter is pleasantly set forth, in a way to attract the general reader desiring to know something of the results of comparative anatomy and their bearing on the greater zoological problems. The illustrations are numerous, well selected, and for the most part well reproduced; a few are exceptionally fine.

At a meeting of the American Therapeutic Society, held last May at New Haven, the question of suggestion as a curative agent was considered in a series of papers by a number of physicians of much experience, including M. Prince, J. J. Putnam, F. H. Gerrish, E. W. Taylor, and B. Sidis. These papers, nine of them altogether, were printed in the *Journal of Abnormal Psychology*, and are now again published by the Gorham Press (R. G. Badger) in a little book of two hundred pages bearing the title "Psychotherapeutics, a Symposium." The discussion is an interesting presentation from the physician's point of view of the practical value of hypnotic or "hypnoidal" treatment in its various forms, and, necessarily rather briefly, of the theoretical considerations underlying them. Although the authors do not always agree, the book will be welcome to many to whom the journal in which they appeared is not readily accessible.

Edmund Wright, associate professor of mathematics in Bryn Mawr College, died on Sunday morning at the hospital of the University of Pennsylvania of heart disease, after an illness of four months. Professor Wright was an Englishman, and won distinguished honors at the University of Cambridge, being senior wrangler in 1900, first in the second part of the Mathematical Tripos, in 1901, and Smith's prizeman in 1902, and had been for the past seven years a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. He was called to Bryn Mawr College, in 1903, to succeed Professor Harkness, now professor of mathematics in McGill University. He was the author of numerous papers in the field of higher mathematics. In 1908 his treatise on "Invariants of Quadratic Differential Forms" was published by the Cambridge University Press.

Edward A. Bowser, who was professor of mathematics and engineering at Rutgers College (his alma mater) from 1871 until 1904, died in Honolulu on February 22, at the age of sixty-four years. He was born in Sackville, New Brunswick. His publications include several mathematical text-books.

Dr. Martin Ekenberg, the Swedish scientist, who discovered a process for drying milk, and had been experimenting with a process for converting peat into fuel without air drying (on which subject he read a paper before the Iron and Steel Institute, in London, last May), died recently in Brixton prison, London, having been committed for extradition upon charges of attempting to murder four persons in Sweden by sending them bombs through the mail.

Drama.

Life and Art of Richard Mansfield, with Selections from His Letters. By William Winter. Two volumes. New York: Moffatt, Yard & Co. $6.

The most obvious comment, perhaps, upon this book is that it is a memorial worthy of a far greater man, and far greater actor, than Richard Mansfield. Into it Mr. Winter, one of the most eloquent and learned of dramatic commentators, has put some of his best analytical and descriptive work, rich in insight, apposite quotation, and felicitous epithet. It is the most notable addition to contemporaneous theatrical literature that has been made for a long time, fascinating as a bit of illuminative biography, complete and manifestly authoritative in its statements of fact, masterly in its criticism of plays and exposition of Shakespearean characters, sane and vigorous in its attitude toward modern stage tendencies, and continuously interesting as reminiscent narrative. Many readers will be unable to concede to Mansfield the intellectual and histrionic preëminence which Mr. Winter would confer upon him, but few will dispute the positive value of his achievements or the rare quality of the intelligence, the endurance, and the ambition that enabled him to triumph over the most formidable obstacles.

He was an uncommon personality and a striking example of hereditary influences and the effects of early training. Into the minor details of his childhood, of which not much is certainly known, it is not necessary to go. His mother, Erminia Rudersdorff, one of the noblest singers of her day, was a woman of eccentric character, imperious temper, and unaccountable moods. Her husband, Maurice Mansfield, who died young, was an accomplished violinist and musical critic, and her father was a conductor of eminence. From the first, therefore, Richard existed in a musical and artistic environment; but his family was migratory, and his life one of vicissitude. According to his own account he was subjected to negligent and sometimes cruel treatment by which his nature was warped and embittered. Referring in later life to these experiences he declared that there were times when he felt the world so antagonistic that if he could have overthrown the pillars of the universe he would have done it. His education was acquired in the intervals of European travel and at school in Derby, England, a place of which he always cherished tender recollections. He learned to speak French and German, to paint and draw a little, and to play the piano and sing excellently well. In the early seventies his mother brought him to this country and for four or five years he lived in the neighborhood of Boston, then an important theatrical centre, where he formed associations and developed tastes which led him irresistibly toward the stage. With his mother he was constantly at odds, and in 1877 he left her to seek his fortune in London. There he was often put to strange shifts to keep body and soul together, but his confidence in his star never wavered. His pluck and tenacity of purpose were admirable, and, at last, he established a reputation in operettas, for which he had special qualifications. His career, indeed, then seemed to lie in that direction, but, returning to New York, he ultimately joined the Union Square Theatre Company, and by a lucky chance obtained the part of Baron Chevrial, in "A Parisian Romance" (1883), which enabled him to put his foot upon the first rung of that dramatic ladder which he was to climb so successfully.

That night of victory still lives in the memory of all old playgoers. His performance, considering his youth and comparative inexperience, can only be called extraordinary. Diabolical egotism, remorseless cynicism, and loathsome senile depravity have rarely been depicted upon the stage more vividly, or with more consummate finish. In later years, this impersonation was much weakened by elaborated and exaggerated artifice, but it was always powerful, and no student of his career can fail to note that in tragedy or semi-tragedy all his later successes were won in the portrayal of passions proceeding from a malign or cankered will rather than the ruder, primary impulses of nature. His acting always suggested the calculation of intellectual design—not always realized—rather than the promptings of spontaneous feeling, and this is why, in deeply emotional characters, he seldom created illusion, though he often compelled admiration. He never mastered the language of the primeval emotions which are the foundation of all great tragedy. It may have been some dim perception of this fact, or instinct, that led him to select for his most serious efforts such characters as Hyde (a hideous perversion of Stevenson's ideal), Shylock, Richard III, Rodion, Humphrey Logan, Ivan the Terrible, Nero, and Napoleon. Intellectually, doubtless—for he was an exceedingly clever man—he could have comprehended Lear, Hamlet, Othello, or Macbeth, but he could never have expressed the essential humanity in them. Romeo, Orlando, or Hotspur would have been sealed books to him. The sympathetic human side of Henry V eluded him utterly, while of Brutus he discerned only the brains and the purpose, not the man.

It was in the lighter eccentric characters of his repertory, in which his natural manner (of which he could never divest himself), his airy, insolent, or mordant humor, his observation and his mimetic power came into play, that he was at his best as an actor. Among them may be mentioned his Prince Karl, Beaucaire, Brummell, Don Juan, Captain Bluntschli, and Dick Dudgeon. His Cyrano de Bergerac was chivalrous, authoritative, vivacious, devoted, and, at the last, pathetic, but lacking in variety of mood and romantic flavor. Here, too, he failed to strike the deepest note. But Cyrano could only be acted perfectly by an actor possessing the combined faculties of Fechter and Coquelin. In his skeletonized version of "Peer Gynt" he did little more, as Mr. Winter suggests, than illustrate his own moods, vagaries egotism, cynicism, and unconventionality. Doubtless that particular performance derived its chief interest from his dominant individuality, but this ever obtrusive "self" of his proved a sad stumbling-block in other impersonations. Mr. Winter argues that the potent individuality and brain of a great actor must inevitably reveal themselves in certain peculiarities of method and manner, and this is doubtless true of all actors, but not at all times. The mannerisms of Irving, for instance, were many and distressful, but he was a threefold personality in Matthias, Louis XI, and Malvolio. The late W. J. Florence could, on occasion, merge himself utterly in the assumed character. Phelps in versatility was almost a Proteus. There was nothing in the Conrad of Salvini—not even the stature—to recall that player's Othello. But certain peculiarities of gait, gesture, and facial and vocal expression were constant in Mansfield and became, indeed, the rigid and immovable boundaries of his artistic expression.

Whatever diversity of opinion there may be concerning his true rank as an actor, there can be no doubt that he was an extraordinary man, and it is the rare merit of this book, as biography, that by its full and affectionate revelation of his character it explains at once the failures and the triumphs of his career. The copious correspondence printed proves that, throughout his professional life, Mr. Winter was the actor's most intimate guide, mentor, and friend, advising and helping him in his choice and construction of plays (though the advice was not always taken), sympathizing with and encouraging him in his difficulties, and backing him with cordial critical appreciation. The service which he rendered was inestimable, and Mansfield's letters teem with fervent protestations of esteem and gratitude. They often show him in a new and very pleasing light and also reflect, as in a mirror, the strange complexities of his nature and disposition. His ambition was boundless, his self-esteem enormous, his temper alternately jovial and arrogant, his jealousy of a professional rival—Irving, for instance—fierce and unreasonable. Yet he could be capable of most generous appreciation. Sanguine in re-

verses, indefatigable in enterprise, reckless in expenditure, he could be as infirm of purpose and as childishly querulous as the veriest weakling. Exclusive, imperious, and irritable, he wondered at his unpopularity and went through life with the conviction that he was the victim of hostile conspiracies. A law to himself, he could profit little by the experience or example of others.

The intention of the management of the New Theatre to remodel the interior of the theatre and to discontinue the production of opera is on every account to be welcomed. In making the auditorium better adapted for dramatic purposes a much-needed improvement will be effected; but aside from this the devotion of the building, and of the enterprise, exclusively to the drama is in itself calculated to yield better results than the combination plan. The mission of the New Theatre should be, and should be known by everybody to be, the serious cultivation of dramatic merit. As yet, nothing more than a tentative and very imperfect beginning has been made by it in the carrying out of such a purpose. Opera in New York is cultivated on a grand scale and is amply appreciated; the dramatic stage, on the other hand, is in a very bad way, and the public taste for the drama is in an extremely backward condition. To make the New Theatre a real theatrical centre, a place where plays worth seeing are given by competent and highly-trained actors every night in the week, would be to do New York and the country an invaluable service.

Music.

American Primitive Music. By Frederick R. Burton. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. $5 net.

Many readers of this valuable book will be surprised to hear that the first serious effort to learn and state the truth with regard to Indian music was made by a German student, not more than thirty years ago. Theodore Baker chose this subject as the thesis for his doctor's degree at Leipzig. He spent some time in the Seneca reservation and at the Carlisle government school, and his conclusions, published in a small German volume, gave evidence of skilful observation and ability to draw sound conclusions; but they attracted little attention. Some years later Miss Alice C. Fletcher of the Peabody Museum at Harvard began to publish the results of her studies of Omaha and other Indian music, aided, in part, by John C. Fillmore. Among others who provided material were Miss Natalie Curtis, Arthur Farwell, Benjamin Ives Gilman, and Franz Boas.

Mr. Burton, who died soon after completing the manuscript of this book, gives in its first chapter a brief history of the various attempts to understand and reproduce the music of North American Indians, and adds to this nine chapters giving the results of his own researches, chiefly among the Ojibways, in the region north of Lakes Huron and Superior. He was exceptionally well qualified for such work, being a musical scholar and a composer, as well as a student of science (for a time he was employed as musical expert in the ethnological departments of the American Museum of Natural History in New York). He displays critical acumen in combating the views of Mr. Gilman and others that the Indians use scales with quarter tones or even smaller intervals, for the registering of which Mr. Gilman constructed an ingenious device representing graphically deviations from diatonic intervals to the one-fourteenth part of a tone. In Mr. Burton's opinion, the Indians, instead of having scales of their own, are simply singing out of tune. There are plenty of white individuals and choruses of men and women whose singing shows deviations from the pitch that would keep busy that instrument for measuring deviations to the one-fourteenth of a tone. Among the Ojibways Mr. Burton found that those who missed the pitch were not a larger class than the palefaces who annoy chorus conductors by a tendency to flat; and their deviations from pitch were not consistent. He concluded, therefore, that the faulty intonation of the Ojibway is an individual error, and not a racial peculiarity.

With the same acumen the author demolishes the notions that the primitive red man has developed rhythm to a plane higher than that attained by civilization, and that he has a conception of rhythm wholly at variance with ours. On the contrary, Mr. Burton maintains that the puzzling phenomena of Indian rhythm indicate not the red man's superiority, but his inferiority; that his disturbing performances in so-called irregular and conflicting rhythms are but "manifestations of a helpless groping for the truth which, rhythmically speaking, is order and regularity, and simplicity." The twenty-three pages devoted to the proof of this assertion make an admirable chapter in musical æsthetics and give vivid glimpses of the red man's way of drumming and singing.

It was by no means easy to get at the facts in these cases. The Indians distrusted their visitor at first. The white man has taken away from us, they said, everything we possessed except our songs, "and now you come and would take away those, too." Finally, he persuaded them that even if he took them away, they would still have them; so they gave him their confidence. Observing their habits, he came to the conclusions that music enters more intimately into the lives of Indians than it does into the lives of any white nation, being to the red man a feature of daily, homely use and necessity; and that the Ojibways surpass all other Indians in their music. Personally he was particularly interested in this red music from the point of view of its availability by the white composers. MacDowell had written a suite based on Indian melodies, but had not repeated the experiment. If he was not satisfied with his venture, that may have been due to the fact that "the raw material available to him was far from being as suggestive and interesting as much that has been uncovered since."

Acknowledging what Farwell, Harvey Worthington Loomis, and others have done in the way of utilizing Indian themes, Mr. Burton urges American composers in general to follow this path; he believes that the foreign conductors who preside over our symphony orchestras would be more likely to accept compositions by Americans, if they had in them drops of the red man's blood—which may be doubted. He himself wrote half a dozen or more specimens of semi-Ojibway music for "Hiawatha," when that play was brought to our cities. One of the numbers, the finale, is printed in the present volume. It also includes the melodies of many Ojibway songs, together with the words and the story, or explanation of them. In addition to these, there are a number of songs here, as harmonized by Mr. Burton. He does not deny that, inasmuch as Indians have no harmony in their music, such a decking out of their melodies with the devices of civilization is a misrepresentation; but he argues that, since we whites cannot grasp the whole beauty of a melody unless we hear it with appropriate harmony, it is necessary to harmonize the Indian tunes to do them justice. Unless we do this, they will not be sung. "My Bark Canoe," for instance, simply as a melody would have interested a few students, whereas in its harmonized form it is now sung in thousands of homes and even in the public schools.

The American Music Society, founded last year under the presidency of Arthur Farwell, now numbers fourteen local centres, from New York to San Francisco. The New York centre, with 117 members, is at present the largest and most active.

Joseph Holbrooke is the English Richard Strauss. The orchestra he used at a recent London concert devoted to his own works included, beside the more usual instruments, five saxophones, oboo d'amore, corno di bassetto, flügel horns, eight concertinas, four harps, bass flutes, saxhorns, bass trumpets, and tubaphones.

At a recent auction sale in Florence a number of things that had belonged to Paganini were sold, among them two violin concertos and more than a hundred unpublished pieces which no one had ever been permitted to see. These brought $3,700. A Nicolò Amati violoncello of 1734, valued at $5,000, was knocked down for $1,160, and $80 was paid for a diminutive fiddle on which Paganini had begun his lessons.

Art.

THE PASSING OF THE NEW GALLERY.

LONDON, February 8.

The New Gallery closes this week and, with it, a most interesting chapter in the history of English art. It opened at a moment when art was at the height of its popularity in England and to go to picture galleries was in fashion; it reaped the harvest sown at the Grosvenor, profiting by the sequel to Pre-Raphaelitism when Burne-Jones and Watts enjoyed a vogue that has come to no English artist since; its winter exhibitions, illustrating certain historic periods, were the most important and complete of the kind ever organized in England, so that nobody who saw them can forget the Tudor, Stuart, or Guelf collections or the series representative of certain Italian schools; it sheltered the Arts and Crafts Society from the beginning, and the two have been so closely connected that it is impossible to think of one without the other; it became the headquarters where the International Society, the most vigorous of recent years, arranged not only its own but the Whistler Exhibition, the most successful in every way ever given there, and I might almost say in London. In a word, the New Gallery has been intimately associated with many of the most distinguished artists and almost all the principal movements of the last quarter of a century. And yet to-day, so indifferent is the public, and so slack the artists, that it has been impossible to save it from its fate, badly off as everybody knows London is for galleries. In most countries, in most cities, even in the provincial towns of England, the state or municipal authorities provide some sort of exhibition rooms for artists. But in London there is nothing of the kind—for the Guildhall Galleries are devoted to retrospective and special exhibitions only—and this is one reason why the Academy maintains its hold and remains all-powerful. The calmness with which the New Gallery is allowed to disappear would, under these circumstances, be the more astounding were it not that at the present moment art in this country seems to have returned to its early Victorian stagnation, before Pre-Raphaelitism succeeded in stirring it into some show of life.

As it happens, curiously, the last exhibition to be held in it is given by the Arts and Crafts Society, which began its career there, and which, like the Gallery, was a direct outcome of the Mid-Victorian activity. The Arts and Crafts is, to all appearances, still a flourishing society, and there is no sign of its coming to an end with the Gallery. But it can hardly be said to have escaped the depressing influences of the day. Its first exhibition was given in 1888. Pre-Raphaelitism had gone; the absurd "æsthetic" pose of the "seventies" was on the wane; and nothing was left to show for the Mid-Victorian revolt save the Arts and Crafts, with William Morris at its head. There was a good deal of affectation in the movement, a good deal of self-consciousness, a good deal of deliberate copying of old models that had no relation to the present and its needs—a good deal of what was then laughed at as neo-Gothicism. But there was also much that was genuine and sincere, much honest, good work. Decoration was still floundering in the Victorian abyss, when from William Morris, its champion, came an energy, an enthusiasm, that carried his followers away with him. His enthusiasm was his strength and made him the influence he unquestionably became in his generation. Whatever else the society might be, it was alive. Its exhibitions at the start were interesting, suggestive, provoking. They forced the critic in his turn into enthusiasm of praise or blame. And often earlier work also was included: the illustrations that made the "sixties" famous, the first paintings of the leaders of the whole movement, their first attempts in decoration, and their first designs for furniture. I look back to the press views then as events of importance, emotional occasions, even. Feeling ran high among the admirers of the neo-Gothic school, among its enemies, among the exhibitors themselves. I remember one craftsman being roused to such a pitch of excitement as to warn a critic that he was lying in wait, armed with a big stick. Foolish, it may be, but the folly was born of excess of interest, which is an admirable fault.

How much is left of this enthusiasm to-day for the ninth exhibition? The Arts and Crafts Society has less drain upon it than others, less reason to exhaust its resources. With a restraint that I wish all groups of artists might follow, it has held its exhibitions only once in every three years. There need be no haste, therefore, among its members, as among painters who are spurred on to overproduction by the necessity of being represented every year not only in one, but in several galleries. Craftsmen have the leisure to think, to carry out large schemes. They can choose from work done; they need show only their best. Hence it is but right to look to them for a higher level of conception and accomplishment. This year, however, it has been looked for in vain. I have not the old catalogues by me, but I am sure that the exhibitors and their exhibits have increased in number. There are many more to show, many more things shown. But this is the only advance, the only development, and throughout, the old enthusiasm is missing. Carpets are few, and the most important tapestry comes from the firm of Morris. Crétonnes and wallpapers seem little better than reëchoes, for the truth is that Morris, prophet of the school, carried pattern to such an extreme that there is a reaction against it, and simplicity is taking its place. People are finding out that white or simply tinted walls are more restful than great sprawling, or small diapered, designs spreading from floor to ceiling. Not much furniture has been sent; but at least the pieces to be seen may boast the negative merit of not attracting attention by eccentricity or grotesqueness. *L'art nouveau*, that had its roots in the Arts and Crafts, though never of such luxuriant growth here as on the Continent, has vanished. The cartoons for mural decoration and stained glass are not remarkable, the years not having brought assurance, or cunning, or distinction to the hand of the craftsman. I saw none that in so general a notice deserves special mention except two large cartoons for frescoes by Mary Sargent Florence. Her figures, in their pose and dress and type, have more than a touch of the primitiveness always encouraged by the Arts and Crafts; but then they are well and decoratively placed and grouped. She has the right respect for line, and she reveals true feeling for the value of simple spaces. Her designs would really decorate a wall, not merely overload it with intricate or tedious ornament. Good glass, fairly good pottery, excellent iron work, an assortment of laces and embroideries, all have a place. But it is in the sections of jewelry and book decoration that the exhibits are most numerous, probably because in no other branch of the decorative arts is it so easy, with such comparatively light work, to attain an effect of proficiency.

"Artistic" jewelry, as it is called, has become very much the fashion of late years, and has been so horribly overdone that I confess my prejudice against it disposes me to look upon every bit of enamel or mother of pearl dangling from a chain, or set into a buckle, as an offence. A few artists have done and still do fine work—Harry Wilson, Alexander Fisher, Paul Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Dawson, and one or two besides. But no sooner had they prepared the way than a whole host of imitators or disciples, chiefly young women, as you may see by the catalogue, rushed in, and now case after case is filled with jewelry that is neither frankly barbaric, nor as exquisitely finished as the conditions of so delicate an art demand, once it has emancipated itself from barbarism. Much the same may be said of all the arts pertaining to the book. After Douglas Cockerell, Cobden-Sanderson, and Miss Prideaux, bookbinders have multiplied by the dozen; but, while they have learned their trade and cultivated a sense of appreciation and

adaptability, their originality is still far to seek—if, indeed, so limited an art allows of much originality. One new press after another is started to explain to the ignorant what printing should be, but I, at any rate, return with renewed pleasure to the work of such purely commercial firms as the Constables in Edinburgh, the Chiswick and Ballantyne Presses in London. Pissarro and other artists have produced charming books for the collector and the amateur, but they are hardly the legitimate development of the art for our own time and needs. William Morris, as a relaxation (for he seems never to have been happy when he was not working), played the scribe and illuminated MSS. Now scribes and illuminators of much technical accomplishment are cropping up on every side, though the crafts they practise belong to generations and to a phase of civilization long since dead. Walter Crane preached decorative illustration, and illustrators by the hundreds carry on the convention. There are exceptions, of course; and I could point to work worth mention and description were I criticising the exhibition in detail. But I am now concerned only with tendencies, and it seems to me that at the Arts and Crafts, as in too many exhibitions of the day, one is conscious of stagnation, of a want of originality, or of even a striving after it. The younger generation is content to copy what has won immediate and financial success. The swarms of artists and craftsmen turned out by the art schools all over the country must find some occupation, and perhaps it is because many would be so much more in place behind a counter, that their work has an air almost of amateurishness.

Walter Crane, president of the society, is evidently conscious that something is wrong. In his introduction to this year's catalogue he rather congratulates the society for having maintained its position, but he also suggests that only by the public's or the state's provision of a gallery for Arts and Crafts exhibitions will "a living tradition in design and craftsmanship" be restored. A gallery such as is supplied to artists in France and almost every European country would be a help no doubt. Artists in London are more than a little nervous about the future with only the Academy, the dealers' shops, one or two private societies' galleries, and the Grafton, which has had a chequered career, to show in. But the failure of the public to support so centrally situated, well-constructed and arranged a gallery as the New suggests that the evil goes deeper than simply the need of rooms to exhibit in. One William Morris accomplished far more than a country full of South Kensington schools, and the artist cannot shift all his responsibilities upon the public or the state. N. N.

A NEW WORK FOR MUSEUMS.

The Boston Museum of the Fine Arts has inaugurated a new service, that of registering all works of art in the locality, which might well be adopted by museums of all kinds. Like most new ideas, this is a simple and obvious extension of the usual duties of a museum. To keeping and showing objects it merely adds keeping and diffusing information about similar objects.

In a city like Boston such a service is peculiarly called for. It is historic ground. Libraries, hospitals, even commercial and financial directorates, are very likely to have accumulated portraits, some of quality, and other objects of art. Many old buildings of a certain architectural interest are demolished every year. A photographic record of these structures would be of evident value to the future historian of our culture and art. Increasingly our modern buildings have artistic interest, and it is desirable not merely that they should be noted for the use of the traveller and student, but also that their better features should be photographed and the names of their designers preserved. Unless there is somebody alert to this need the facts even of remarkable enterprises may be obscured or lost. Benjamin Ives Gilman, secretary of the Boston Art Museum, pointed out in an address last year, to the American Association of Museums, that our record of the Albany decorations by William Hunt is sadly incomplete. It was the first serious attempt at monumental decoration by a competent American artist. It heralded a new development in our artistic activities. Through the bad construction of the ceiling, the work promptly perished, and except for the scant evidence of Hunt's drawings and for wholly inadequate photographs, that interesting chapter of American art can never be illustrated.

Naturally, the information bureau of a museum would concentrate primarily upon national, State, municipal, and corporate works of art within its territory; but a very useful feature of the work would also be the registration of works of art in private possession. In cases where the city has fully listed public works of art, as New York has done through the Art Commission, the labors of the museum would be so much the lighter. In recording private possessions, nothing could be done without the consent and good will of individual collectors; but when it appeared that the purpose of such registration was simply that of record and not that of criticism, the necessary consents would surely be forthcoming. In Europe such work is systematically carried on under the Ministry of Fine Arts. As in so many other cases among us, private enterprise and loyalty must effect what elsewhere is done by official sanction.

Such a list as we have imagined would serve no merely academic purpose. It would be immensely valuable to students, but it should also encourage visiting of local objects of artistic interest, pride in them, and ultimately a greater care for their maintenance. This centralized information would be a resource for all manner of local organizations—school leagues, societies of scenic, historic, or artistic scope—all bodies, in short, that are concerned with the seemliness of the land. That these proposed inventories are desirable nobody will, we think, question. Are they practicable? remains a fair challenge. As to this point, Mr. Gilman shows that such work fits in with the clerical activities of every museum, and involves a quite negligible increase in labor and expense. On the side of the public, the Boston Museum has found the readiest response to its appeals for information. Harvard University, the Society of Architects, the Catholic Archbishop O'Connell, Bishop Lawrence of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and other men of light and leading have promised their personal and official support. In short, there is every indication that the good will of our communities will meet the initiative of the museums half-way. We merely need to extend our notion of a museum as a repository to include all information relevant to museum aims.

In a recent number of the *Cicerone*, a Berlin art journal, Dr. Bode admits that the now celebrated wax bust of "Flora," bought by him in England as a work of Leonardo da Vinci, may be spurious.

John Macallan Swan, R.A., died in London on February 15 at the age of sixty-three years He had studied under Gérôme, Bastien-Lepage, Dagnon-Bouvert, and Frémiet, and had been awarded medals for his work exhibited in Paris and Munich. Some of his works are Orpheus, The Prodigal Son, Lioness Defending Her Cubs, and Polar Bear Swimming.

Henry Ulke, sometimes called the "Painter of Presidents," died in Washington on February 17 at the age of eighty-nine. One of his best-known portraits is that of President Grant, which now hangs in the long gallery of the White House. He had also painted portraits of Secretaries Sumner, Chase, and Stanton of Lincoln's Cabinet; James G. Blaine, John G. Carlisle, and John Sherman. He was born in Frankenstein, Germany, and came to this country in 1849.

Finance.

PROPHETS OF REACTION.

Two weeks ago, President Earling of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul startled Wall Street a bit by saying:

I have just learned that the West is cancelling orders. Merchants who have right along been buying in large quantities are slowing up on their commitments, and those who have ordered shipments of manufactured goods for delivery during the

spring are countermanding them. A business recession may be on the way, and it may not, but certainly no favorable construction can be placed upon the fact of cancelled orders.

On Wednesday of last week, President Reynolds of the Continental Bank of Chicago added this:

> I think there are indications of a business reaction in the West. It has not gone far, and there is nothing whatever to cause alarm. I see, however, a lessening in business activity, and a tendency to await developments before making new commitments.

These statements or predictions were not left unchallenged. James J. Hill on Monday of last week, summing up his own observations, said: "I have seen no evidence of business being on the wane." President Hughitt of the Chicago and Northwestern added to this, on Tuesday:

> If there has been any cancellation of orders, it has not come under my observation. Business is good and the prospects for the future are bright.

And, finally, on Wednesday, the *Iron Age*, reviewing the iron market, said:

> In the iron trade there is thus far no evidence of cancellation of orders, nor, except as railroad blockades have been responsible for delays, has there been any appreciable holding back of shipments. Not in many years have snows and severe cold interfered so seriously with transportation. This and the slowing of the buying pace that was so rampant four months ago are temporary causes.

Now, the man who listened to this series of deliverances judged them according to his temperament. He might pooh-pooh the whole discussion. He might—and this was more likely—say that a 20-point break on the Stock Exchange ought traditionally to have foreshadowed something unfavorable elsewhere. Even if he dismissed that inference, he would possibly suggest that when specialists are feeling the pulse of trade with such sudden assiduity, they must suspect something.

People with a taste for precedent and reminiscence remarked that past experience has produced a number of instances where, in the second year after a great financial panic, business recovery went ahead so rapidly that it was found necessary, in the next year, to slow up. Of this the classic case in point was 1895. In support of this view of the case, they pointed out the recent abnormal expansion of our import trade, the shrinkage of our exports, and the outcry from consumers against exorbitant cost of living, as being, each in its special field, a series of indications that supply and demand have got out of joint.

It will certainly be worth while to inquire just what force there really is in the various popular arguments summarized above. The argument, from the stock market to general trade, is familiar. Wall Street has often been a trustworthy guide. But even if the course of stocks is a guide to the general character of the subsequent industrial phenomena, it is by no means as safe a guide to the scope and magnitude of those phenomena. In 1903, it was; in 1901 it certainly was not. There was no such outright collapse in general industry, after the 9th of May, 1901, as occurred on that day in the Stock Exchange. "Black Friday," in 1869, was a day of panic in the Gold Room; unsettled industrial conditions followed, but no industrial collapse. The reason was, on both occasions, that the excessive disorder on the Wall Street markets resulted from conditions wholly peculiar to the institutions where speculation came to grief.

To some extent, disquietude over the fact of the consultation of the specialists may be regarded similarly. The doctors rush to seize the pulse of general industry, because they think that the heavy break in stocks must betide industrial disorder. Yet it may be possible that the pulse which ought to have engaged their attention was the pulse of the Stock Exchange itself.

The precedent of 1895 is extremely interesting. Sudden revival; active buying of merchandise; prediction of another "boom time"; spectacular rise in stocks, with Europe's capital enlisted; iron production surpassing all monthly records—these things were witnessed in the second year after 1893, as in the second year after 1907. Along with them, in the earlier as in the later year, came piling up of domestic stocks of merchandise; "rush orders" to Europe which raised our monthly imports above the export total; loss of our export trade to foreign competitors, because of our obstinate high prices; unseasonable movement of foreign exchange against New York, and heavy export of gold at a time when we should have been importing.

Granting all this analogy, what should be the outcome? Readjustment of prices, will be the common answer. The Stock Exchange itself showed this at least—that when its own prices had been raised so high that real buyers turned away, leaving holders of stocks tied up in the money market, there was nothing left but for prices to come down. It may be so in certain industries. To what extent such readjustment, supposing it to come, would upset or interfere with a season's plans for trade, is doubtless a debatable question. It could not be wholly without effect on industrial activity; but it is always open to question whether a fall in prices, in any market which has deadlocked itself through fixing them too high, is not the shortest road to genuine trade activity. The problem is, to find in what industrial markets the artificial conditions have prevailed, and in what they have not.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allen, E. G. Manual Training for Common Schools. Scribner. $1 net.

Astronomical Observatory of Harvard College. Vols. 52-2, 55-2, 59-5, 69-1, 70. Cambridge.

Atherton, G. Tower of Ivory. Macmillan. $1.50.

Bain, F. W. A Mine of Faults. Translated from the Original Manuscript. Putnam. $1.25 net.

Bass, E. C. Miss Marshall's Boys.

Bindloss, H. Thurston of Orchard Valley. Stokes.

Financial.

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Burkitt, F. C. The Earliest Sources for the Life of Jesus. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 50 cents net.
Carnegie Institution of Washington. Year Book, No. 8, 1909.
Carpenter, W. B. Popular History of the Church of England. Dutton. $1.50 net.
"Dash, P. R." The Coo's-Ed-Up Peary-Oddical Dictionary. Boston: J. W. Luce & Co. 60 cents net.
De Leon, T. C. Crag-Nest. Dillingham Co.
Dresser, H. W. A Message to the Well. Putnam. $1.25 net.
Dudeney, Mrs. H. The Shoulder-Knot. Casseil.
Eastman, E. G. Little Brother O'Dreams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Emerson, F. V. Manual of Physical Geography Macmillan. $1.40 net.
Emerson's Wisdom. Extracts from prose and verse, selected and arranged by W. B. Parker. Brentano's.
Forsyth, P. T. The Person and Places of Jesus Christ. Boston: Pilgrim Press. $1.50 net.
Gammans, H. W. The Broken Statue, de Fontange. Dayton, Va.: Ruebush-Elkins Co. 40 cents.
Godoy, J. F. Porfirio Diaz. Putnam. $2.
Grafton, C. C. A Journey Godward. Milwaukee: Young Churchman Co. $2.50.
Gummere, A. M. The Quaker in the Forum. Philadelphia: Winston Co. $1.50 net.
Harrod, S. G. Latin Terms of Endearment and of Family Relationship. Princeton: University Library. 75 cents.
Haynes, G. H. Charles Sumner. Philadelphia: G. W. Jacobs & Co. $1.25 net.
Hill, L. The Two Great Questions: The Existence of God and the Immortality of the Soul. Chicago: C. I. Cobb. $2.
Huntington, H. An Apprentice to Truth. Putnam. $1.50.
Kauffman, R. W. What is Socialism? Moffat, Yard. $1.25 net.
Key, E. The Education of the Child. Putnam. 75 cents net.
King, I. The Development of Religion. Macmillan. $1.75 net.
Kirkham, S. D. Resources: An Interpretation of the Well-Rounded Life. Putnam. $1.25 net.
Kullmer, C. J. Possneck und Hermann und Dorothea. Heidelberg, Germany: Carl Winter.
La Fontaine. Fables. Preface by J. Claretie. Putnam.
MacDermott, G. M. The Gospel According to St. Mark. Milwaukee: Young Churchman Co. 35 cents.
Machen, A. W. A Treatise on the Federal Corporation Tax Law of 1909. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50 net.
Magie, D. Life of Garret Augustus Hobart. Putnam. $2.50 net.
Moffatt, J. Paul and Paulinism. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 50 cents.
Musset, A. de. Lettres d'amour à Aimée d'Alton. Lemcke & Buechner.
Orage, A. R. Nietzsche in Outline and Aphorism. Chicago: McClurg & Co. 75 cents.
Payne, W. The Losing Game. Dillingham Co.
Phillips, I. N. Lincoln. Chicago: McClurg & Co. $1.
Pittman, H. D. Go Forth and Find. Boston: R. G. Badger.
Poor, C. L. Nautical Science. Putnam. $2 net.
Read, O. Tom and the Squatter's Son. Chicago: Laird & Lee. 50 cents.
Roberts, C. G. D. Kings in Exile. Macmillan. $1.50.
Roth, R. Ein Nordischer Held. Edited, with exercises, etc., by H. H. Boll. American Book Co. 35 cents.
Ruediger, W. C. The Principles of Education. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Shakespeare First Folio Edition. Edited, etc., by C. Porter and H. A. Clarke. 3 vols. Perieles, Prince of Tyre; Tragedie of Cymbeline; Troylus and Cressida. Crowell.
Shakespeare's Wisdom. Extracts from prose and verse, selected and arranged by H. C. Greene. Brentano's.
Smith, D. E. Rara Arithmetica. Boston: Ginn & Co. $5.50 net.
Solis-Cohen, M. The Family Health. Phila.: Penn Pub. Co.
Sparrow, M. D. Hereford. Boston: R. G. Badger.
Stelzle, C. The Church and Labor. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 50 cents net.
Stoddard, W. L. The Life of William Shakespeare, Expurgated. Boston: W. A. Butterfield. $1.25 net.
Swan, K. R. Patents, Designs and Trade Marks. Van Nostrand. $2 net.
Taylor, Mrs. C. T. A Daughter of the Manse. Philadelphia: Winston Co. $1.50.
Tucker, W. J. Public Mindedness. Concord, N. H.: The Rumford Press.
Van Dyke, H. The Spirit of America. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Welsford, J. W. The Strength of England. Longmans, Green.
Whitmer, T. Carl. Symbolisms. Boston: R. G. Badger.
Wilde, Oscar. The Soul of Man Under Socialism. Boston: J. W. Luce & Co.
Winter, W. Life and Art of Richard Mansfield. Moffat, Yard. $6.
Woodberry, G. E. The Inspiration of Poetry. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

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The *Nation* is published and owned by the New York Evening Post Co. Oswald Garrison Villard, President; William J. Pattison, Treasurer; Paul Elmer More, Editor.

Three dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada $3.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union $4.00.

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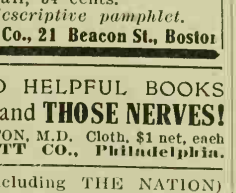

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 3, 1910.

The Week.

For entirely frank and naïve expression of his feelings at any given moment, there has probably never been a President like Mr. Taft. He was touched by the cordiality of his reception the other day at Newark, and the contrast—suggested by the chairman's reference to the newspapers—with the cold-blooded criticisms of the press found instant expression when he began to speak. Mr. Taft must know that the fault-finding to which he is subjected is but one of the inevitable incidents of his office. Moreover, he may well solace himself with the reflection that much of the misunderstanding has been due to the difference between his own handling of the press and that to which his immediate predecessor had accustomed the newspaper men and the country. Mr. Roosevelt was a past master in the art of getting whatever he wanted to make conspicuous "featured" to his heart's content in the newspapers; Mr. Taft is a man who could not play that game as Mr. Roosevelt did, and would not if he could. That his course on the tariff was a deep disappointment to the country cannot be denied, and this has had much to do with the conditions of which Mr. Taft complains; but these are also in great part due to his own indifference to little devices for securing public attention at just the right time—an indifference by no mean to his discredit, though it may be to his disadvantage.

Senator Root's letter read before the New York Senate Monday night is an able presentation of his reasons for differing from Gov. Hughes's view of the income-tax amendment. Mr. Root maintains with great force of argument and judicial citation that the amendment would not give Congress the power, it it had the will, to tax the incomes derived from tax-exempt bonds of States and municipalities. He arrives at this conclusion, however, by virtually treating the words, "from whatever source derived," as negligible. In the form as originally submitted to the Finance Committee, they did not appear, the language being: "The Congress shall have power to lay and collect direct taxes on incomes, without apportionment among the several States according to population." The obvious intent was to meet the decision of the Supreme Court that an income tax was direct, and also to abrogate the existing Constitutional rule of apportionment. No one denies that the form of words chosen would have accomplished the ends desired. Unfortunately, the additional phrase was put in. Senator Root treats it as of no effect. But can he be sure that the courts will do so?

It is obviously not for a layman to thrust in his opinion on a law point. He may, however, properly state the facts as he sees them. One fact is that high Constitutional authorities and good lawyers are evidently at odds on this subject. Against Senator Root we have ex-Senator Edmunds; in opposition to Senator Borah we have Gov. Hughes, who is followed by many State Executives. In other words, there has to be admitted an uncertainty regarding what the income-tax amendment means or will be held by the courts to mean. The question is, then, whether we want a lawsuit of doubtful issue, or whether we want an indisputably safe amendment. If it is the latter we really desire, we know how to get it. All that is necessary is for Congress to turn back to the first form of words before it, and submit to the States an income-tax amendment so drawn as to relieve them of all fear that their own securities might be taxed and their credit impaired.

One act at least of Secretary Ballinger's will be warmly commended by those who believe in the conservation not only of our national resources but of scenic beauty. He has just taken steps to revoke the permit granted by Secretary Garfield to the city of San Francisco under which the famous Hetch-Hetchy valley could have been flooded and virtually destroyed in order to afford a water supply. The Secretary proceeds upon a report made to him by the Geological Survey, to the effect that an ample water supply is available to San Francisco without invading the Hetch-Hetchy, and calls upon the authorities of that city to show cause why the order of his predecessor should not be cancelled. This will bring joy to the heart of John Muir and the others who have been working incessantly to save the Hetch-Hetchy.

Of the two coal land bills for Alaska introduced by Senator Beveridge, that which provides for the leasing of the coal deposits, together with the reservation by the government of title to the surface of the land, is in closest accord with the recommendations made by the National Conservation Commission. That body laid special emphasis upon the need of separating the surface from the underlying minerals, so that homes might be made on the agricultural soils while the minerals should be developed under lease on terms that would prevent monopoly and "bring about seasonable and economical exploitation." Heretofore the known presence of coal deposits beneath agricultural lands has made it impossible to secure a home under the homestead law unless the coal was purchased; and since the surface rights go with the coal, while the miner desires the coal only, the land and the settler were foolishly fenced apart. Another example of the evils which follow upon faulty land classification is furnished by the workings of the Timber and Stone Act, under which some 12,000,000 acres have been disposed of, timber and land together, for a sum ridiculously below the value of the timber alone. A third evil, of even greater proportions, was discovered by the Department of the Interior in 1906; vast areas of coal lands were being taken up under the various non-mineral laws. The enormous waste of the public property in coal, under existing laws, has been forcibly thrust upon the attention of the country. The Alaska coal deposits should be provided with stout defences against destructive use, monopoly, and fraud.

Vardaman's defeat for the United States Senatorship is an event upon which the people of the State of Mississippi are to be heartily congratulated, even if the result carries with it the continuation of Vardaman's residence in their midst. Fortunately, such a setback is bound to react on the man's influence within the State and to limit his

future power for harm. We say this in full consciousness of the fact that during his last year as Governor of the State, Vardaman on one or two occasions displayed commendable firmness and courage in dealing with outbreaks of the lynching spirit. Such merit, however, will not go far to redeem the mischief he has done the South and the country at large in fomenting race-hatred and that very violence which, in his official capacity, he was active in suppressing.

Jersey justice has once more vindicated its reputation for celerity, and the Trusts have been wounded in the house of their friends. The indictment found by the grand jury of Hudson County against six Chicago packing concerns, and no less than twenty-one individuals with them connected, covers the ground thoroughly; monopoly, oppression, extortion, fraud, are all in the count. Whatever be the outcome of the proceedings in court, there can be no doubt that we shall have valuable light thrown on Trust methods, Trust profits, and even Trust personalities. From Packingtown a state of some uneasiness is reported. The indicted men probably do not fear the worst, but they have full reason to fear a goodly dose of publicity and considerable bother. New Jersey, from a great convenience as an asylum for the Trusts, may become a nuisance, if at the instance of every Jersey grand jury, Trust officials may be dragged thousands of miles from home to stand trial in a State which without close acquaintance they have regarded as their natural protector.

Two of the Stock Exchange houses which were identified with the so-called "Hocking Coal pool," whose manipulation of values came to grief some weeks ago, have now been disciplined by the Stock Exchange authorities. The general facts of this now famous scandal were that, a year ago, an obscure stock, selling around 24 cents on the dollar and with wholly doubtful intrinsic value, was taken in hand by this "pool" of half a dozen Stock Exchange houses; that it was bid up, first to 60 and then to 92½; that on the 19th of January the stock broke suddenly from 88½ to 21½, and that three houses identified with the operation had to suspend. The affairs of one of these firms have subsequently come into court, and James R. Keene, a well-known professional manipulator of prices, has been compelled to testify as to his management of the "Hocking Coal pool." His testimony deepened the conviction of all experienced observers that the "pool" created the absurdly fictitious prices of last autumn through the unpleasantly familiar process of executing, on a large scale, buying and selling orders which were to all intents and purposes "matched," and hence in reality fictitious. Barely 10,000 shares of Hocking Coal were sold on the Stock Exchange in the month before the "pool" began to operate. The next month, 136,000 shares were dealt in—although, by Keene's admission, the bona-fide purchases for the pool were only 20,000—and the price was doubled in that time.

The Stock Exchange authorities have suspended the Stock Exchange members of two of these firms, and have declared the suspended members "ineligible for reinstatement." The ground on which the governors formally based both sentences is "reckless and unbusinesslike dealing," in regard to which the Exchange's constitution confers disciplinary powers. The language of the committee's report was not wholly clear as to what reckless and unbusinesslike act was thus punished. In one paragraph it appeared to be defined as the undertaking of "a task beyond their means, resulting in their failure." This scarcely touched the phase of the scandal in which the public at large was interested. Another paragraph, however, set forth that "the acts of the Stock Exchange firms in subscribing to the Columbus and Hocking Coal and Iron pool, . . . thereby practically lending their names to this undertaking, merit severe condemnation." That has a plainer ring, though still, unfortunately, lacking in any clear specification of the real offence. But the important fact in the matter, after all, is the precedent for Stock Exchange discipline.

Litigation over the basic principles of aeroplane construction should be pushed to a final conclusion as soon as possible in the interest of progress, and herein lies an opportunity for the various aero clubs. Part of their combined energy and resources might be advantageously directed toward obtaining an early decision which shall determine once for all the status of the fundamental legal rights at issue. It would be unfortunate to prolong the grumblings of those, here and abroad, who protest that they are harassed by a combination with funds sufficient to stifle competition by means of expensive suits-at-law which cannot finally be upheld. Equally deplorable it would be to deprive any owner of a valid patent or the benefits to which, by virtue of pluck and perseverance, he may be entitled. Wireless telegraphy and the automobile industry have been hampered already too much by these basic patent contests. The future of aerial navigation, however hazy, is of such wide possible importance that it should not be interminably obscured in a legal fog.

We seem on the threshold of an epoch when, like so many Charles Surfaces, we shall be knocking down our ancestors with their own family trees. A second thundering blow at the portals of the past comes from Boston University, where some one has recalled that "the men who were considered saints a hundred years ago, would not be tolerated now; they were drunkards, many of them, and slave traders." A formidable catalogue of ancestral crimes can be drawn up by receding far enough into the storied past. What would some leading families on upper Fifth Avenue say if it were pointed out to them that their forefathers three hundred years ago ate their meat without forks, and, traced back two hundred years more, were in the habit of going to bed either in their street clothes or without clothes at all? What, indeed, can be said on behalf of a benighted, unenterprising generation like Benjamin Franklin's, which was content to creep along by stage-coach instead of taking the train, and dozed over its books by tallow-light instead of switching on the simple and convenient incandescent lamp?

It is a tradition in England, at least as old as Pitt, that coalition Governments are unpopular. That they are also very difficult may be inferred from the vacillation and lack of confident vigor with which Mr. Asquith is making his beginnings. His plans have varied from day to day, and the order of business in Parliament upon which he has finally determined is all too evi-

dently the work of a Prime Minister whose hand has been forced by rebellious followers. The pressing needs of the Treasury are to be met by a series of makeshift resolutions, while the budget is to be put off until after the close of the fiscal year. When Lord Lansdowne urged such stop-gap financial measures upon Mr. Asquith last November, the Premier took a high tone. The Commons, he declared, could not stoop to such a compromise. If the Liberals were returned to power, their first act would be to pass the budget again without a single change. But now that programme is entirely abandoned. Yielding to the demands of the radical wing of his own party, and to the insistence of the Labor members, Mr. Asquith is to adjourn the budget, and possibly to tie it up with next year's, putting first the bill to abolish the veto of the Lords not only in finance but as respects any measure upon which the Commons have resolutely set their hearts. There will be a certain strategic advantage in this course, but even if the Government is able in that way to rally its full majority, it can hardly overcome the bad impression already made by its shuffling and timidity.

On such questions as the prosperity or distress of the masses of a nation, sidelights thrown by collateral facts are often quite as instructive as statistics seeming to bear more directly on the matter. We constantly hear nowadays of the sad condition of the English masses and the wonderful growth of the Germans in prosperity, but facts crop up every now and then which show that there must be a great deal of exaggeration in the statements. An instance in point is furnished in a report read at a recent meeting of the Royal Statistical Society by Mr. A. W. Flux, of the Board of Trade, the figures being given by him, of course, as mere statistics and without any inference such as we are making. His paper was on "Urban Vital Statistics in England and Germany," and one of its results is that the infantile death-rate in English cities is from 25 to 30 per cent. below that in German cities of equal size. This is a true statistical result, and not one of those crude inferences made from a superficial comparison of figures; it refers not to the ratio of infantile deaths to the whole population, but to the ratio of infantile deaths to the infantile population. Many other interesting statements are contained in Mr. Flux's paper, among them the fact that, in spite of the excess of the German birth-rate over the English, the number of children per family in German cities is less than in English cities of like population. But the point that we wish to make is that an infantile mortality decidedly less in English cities than in German cities is hardly compatible with the existence of a state of misery in the former and of comfort in the latter. And, indeed, the very low death-rate of London as a whole has always afforded a warning against taking without question that gloomy view of progressive deterioration in the condition of the masses of its people.

The sentencing of Gustave Hervé, the French high-priest of anti-militarism, to four years in prison on the charge of having preached sedition and murder in his paper, *La Guerre Sociale*, once more draws attention to what is undoubtedly one of the most picturesquely Quixotic personalities of our time. Gustave Hervé represents in the highest degree the Frenchman's capacity for seizing upon an idea and carrying its implications to the logically bitter end. Once this unknown schoolmaster had decided that the idea of patriotism, of fatherland, was only a device employed by the ruling classes in every country for reconciling the downtrodden to their fate or frightening them into submission, it was natural that he should make his appearance before the world by calling upon his countrymen to plant the national flag in the dunghill. His followers, on one occasion at least, have carried out his behests in a painfully literal spirit. But if Hervé is a fanatic, he has worked out a philosophic theory and a platform for his ideas. His influence among the French Socialists has grown steadily. At their recent congress his party lost to the more moderate Jaurès faction by only a handful of votes. His condemnation, by exalting him as a martyr, may lead to the capture of the next congress by his followers.

Prime Minister Canalejas of Spain is now about to dissolve the Cortes and appeal to the country. Unless all Spanish precedents are broken, he will come back with a majority for the Government. In Spain the Government always wins at the polls. If Señor Canalejas returns with the approval of the voters, he will first, as he explained to the Madrid correspondent of the London *Times*, take up the two questions of ecclesiastical and educational reform. He will seek to come to a friendly understanding with the Vatican, but if that fails will not hesitate to proceed independently. In school matters he will demand larger appropriations for new buildings and for teachers, but will lay especial stress upon technical education, of which there is so great need of extension in Spain. Moreover, Premier Canalejas means to do something for reform of taxation, proposing to adopt the principle of taxing the unearned increment in land, and to suppress the *octroi* duties—always odious and burdensome. On the whole, we may expect interesting political developments at the hands of this democrat called to the helm by a King supposed to be devoted to absolutism and reaction.

The Russian Government has given heed to foreign intercession in behalf of an open trial for Nicholas Tchaikovsky and Catharine Breshkovsky. Cards of admission to the trial, which is to begin in a few days, are now being distributed. From the few details that have reached this country concerning the Government's case against Tchaikovsky, he appears to be in a much more favorable position than his fellow-prisoner, whose condemnation is spoken of in the dispatches as a certainty. Against Tchaikovsky, on the other hand, the prosecution seems to have waived the more serious offences contained in the preliminary indictment, and the trial may centre about the general charge of affiliation with a revolutionary party. His chances of acquittal are also improved by the decision of Madame Breshkovsky's counsel to present only a perfunctory opposition in her case, in order that all the resources of the defence may be concentrated upon the weaker of the two Government cases. It is tragic that such a sacrifice should have to be resorted to. It is perhaps not impossible that the Russian autocracy may decide to be generous at a moment when it can afford to be generous at home, and is more than usually anxious to court sympathy abroad.

THOSE ARGENTINE SHIPS.

The fact that the contracts for two Argentine warships have been secured by an American shipbuilding company seems to be causing varied emotions in England. One embattled protectionist organ in London declares that this is the final blow to free trade. If protected shipbuilding rivals can underbid the English firms, there is nothing for the latter to do but to go in for high duties in order to be able to build cheap ships. This logic falls a little queer on English ears, no doubt, but how must it sound to Americans? For years they have been told that our higher rate of wages and better standards of living and greater cost of materials under protection effectually disable us from competing with foreign shipbuilders. It is on that basis that subsidy bill after subsidy bill has been introduced and urged in Congress. By a grant of money from the Federal Treasury the fatal handicap under which we labored in the building of ships was to be removed. But here we have an American company carrying off a contract for two Dreadnoughts at a price $900,000 below the English bids. Are we afloat or ashore when such things can happen?

How laughably wide of the mark the English neo-protectionists are in ascribing this "triumph" of ours to our system of high duties, may be seen in the fact that the effect of those high duties will be nullified, so far as possible, in the building of these Argentine ships. They will be constructed, as it were, in a bonded warehouse. Every imported article entering into them will be relieved of customs duty, since the finished product is intended for export. The battleships will be "dumped" upon Argentina. Patriotic Americans cannot have cheap ships, for that would make them feel cheap, but they can build ships cheap for the foreigner. He has not been bred to our luxurious standards, and does not fear that his national flag will droop in shame if flown at the masthead of a vessel on which needless tariff duties have not been paid.

One would think, however, that even those Americans who have been taught to thrill over their own costly products —like Mrs. Carlyle's maid-servant exclaiming in the National Gallery, "How expensive!"—would begin to have a certain suspicion of the promoters of ship bounties and subsidies after this winning of the contract for the Argentine battleships. We cannot compete without a bonus. From that assumption the whole subsidy argument starts. Yet here we are successfully competing, but where is the bonus? For a time it was denied that the ships for Argentina were to be built in this country on a strictly business basis. The cost might be higher, but in some way the thing would be made up to the Argentine government. There were hints of financial arrangements and of diplomatic guarantees. The preposterous theory was even put about that Secretary Knox had offered to protect Argentina from attack by any other nation while her ships were building, provided that the contracts for them were placed in this country. This would be a novel application of the Monroe Doctrine—noble guarding of a sister American republic on the basis of cash. But all these absurd explanations are blown away by the statement of Admiral Garcia, who signed the contracts on behalf of the Argentine government. The only reason the American bidders got the preference was that their figures were the lowest. The job did not follow the flag, but the lowest price. The fact that the Americans were able to underbid their English rivals is accounted for by the head of the Thames Iron Works, writing to the *Daily Mail*, on the ground of the existence of "powerful rings" in this country, able to "control the supply of armor and armament." But this, if true, certainly would not prove that it is protection which enables a country to build ships cheaper than under free trade.

The incident illustrates once more the way in which the obsession of the battleship maintains its hold. Argentina has to see the Brazilian navy and go it one or two better. Secretary Meyer thinks that if he could only get a 34,000-ton battleship into the water our superiority would be so clearly demonstrated that no naval power would attack us. Yet it is easy to see that if Japan should think it necessary to plan a Dreadnought of 36,000 tons, the whole Pacific Coast would at once begin to see phantom ships and we should immediately have a full-fledged "war scare" on our hands. Chairman Tawney, of the House Committee on Appropriations, already sees such a scare in the making, and protests against the coming strain on the Treasury, which, he declares, will threaten national bankruptcy if the ambitious shipbuilding programme is carried out. His comment on the whole naval situation is forcible:

> We are at peace with all the world. There is not even a prospect of our becoming involved in war with a foreign nation. It seems almost incredible that any one would suggest the adoption of a naval programme which will involve the expenditure of more money than we have under existing revenue laws, and a policy, too, which will virtually put out of commission at least half our war vessels by making them inferior in size in comparison with those giant battleships now proposed.

THE SPIRIT OF THE ANTI-TRUST LAW.

Mr. Wickersham's memory plays him false in his explanation of the origin of the anti-Trust laws. "We, like our ancestors of Revolutionary days, raised our arms by the peaceful method of legislation against a power which we perceived rising cloudlike on our economic horizon." It is impossible to say what Mr. Wickersham saw in the period preceding the passage of the anti-Trust law in 1890, nor even whether he was then taking observations for use now. But the conditions of that time are known. The enemy then was low prices, just as the enemy is now high prices. The Trusts then existent of any size could be counted on the fingers, where they are now counted by hundreds. Yet it was popular then, as now, to attack capital as the cause of hard times.—[New York *Times*.

It will be news to most people that the Trusts were attacked in 1890 because they made prices low, and it will also take something of an effort to identify that year as belonging to a period of hard times; but the particular reason for quoting this criticism of Mr. Wickersham's speech is that it involves a curious omission. The Attorney-General had just pointed out that Trust control had "not yet resulted in that absolute power which the patentees of Elizabeth possessed over the sale of salt, vinegar, and the like," and he proceeded as follows:

> But, mindful that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, and, in Webster's immortal phrase, "While actual suffering was yet afar off" we, like our ancestors of Revolutionary days, raised our arms by the peaceful method of legislation against a power which we perceived rising cloudlike on our economic horizon. We saw the rapid concentration of power over our great industries in a few hands, a power which no free State can long suffer to endure; the power of fixing prices at will, determining the amount of production, dictating the terms on which thousands of our fellow countrymen might pursue their means of livelihood; the power to exclude or to permit competition; all the elements of those monopolies which so stirred the

generation of Englishmen from whom the Pilgrim Fathers came.

So far, then, from Mr. Wickersham's memory playing him false, he was mindful of the exact conditions under which the Sherman act was passed; the conditions of a time when the number of formidable Trusts was indeed small, but when the elements existed of precisely those grievances, precisely those offences against economic liberty, which, in these later years, have so seriously engaged the attention of the whole nation. Above all is his parallel with the action of our Revolutionary ancestors justified; and the less the "actual suffering" experienced in 1890, the truer is the analogy. The fight against the British taxes was against the principle of them, and its intensity was never proportioned to the burden they imposed on the colonists.

It is not necessary to rest upon impressions or conjectures in order to determine the spirit that actuated the framers and supporters of the anti-Trust bill. The preservation of competition was then, as now, the object of its advocates. In his speech in support of the bill, Mr. Sherman used language precisely in key with that of Mr. Wickersham's speech. So far from objecting to the Trusts because they overdid competition, he dwelt on the benefits of legitimate corporate activity in cheapening production. "Corporations," he said, "tend to cheapen transportation, lessen the cost of production, and bring within the reach of millions comforts and luxuries formerly enjoyed by thousands." But he went on to say that enterprise and capital had not been "satisfied with partnerships and corporations competing with each other, and have invented a new form of combination commonly called Trusts," "the sole object" of which is "to make competition impossible." These combinations, he declared, "already defy or control powerful transportation corporations and reach State authorities"; and if Congress is unable or unwilling to deal with them, "there will soon be a Trust for every production and a master to fix the price for every necessity of life." Nowhere in the speech is there any attempt to estimate the harm done by those combinations in dollars and cents, either by cutting prices for the purpose of destroying competition, or by raising prices after competition has been destroyed. The tyranny of monopoly is the centre and substance of the whole plea. "If we will not endure a king as a political power, we should not endure a king over the production, transportation, and sale of any of the necessaries of life"; and what the bill sought to declare unlawful under the Federal statutes is "unlawful by the code of any civilized nation of ancient or modern times."

From that day to this, there has been no change in the animating spirit of the fight against monopoly. There have been, of course, excesses and aberrations; and there have been times when the idea of manifest destiny, which always finds ready acceptance by multitudes of our people, has seemed to prevail over any purpose of sturdy resistance. But the main line of the fight has been the same throughout; and never has its purpose or its method been so firmly or clearly outlined as in the present Administration. Mr. Roosevelt kept public interest alive by the ardor of his attacks, the appealing quality of his moral exhortations, and the spectacular interest of his own personality; but he played sadly into the hands of the enemy with his doctrine of good and bad Trusts. The distinction that he was understood to draw, and that he doubtless meant to draw, was the distinction between a Trust that imposed burdensome prices on the community and one that exercised moderation; but on no such issue can a great public policy be permitted to rest. Not the apparent immediate fruits of the doings of a given corporation, but the inherent and permanent consequences to be expected from the toleration of its methods, must be the test by which the law shall decide whether its acts are to be permitted or forbidden. The distinctive development of the past year has been the remarkable sharpening of this issue, both through the decisions of courts and through the utterances of the Executive. And on a clear issue of principle the country can be depended on for a kind and degree of support which no mere balancing of real or pretended gains and losses, however plausible, can command.

THE CARNEGIE FOUNDATION AND ITS PENSION SYSTEM.

The Fourth Annual Report of the President and Treasurer of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, published this week, covers a number of matters of unusual interest. The functions that have come to be exercised by this institution in relation to the educational system of the country are so important that both the spirit in which they are performed and the details of the actual conduct of the Foundation give occasion for serious thought. In the present instance, the most noteworthy points discussed are the principles governing the inclusion or retention of institutions in the "Accepted List" of the Foundation, and the change that has been made in the rules governing the bestowal of pensions. This change has been the occasion of not a little adverse criticism, and deserves to be taken up in some detail.

The primary fact in regard to the change in the Foundation's system is that, while pensions at the age of sixty-five are to be given as before, and indeed with some additional liberality, pensions based simply on twenty-five years' service as a professor are no longer to be granted. The rule originally promulgated on the subject, and in force until a few months ago, declared that "any person who has had a service of twenty-five years as a professor, and who is at the time a professor in an accepted institution, shall be entitled to a retiring pension computed as follows," the remainder of the rule being a statement of a purely arithmetical character. The new rule, adopted by the trustees at their annual meeting on November 17, 1909, substitutes for this the following:

> Any person who has had twenty-five years of service as a professor or thirty years of service as professor and instructor, and who is at the time either a professor or an instructor in an accepted institution, shall, in the case of disability unfitting him for the work of a teacher as proved by medical examination, be entitled to a retiring allowance computed as follows.

It will be seen from this that, except in case of serious disability, twenty-five years' service as professor no longer entitles a member of a college or university faculty to a Carnegie pension.

This revision of the rules opens up two questions of wholly distinct character—first, the ethical propriety of making such a change, as affecting persons who have based expectations on the rule as originally promulgated four years ago, and, secondly, the desirability of the

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new rule as compared with the old, taken in itself.

On this latter point, much interesting light is thrown by the report. The discussion, marked by an acuteness of thought and skill in expression which characterize the report as a whole, might be taken as an instructive exhibit of the complexity of the consequences that flow from any important innovation in human affairs. On the purely fiscal side of the case—the question of the amount of pecuniary strain which the carrying out of the original rule was imposing on the Foundation—the long and the short of the matter seems to be that a gross miscalculation was made; but of the incidental consequences, some were such as could not easily have been foreseen. As the result of an inquiry addressed to each of the professors who have thus far availed themselves of the service pension, it appears that a considerable proportion were either expressly or virtually forced out by the college administration, and this fact seems to have made a great impression on the president of the Foundation. "It has been urged," he says, "that one of the benefits of the Foundation consists in the opportunity thus afforded the colleges to get rid of teachers who have worn out their usefulness, or who have lost interest. Whatever there may be in this claim, it is evident that it is more than counterbalanced by the opportunity which is thus opened to bring pressure to bear on the teacher, or by the tendency of the teacher assured of a retiring allowance to become ultra-critical toward the administration. The situation is not a good one either from the standpoint of academic freedom or of academic contentment. Furthermore, it is no part of the function of a retiring allowance system to care for the disagreements of college life. These are problems of administration." Whether the abuses of the system or its benefits would have proved the more weighty is a question of judgment, and the presumption is that the conclusion deliberately arrived at by President Pritchett in this regard is justified by the facts.

The ethical question involved in the change, however, stands on quite a different basis. We do not find that anything in the report breaks the force of the criticisms made in the letters that have appeared in the *Nation*, one from Professor Lovejoy of the University of Missouri, the other from Professor Weeks of Columbia. Nothing could be clearer or more unqualified than the statement in the original rule that professors of twenty-five years' service were "entitled" to the pensions. There is no telling in what degree the plans of professors and of colleges, for the past four years, have been based on the well-grounded expectation that this promise would be carried out. It is true that the Foundation gave notice that its rules might be modified "in such manner as experience may indicate as desirable"; nobody can charge it with breach of contract. But to abolish completely, at a stroke, without notice, one of the cardinal features of the system is not the sort of thing that anybody had the slightest reason to expect.

Dr. Pritchett says that "the expectation that this rule would be taken advantage of almost wholly on the ground of disabilities has proved to be ill-founded"; but if this is meant as a defence against the charge of want of good faith, it betrays a misty notion of the nature of moral obligations. If disability was meant to be the basis from the beginning, nothing would have been easier than to say so; if it was not, then it was absolutely honorable, right, and proper for any man to avail himself of the retiring allowance offered him without reference to any question of disability. If an error was made in the first place, rectify it by all means; but first stand by the consequences of your error, to the extent demanded by the ordinary standards of honorable conduct between man and man. An absolutely essential requirement of a properly constituted university pension system is that it shall not place upon the professor any sense of obligation other than what is inevitable and inherent in such a system; he must feel that he has earned his pension, just as he has earned his salary, by his past services. If to retire under a pension is to mean to retire under a censorship, the Carnegie Foundation may conduce to the material comfort, but will certainly not conduce to the dignity or the self-respect, of the profession of university teaching. And, to come back to the main point, the homely obligation of fulfilling in a reasonable measure substantial expectations that have been raised by one's own declared intentions is a duty antecedent even to the high purposes to which the Carnegie Foundation is dedicated.

KIND WORDS AND SIMPLE FAITH.

There must be many people in New York, of those that travel by subway, "L," or surface car, and no doubt travellers in other cities, who are going about their work these days under the weight of considerable anxiety regarding the present state of Mr. Irving Bacheller's health. The author of "Eben Holden" and "Vergilius" is himself responsible for the prevailing uneasiness. Over his own signature he has caused to be widely advertised a statement to the effect that he had recently tried to make his way through life without his regular copy of a certain weekly publication which we may designate as the *Reader's Guide*, and had found, to use Mr. Bacheller's own phrase, that he was "only half alive." From the buoyant tone which characterizes the rest of the statement, we gather that Mr. Bacheller speedily abandoned his foolhardy experiment, and that he is now consequently enjoying the best of health and spirits. But while this is a matter for sincere congratulation, what guarantee have our author's admirers against the recurrence of conditions calculated to reduce his vitality by one-half? What would happen if one week's copy of the *Guide* should go astray in the mails? Worse still, fancy Mr. Bacheller lost in the depths of his favorite Adirondacks and by mischance deprived of his copy for two or three weeks at a stretch. Would the effect on his health be cumulative, or would it be only the first blow that counted? We shudder to think of such a contingency as a strike on the *Reader's Guide*.

It is a disconcerting topic that we fain would leave, but cannot. Anxious thoughts will come. There is, for instance, the reflection that, besides the *Reader's Guide*, Mr. Bacheller's reading must cover a pretty wide field. We have no doubt he likes his Shakespeare and his Milton. We are sure that he is a loving student of the Bible. The homely wisdom that falls from the mouth of his simple characters suggests a fair acquaintance with the classic moralists, with Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius, with Carlyle and Ruskin. It is not to be supposed that Mr. Bacheller could be deprived of any one of these books

without a corresponding decrease in his general vitality. We call up the dread hypothesis of Mr. Bacheller's being deprived of all his reading at one swoop, as, for instance, by a telegram from his publisher requesting him to catch a midnight train for New York. Our author's physical condition as he boards the train may perhaps be best represented in tabular form:

Book Missed.	Loss of Vitality.
The Reader's Guide	50 per cent.
The Bible	12 per cent.
Shakespeare	10 per cent.
Milton, Pope, Carlyle, Ruskin	8 per cent.
Emerson	10 per cent.
Thoreau, Whitman, etc.	8 per cent.

Our readers need only add up the column of figures for themselves to find out in what a pitiful state Mr. Bacheller will arrive to do business with his publisher.

Under such circumstances, perhaps it is best to hope that the *Reader's Guide* is not so essential to Mr. Bacheller's continued welfare as in his exuberant kindliness he has made it out to be, but that our author has only yielded to the fast-spreading national habit of speaking about our likes and dislikes with a hurrah. We confess that we find it hard to accept it in its universal manifestations. What does Mr. Lincoln Steffens mean by saying of a certain contemporary series of useful political articles, that "on my knees, if I could, I would beg the people of this country to read ————'s story"? Mr. Steffens knows well enough that the people of this country, whom he has served so well in his capacity as militant journalist, would be very much surprised to see him in an attitude of genuflection, and would probably snicker, even as some of them do at the mere expression of Mr. Steffens's melodramatic intentions. We are face to face here with an old subject—the emotionalism of the unemotional Anglo-Saxon. Is it true that when we once let go of our traditional reserve we are in danger of slopping over? Is it characteristic of our people that when father and son meet after long years of separation they shall content themselves with clasping hands, but that when the same father's endorsement is requested for a new breakfast food he shall write, "Dear Sirs: I have used Leguminosa for a year and can only say this: If your wife and children refuse to have Leguminosa in the house, leave your wife and children."

Now, emotionalism is, in very many ways, a desirable and beautiful trait. But emotion, to be tolerable, must have at least one of two qualities, sincerity and propriety. Frenchmen, as we generally believe, are apt to go off at half-cock over trifles; but at least there is no denying the genuine nature of the psychic storm while it lasts. The best emotionality has both sincerity and fitness: such is the spirit of a Civil War and a French Revolution. The worst thing imaginable is an inherently stolid person breaking out into a hurrah over an absurd and inadequate object. The man looks awkward and should feel awkward; if he does not, it is because he is an extremely sophisticated person instead of a highly emotional one. The author of the "Reflections of a Bachelor" some years ago wrote of a new book he was pleased with that "when you cut the pages, they bleed." How a man of such high-powered susceptibility ever remained a bachelor after the age of twenty-one, is almost impossible to comprehend.

Kindliness, optimism, the desire to say a good word for somebody or something, the national inclination to "boost" and not to "knock," are admirable virtues. But the virtues must always keep a weather-eye open for the sense of the ridiculous. For instance, if it were John Keats or David Copperfield instead of the *Reader's Guide* that Mr. Bacheller could only half live without, we should feel much better about it.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

"George Meredith as a Publisher's Reader" is the title of an article by B. W. Matz, connected with the house of Chapman & Hall, which was published in the *Fortnightly Review* for August last, and which was noticed at the time in some of the American papers.

For many years Meredith was literary adviser or manuscript reader to Chapman & Hall. Once or twice a month parcels of authors' manuscripts were sent to him, accompanied by a list of the titles, numbered, with three or four inches of blank space below in which he was to write his criticism or opinion as to the literary or more primarily the commercial value of the manuscript. A number of these sheets, comprising upwards of three hundred pages, containing reports on more than a thousand manuscripts, has come to New York and lies before us. The earliest list is dated February 5, 1886, and the latest December 2, 1893. Mr. Matz states that in the earliest days the criticisms were written into a blank book in the publishers' office by Meredith himself.

If these sheets exhibited all the manuscripts submitted to Meredith (and they seem to be virtually complete for the period covered), either the quality of literary material was extremely poor or Meredith was a most critical critic. Indeed, as we read these criticisms the most interesting feature of the lists is the large number of ways in which he is able to present an adverse decision. On the list sent September 24, 1890, he has written "A List of MSS. to cause despair." And on the list dated January 24, 1890, "Not one to be recommended."

Of the following piquant, short criticisms a few only were quoted by Mr. Matz in his *Fortnightly* article: "The authoress cannot write. I have rarely worked at any MSS. so absurdly crude." "Shallowest of stories: & same of the style, which however has the merit of flowing." "Written by a man of simple mind with a juvenile vocabulary." "The style of the writing provokes laughter when it is not weariness." "The grammar, spelling & style may be excused on the plea of craziness. That is patent." "I should think it would be rejected by farming magazines." "Very pretty writing, but it has no substance either in story or character." 'Worn and old style of autobiography—verbiage—nothing graphic—poor incidents." "Mainly done in dialogue in the female tongue." "Their burglar dialogue would damn any book." "The lady cannot write and she twaddles with her story." "As impossible for acceptance as a book can be." "Might gain a prize for dullness."

Sometimes the authors asked for advice and such requests were sent on to Meredith. The following are a few specimens of his notices of such manuscripts: "A little above the present average, but hopelessly dull, and the writing is poor. The authoress asks for criticism. There is no bringing it to bear upon work on so low a level. She should read for another year before trying her hand at a fresh story." "He asks for the reasons of rejecting of his MS. But one could not furnish them without offending. The work, by comparison with what is required of a novelist in these days is infantile." "The writer asks to be counselled. He should make a study of epistolary composition before embarking on it."

Of "Squire Hentail," by John Countryman, he wrote: "This would not be read. But the writer has a certain latent cleverness, and should be encouraged." Of "Ella Carthew," by Miss Kent: "Thin, very gentle and delicate writing, next to no story. Pray speak kindly to the author, in strong expressions of regret, etc. She writes flowingly, she is remarkable for good feeling. Her requirement is in strength of tone and in a tale to tell." Of "At Love's Brim," by Bernard E. J. Capes: "Will not do at all. There is a faint indication of ability for better in time, and with discipline. The author seems to be afflicted with excessive self-consciousness."

Authors submitting manuscripts to publishers may benefit by some of Meredith's comments on the handwriting and condition of manuscripts: "MS. sent in confusion of pages. I have read a part backward, a part forward, enough to assure me of the prolonged feebleness of the work." "The MS. is a specimen of wonderful and terrible orthography. I have spellt a short

way through it, but stopped to save my sight. It seemed to me that the matter is commonplace." "MS. looking as a survival of a dozen shipwrecks."

Poetry was generally turned down with slight comment. Volumes of verse financially worth publishing have not been offered in recent years. The following are some of Mercdith's criticisms: "The verse is often musical, but has not substance enough to attract the public. There is no public for poetical matter short of first-rate, or cleverly made to resemble it." "It is not verse. The deficiency in sense is naked of that clothing. And yet it is not prose." "The writer has no knowledge of verse." Of "A Ramble in Rhyme": "Rhyme—but a drunken shamble for metre. Sketches good."

Of "The Cruise of the Juno," by F. William, the publishers wrote, "Author is willing to pay for production." Meredith says: "Harmless. The writer is, we will say, careless of spelling and indifferent as to his English; in fact, he can barely write. But the printer's reader might assist. He has no ideas. If published, let it be as privately as possible." Of "The Chumplebunnys," by Beatty Kington, he wrote: "I do not know what to say. Personally I have no taste for this humor of the preceding generations, which is built on the doings of imbeciles worthy of their names for absurdity. But I am bound to add that our public still welcomes it—and the author is clever—and he has a following." Of one of "Carmen Sylva's" volumes of stories: "The Queen 'Carmen Sylva' has ambition and flatterers. But not even a Queen can make the English swallow these tales—and even good work would have no chance in such a translation." Of a book by C. Hannon: "The author at one moment doubted whether he should continue it, and disobeyed the wise monition. There is no public for it. Such works are the issue of undigested thoughts." Of "The Old Parliamentary Hand," author not given, he says: "A skit on Gladstone. A sort of kicking of the dead lion. Gladstone at present is dead for all purposes of satire," etc. Of "A Flight to Florida," by Mrs. M. E. V. Creagh, he says: "The authoress offers to 'eat her best bonnet' if one does not laugh at her humor. I could not."

Correspondence.

THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: There are still a few questions, besides the proper nurture of children and the merits of Dr. Eliot's pentapodal culture, about which the educated man reserves the privilege of a personal opinion. One of these is the teaching of English. The once very general belief that "anybody can teach English" has, in recent years, given place to the belief that nobody can teach English, and this, in its turn, is now yielding to the belief that anybody can teach the proper method of teaching English. A symposium of all the suggestions that have been offered by those who do not teach English would make a merry book for the English instructor, and a valuable one for the progressive college president.

The latest suggestion of this kind (by W. F. in the *Nation*, December 30), is concerned with the "unsolved problem" of teaching English composition. The argument is somewhat as follows: If the student has nothing to say, it is impossible to teach him to say it well. He should be required to find, not a "meaning for his expression," but an "expression for his meaning," since "meanings are born and not made." Therefore let the English instructor content himself with those meanings (in history or physics or philosophy) which the student already has. An old examination paper or essay in any department will best serve the purpose, "for there is no more profitable exercise for the practical or artistic ends of composition, than to take something you have already tried to say, and said badly, and say it again, so as perfectly to express your meaning."

This is epigrammatic, and part of it, at least, is sound psychology. But closer scrutiny shows the reasoning to be fallacious, the remedy impracticable. If meanings are, indeed, born and not made, whence came the student's meanings in history or physics or philosophy? Are there innate ideas about Pragmatism, fluorescence, and the Diet of Worms? If not, why may not the student acquire "meanings" in those subjects which the English instructor is supposed to know something about? Is it true that the tactful teacher of English fails more signally than other teachers to arouse in the student a genuine impulse to express a meaning of interest and worth? Is it safe to assume that in history or physics or philosophy the student more frequently has meanings that are ripe for expression? Would anything short of omniscience suffice for the task of teaching the student "perfectly to express" what he meant to say about any subject in the college curriculum? Would it be possible to conduct a systematic course of composition and rhetoric that was dependent upon such an intermittent and heterogeneous subject matter?

Until satisfactory answers can be found for all these questions, let us give over the search for fanciful remedies and face the facts. College English is bad, incredibly, intolerably bad. Why? There is an unbroken circle of causation of which the lay critic seems wholly or partly ignorant. Bad English is bred in the bone of the average American boy. He hears bad English at home and at school; he reads it in the newspapers and the cheaper magazines. He studies grammar at an age when he should be taught elementary composition, and composition and literature alone when he should also be taught grammar. In the high school his teacher is always overworked and frequently half-trained. When he enters college his education in English has reached the half sophisticated stage of "Give it to John and I." His interests are incredibly narrow; his ignorance, apart from football, is impartial and catholic. The "unsolved problem" that confronts the college instructor is a heterogeneous class of thirty such boys, the unchallenged product of "affiliated" schools. He does what he can with them in one short year, "fails" as many as college tradition will permit, and passes the rest on to graduate, and, if they teach, to perpetuate in the high schools the conditions which he is powerless to change.

If this rapid sketch be approximately true, it is clear that the search for new remedies is worse than futile. The teacher of English understands this and plods on; the impatient critic is sure that the "solution of the problem" depends upon the discovery of some novel and brilliant "method." There is but one remedy, so obvious and commonplace that no one has the hardihood to propose it. Place at the head of the department of rhetoric a forceful man who does not aspire to become a professor of literature; give him an adequate corps of trained assistants, not a job lot of transient tyros whose compelling recommendation is their cheapness; let him have a free hand in fixing the requirements for entrance, unhampered by the politics of affiliated schools, and an equally free hand in setting the standard of excellence in his courses. Then let the other members of the faculty give him their moral support, according to their lights, by making it clear to the student that the requirements of the rhetoric department are not whimsical, but essential to success in every department of study.

To this plan there are only three fatal objections: it is unoriginal, unpopular, and costly.

R. D. Miller.

Columbia, Mo., February 21.

THE DECAY OF EMPIRES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: To those who are watching with the deepest interest the destiny of England, and who cannot help wondering whether her imperial glory, threatened by foes without and dissensions within, may not be on the verge of decay, the following lines of D'Avenant, written about 1630, must have a certain significance. Whether prophetic or not, they have a large sweep of poetry. The Duke (in "The Cruel Brother," ii, 1) speaks first of the French:

> Fruit that is ripe
> Is prone to fall, or to corrupt itself:
> According to the age of Monarchies,
> They now are fully ripe: they reach
> The height and top of mortal faculties.
> Nature in them doth stand upon the verge
> Of her own youth. The English want
> Three hundred years of that perfection.
> And as the moon ne'er changes but i' th' full,
> Even so the mighty nations of the earth
> Change in their greatest glory. First, their strict
> And rugged discipline to vain delights,
> Their solemn marches next to wanton jigs,
> Their battles fierce to duels spleuative,
> Or witty quarrels of the pen.

Gamaliel Bradford, jr.

Wellesley Hills, Mass., February 23.

THE CARNEGIE FOUNDATION AND SECTARIANISM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Before agreeing with those who condemn the Carnegie Foundation for encouraging the colleges to leave sectarian boundaries, it might be well to consider what sectarianism does for us.

Among its effects may fairly be reckoned the lack of moral and religious teaching in the public schools. Each sect says to this question: "My faith or none!" and all work together to resist any efforts that may be made in that direction. But to the lack of such teaching must be laid in part the great excess of crime in our country compared with that in other civilized nations.

After all, why have the theological beliefs of any one any more vital relation to religion proper, or, let us say, to right living or to worship, than his theory in regard

to the constitution of matter, or the nature of electricity? The physical as well as the moral world is the work of the Creator, and why should the one any more than the other be a field for dogmatism or intolerance? I have my own theological beliefs, as tenaciously held as any one's, but why should I not be willing to suppress them in public, as I do my political and scientific and other beliefs, for the sake of meeting my differently minded fellows, for benevolent and moral purposes, and even for the purpose of worship of the same Creator? If it is our Christian duty to love our enemies, we certainly ought to be equal to uniting without quarrelling with those of different beliefs, who not only are not enemies, but, in a different way, are striving for the same ideals.

The world do move, but it cannot be hurried. Yet is it possible that we cannot yet see that perfect tolerance is Christianity, and that nothing less is true Christianity?

There may have been a time when sectarianism accomplished something for the world. Now it seems to me wholly evil. If there is anything good to be said for it, I should like to hear it.

R. Mowry Bell.

Princeton, N. J., February 14.

JARED BEAN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have too much reverence for the memory of Jared Bean (some time curator of the Connecticut Society of Antiquarians), and too much respect for the *Nation*, to ask you to lend your columns to any controversy about Bean himself. Yet my copy of the *Nation*, which has just arrived, contains a letter from Miss Helen E. Haines which tends to throw doubt upon the compiler of "The Old Librarian's Almanack."

If this were the first of such occurrences, I might remain silent. But, when an anonymous correspondent in the Boston *Transcript* seeks to transfer Jared Bean to Pennsylvania, and to give him descendants in the shape of two living writers on fishes (why fishes?); when the New York *Sun* endeavors to connect him with a "Rev. Calabar Bean of East Haddam, Conn." (who probably is purely fictitious); when other persons have suggested his relationship to Mrs. Veal of Canterbury; and still others have made irrelevant and childish allusions to "Jared and the Bean's Talk"—when all these things happen, it hardly becomes one who is, in a sense, the literary executor of Mr. Bean to say nothing in his defence.

I shall not attempt any detailed proof of the obvious fact that Jared Bean existed. I am perfectly sensible of the compliment which Miss Haines's letter indirectly conveys, but I have read "The Giant's Robe," and I know that it is wiser to be content with the simple fame of the antiquarian and bibliographer than to snatch laurels from the silent dead. I wish merely to refute two of Miss Haines's assertions, and mention two bits of evidence tending to establish Jared Bean more firmly in the estimation of all lovers of the past.

Jared Bean was not related to Sairey Gamp's friend, Mrs. Harris. Moreover, he never married. This is beyond question, and I challenge Miss Haines to produce one iota of reliable evidence to prove that he did marry.

On July 21, 1907, a few months only after the death of Nathaniel Cutter, Esq., I made a quotation from "The Old Librarian's Almanack" in The Librarian column of the Boston *Transcript*. It passed unnoticed at the time, but on February 26, 1908, I quoted the book again, as a contribution to a discussion of "the old-fashioned librarian" then raging in the *Dial*. It was instantly recognized by one of the participants, who replied that he had "repeatedly read the passage quoted again by the *Transcript*" (see the *Dial*, March 16, 1908). I presume, of course, that he had access to the copy of the "Almanack" owned by Dr. Morris Kimball of St. Louis. Further references to the matter can be found in the *Dial* of April 16, 1908. What will your correspondent say to this?

Furthermore, although Jared Bean left no descendants, his colleague, Enoch Sneed, had a niece, who in due time inherited certain trinkets which her uncle had treasured for many years. One of these, a snuff-box which belonged to Mr. Bean, contained a lock of that gentleman's hair. It is now in the possession of the Hon. Horatio N. Sneed of New Haven. It bears the initials "J. B." on its cover. Mr. Sneed has informed me that it will come to me on his decease. I shall, of course, turn it over to the Newburyport Antiquarian Society, where it may be inspected by all—believers and unbelievers. Edmund L. Pearson.

Newburyport, Mass., February 24.

"WAMMS" AND "WARMUS."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of February 10, "E. V. M." in suggesting an origin for the term "cuss" speaks of the fact that men in rural communities use the word "wammus" without ever suspecting that it probably came to us from the German "Wamms." How completely the origin of this word has been lost sight of I have had occasion to notice repeatedly in western Indiana. Although "wammus" and "wampus" (and "jimmy-slinger") are the forms usually heard, one frequently hears "warmus"; and those who thus pronounce the word regard it as a compound of "warm" and "us."

Rollo W. Brown.

Crawfordsville, Ind., February 19.

VIDEO MELIORA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your correspondent, Mr. Axon, in the *Nation* of February 17, evidently assumes, like his New England poetess, that Horace wrote the famous lines: "Video meliora proboque, Deteriora sequor." If a list were to be made of those who have given Horace the credit of this passage, which has the stamp of his style though the sentiment is not Horatian, Mr. Axon would find himself in distinguished company. For instance, the late Prof. Lewis Campbell, a scholar of the first rank made the same slip in his "Tragic Drama" (1905). It was, of course, Ovid who, in the "Metamorphoses" (vii, 20), gave us the picture of Medea debating the conflicting claims of love and duty:

> Sed gravat invitam nova vis, aliudque cupido
> Mens aliud suadet. Video meliora proboque
> Deteriora sequor.

Take the quotation from its context, and it is Horace's trick of phrase and will still seem his to the general reader. Just so nine people out of ten will turn to the Bible for the reference to the wind and the shorn lamb.

Wilmer Cave Wright.

Bryn Mawr, Pa., February 19.

Literature.

THE FUTURE OF DEMOCRACY.

The Promise of American Life. By Herbert Croly. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

This is an eminently notable book. It is one of the best examples in recent years of a long-sustained flight in the region of realistic philosophical politics. The amplitude of discourse which the author allows himself is fairly warranted by the profoundity of his analysis. His eventual programme is one of extensive State Socialism, but he appraises justly the indispensability of individual initiative and the value of individual distinction.

The title of the book may direct attention to the author's point of departure, but it does not indicate the book's central theme. The real theme is two-fold. There is, first, a disclosure of the bankruptcy of our political theorizing in the past, when a vital national problem like slavery could be solved only by a courageous doctrine which shattered the sacred formulas of all political creeds. There is, secondly, an application of what the author regards as an adequate political theory to the baffling questions in whose toils we now writhe. The first, or historical, part is conceived and executed with penetration and ability; the second, or constructive, part is more vulnerable.

Mr. Croly begins by pointing out quite truly that Americans have commonly entertained the conviction that a better future awaits their country, a future to come about *automatically* by adherence to traditional policies. This better future is conceived to include widespread economic prosperity, and plentiful economic opportunity, as well as political freedom and equality. The conditions which for a time worked to this end—the abundance of free soil and immunity from foreign foes—have altered rapidly of late years. For the future, we must abandon hope in automatic melioration, and must substitute conscious effort to realize social improvement. The distribution of wealth must be made to conform to the interests of the whole society, and the national ideal must embrace higher ends—social and moral—rather than confine itself to economic prosperity for the individual, if the "Promise" is to be fulfilled. To this preliminary overture there is no exception to be taken.

The only adequate political creed, ac-

cording to the author, includes two essential points. There must be a realization of the end to be sought, the establishment of a true democracy. There must also be employed to this end a strong responsible government consciously bent on a process of "constructive discrimination" to attain the democratic ideal. He shows conclusively that neither the Hamiltonian nor the Jeffersonian theory sufficed for both of these purposes. Hamilton, it is true, endowed the central government with substantial power to act in the national interest. But Hamilton distrusted democracy. He buttressed property rights in the Constitution, so as to make them invulnerable to popular attack or control. Jefferson in this point alone shines by contrast, for Jefferson trusted the people. But Jefferson's fatal error was that he made "faith in the people equivalent to a profound suspicion of responsible official leadership" (p. 170). Jefferson sought "an essentially equalitarian and even socialistic result, by means of an essentially individualistic machinery." In his mind, "democracy was tantamount to extreme individualism" (p. 43). Thus throughout our whole political history, until 1861, effectual political power was used only for equipping the national government with adequate authority and was exerted only in behalf of privileged classes. The adherents of Jefferson consigned themselves to virtual impotence by forswearing the employment of the essential means to benefit the people as a whole. Not until slavery had become the dominant issue was the sterility of our political thinking realized. Here Mr. Croly mercilessly dissects the programme of the Whigs, the Democrats, the advocates of Squatter Sovereignty, the slave-owners, and the abolitionists. The last come in for castigation by reason of their separatist tendencies and their natural-rights philosophy. Of this philosophy he declares: "Of all perverted conceptions of democracy, one of the most perverted and dangerous is that which identifies it exclusively with a system of natural rights" (pp. 80-87). In Lincoln, he finds the first responsible American statesman to proclaim "that American nationality" is "a living principle rather than a legal bond." In Lincoln's attitude upon slavery, he discerns the concrete exemplification of the fundamental requisite of political theory—the purposeful and conscious use of national power for realizing essentially democratic ends.

There is not a little that is novel in this review of our past political history. The concession that from the standpoint of legal tradition, secession by the South had more in its favor than coercion by the North will doubtless provoke denial. But Mr. Croly handles his case with power. Moreover, his point is the stronger in that he upholds enthusiastically the North's attempt to put its nationalistic interpretation upon the Constitution. In a general way, the marshalling of the facts of our past political history in the light of the Jeffersonian and the Hamiltonian prepossessions of our politicians is discriminatingly done.

The contemporary situation is depicted as mainly due to the economic and constitutional changes that followed quickly upon the civil war. In commerce the business specialist, the "Captain of Industry," promptly appeared. Almost simultaneously the political specialist, "the Boss," emerged. Absorption in exceptional commercial opportunities explains the former; the necessity for political power and responsibility in the States explains the latter; and each accelerated the other's growth. There can be no doubt of the keenness of Mr. Croly's analysis upon this point. In the various commonwealths the new Constitutions under the stress of the Jeffersonian distrust of government had exalted the check and balance system. The executive, the legislative, and the judicial departments had been so divorced from one another that they each and all lost "genuine independence and efficiency." The more "democratic these Constitutions became, the more clearly the Democracy showed its disposition to distrust its own representatives, and to deprive them of any chance of being genuinely representative" (p. 119). This paralysis of the constitutional depositories of power created the opportunity for "the Boss." The corporation chief wanted some one with whom he could "do business" in franchises, in legislation, in administration. The man needed was found in the man who dictated nominations from the outside, to wit, the Boss.

This, according to Mr. Croly's analysis, is the heart of the situation to-day, and, according as the difficulty is or is not realized, the various reforming movements will succeed or fail. "The plain fact is that the traditional American political system, which so many good reformers wish to restore by some sort of reforming revivalism," is in reality "responsible for the existing political and economic abuses . . ." (p. 141). "Reform exclusively as a moral protest and awakening is condemned to sterility. . . . Reform must necessarily mean an intellectual as well as a moral challenge" (p. 150), and "no leading reformer has sought to give reform its necessary foundation of positive political principle" (p. 153).

The most piquant part of the volume is found in the succeeding section which tries the "star" reformers by the canon just enunciated. Bryan, Hearst, Jerome, and Roosevelt are successively brought before the bar. The Jeffersonian tradition of distrust of government condemns the first three to incoherence and virtual impotence. Bryan's sentence is mitigated by acknowledgment of his genuine patriotism and his many admirable personal qualities; Jerome's candor and plain speaking are offset against his fiasco; "Hearst and Hearstism" are pronounced "a living menace to the orderly process of reform and to American national integrity," and his "methods of agitation and his popular catchwords" are declared to be "an ingenious adaptation of Jefferson to the needs of political yellow journalism" (p. 164). Mr. Roosevelt is allowed to have revived "the Hamiltonian ideal of constructive national legislation" and to have evinced a thoroughgoing and absolute devotion to "the national and to the democratic ideals"; but to have "done little to encourage candid and consistent thinking" beyond preaching the paramount duty of being "a sixty-horsepower moral motor car" (p. 170).

The author next fetches a very wide compass in chapters 8, 9, and 10, intended to show what he regards as the inseparable connection between democracy and nationality. For Socialism of the international or cosmopolitan type he has no use. The appraisal of the Monroe Doctrine is made with unmistakable penetration. That its eventual maintenance may spell war rather than peace is rather a remarkable concession. For Mr. Croly has little or no faith in international disarmament, as is evident from his cold-blooded remark that "in America, as in Europe, the road to any permanent international settlement will be piled mountain-high with dead bodies . . ." (p. 307). But these chapters constitute a rather irrelevant excursus in his general argument, and their result is inconclusive.

When, finally, he attempts the problems of reconstruction, he has put behind him either an individualistic or a provincial democracy in favor of a national policy to be realized eventually by aggressive action. His sanity of judgment, however, does not desert him here. Instead of reshaping the Federal Constitution at once, he would alter the arrangements of State Constitutions. He is undoubtedly right in thinking that to the State Executive should be given a greater share of responsibility and power. Mr. Croly would permit the Governor to submit legislation to the State Legislature. "The best reform legislation now enacted usually originates in executive mansions" (p. 331). In case the Governor's measures are not accepted by the Legislature, Mr. Croly would arrange for an appeal to the electorate. The Governor, it is proposed, is also to be subject to the Recall—this in order to temper irresponsible exercise of executive authority. The author rejects the direct primary as eventually requiring more assistance in managing elections from the professional politicians than at present, and thus strengthening their grip upon power.

So far as the Federal government is

concerned, Mr. Croly would enlarge its power over commerce and industry. He does not favor commission control of industry except as a passing device. Its fault he finds in the double deposit of power, and therefore the ambiguous location of responsibility for efficient industrial administration. The eventual acquisition by the national government of those essential elements in corporate property which make for monopoly—such as railway terminals, rights of way, mineral deposits, and the like—he regards as finally inevitable; but administration and operation are to be left to individual initiative. So long as this is not pressed by the author as a possibility for several generations, it may be passed over as not of immediate concern.

Most open to question is his general conception of the purpose of democracy. Rightly insisting that democracy cannot be defined in terms of machinery alone, he contends that the "salutary and formative democratic purpose consists in using the democratic organization for the joint benefit of individual distinction and social improvement" (p. 207). To this it seems a fair rejoinder that democracy, whether compatible with individual distinction or not, is simply not concerned with individual distinction. Democracy in Switzerland is perhaps more completely realized than elsewhere in Europe. But in politics as in art and literature individual distinction is markedly absent in the Swiss republic. One recalls Whistler's chaff at the "sons of patriots" who in the domain of art are content with inventing "the clock that turns the mill, and the sudden cuckoo, with difficulty restrained in its box."

A fair verdict upon the book would couple a commendation of Mr. Croly's analysis of our political history and of the political conditions requiring reform with a caveat at his project of "constructive discrimination." He is doubtless right in holding that the abstract doctrine of "equal rights for all" is without constructive power. Neither as a party amalgam nor as a political engine is the doctrine efficient. But the policy of "constructive discrimination," "the ceaseless creation of a political, economic, and social aristocracy, and their equally constant replacement" is fraught with peril. Mr. Croly contradicts himself in this matter. On page 209 we are told that the "democratic state should never discriminate in favor of anything or anybody." On page 357 is urged the policy of legally recognizing the large corporations. This recognition, Mr. Croly himself admits, "amounts substantially to a discrimination in their favor." On page 209 we are taught that the democratic state can "only discriminate against all sorts of privilege." But on page 386 there is advocated a legal recognition of the privileges of labor unions with the express admission that "this legal recognition means, in their case, also, substantial discrimination by the state in their favor." One may well shrink from endorsing a programme, even though conceived in the public interest, which begins by according special privilege to particular classes. The state has about all it can do in exerting adequate control in the public interest when the weed of class privilege has shown its head in the national garden, without going to the further extreme of sowing thistles, even if the ultimate purpose be cherished of making them serve a useful end.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Isle of Dead Ships. By C. Marriott. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

The Living Mummy. By Ambrose Pratt. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Old Clinkers. By Harvey J. O'Higgins. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

Are many good "yarns" written nowadays? The publishers promptly assure us there are, and even venture to specify the particular quality of breeziness, or tenderness, or colorfulness that constitutes the charm of the particular "yarn." As a matter of fact, we have too much breeze, love, and color in our stories. The conscious striving after them robs the type of its pleasantest characteristic, reality, even if it is only the reality of an hour's excitement. The desperate attempt at style tends still further to hamper illusion. The three books we have brought together in the present notice adhere to the simple standards of other days. They tell impossible or improbable stories in a straightforward manner. Of all three it may truthfully be said that few readers will lay them down unfinished.

Mr. Marriott lives up to the promise of his title. He imagines in the centre of the great drift of seaweed and wreckage that goes by the name of Sargasso Sea a nucleus made up of countless ships which the winds and currents of the Atlantic have shepherded together during the last four hundred years. It is Mr. Marriott's theory that, sooner or later, all derelicts of the Atlantic arrive in that grass-locked haven. What more natural than that hero and heroine shall be shipwrecked and conveyed to the isle of dead ships, where a little colony of castaways live contentedly under an Irish Superman of a king? And how the heroine is saved from the tyrant's amorous designs, and how the tyrant is overthrown, and how all the good people in the colony escape from the isle in a Spanish submarine brought thither by the storms, is told clearly, unaffectedly, veraciously.

Mr. Pratt's book is packed with thrills. The living mummy is just what it purports to be—the mummy of a high priest of the days of Amenhotep, who is brought to life through a wondrous charm discovered by a wicked Egyptologist, who proceeds to use the priest for the destruction of a good Egyptologist, who is young, Herculean, and in love with the bad Egyptologist's beautiful and caustic daughter. On two or three occasions the hero engages in deadly combat with the reinvigorated high-priest. And if a 4,000-year-old mummy were not bad enough, what shall we say when that mummy, by means of a very rare dye, succeeds in making himself invisible? The present reviewer confesses to looking twice over his shoulder in a dark hall at night.

Mr. O'Higgins's book is a collection of stories of the New York Fire Department, and so comes as a sequel to his "Smoke Eaters." They are the idealized record of a series of every-day events, presented with a fine simplicity and vigor. The first story tells of a fire crew penned up in the iron entrails of a burning steamship, and for a page or two holds one actually breathless. There is humor and character-drawing and a bit of moralizing; a readable book.

Testimony. By Alice and Claude Askew. New York: John Lane Co.

In this day of facile travel, one is amazed to find authors writing of America from such abysmal depths of ignorance. The scene of the story is laid in New England, and although the life depicted evidently lies well beyond the bounds of the writers' personal experience, the local color is applied with no niggardly hand. Unfortunately, they have not gone to such writers as Mary Wilkins Freeman or Alice Brown for their text-book, but to some early insular authority, whence they have gleaned the fact that all Americans, of whatever class or education, invariably preface all remarks with either "I guess" or "I reckon," whether such prefix be germane to the subject matter or no. As the offering of writers who have presumably passed their novitiate, the story is incredibly naïve in its banality. Gillian Lyons, a magnificent type of the primitive man, in spite of his feminine cognomen, marries, against the will of his masterful mother, a delicate butterfly called Althea May, a super-refined exotic of New York culture, who uses "ain't" and kindred locutions. The family, thus augmented, tends to discord as the sparks fly upward, the sparks being furnished by the mother and the wife. After the death of her baby, Althea finds life on the farm intolerable, and flees to join a rich uncle in England, who has sent for her in ignorance of her marriage. The husband, blaming the mother for all the miserable imbroglio, takes up a Peggottyesque search for the runaway, and the story ends with their reunion at the farm and a general outburst of forgiveness and

embraces. There is an English interlude where the authors demonstrate their fine vein of unconscious humor quite as ably as in the New England scenes.

Alexandrian Romances: Alexander the Prince; Alexander the King; Alexander and Roxana. By Marshall Monroe Kirkman. Chicago: Cropley Phillips.

Mr. Kirkman says in his prefaces that these books owe their origin, not to his desire to write an historical romance, but to the interest excited in his mind by studies of the times of Philip of Macedon and Alexander. The historical part, he observes, is merely incidental, and his exalted personages are introduced because they form a part of the love story. Nevertheless, although this disarms criticism of the historic features and bespeaks attention to the romantic ones, we venture to say that the chief interest for the reader lies in the suggestions of history. Like the conquering army itself, we walk buoyantly where the footing has a foundation, but flounder on reaching the spongy morasses of invention. The exalted personages talk in a language which combines the most flowery eloquence known to fiction with the "Tut! tut!" and "Whew!" of the average man. The style, in other words, is preposterous, the romance mushy, and the history over-decorated.

Yet the studies of the men and manners of the time, of marches, and battles, and sieges, insist on infusing life into the pages. The little historical compends at the end of each volume are good and suggestive reading, and the maps whereby one follows Alexander from Macedon to Asia Minor and Persia and Egypt fill full the sense of satisfaction for those who have the map habit. All told—and much of it poorly told—extravaganza where it would be romance, romance where it would be history, it, nevertheless, holds its course within hail of fact or tradition, and pictures vividly, even hauntingly, the day and the deed. To some extent it informs, and even more it stimulates.

The Tyrant. By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The popularity of Mrs. de la Pasture's novels is due in part, no doubt, to the faithfulness with which she clings to the old-fashioned heroine. Stories of the new woman, and the newer maiden, the creature of cigarette and latch-key, who undertakes to prove her equality with male creatures by aping their follies, have palled upon an at first curious public. The type threatens to become familiar in real life, and romantic persons must look with relief upon such pictures as this writer paints for us of the sweet and modest and yielding, and altogether feminine little lady, who was our grandmother. Mrs. de la Pasture is not content with half measure. Most men prefer a Viola to a Rosalind, at least in the hour of calf-love. But the meekness and sensibility of the crinoline period, the quivering affections which delight to be trampled upon, the slender frame which faints beneath the slightest exertion—all these, we suspect, are for the admiration of the feminine reader of a certain age. "Catherine of Calais" was Mrs. de la Pasture's typical heroine: the attempt to portray a girl of more modern type, in Philippa, "Catherine's Child," was not very successful. The two heroines of "The Tyrant," mother and daughter, are reversions to the older order. Annette, the mother, is the later Catherine, the woman of forty who has ceased to regard her own happiness, and lives in the fact of her children, and the hoped-for eventuality of her grandchildren. For their sake, she does revolt (during his absence), from the rule of the tyrant. But her fear and compunction for having done the right thing rob her of all satisfaction in the feat. Her one impulse of independent action exhausted, she is ready to grovel at the feet of the oppressor, begging his forgiveness for having wronged him. In short, she is a rather abject little person. Her one happiness is in marrying her daughter to a lord. The daughter merely repeats her mother's youth—lovely and sweet and yielding and nothing more. The "tyrant," the brutal husband and father, who according to the English novelist is so common a British type, is drawn somewhat coarsely for the American imagination. He is useful to the story, but seems two-thirds bogy.

A REVOLUTIONARY COURT.

The Tribunal of the Terror: A Study of Paris in 1793-1795. From the French of G. Lenôtre. Translated by Frederic Lees. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

In an admirable work published nearly thirty years ago, H. Wallon analyzed *all* the cases tried by the Revolutionary Tribunal. This has been properly regarded by students as the definitive work on the subject. The author of the volume under review has not attempted in any way to supersede Wallon's work, but rather to supplement it by drawing a picture of the Tribunal in action. In an opening chapter, with detailed plans of the old Palais de Justice and Conciergerie, he lays the foundation for his study by showing precisely the rooms occupied at different times by the Tribunal when sitting, the jurymen's apartments, the *buvette*, where judges and jury refreshed themselves (sometimes to excess); Fouquier-Tinville's sleeping-room with its bed of straw, and the iron bars through which he grinned down at his victims in the courtyard below. To reconstruct vividly the surroundings and daily life of the Tribunal, the author has turned over in the Archives Nationales many hitherto unexplored sources. A line in a report, a phrase in a *procès-verbal*, the estimate of a contractor, or even the bills of tradespeople and workmen have supplied him with materials which he has ingeniously put together in his re-edification.

The Revolutionary Tribunal was established on March 10, 1793, by the Convention, in answer to the clamor of the mob of Paris. The Convention could not forget the massacres of September, and sought this means to avoid a repetition of them. "Let us be terrible," said Danton, "to spare the people being so. . . . Let us organize a tribunal, not well, for that is impossible, but *in the least ill manner possible.*"

At the first sitting Guyot de Maulans, a nobleman of Poitiers, who had been found in possession of two passports and a white cockade, was tried on the charge of having emigrated—a capital offence. Fouquier-Tinville, the public prosecutor, delivered a speech which, in the words of a contemporary, "was full of force, full of energy, and which at every moment breathed forth the scorching, electrical fire of the purest patriotism." The jury retired to deliberate while the crowd of inquisitive spectators discussed among themselves the chances whether a man who had harmed nobody would be punished with death. Suddenly the ringing of a bell announced the return of the jury with a verdict of "Guilty." When the president arose, wearing the new short black gown and the black hat with a large plume, *à la Henri IV*, which had been adopted for the Tribunal, and pronounced in a terrifying silence the sentence of "Death," a moan came from the spectators. At first they sobbed silently. Then they wept aloud. Their increasing emotion spread to the judges and jurymen, who tried in vain to hide their tears. Thus, at the outset, the officials and spectators of the Tribunal were not utterly without human sympathy. But they hardened their hearts as the weeks went on, for the almighty public prosecutor demanded daily a larger and larger number of victims. He kept ten copying clerks busy preparing warrants of arrest, and he so intimidated the jurymen that they did not dare bring in acquittals. If they did so he would shout at them in rage, "You are not on your good behavior!" or, "Give me the names of those *bougres* of jurymen; one can no longer count on such men." One day a clerk looked over his shoulder at breakfast and saw him with a list of jurymen marking against certain names "f" (*faible*). The clerk, who had just refused to sign the con-

demnation of Danton, asked him what he was doing. The public prosecutor gave him a sly look and continued his work, muttering half to himself: "This one is a little reasoner. . . . We don't want people who reason; we want things to go." Two days later that clerk had disappeared. He had been secretly imprisoned.

After the fall of Robespierre, Fouquier made a servile speech before the Convention and sought to save himself by trimming to the new wind. But even his clerks foresaw his doom. When he stormed at one of them on the 12th of Thermidor for being insolent to him, the clerk replied with a brazen but significant shrug of the shoulders: "I am not insolent. I am merely no longer in fear of death." On the 14th of Thermidor, upon the demand of a deputy that "Fouquier be sent to hell to expiate the blood he has spilt," he was placed under arrest. At his trial more than four hundred persons appeared to give evidence of his iniquitous methods. It was shown that when fifty or sixty persons were tried in a morning, as was the case in the last weeks before the fall of Robespierre, the prisoners had been permitted to make no defence; they had even been sent to the tumbrils with such haste that they were not properly identified. A boy of sixteen, for instance, had been condemned and executed by mistake instead of his father of fifty. Before such overwhelming evidence of irregularity and in spite of a very clever defence, Fouquier was finally sent after the 2,625 persons whom he had already dispatched to the guillotine. He left no property for his penniless wife and children except a complete file of the *Moniteur*.

This volume is not only a description of the daily life of the Revolutionary Tribunal, but is also in part a biography of its terrible public prosecutor. It is a valuable piece of historical work and has the same dramatic interest which has characterized the earlier studies of "G. Lenôtre" (pseudonym of the academician Gosselin).

Nelson and Other Naval Studies. By James R. Thursfield. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4 net.

"Imperial Defence" has long received the close attention of certain thoughtful British writers who form a class almost without example in this country, where such questions happily remain academic. Among these writers is James R. Thursfield, who is well known as one of the authors of "The Navy and the Nation," as a frequent contributor to Brassey's Naval Annual, and as the British correspondent of our American periodical, the *Navy*. A number of his essays and addresses have now been issued in a handsome octavo volume. Most of the articles relating to Nelson, comprising about one-third of the text, were written at the time of the Trafalgar centenary, in 1905. In spite of all the arguments to the contrary, Mr. Thursfield makes a strong case for the theory that the battle was actually fought on the lines laid down by Nelson in his famous memorandum, written twelve days before the action. In his diagnosis of the Lady Hamilton episode he differs somewhat from Mahan, the review of whose "Life of Nelson" (published in 1898) is here reprinted, with all its highly appreciative encomiums.

Other essays, on Duncan (the victor of Camperdown), the Dogger Bank Affair, Commerce-Destroying, and the Higher Policy of Defence, are uniformly distinguished by this author's conservatism and breadth of view, and by his clarity of style. Here is a book which will prove an excellent guide to the topics discussed, and which gives the grounds upon which sober, peace-loving Englishmen justify the apprehensions aroused by Germany's disturbing naval development. It is a pity, however, that Mr. Thursfield was unaware of the grave doubts cast upon Mr. Buell's good faith in the "Life of John Paul Jones," to which he admits heavy obligations. The estimate of Paul Jones would doubtless have been the same, but the story would have been differently told. A new curiosity of literature is introduced to the reader in a rare life of Jones, published in 1825, which, on the authority of John Murray, Mr. Thursfield attributes to Disraeli.

Entzweit-Einsam. Von August Strindberg. München: G. Müller.

The translation of this latest volume in the German edition of August Strindberg's complete writings is the work of Emil Schering; and is masterly. With all the condensed force of the original, it rises at times to a greater pathos than the Swedish itself has. The collection is planned to be complete in thirty-six volumes, issued in six divisions: Dramen, Romane, Novellen, Lebensgeschichte, Gedichte, and Wissenschaft. The new volume belongs to the "Lebensgeschichte" and covers two periods in the author's life: 1892-1894, the years of his second marriage; and 1899-1900, his first winter in Stockholm after an absence of ten years. Between the two lies the "Inferno" period. "Entzweit," as the former story is called—the original was simply "the second story of the Master of Quarantine" in the collection, "Fagervik och Skamsund"—contains some significant utterances which light up, as it were, the hidden source of Strindberg's view of life. Here, for instance:

> Have you seen a face like mine? Where I come I carry misery and ruin with me.
>
> At bottom we hate each other because we love each other. We are afraid to lose our personality through the assimilating power of love, and that is why we must break out occasionally, so as to know that I am not you . . .

With his knowledge of the human soul, he had included among his few principles of life this: never make allowance; never look back, only forward. And when she, in the beginning of their acquaintance, would refer to what he had said on an earlier occasion, he cut her short with "never look back, ever forward! One says so much, and most of it is improvisation. I have no views, only impromptus; life would be pretty monotonous if you should think and say the same thing each day. New it must be; life is only a poem, and it is more fun to flit over the swamp than to slip your feet down and feel for terra firma, where there is none . . . I make no decisions. I have never seen that a decision leads to anything. The course of events may guide my fate as heretofore."

"Einsam" is the diary of the sage who retires from the world and looks on at the motions of the shadows that pass him on the way. It ends: "Glad that I had come so far as I had, that I could feel joy over the happiness of others without mortification, regrets, or fancied fears, I went out from the torture chamber of my youth."

The Face of China: Travels in East, North, Central, and Western China. With some account of the new schools, universities, missions, and the old religious sacred places of Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taoism. The whole written and illustrated by E. G. Kemp, F.R.S.G.S. New York: Duffield & Co. $6 net.

A very attractive picture, with pen and brush, which will bring most readers under the spell of that marvellous land and people. Miss Kemp was not a mere chance traveller; she had spent a year at a medical mission in the interior, and writes intelligently of what she saw and experienced in her extensive journeys. The peculiar value of her narrative lies in its testimony to the change which has come over the whole land in recent years. Her first journey described was in 1893, to the capital of the province of Shansi, and the contrast of her experiences in this and in one from Peking to Burma in 1907-08 was very great. In the first she "was always conscious of a certain hostility in the attitude of the people towards foreigners." Quite the reverse was the case in the latest, for, though accompanied only by a woman friend, the Chinese, she says, "responded unhesitatingly to the call we made on their chivalry, by placing ourselves unreservedly in their hands. . . . In no European country could we have been more courteously treated, and in very few have I travelled so happily, and so free from care." The great awakening is so universal that in all the journey from the

northeastern to the southwestern part of the empire, some two thousand miles, she found no village untouched by it. The desire for education is its principal evidence, especially by the girls, schools for whom in the villages even are in great demand. In Chengtu, the capital of the extreme western province of Szechwan, the girls were dressed as boys, so as not to attract notice, when going to school. This place stands in the front rank of Chinese cities educationally, for it has a university in which English, French, German, and Japanese are taught, a large military medical college with three French doctors, and among the schools a large one for the children of beggars, "boys neatly dressed," who are taught trades at the expense of the municipality. Anti-foot-binding has been making good progress there, for "at the recent athletic sports, the students put up a notice that no lady with bound feet would be admitted to the ground, and this notice is now being put up everywhere throughout the empire on such occasions." Writing of Tsinan, an eastern city, in which there are fifteen schools for boys and girls, and colleges with about 2,500 students, she says "the most popular book both here and elsewhere is 'Little Lord Fauntleroy.'"

The most interesting part of Miss Kemp's narrative is that descriptive of her journey on the Yangtze in a house-boat, and through Szechwan and Yunnan by sedan chair. She was everywhere deeply impressed by the industry of the people. "The whole land is one great ceaseless field of labor, where every one works from early childhood to extreme old age." The varied character of the products of this industry is shown by the loads on the mules on the mountain roads separating the two provinces: "Copper, tin, coal, salt, skins, spices, chillies, armadillo skins, paper, bowls, opium, and later in the season large quantities of the wax insect larvæ." Of the wonderful beauty and variety of the flowers of this region—the hill slopes, for instance, being bright with rose-colored camellias—she writes: "This is the part of the world from which the majority of our flowering shrubs have originally come." We are surprised at one statement, which she makes when describing a review of some regiments of the army. "In the past, military service was one of the two only ways in which it was possible in China to climb the social ladder." All the authorities with which we are familiar place the farmer next to the scholar, and the soldier lowest in the social scale. The attractiveness of the book is greatly increased and much light is thrown upon the text by the sixty-three reproductions in color of her sketches. Some of them are of scenes of rare beauty. An excellent map enables the reader to follow her easily in her journeys.

Notes.

Popular editions of Ernst Haeckel's "Evolution of Man," and Elie Metchnikoff's "Prolongation of Life" are soon to be published by the Putnams.

The Yale University Press announces that it will publish during the coming autumn "The Records of the Federal Convention of 1787," under the editorship of Max Ferrand of the department of history at Yale.

"Our Search for a Wilderness," an account of two ornithological expeditions to Venezuela and British Guiana, by Mary Blair Beebe and C. William Beebe, curator of birds in the New York Zoölogical Park, is soon to be published by Henry Holt & Co.

The revision of Dr. W. J. Rolfe's "Satchel Guide for the Vacation Tourist in Europe" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) is out in good time for the earliest plans of travel. We have the pleasure of recommending this little guide annually.

Blümner's "Home Life of the Ancient Greeks," translated by Alice Zimmern, comes to us from Cassell & Co. in a third edition. It is a book which may be used either for consecutive reading, or, owing to its full index, for reference.

Duffield & Co. have issued the first volume, containing "Pharais" and "The Mountain Lovers," of a uniform edition of the writings of "Fiona Macleod." Mrs. Sharp contributes an introduction in which she touches on the dualism of her husband as William Sharp and "Fiona Macleod." We shall have something to say of this aspect of the Celtic revival when the edition is further advanced. A bit of minute information may not be out of place here. Fiona is often mispronounced; it should be Féona.

We have received a plan of celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of the Salem (Mass.) Athenæum, and of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Social Library of that city. The exercises will include a reception on March 29, and a meeting on the following evening, to be addressed by Prof. Barrett Wendell, whose topic will be "Literary Conditions in America, especially in Massachusetts in 1760." The Athenæum is one of the oldest of of American literary landmarks. It represents a combination in 1810 of the Social Library, founded at Salem in 1760, and the Philosophical Library, founded there in 1781. The present library building, which, as regards its exterior, is an exact copy of the old southern manor "Homewood," near Baltimore, one of the best examples of Georgian architecture in this country, was dedicated in 1907.

At the meeting of the Yale corporation last week Bertram Borden Boltwood, Ph.D., of Professor Rutherford's laboratory, at the University of Manchester, England, was elected professor of radio-chemistry; Charles McLean Andrews of the chair of history of Johns Hopkins University was elected Farnam professor of American history, and Albert Tobias Clay, Ph.D., assistant professor of Semitic philology and archæology at the University of Pennsylvania, was chosen for the William M. Laffan professorship of Assyrlology and Babylonian literature recently founded by J. Pierpont Morgan.

Dr. Henry M. MacCracken has announced his intention to resign his office of chancellor of the New York University next month, and to retire definitely on September 28 next, which is his seventieth birthday, and a fitting time, he thinks, for him to relinquish his responsibilities as an educator. Dr. MacCracken is a native of Oxford, O., and was pastor of Presbyterian churches in Columbus and Toledo, O., from 1863 to 1881, when he became chancellor of Western University, at Pittsburgh, where he remained for three years. In 1884 he became professor of philosophy, and vice-chancellor, and, in 1891, chancellor of New York University.

Prof. Stanley Lane-Poole might have omitted his apology for discussing in the *Fortnightly Review* for February "The Alleged Marriage of Swift and Stella." It is probably true that Swift is read to-day more for the power and mystery of his own character than for what his writings themselves contain, and curiosity in regard to the acts and motives of such a man, if decently exercised, is part of the proper study of mankind. Professor Lane-Poole subjects the evidence for Swift's marriage to a searching analysis, and brings in a verdict of not proven. So far we go with him, although, on the other hand, his positive argument against the marriage still leaves us hesitating. That is to say, the riddle is still unsolved. In regard to the relation of Swift to Vanessa he is more convincing. Quotations from the letters of Swift to her when she was living near Dublin, with Professor Lane-Poole's interpretation of some ambiguous phrases, show that he had become further involved with her than has commonly been supposed, and that she had genuine claims upon him. Professor Lane-Poole sees in that relation a strong but, on the man's part, ephemeral passion, whereas Swift's feeling for Stella was always a refined friendship and admiration, and nothing more. The whole article is well worth reading.

The prose rendering of the "Nibelungenlied" by D. B. Shumway (Houghton Mifflin Co.) inevitably recalls the judgment executed by Matthew Arnold on Francis Newman's Homer. Newman was an admirably equipped philologist; so is Professor Shumway. But the Germanist, like the Hellenist, fails singularly to render the original he knows so well, and fails for precisely the same reason: the use of a peculiar vocabulary that serves only to distort the epic manner that it seeks to interpret. Professor Shumway tells us that the language of his version "has been made as simple and Saxon in character as possible." So far his programme is obviously good. But, he continues, "an exception has been made in the case of such Romance words as were in use in England during the age of the romances of chivalry." In that sentence lies the secret of Professor Shumway's fundamental mistake. For the "Nibelungenlied" belongs only by virtue of a late redaction (circa 1,200) to the ages of romance. It has none of the warmth, the fluidity, the brightness of Gottfried or Hartmann. Of chivalry it has but the external trappings, overloaded as it doubtless is with these. Its spirit is that of the ancient sagas of the Germanic race, blended with memories

of the monstrous welter of life during the great migration. A bleak wind blows through the monotonous clang of its stanzas; the sorrows depicted are hard and savage; the pathos, where it occurs, bare and cruel. And this poem Professor Shumway tricks out in a verbiage which—whether genuinely archaic or not—has been degraded to the English taste by the third-rate historical novel of several generations. "I' faith," "methinks 'twere well," "hied them hence," "full fair," "well I wot"—with such locutions Professor Shumway recounts the story of the fierce Kriemhilt and the granite-souled Hagen of Troneg. It is quite doubtful, finally, whether any prose translation could do for the "Nibelungenlied" what Lang and Myers have done for Homer. For the very tags of the Greek poem have loveliness and energy; its language falls into some beauty of rhythm in the rudest version. Not so the northern epic. It is often harsh, often tedious. It has vigor but no charm, and the movement of verse is needed to carry the reader to the laconic tragedy of its final line:

> Here hath the tale an ending; this is the Nibelungs' woe.

Sir A. Conan Doyle, in "The Crime of the Congo" (Doubleday, Page & Co.) presents the case against the Leopoldian régime in Central Africa with undeniable skill. In the brief compass of one hundred and twenty-odd pages he has brought together the essence of all that has been written about Belgian misrule ever since the world's attention was first directed to the question, more than fifteen years ago. The burden of the tale is a familiar one; yet repetition makes the recital of King Leopold's beneficent activities in the Congo the more horrible. There is no denying that one of the most shameful pages in the history of humankind has here been written. Where room for difference of opinion appears is on the question how far the people of Belgium can be held responsible for the system established and maintained by their late King. Our writer insists that no distinction between Leopold and his subjects can be made; and he devotes himself particularly to showing that with Leopold out of the way and the Congo transformed into a Belgian colony, there is not the slightest room for supposing that the natives of the Congo are at last to be restored to their rights. So long, he maintains, as the state retains ownership of the lands she has seized and adheres to the iniquitous system of a forced labor tax, misgovernment and depopulation will go hand in hand. The prime requisite is to wipe out Belgian rule in the country and either place it under international control or partition it among France, Germany, and Great Britain. But we may take it as certain that European statesmanship, after bearing with the iniquitous Leopold's personal rule for a quarter of a century, will not interfere until Belgium has had a fair chance to establish decent government in her colony. That the worst abominations of Leopold's rule have already disappeared, even Sir Arthur Conan Doyle admits.

Maude M. Holbach, the author of a pleasant book on Dalmatia, has treated an even more fruitful subject in her "Bosnia and Herzegovina: Some Wayside Wanderings" (John Lane Co.). Intending English and American visitors of a most picturesque region, practically unknown even to the experienced tourist, will thank Mrs. Holbach for her interesting glimpses of glorious mountain scenery, roaring cataracts, periodically disappearing lakes, feudal Bosnian castles, Moslem mosques, and Old-Servian churches and monasteries. Her facile pen revels particularly in description of the multi-colored costumes of the land, but she is equally observant of bazaars, minarets, and churchyards, of military casinos, watering places, wayside coffee houses, and schools and colleges. Her opportune visit to the Sandjak of Novibazar, just as the Austrian soldiers were finally leaving it, affords her the chance of paying a well-deserved tribute to Austrian tact and administrative ability. The book disarms criticism by its kindly spirit and well-directed enthusiasm. The reader enjoys all of it—and particularly the numerous admirable photographs taken by Otto Holbach (which show an unusual eye for picturesque grouping, and really illustrate the text)—in spite of slips of various kinds, indifference to the rules of transliteration of Serb names, and a loose and large way of dealing with mountain heights. There is, however, no excuse for the publishers' labelling two plates "Sarajivo," instead of Sarajevo, and the great Austrian administrator of Bosnia and Herzegovina, Herr von Kállay, deserved a better fate than to be spoken of both as "Kally" and "Kalley."

Gordon Home's "The Motor Routes of England; Southern Section" (Macmillan) suggests its use in a well-groomed look, abundance of color prints, and business-like brevity of style. It gives sufficient information for the average tourist ranging south of London and Bristol, and it lays out courses of very moderate length. On the whole, the color prints are superfluous—in the car we should find them offensive—while the antiquarian hints are the merest indications. Motorists who really go in for churches, if such there be, will use Baedeker or some of the many county guides. About Mr. Home there is no nonsense; he doesn't write for dawdlers. Winchester is pretty fully described because many roads lead to it. Salisbury, we read, has a fine early English cathedral. No more is vouchsafed, for it lies off main roads.

To their color books on the English counties Messrs. A. & C. Black of London (New York: Macmillan) have added "Worcestershire," painted by Thomas Tyndale, described by A. G. Bradley. This county, although it boasts the Malvern Hills, famous alike as scenery and as examples of eccentric geology, is on the whole of a mild and monotonous comeliness. For this reason, perhaps, Mr. Tyndale's sketches, as reproduced, seem to lack character and variety. Mr. Bradley is a pastmaster of the arts required in this sort of compilation, and he makes the most of a rather slender theme, bearing down upon the civil war. In this county literary associations are singularly sparse. But William Langland, a native of neighboring Shropshire, was educated at Malvern Priory, and there planned his "Vision of Piers Plowman." With a few exceptions, Worcester has enjoyed the happiness of a county without a history. Mr. Bradley's enthusiasm should persuade leisurely pilgrims to seek the Malverns and loiter along the Severn.

The guild of trappers will undoubtedly be satisfied with two modest volumes just issued by the A. R. Harding Publishing Company of Columbus, O., and entitled, respectively, "Wolf and Coyote Trapping" and "Science of Trapping." They are the work of A. R. Harding and E. Kreps, and both are written more from the practical than the scientific side. Beyond saying that the books are excellent of their kind, we will only take occasion here to protest against the use of steel traps in any other manner than with the sliding-pole, so that the animal, when taken, goes to the bottom of the stream or pond and speedily drowns. Any contrivance in which an animal is caught by the leg, compelling it to wait in agony, often for several days, before the trapper reaches it on his round, should be prohibited by law.

The author of "Confessions of a Railroad Signalman," James O. Fagan, in his second book, entitled "Labor and the Railroads" (Houghton Mifflin Co.), has passed out of the stage of confession into that of reproof and correction. The series of articles from which this book was made were called "The Industrial Dilemma," an accurate title for the situation in which the author finds himself involved. Trade unions, as he views them, are thoroughly subversive of discipline. They deaden initiative, reduce efficiency, and check the development of a spirit of loyalty on the part of the individual employee toward his work. Yet their power to dictate is such that the superintendent is at their mercy; he must make all agreements with them in secret; he dares not throw himself upon the public for protection. Hence we have a recklessness in railway management which has no parallel elsewhere, and a stirring of public sentiment only when some frightful catastrophe forces the conditions imperatively upon public attention. Mr. Fagan's suggestion for relief seems to lie in the direction of greater publicity for the negotiations between employer and employee, which shall bring the salutary influence of public opinion to bear directly upon the question of railway discipline and efficiency. His attitude does not impress one as being wholly unprejudiced. He is, perhaps, somewhat harsh towards the trade union, and he fails to take into account sufficiently the frequent selfishness of railway officials, and their often demonstrated indifference to the problems of safety in travel.

The sixth volume of "The New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopædia of Religious Knowledge" (Funk & Wagnalls Co.) includes titles from "Innocents" to "Liudger." A larger proportion of doctrinal and Biblical subjects, in comparison with historical and biographical topics, is found in this volume than in its predecessors, and, since the excellence of this encyclopædia is in the field of church history rather than in Biblical criticism or in doctrinal theology, the general impression it leaves is less favorable. The articles on Israel, Jacob, and Joseph are not at all adequate in the light of recent knowledge of early Semitic history and legend. They are based on the German articles of the precursor of the work, Hauck's "Realencyklopädie," and it is safe to say that no German scholar would now care to be responsible for the form in which they are

here given to English readers. The weighty considerations advanced in Gunkel's "Commentary on Genesis," of a very different tenor, should at least be presented. The spirit of the American editors is catholic and tolerant. They allow Volck's statement that Joel preceded Amos to stand, but follow it up by a few paragraphs by Professor McCurdy, in which the compelling reasons for a fourth-century date are set forth. Dr. Warfield is permitted to declare that any other than a miraculous birth of Jesus would "seem strange and unnatural," while a few pages over Professor Bacon asserts that the narrative of the virgin birth "has no significance for the history of Jesus." In Biblical criticism this encyclopædia is behind Cheyne and Hastings, but the large number of excellent articles on topics connected with ecclesiastical history, with their careful bibliographies, give it an independent value.

The thirteenth and fourteenth parts of Prof. Morris Jastrow's "Die Religion Babyloniens und Assyriens" (Giessen: Alfred Töpelmann) now lie before us. These two parts continue the discussion of omens and signs (*Vorzeichen und Deutungslehre*) begun in the ninth part. Jastrow's treatment of this subject is the most complete and satisfactory in existence. He presents virtually the whole literature on liver omens, and his interpretation of the texts has made these really intelligible. Forecasting the future by inspection of the liver rested on primitive folk ideas, and formed a link between the religion of the laity and that of the priests. The determination of the future by the heavenly bodies, the discussion of which occupies the greater portion of these two parts was, on the contrary, a pseudo-science in the hands of the priests. In his introduction to the discussion of the latter theme, Jastrow points out that the theory on which this pseudo-science rested was the belief in the correspondence of heaven and earth: that to the divisions of the world, its lands, mountains, etc., correspond similar divisions in heaven, the latter being the original which is reflected, so to speak, in the things of earth. If, therefore, one can understand the heavenly things, one may explain and foreshadow the earthly. He notes, in the discussion, that the earlier observations of the heavenly bodies, which we can trace back at least to the time of Gudea, about 2700 B. C. are merely astrological, their purpose being to determine what is to happen to the king and the country. About 700 B. C. we find the beginnings of astronomy, as these observations result in a perception that the movements of the heavenly bodies are governed by laws. So out of a religious superstition grows gradually a science; but it is not until the time of the Seleucids that a real astronomy can be said to have come into existence.

James Platt, jr., an English philologist, who had contributed extensively to *Notes and Queries*, and had done much valuable work on the proof-sheets of the Oxford English Dictionary, died recently. In 1883-1884, he contributed to German periodicals a series of articles on old English grammar and phonology, and he had also contributed to *Notes and Queries* and other magazines discussions of the etymology of words adopted in English from the languages of the American Indians, and from Africa, fields in which he also worked with much effect for the Oxford Dictionary.

Dr. Richard Paul Wülker, professor of the English language and literature at the University of Leipzig, died recently, at the age of sixty-four years. He was a native of Frankfort-on-the-Main, and had been a professor at Leipzig since 1873. He had published "Das Evangelium Nikodemi in der abendländischen Literatur," "Übersicht der neuangelsächsischen Sprachdenkmäler," "Altenglisches Lesebuch," "Fünfzig Feldpostbriefe eines Frankfurters," "Kleinere angelsächsische Dichtungen" (with Glossary), "Grundriss zur Geschichte der angelsächsischen Literatur," and "Geschichte der englischen Literatur von den ältesten Zeiten bis zur Gegenwart." In 1877, he founded the magazine *Anglia*, for the study of English philology.

Science.

In "Nerves and Common Sense" (Little, Brown & Co.), Annie Payson Call preaches anew the gospel of relaxation which some have called flippantly the "flop cure." It must be admitted, however, that Miss Call once more shows a very clear understanding of human nature and presents her argument in a way well suited to meet the needs of a large number of persons. It is not necessary to be in full agreement with her interpretation of the fundamental trouble or of the process of cure to understand that the treatment proposed will lift a certain class of sufferers from the depths which mean much misery for them and unlimited anxiety for their friends. The central doctrine is that, except in case of organic disease, nervous strain is caused by bad habits, by defect of character inborn or acquired. The cure lies in ceasing to be ashamed to recognize the badness of certain habits, and in relaxing, that is to say, in lessening the strain of mental opposition and resistance. Annoyances cause some sort of a physical contraction, as, for example, when even the thought of a food which is believed to disagree with us causes the contraction of the stomach. If we drop the contraction we open the way to dropping mental and moral strain; when something gets on our nerves we must drop it off our nerves. This, however, can be effective only when we have a sincere desire to get rid of the resistance, and a conscious dependence on a higher power must be behind it all. This general idea is enlarged upon and illustrated in a variety of ways in its application to the conduct of life, where the neglect of the right of those we love to independence and the strain of bossing the members of the household and others are sources of harm quite on a level with fright, hurry, fussiness in eating, nervous talk, restless work, and even sewing, which has a whole chapter to itself. Much of the book has already appeared in the columns of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and has the earmarks of its origin. The example is often a certain "little lady," sometimes a "little woman," suggesting physical limitations of nervousness not altogether in accord with the experience of the reviewer.

"Girl and Woman" (D. Appleton & Co.), by Caroline W. Latimer, deals with the upbringing of the girl rather than the life of the mature woman, and deals with it well. The general bodily functions are briefly, often incidentally, but quite sufficiently discussed, with no formal details about the structures involved. Dr. Latimer's chief concern is the care of the body, with particular reference to the limitations imposed by sexual development, and, taken all in all, her advice is excellent and given in admirable fashion. She is a strong advocate of simple hygienic measures, urging rest and dietetic treatment rather than drugs, and has very clean cut and just objections to the far too ready and frequent appeal to the specialist. What she has to say about the psychic side of girlhood ought to be very helpful to any mother of even quite moderate intelligence. A failure to recognize the apostle of multimastication as a good American, and a little slip in calling acetanilid and antifebrin different substances are almost the only things that invite criticism. The book has an introduction by Dr. H. A. Kelly, in which he neatly outlines his views concerning the life and work of woman.

The "Quiz Book of Nursing," by Amy Elizabeth Pope and Thirza A. Pope (Putnam), professedly for teachers and students, reawakens our doubts concerning the knowledge which many nurses wish their fellow-nurses to have. It is an exasperating book in which much that is really good, even very good, is spoilt by many loose and futile questions, and, in places, by statements that are erratic or ridiculously wrong and misleading. To say, taking a few examples almost at random: that cocci are called micrococci when they are single (p. 203); that the hand placed on a stove will be immediately withdrawn with no intimation that the stove must be hot or very cold (p. 263); that rennet solidifies fluid proteids (p. 284); that meat is composed of hollow muscular fibres (p. 296); that the principal salts of the food are sodium, potassium, iron, and so on (p. 282); that ether was first used by Morton "a Baltimore dentist" (p. 358), is to lay up misinformation for future trouble, and there is more of the same type. The chapter on foods is rather good, one of the best; but that on drugs contains far more than a good nurse needs to know, and has many slips, of which the worst is the assertion that an ounce of morphine sulphate contains one grain of morphine (p. 350), probably an erratic allusion to the *Liquor morphiæ sulphatis* of an earlier pharmacopœia. Of quite a different character are the three last chapters, rather less than a quarter of the book, carrying information of some value to those who are interested in hospital problems without being nurses. Here we have a brief essay on Visiting Nursing by Margaret A. Bewley, a rather fuller discussion of the planning and construction of hospitals by Bertrand E. Taylor, and, finally, directions by Frederic B. Morlok of the Presbyterian Hospital of New York concerning Hospital Bookkeeping and Statistics, by which is meant merely the enumeration of the hospital population, not medical statistics.

Professor Amos Emerson Dolbear, widely known as the inventor of telephone and telegraph appliances, died on February 23, at Medford, Mass. He graduated at Ohio Wesleyan University in 1866, was assistant

in chemistry there for a few years, and then professor of chemistry at the University of Michigan until 1874, when he became professor of physics at Tufts College, where he remained until his ill-health forced him to retire in 1902. Professor Dolbear claimed the invention of wireless telegraphy and brought suit against Marconi in 1899, but did not establish his claim. He also claimed priority in the invention of the telephone, and for a long time contested in the courts the legality of the Bell patents, but was finally defeated. He invented a writing telegraph, a spring balance ammeter, and apparatus for the converting of sounds into electricity and photographing through a solid body with the aid of electric waves. He had published "Art of Projecting," "The Speaking Telephone," "Matter, Ether and Motion," "Modes of Motion," and "Natural Philosophy."

Edward W. Very, for a long time a distinguished naval officer, and known the world over as the inventor of the Very night signal, died suddenly in New York, on March 1, at the age of sixty-three. He was particularly known in this country, and in Europe as an expert on large ordnance, and several of his inventions are still in use in the United States navy, and elsewhere. Mr. Very graduated at the Naval Academy in 1867, became an ensign in December, 1868, and a lieutenant in 1871. Later he was attached to the United States legation in Paris. He entered Paris with Marshal MacMahon at the head of the latter's army in the days of the Commune, following the siege of Paris by the Prussians, having been entrusted with letters to Minister Washburn. He resigned from the navy in 1885, and became allied with the Hotchkiss firm and interests, and subsequently he became vice-president of the American Ordnance Company.

Reid Barnes, professor of plant physiology at the University of Chicago, died February 24 at the age of fifty-one. He was professor of natural history at Purdee University in 1880-1886, and of botany at the University of Wisconsin in 1886-1898, when he accepted the chair at Chicago which he occupied at the time of his death. He had been co-editor of the *Botanical Gazette* since 1883, and (with J. C. Arthur and J. M. Coulter) was author of "Keys to the Genera and Species of North American Mosses," "Plant Life," and "Outlines of Plant Life."

Col. Claude Reignier Conder, an English explorer of Palestine, died on February 16, at the age of sixty-one years. He had long been associated with the Palestine Exploration Fund, and between 1874 and 1876 surveyed about 4,700 square miles of western Palestine, which gave him the material for his book, "Tent Work in Palestine." The remaining 1,300 miles of the survey was completed by Lieut. (now Lord) Kitchener in 1877. Conder again commanded the Palestine survey in 1881 and 1882. Besides the work mentioned, his books and memoirs on Palestine include "Heth and Moab," "Memoirs of the Surveys of Western Palestine," "The Bible in the East," "The Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem," "The Hittites and Their Language," "The Rise of Man," "Primer of Bible Geography," "Palestine" (which was published in 1891, and contains a summary of what was known of the geography of the country up to that year), and "The City of Jerusalem," published last year.

Emile Cheysson, professor at the Ecole des Sciences Politiques, and a distinguished disciple of the great French economist, Le Play, died in Paris recently at the age of seventy-four years. He was especially interested in the improvement of the dwellings and the general conditions of the French working classes, and since the year 1870 he had frequently prevented the adoption by the friendly societies of unwise schemes which might have hindered social betterment. As an old-school Liberal he resolutely opposed stato intervention, and championed individualism. His publications include "Cent Budgets de familles ouvrières," "Albums de statistique graphique," "L'Alcoolisme," "Les Accidents du travail," "La Mutualité et le rôle de la femme," "Les Taudis," "L'Ingénieur social," and "Les Méthodes de statistique."

Dr. Wilhelm Krause, professor of anatomy and head of the laboratories of the Anatomical Institute of the University of Berlin, died recently in that city at the age of seventy-six. With Professors His and Waldeyer, he had published a "Handbuch der Anatomie des Menschen."

Dr. Franz von Jauraschek, the Austrian statistician, died recently in Vienna, at the age of sixty. He had been professor of statistics, and also of public and international law, in the University of Vienna, and had published "Personal- und Realunion," "Uebersichten der Weltwirtschaft," and "Die Staaten Europas, statistische Darstellung," and since 1884 had edited Otto Hübner's "Geographischstatistische Tabellen aller Länder der Erde."

Drama.

NEW SHAKESPEARE DISCOVERIES.

The chances are that any active man who lives fifteen years in one community will at least once appear in some capacity in court. It was this probability that heartened Prof. Charles William Wallace of the University of Nebraska to read through the court proceedings of Shakespeare's London, in the hope of unearthing some document concerning the dramatist. Only one who has breathed the air of the London Record Office can appreciate the magnitude of such a research. Merely to manipulate the skins on which the records are kept, merely to guess the sense of the various crabbed scripts, requires uncommon patience. Professor Wallace and his wife handled more than a million documents, in order to find one case involving Hemings, Shakespeare's publisher, and one in which "Wr. William Shakespeare, gentleman," deposed in person. It was a gigantic labor for what looks like a small result.

But independently of the value of the new data on Shakespeare, the kind of pertinacity shown by the Wallaces deserves high commendation. They have not merely the faith that seeks a needle in a haystack, but the courage that joyously rummages through a stack where no needle may have been mislaid. In a somewhat similar spirit, Mr. Theodore H. Davis's expedition in the Valley of the Kings goes down to bedrock. Whatever Pharaonic tombs exist under the desert sands must come to light. And here it must be admitted that even if no palpable Shakespeareana had emerged from the early Jacobean parchments in the Record Office, the heart-breaking work of the Wallaces would not have been wholly in vain. To have proved that no documents existed would, at least, have prevented future sporadic and futile examination of these archives. The bedrock method, however costly to the investigator, is, though the results be negative, always valuable to the science.

The results which Professor Wallace attained are set forth in *Harper's* for March. They will look large or small, according to the imagination the reader brings to their scrutiny. In May of 1612 "William Shakespeare of Stratford vpon Aven" testified in a suit concerning dowry brought by Stephen Bellott against his father-in-law, Christopher Mountjoy. In the testimony, it appears that Shakespeare had been a lodger with the Mountjoys since 1598. It was he who, at the request of Mme. Mountjoy, deceased, had arranged the marriage between the daughter, Mary, and the brisk young prentice, Stephen. This was in 1604. The Mountjoys were French Protestants, the father's profession that of wig maker. After the mother's death, father and son-in-law unhappily fell into the way of "wigging" each other at the expense of the business. The young folks went to lodge with George Wilkins, a mediocre playwright, whose dramas of "Pericles" and "Timon of Athens" Shakespeare amiably retouched, the latter considerably. Stephen sued for his wife's dowry, and other matters connected with the shop. Clearly Shakespeare had interested himself deeply in these young people, for pretty much all the other witnesses as to the terms of the match simply quote "one Wm. Shakespeare." He himself played a diplomatic part, spoke well of both parties to the suit, and by what seems a most opportune lapse of memory absolutely failed to recall the dowry stipulated in the match he himself had made. Apparently, he intended that his old landlord should suffer no financial distress in addition to the desertion of a daughter and an active associate. Mr. William Shakespeare's non-committal ways left the suit in such shape that the court passed it on to the French Protestant Church for arbitration.

So much for the bare facts, and now what are they good for? We think it at least a sentimental gain to be able to stand at the corner of Silver and Monkwell Streets and say, "On this spot

were written, 'Henry V,' 'Much Ado,' 'As You Like It, 'Twelfth Night,' 'Hamlet, 'Julius Cæsar,' 'Troilus and Cressida,' 'Macbeth,' 'Measure for Measure,' and 'Othello.'" For associations less precious men have travelled farther. Professor Wallace wishes the tavern which now occupies the site to be converted into a museum. Whether or not such a destination seems natural for a building that Shakespeare never saw, it is certain that some memorial should cry *Siste viator!* at what must become one of the most sacred spots known to literature. One likes better to speculate on the reasons that drew Shakespeare to take refuge with a French family. We catch the cheerful babble that must have passed between the lodger and young Mary Mountjoy in the broken French of King Hal and the entrancing English of his French Kate. As a compliment to the author's landlord, the name Mountjoy was conferred upon a herald in the play of Henry V. Apart from such literary echoes of the lodging in Silver Street, one welcomes the picture of Shakespeare as the friend and confidant of the family, their counsellor at difficult turns, and later the would-be adjuster of their quarrels. The witnesses in the obscure suit of Bellott *vs.* Mountjoy, mostly people of humble estate, evidently knew Shakespeare familiarly. In short, without straining hypothesis, the scanty records of this trial present the author of the "Sonnets" and "Hamlet" in a positively neighborly and serviceable light. It is pleasant also to think of Ben Jonson, Nathaniel Field, Thomas Dekker, and others around the corner in St. Giles's, Cripplegate. Nor is it a trivial bit of antiquarianism to show that in passing from Mountjoy's to the Globe Theatre Shakespeare had to pass the house in which lived the lad John Milton, later to be the author of the finest tribute in verse that Shakespeare has yet received.

If, on the whole, we glimpse our greatest poet in a new and homely light, we also get unexpected confirmation of that strangely exotic quality which makes him less of England than of the world. It is paradoxical and yet appropriate that the protagonist of the "Sonnets" should be an exemplary lodger in a God-fearing Huguenot family. The Parish of St. Olave's contained many foreigners. To settle there was as if one of our rising playwrights should elect for the lower East Side. It was here, in contact with swarthy and vivacious visitors from afar, that Shakespeare achieved a more poignant vision of the romance of Italy than ever was granted to those professed Italianates, his apparent betters, who had made the pilgrimage in person.

"A Son of the People," which was produced in the New Theatre on Monday evening, is an English version, derived through the German, of "A Revolutionary Wedding," by Sophus Michaelis, the Danish dramatist. It has created some stir in European theatres, probably by its lurid coloring rather than its inherent dramatic worth. Briefly, a French marquis, an émigré, is surprised at his wedding breakfast in his bride's château, by a revolutionary force, tried by drum-head court-martial and ordered to be shot. His newly-made wife, moved and partly disgusted by his abject fear, summons the leader, Marc Arron, who already has impressed her by his sturdy manliness, and blankly asks him for her husband's life, offering herself as a bribe. Arron, knowing that his acceptance will mean his own execution at six o'clock the next morning, nevertheless takes her at her word, exchanges clothes with the marquis, sets him free, and remains to be shot in his place. Then the bride begins to repent of her bargain, but Arron's forbearance and courage inspire her with passionate admiration and she pays the price. In the morning, Arron—after a brief interval of weakness in which he would evade his fate—refuses to accept release or pardon and gallantly meets death, leaving the heroine in a most unfortunate situation. This skeleton synopsis is enough to show that the piece is devised chiefly with a view to thrilling theatrical situations, without much reference to nature, reason or credibility. The incidents are as violent as the characters are theatrical and inconsistent. Professedly, of course, the tale is supposed to be illustrative of the substantial virtue of the representative democrat as compared with the vicious effeminacy of a profligate aristocracy, and symbolical of the working of the revolutionary spirit in men and women. But a dramatic parable of this sort, that ignores the plain facts of nature, is not valuable. The performance, which was by a special company supporting John Mason, was not up to the general standard of the New Theatre, whose credit will not be increased by this particular enterprise.

The Sicilian players are back again in London. Marinella Bragaglia has taken the place of Mimi Aguglia and Signor Grasso now stands at the head of the company. It is said that he will play "Othello" in the course of his engagement.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal have retired from the stage, stepping quietly into private life without any preliminary fuss of testimonials or farewells. They have earned honorable repose by half a century or more of work, which, on the whole, has been in the best interests of the theatre and the public. Mrs. Kendal first appeared on the stage in the old Marylebone Theatre, in London, when five years old, in one of the melodramas of the time. But it was in 1868, at the old Haymarket, that she was recognized as one of the leading actresses of the day. She made a great hit in "The Romance of a Poor Young Man," in which the elder Sothern played the hero. After she was married to William H. Kendal the two acted together and shared in the triumphs of the Bancrofts, in "Peril," "Diplomacy," and the rest, and afterward won renown and wealth for themselves at the St. James's, in "The Squire," "The Queen's Shilling," "Impulse," "The Ironmaster," "A Scrap of Paper," and many other plays. Their success in this country is known of all. At first Mr. Kendal was only the husband of his brilliant wife. But he grew slowly but surely in artistic stature, until he became one of the best comedians of the day.

Mme. Vera Komisarzhevsky, the Russian actress (in private life, the Countess Muravieff), died at Tashkent on February 23, of smallpox. She had a fine voice and was trained in music by her father, but made her début as an actress in 1894, and in 1896 made a decided impression in Sudermann's "Battle of the Butterflies," after which she played for several years at the Imperial Theatre in St. Petersburg. Thereafter, she built, in that city, a fine theatre, which bears her name. She visited the United States in 1908, and appeared, unsuccessfully, on Broadway in dramas by Ibsen, Tolstoy, and Ostrovski, after which she played a short engagement at the Thalia Theatre, on the Bowery. She was married at the age of sixteen years, to Count Muravieff, from whom she obtained a divorce when she discovered that he was in love with her sister.

Music.

César Franck. By Vincent d'Indy. New York: John Lane Co. $2.50 net.

Some of the greatest composers, among them Bach, Mozart, and Schubert, were not recognized as such by their contemporaries. Effort is made at present to prove that another of these neglected heroes was César Franck. Romain Rolland calls him "the greatest educational force in contemporary French music." Bruneau refers to him as one of the three regenerators of modern music, the other two being Berlioz and Wagner. In the same vein, others have written of him. "Thus we see Franck, for so many years misunderstood and slighted by his official contemporaries, becoming surely and steadily recognized as one of the chief artistic influences of the nineteenth century," writes Rosa Newmarch in the introductory chapter to her admirably lucid and idiomatic translation of Vincent d'Indy's book on Franck.

The book is the most important document on this composer so far published, and it was well worth translating. Its pages give a glimpse of a serious aspect of music in France of which little is known outside of that country. "A veritable artistic gospel," Mrs. Newmarch calls D'Indy's book; it preaches of one who worked for pure art, regardless of fame or profit. D'Indy is the best-known of his pupils, and if we may believe him, Franck did some very remarkable things, personally and through his pupils. Among these were Massé, Reber, Bazin, Pierné, Duparc, Benoît, Chausson, and Augusta Holmès, while others who came under his influence were Guilmant, Dukas, Chabrier, Fauré, and Ysaye. In 1896, D'Indy, Guilmant, and

Bordes founded the Schola Cantorum, "a kind of second and more modern Conservatoire," which, starting with twenty-one pupils, now has more than three hundred. There are branches in ten other cities, and one of the functions of the institution is to issue fine editions of old works and new. The aim of the Schola is, in the words of D'Indy, to continue and apply Franck's method of teaching.

Vincent d'Indy is not an idolater; he does not believe that everything his master composed was noble and perfect. He divides his career into three periods (every respectable composer must apparently have three periods in his evolution, just as every decent sonata must have four movements), and admits frankly that the works of the first period are inferior to the later ones, the pianoforte pieces, *e. g.*, being all written on a single plan and "rendered monotonous by the entire lack of modulation." He admits, further, that Franck's sacred music is inferior to his other works. But the operas, also, are of no great value as operas; they are, "to tell the truth, less dramatic than his oratorios." It is chiefly for the works of the third period that the author claims preëminence, and among these he singles out the quartet in D major, the chorales of 1890, and "The Beatitudes," to which he devotes pages of admiring analysis.

These are certainly the best of Franck's compositions; but, to be as frank as D'Indy, we think they do not establish his claim to a place among the immortals. They doubtless do avoid for the most part, as claimed, the Wagnerian influence which, for some years, threatened to paralyze national creative effort in France as in other countries; they betray the influence of Bach, Gluck, Beethoven, and some other old masters; but they lack almost entirely that which alone can give lasting life to music—original, individual melody; and because of this lack the world will never welcome these works in concert programmes and rank them among the masterpieces. Nearly all of Franck's works are dull and dry, and the attempt to foist them on the public will only help to deplete the concert-halls.

One regrets to have to say this, for Franck was so exemplary as man and musician that it would be a comfort to write nothing but praise of him. D'Indy's chapters on his personality and habits may be read with pleasure and profit even by those whom his music bores because its scholarship is unleavened by inspiration. There is pathos in the story of the hard work he was forced to carry on for a living. All day he was obliged to give lessons, and he could find time for composing only by rising before six o'clock in the morning. Sometimes he would jump up in the midst of a lesson and write down in a corner of the room a few bars that had come into his head and that he feared he might forget. He was famous as an organist and noted especially for his improvisations. Most extraordinary was his method of obtaining the themes for his compositions. He required some excitant, and that excitant was—noise! Often his pupils found him pounding away on the piano in a jerky and continually increasing fortissimo the overture to "Die Meistersinger," or something by Bach, Beethoven, or Schumann. After a time the deafening noise sank to a murmur, then silence—"the master had found his idea."

It is announced that in all probability Andreas Dippel will retire from the management of the Metropolitan Opera House, in this city, on May 1, and that the programme for next season will be exclusively under the direction of Giulio Gatti-Casazza. Mr. Dippel will probably become impresario of the new opera in Chicago.

Art.

THE PAINTING OF SOROLLA.

As a permanent memorial of the Sorolla exhibition, the Hispanic Society has reprinted eight of the chief appreciations of this conquering painter of sunlight, adding also the tributes of the press, and what is more welcome a complete catalogue of the show illustrated by 350 halftone cuts.* This record of an unexampled popular and critical enthusiasm, has evident documentary value. The future may take it very seriously as a literary and psychological curiosity. To the present writer it is a disconcerting chorus of praise for a kind of work that he cannot believe has enduring stuff in it. One may agree with everything that is said about Sorolla's athleticism of the brush, and ready command of the primary colors, one may accept his gusto without cavil, and yet question whether the zeal that took nearly 160,000 people to see his pictures had much to do with the more permanent qualities of art.

Since the critics in this volume have done full justice to his extraordinary powers, we feel the freer to point out his obvious limitations. A lack of reflective quality in his work has been generally admitted, but the implications of this criticism have not been fully drawn. Keen as is his vision and amazing as is his executive talent, they both have a kind of commonness. These canvases, upon which, in the words of his pupil, Mr. Starkweather, he has made "a furious assault" in the open air, are, to begin with, casually composed. Their pictorial arrangement is either *nil* or of the most obvious sort. A great relish has gone into them, but no thought and little selection. They are random sections of a vivid and continuous panorama. He sees much as the kodak or picnicking mankind see, and that is surely the ground of his enormous popularity.

What French critic it was that said "where there is no delicacy there is no art; *Où il n' y a pas de finesse, il n-y a pas d'art*"—I do not now recall, but I am sure that the saying is just, and that its application to the work of Sorolla will be something like a condemnation. But first I must apologize for using so old-fashioned and unpopular a word as delicacy, in connection with art, or, rather, I must explain away the invidious associations of the word. The rude fret with which a rug-maker of the Caucasus adorns a border is also highly refined. With pious care the worker has tied thousands of knots under equal tension, has scrupulously followed the proper lines of the warp, has cautiously and with delicate urging pressed down successive rows of knots upon the solid pile, finally has clipped each tuft daintily that the fabric may lie even. Only through such thoughtfulness—such refinement of workmanship, let me insist—will the bold pattern come out with all the crispness of a design in mosaic. If any part of the process is shirked or abridged, the rug, for its barbaric color, may still delight a careless eye; but no collector will want it on his floor. So the early and apparently crude enamels of Limoges are really most delicate, the relation of exposed metal to vitreous color being instinctively well calculated, and the broad masses of flaming enamel being adjusted to form an harmonious whole. So is the most casual scrawl of Daumier refined. Before moving the crayon he has been sure of the feeling and the stroke. The judgment may have been instantaneous, but it is a judgment, and not a chance shot.

Because the work of Sorolla has almost nothing of this quality of judgment and reflection, it seems to me, in spite of its indisputable gusto and force, to take a rather low place as art. To the most obvious effects of motion, blazing sunlight, physiognomy even, he has willingly sacrificed all those delicacies of contour, texture, and rhythm which to a patient eye nature offers so royally. Or rather he has not sacrificed, could not sacrifice, what apparently he has not even seen. Four of his most admired pictures are at the Metropolitan Museum. One is a huddle of red oxen under the swelling sail of a stranded barque; another, three graceful girls poised in the iridescent whirl of a broken wave; still another shows a girl with her rosy form glowing under a

**Eight Essays on Joaquin Sorolla y Bastida.* By Aureliano de Beruete, Camille Mauclair, Henri Rochefort, Leonard Williams, Elizabeth Luther Cary, James Gibbons Huneker, Christian Brinton, and William E. B. Starkweather. 2 vols. in 8vo. 350 cuts. New York: The Hispanic Society of America. $7.50 net.

diaphanous wet robe while a lad places the mantle about her shoulders; the last picture is of boys swimming froglike in green water—a technical triumph, for neither land nor sky is admitted to explain the subject. What of these pictures? Each and all they have the radiance of our badly tied rug. On inspection the impetuosity of the workmanship is seen to be coarse and obvious, the vision that of the camera, not of the sensitive eye. The beautiful form of the nearest girl in The Bath, Javea, is marred by the rude strokes that are to mean reflected sunlight. Generally speaking, this insistence on the bleak reflection of the sun is the painter's foible, and the formula of the yellowish splotch becomes as tiresome as that of the crimson shadow. In all four of these pictures the arrangement is casual, or rather wanting entirely. The lines of breakers in the background cut the charming group in After the Bath in a way to interrupt and impair the swing of the composition. The Boys Swimming is simply a brilliant sketch. The picture of oxen hauling up a boat, despite its heroic proportions, is a snapshot. It curiously lacks the dignity and vitality that would justify the scale. The brisk and efficient facture wholly lacks style. The picture gives a thrill, and one is content never to see it again. There never will be anything more in it than one has grasped in the twinkling of a casual eye. To illustrate the possibility and value of style in such a subject, let me recall Besnard's famous canvas of two bay horses kicking off flies. Here we have the same scale and almost the same blond color scheme. But in Sorolla there is a dispersion of interest, while in Besnard there is a concentration of nervous energy that makes his restless beasts memorable and almost monumental. The Parisian has fundamental fineness of vision and a sense for economy of workmanship, while the Valencian has the genial, roving vision of every man, and either thinks not at all or paints faster than he thinks. The Bath, Javea, comes very near to being a fine picture, and fails only for lack of thought. The vigorous swirl of the broken wave has none of the lovely quality of moving water. It is as untranslucent as a breadth of watered silk. The rocks, which might have lent stability to the motive, are realized neither in the energy of their forms nor in the interest of their textures. The delightful pictorial motive of the poised bodies of these children has been actually attenuated in the working out.

"But nobody paints sunlight like Sorolla," I hear a hundred devotees exclaim indignantly. This, I think, is a misconception. He merely paints it big and paints it all the time. In actual coruscation I think Tarbell equals him; Besnard surely does. But it is time we got over the idea that it is necessarily a merit to make a picture look hot and blinding. Technically, such an accomplishment goes for what it is worth; pictorially it may come to very little. I am not wholly of the late Burne-Jones's mind that such impressionists "don't make anything else but atmosphere—and I don't think that's enough; I don't think it's very much." My regret about Señor Sorolla is that, making cubic miles of atmosphere, he seems to me to make it speciously and badly. He knows shrewdly all the short-cuts to expression. His methods are those of the scene-painter or the contriver of panoramas. But I am glad to take Sorolla's art quite on its own terms, and my regret is not that it is dazzling, but that to this minor quality have been sacrificed accuracy of atmospheric construction, fine linear quality, and general equilibrium.

Disequilibrium, in fact, is the especial characteristic of his art. Where there are several of his pictures present the eye does not rest so contentedly upon one that is loath to leave, but moves rapidly from one to another. It is like looking out of so many windows, with no reason for choosing any one. And here is not an embarrassment of riches, but simply the disorderly impression that nature makes before it has been sifted through an artist's temperament. The conditions of this painting preclude such sifting. The subject is chosen quickly and as swiftly executed. A few hours of intense labor in the open air and one of these big canvases is done. A despairing disciple is reported to have groaned: "He [Sorolla] paints as a cow eats." The compliment was just but excessive: a cow is a ruminant. Only by reflection does the artist impose fully upon outer appearances that inward harmony the possession of which is his title of nobility. If an artist has no fine individual forms and works on no instinctive geometry, then he is scarcely an artist at all, and his work, however brilliant in executive quality, becomes at bottom copyistic, purposeless, and, except as it may supply memoranda to a really creative spirit, null. When one has said that Sorolla's paintings are huge sketches one has admitted a great excellence of a small kind—their freshness and spontaneity, qualities once universal, and now rare only because painting has almost ceased to be a significant art; and one has equally denied to these brilliant improvisations all the more lasting and serious attributes.

"Why shouldn't a man make big sketches, since they evidently please him and delight us?" I hear any one of the legion that sought Sorolla at the confines of Manhattan protesting. There is, indeed, no reason why any one should not make any socially innocuous thing he likes to make and sell it for what he can get. The reasons for not making big sketches which seem to be pictures but are not, is not chiefly moral—though on that ground, too, something might be said—but æsthetic. John La Farge has somewhere stated the issue, and I paraphrase him freely from memory. The sketch is a mere transfer from reality, an episodical memorandum, an unrelated thing. We know it is a sketch from the fact that it has no bounds, but simply occurs upon the paper or canvas. If we frame it, that is a mere matter of convenience; it does not thereby become a picture. If, however, it is calculated with respect to bounds, the sheet of paper, a frame, then it is already a picture. And this is the meaning of Whistler's famous epigram that the fine work of art is finished as soon as it is begun. If what purports to be a picture is not calculated with regard to its bounds then, however robust the work or attractive the theme, it is a pretence. The maker has lightly usurped an alien glory the severe terms of which he has evaded. It is the absence of thoughtful arrangement and of real fineness of execution that makes me feel that the work of Sorolla is, in a sense, outside of art, as a certain kind of writing is outside of literature; of elocution, outside of oratory.

I could wish his method far finer, for then we should have had in his career a positive test of the value of the impressionistic attitude. As it is, his achievement, being far out of the common, is exemplary in this regard. As strenuous executant, always face to face with nature and resolutely minimizing the part of memory, that is, of accumulated individual intelligence, in his art, he has been the impressionist *à outrance* of our times. And over the Giverney school he has had the advantage of proceeding without theory or convention, as of dots, juxtaposed primary pigments, or the like. But, of course, impressionism has never rested on such formulas. It is not a procedure, but a theory of vision. The transaction by which an artist transcribes into his favorite medium the impression made by nature is required to be brief, concentrated, isolated from memory of similar transactions. Brief because nature and the impressions she causes are constantly in flux; concentrated because only so can the momentary impression be converted into the work of art; isolated because otherwise the impression becomes contaminated with alien experiences. The true impressionist theoretically should have no emotional stock-in-trade—merely the necessary executive habits. Every transaction with nature is a new beginning, though it be the twentieth sketch of the same haystack or cathedral façade. The point is to see with the innocent eye, and not let your cerebral accumulations trouble either your naïve

vision or your unhesitating hand. Such, in brief, is the Impressionist gospel. Extraneous dogmas are the sanctity of sunlight and of atmosphere. The real point is always the inhibition and total distrust of memory. Paint always before the object; paint nothing that you cannot carry off in a single impulse—these are the main precepts. Forget all previous work, including your own, is the watchword.

It is inconceivable that a habit of work and vision demanding the severest concentration, and at least half-based on inhibitions—a most disciplinary regimen, in short—should have passed for a kind of slovenly insincerity. The fact that the drawing of Manet and the painting of Monet should have been accounted merely odd, showed how much the revolt was needed. The world was truly in a state deprecated centuries before in China by a painter who bewailed the fact that people wished to see his pictures with their ears. We needed a revolution of a violent kind to restore to the eye its simple rights as first counsellor for the graphic and plastic arts.

Yet it was a hasty and false conclusion that, because painters had misused their memories, that faculty must be suspended. Indeed, the most candid impressionists would admit that such abeyance of associations was psychologically impossible. The associations of any human experience may always rise out of latency, must do so, surely, when any habitual act is accomplished. The best we can do is to practise such concentration upon the impression of the moment that relatively the allied cerebral associations are mute. The kind of hypnosis really implied in the impressionistic attitude is impossible, or, if attainable, incompatible with the accomplishment of any conscious act whatsoever. Still, roughly speaking, a high degree of impressionistic abstraction is possible, and without it one cannot become an artist worthy of the name. At bottom, waiving mere studio recipes and themes which are more or less imposed by the spirit of the time, impressionism means, and, except in periods of decadence, always has meant no more than simple loyalty to natural appearances. The arduous endeavor to make mere pigment cope with the complexity of the thing seen, the desire to make the necessary formulas correspond with reality, the renunciation of dull recipes, the purging of the eye as regards indolent, non-visual accumulations of the mind—this has been the straight and narrow way followed by every painter worthy of his salt. The luminists of to-day happen to bulk large and usurp the name and honors because they are innovators in the new themes of sunlight and atmosphere. They well deserve the credit that falls to all archaic craftsmanship, but so far as their temper and methods are not traditional, they are mostly bad.

Since impression is merely realism taken in its true and not in its sordid sense, it represents a stage through which every artist, not wholly fantastical, must pass. To stay in the impressionistic stage is wilfully to dwarf one's self; the only worse thing would be to leave it never to return. Through grappling with nature and life the personality is constantly enriched, and its spoils from experience are unconsciously transformed into patterns akin to the man. Memory is sifting and fining the mass, rejecting here, confirming there. After a time immediate visual experience becomes less valuable for its own sake, being in a manner repetition, than as a stimulus which concentrates this garnered experience upon a given occasion. Necessarily, the pouring of the visual wisdom of a lifetime into a pictorial composition is a rather delicate process, and cannot be hurried. Here dispositions and abilities differ greatly, but, in general, one may say that we hardly know of any great work that has not been incubated deliberately. Misapprehensions have obscured this obvious truth. We talk as if Velasquez painted a masterpiece in a matter of a few hours. We forget that all his great compositions show numerous corrections, that the incredibly delicate texture of his flesh simply cannot be achieved in a single painting, and we forget also to reckon in his thinking before he set brush to canvas. Unquestionably, Monet's Haystacks and Cathedrals and Water Lilies are delightful things, and were painted as the impressionistic law demands, each picture in a few hours' time. But Monet had the steadying effect of a fixed scientific formula, and those enchanting pictures of the Thames which represent his apogee give every indication of being done slowly, thoughtfully, and largely in the studio. In short, the wise artist learns to bring the whole man—and the most and better part of man is memory—to bear. Any other policy is as false economy as to paint with tied hands or wearing colored goggles. If the artist who has not grown out of impressionism into self-reliance falls short of the stature of a complete æsthetic personality, he who has or thinks he has outgrown the need of direct and tonic contact with nature is in peril of fatty degeneration. The ability to command at will the innocence of the eye is to success in art what the capacity to be as a little child is to perfection in Christian character. It is because Señor Sorolla has complacently remained at the stage of trilling scales and astounding arpeggios while the symphonies are waiting to be composed that I must regard him as a virtuoso rather odd and diverting than really worth while.

"Why don't you out with it and say you don't like his painting?" I hear the indignant enthusiast cry. Because I do like his painting. I get from it the keen thrill that a brass band or a deep baritone declaiming the "Holy City" never fails to produce in my eminently sympathetic sensorium. Such impressions have their value, but I do not need to seek them: they frequently come my way. That I have rarely heard quite so fine a polychromatic brass band as that of Señor Sorolla I gladly admit; but I still prefer the orchestra, or even a more tenuous music, that may hint at heights and depths within a life.

"At least he is a consummate technician." For twenty years I have been familiar with his work, and I cannot see in his bravura the signs of the finest execution. It is wonderfully telling which is quite a different matter. Its emphasis is adjusted not to the fine, but to the ordinary eye. The structure of many of these pictures is as vague as their arrangement. A superficial and certainly skilful application of accents takes the place of real draughtsmanship. Everything is a shimmer and an arabesque which have rather slight relations either with the character of the objects or with their atmospheric values. Here we must take issue with most of the writers in this volume. Sorolla has invented a brilliant short-hand which almost attains illusion, but his is emphatically not the vision nor the patience to seize those subtle variations of luminosity by which objects appear nearer or farther. To replace such study he has a whole bagful of vivacious expedients. What does it mean to a painter that many of the pictures and nearly all the sketches simply are disintegrated when transcribed in half-tone cuts of fair execution? Why merely that the values are all false. A little clever handling of the edges of the planes, here and there a dash of inorganic red, or yellow, or blue—such arbitrary oppositions will to a careless eye give a sense of structure where it really is not.

It may seem that I have left rather little of what criticism has regarded as a first rate talent, and that such isolated scepticism requires a fuller substantiation. Well, I have given my reasons, and some of the pictures are at the Metropolitan Museum and the Hispanic Society to prove me right or wrong. Furthermore, a good deal is left even with the proposed reservations, quite enough to account both for the critical and popular vogue of Sorolla. For the motion of things, the dynamic of water, earth, and the figure he has an extraordinary sense. His relish in the energy of appearances is his most winning quality, and were his vision finer and his hand more restrained, this quality might readily lift him to real greatness. As it is, he attains merely the *ad captandum* facility of certain orators

and poets who manage to be uncommonly well adjusted to the common likings.

The joy of life and of the open is strong in the man. To him we owe rare glimpses of sun-soaked strands, we should never otherwise see, of lithe wet figures glistening in the dazzling radiance, of proudly swelling sails saturated with sunshine. These are pleasant things, and for bringing them to our doors we are grateful to the Hispanic Society, and to Señor Sorolla. But subjects and facility and bravura and naïve joy of life all pass, while art remains; and the artists who come to meet us we naturally love more nearly than those that require us to come, perhaps through difficulties, to them. The future historian of the psychology of the throng will marvel that a New York before whom Besnard and Zorn had been brought, which boasted, itself, an Alden Weir and a Childe Hassam, which knew the work of the consummate technician Tarbell, put itself to sheer physical discomfort to get a passing glimpse of the paintings of Sorolla. Since the handsome volumes published by the Hispanic Society will explain the phenomenon only in part, I have been at the possibly unwarranted pains of writing these ungracious paragraphs for a future history of taste.

Frank Jewett Mather, Jr.

THE TWILIGHT OF CHRISTIE'S.

That useful manual, "Art Prices Current," brings the record of all prices attained last winter at Christie's historic auction room. A slight perusal of the lists shows either that there is something wrong with the prices which collectors pay in this country, or something odd about the pictures that are auctioned in London. Both theories, perhaps, have something to commend them, as a few statistics will show.

Last season English landscape robbed the early portrait school of its long supremacy. A dozen Turners were sold. The Burning of the Parliament Buildings, 1834, brought the highest price of the year, £13,125, while Cowes Castle fetched £6,825. The second honors fell to Constable's last picture, Arundel Mills and Castle, at £8,820. In contrast with these figures are the paltry sums attained by the precursors, Crome, twenty sales, and Richard Wilson, twenty-three. Probably only poor and dubious examples were forthcoming.

By virtue of the sale of a Descent from the Cross by Rembrandt at £8,190, the old masters lead the eighteenth-century portrait manufacturers. But with this brilliant exception the old masters are pitifully in abeyance at Christie's. No other of the sixteen Rembrandts sold reached a notable figure. In fact, the only other prices worthy of mention in this field are £5,040 for an Immaculate Conception by Murillo, £2,940 for a Nattier portrait, and £2,415 for Velasquez's familiar presentment of Queen Mariana.

Though far below the records, the English school of portraiture still is the staple of this mart. Of the thirty-seven examples of the great Sir Joshua, two handsomely passed the £5,000 mark. At the Quilter sale, Venus with Piping Boys was knocked down at £6,720, a high price for a canvas not a portrait. One is glad to find Raeburn next, and not only that, but actually for a male portrait, Sir John Sinclair, at £6,570. Eighteen Raeburns were sold, mostly at low prices. Romney and Hoppner, master and pupil, were represented by about a score of pictures each, and stand even at the top figure of £5,460. Gainsborough, certainly the most desirable of the school, appears thirty-one times in the list, but reached only £2,940. The elegant and superficial Lawrence falls far behind at £1,942. Thirty-nine pictures by him were sold. It is surprising to find the greatest of English figure painters, Hogarth, failing to bring £100. But the fifteen examples may have been poor or worse, and in any case the English are hardly up to their greatest painter.

The Barbizon school was steady and without sensational features. Millet's tiny but admirable Goose Girl, a very famous picture, fetched £5,250. A Rousseau landscape went to £4,830—a moderate price for it as things go here. Corot and Daubigny were the favorites, with twenty-five sales each, but at no prices that would look large on Fifth Avenue. The sterling landscapist Troyon sold eleven times, with a top figure of £2,677. The Pre-Raphaelite list is short but impressive. Holman Hunt's Scapegoat reached £2,940. The Bella Mano, by Rossetti, a thing in his most luscious vein, seemed worth £2,400. Frederick Walker's Bathers rose to the truly astounding figure of £3,045, but this engaging painter is the object of a cult. Burne-Jones and Watts appeared only in minor examples, and no high prices were paid.

The plight of the old masters was truly pitiful. With the exception of the few prices already noted, only a River View by Cuyp at £1,764 need be mentioned. You could have had six Correggios without going to ten pounds sterling for any of them, or four Giorgiones by straining that limit a few shillings. Of three Titians none need have cost twenty pounds. Five Holbeins would have come as cheap, or twenty Van Dycks. Below the high price of £30 five Tintorettos were sold. Goya, in five sales, did not surpass £220, though his name is shibboleth in the artistic circles of London. Even the adorable Fragonard no more than crossed the £100 mark.

The absence of the high figures paid in recent years at Christie's is perhaps more significant than the beggarly sums given for resounding names. London is the greatest picture mart of the world, and naturally, as a penalty, attracts the most trash. If one has the slightest acquaintance with the figures at private sales for the year past, it will be evident that the figures at Christie's no longer have barometrical value. Many causes have led to this change. The old masters have been either exhausted or are disposed of through other channels. England once possessed pretty nearly all the Hobbemas there were. A single example was sold at Christie's last winter, and at a base price. The fact speaks for itself. The great sales in England are no longer made in the auction-room. The dealers have so laid their lines that most works of importance must come quietly to them. Whole collections are bought, and gradually the stream that trickles through the auction room is being skimmed of its valuable flotsam. How far the occupation of Christie's by the dealers and the virtual exclusion of the private buyer have discredited that venerable institution we cannot pretend to say. Even more, perhaps, the toleration of bidding in and of factitious records has hurt the London auction business.

It is matter for congratulation that in the best New York art auction-room there is no such admixture of sheer trash as one finds in London. Our market is narrower, but the average is higher. Collectors, too, may well congratulate themselves that here they may enjoy the excitement of bidding in their proper person. The certainty, also, that an auction price really implies a sale and not simply an appraisal for future use is not to be underestimated. If Christie's is, on the plain showing of "Art Prices Current," somewhat in obscuration, it is due not merely to a turn in the business tide, but also to the winking at methods that are not permitted in our first-class auction rooms.

"The Sculpture of the Parthenon," which has been in preparation for several years, is soon to be issued by the trustees of the British Museum. The illustrations include 85 photogravure and 10 collotype plates, measuring 22 inches by 15 inches, and will portray all the known sculptures of the Parthenon. Eighteen plates are given to the principal pediment sculptures, and 234 minor fragments which are photographed on a scale of one-eighth, while the accessible metopes and 156 fragments, on a scale of one-sixth, fill fourteen plates. Sixty-three plates give thirty-four unplaced fragments, on a scale of one-fifth. The text is by A. H. Smith, the keeper of the Greek and Roman antiquities of the Museum.

Worthington Whittredge, well known as a landscape painter and for many years active in art circles in this city, died on February 25 at his home in Summit, N. J. He was born in Ohio in 1820, and studied landscape and portrait painting in Cincinnati after leaving school. In 1849 he went abroad and continued his art studies in London, Paris, Antwerp, Düsseldorf, and Rome, until 1859.

He was at one time a pupil of Andreas Achenbach. After his return to New York he opened a studio in Tenth Street, and became an associate member of the National Academy of Design. He was made a member in 1862, and was president of the Academy for the year 1875-6.

Winckworth Allan Gay, who had done some creditable work in landscape painting, died at his home in West Hingham, Mass., on February 23, at the age of eighty-eight years. He studied under Troyon, in Paris, and in 1850 opened a studio in Boston. He had lived in Japan, China, and India.

Finance.

AFTER-PANIC SPECULATIONS.

The violent speculation which broke out last year, not only on the American stock market but on numerous American commodity markets, was described by many experienced observers as in reality an "after-panic" symptom. By this it was meant that, a year or two after a serious collapse in credit, trade, and industry, the time comes when the psychological effects of panic have worn off; when the consumer discovers that he has been economizing more than was necessary, the merchant that he has allowed his stock of goods to run very low, and the banker that he has restricted his money market operations more than he need have done. This series of discoveries is made when money rates are low because of the trade inertia, and when, as a rule, prices of merchandise are relatively cheap. The consumer, of a sudden, begins to buy. The merchant, feeling this new demand, hurriedly replenishes his exhausted stocks. The banker lays in fresh supplies of borrowed money and of investment securities.

All this means business revival and rising prices, and prices rise all the more rapidly because the speculator, seeing the trend of events, throws his own buying orders into the scale—which he can do the more easily because money is so cheap. The end of such a process, however, is that prices will go too high, business activity relax, and money itself become dear instead of cheap.

It is not in trade alone that this "after-panic boom" is invariably witnessed. Investors and speculators in securities, who have distrustfully kept their money idle since the panic, suddenly realize that their capital has grown. They look about for something to invest in. Some of them will choose high-grade bonds; but many others, as confidence increases, will insist on something with a speculative profit. It is then that the shrewd promoter, or the experienced professional speculator, appears upon the scene, and an era of public speculation is likely to follow.

We saw all this, last summer, in our American markets, and the German Stock Exchanges simultaneously reported excited public speculation in the "industrial shares." London apparently did not follow suit; but within the past two weeks, it has become the focus of interest for the speculative world. The London "outside public" is in one respect peculiar. Its speculative manias are wont to converge on novelties in the field of corporate enterprises, and on a single group of such novelties. Shares of bicycle manufacturing companies held the stage in one notable speculation of the past fifteen years; shares of hotels, in another; of breweries, in another; of African gold mines, in yet another. This time, speculation has suddenly blazed up in London in the shares of rubber-producing companies. The *Evening Post's* London correspondent thus described the episode, last Saturday:

> The movement really began three years ago, in a quiet way, on Mincing Lane, where merchants, who knew what had been done in the tea industry, devoted their attention to the expansion of rubber production, with a view to supplying increasing demands of trade. The actual speculative boom, however, did not begin until last December.
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> There are now hardly less than two hundred companies whose shares are on the market, with an aggregate nominal capital of say twelve millions sterling. But even this capitalization does not tell the whole story, because many of the rubber shares are standing at premiums of several hundred per cent. Shares of one concern, for instance, with a par value of one pound sterling, started last year at £4½ and rose to £14½. Another concern, whose shares stood last year at 18 shillings, is now quoted at £9¾.
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> The public is undoubtedly plunging heavily, but it is also taking up and paying for the shares. Indeed, subscription lists of new concerns rarely remain open longer than an hour.

Both the occasion and the argument which are required to start an excited public speculation appear to have been present, this season, in the shares of the rubber companies. The occasion was a plethora of idle capital in London, after two years of slackened trade activity. The argument was the old appeal to the appetite for sudden and fabulous profits, in an industrial market concerning which the public was wholly ignorant. A sort of hand-book of the rubber trade has lately gained enormous vogue in London. Its main contention is that capital devoted to planting rubber trees, on the other side of the world, will in five years be earning 33 per cent. on the investment, and in eight years 100 per cent. and upward. It is not improbable that the figures are reasonably close to the facts, in the case of a genuine investment of capital by people familiar with the business and able to give it their attention. But to dispassionate observers, it is clear enough, first, that buyers of the shares are dealing in

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things which they do not understand; secondly, that the real pioneers in the industry are using the present boom to "unload" their own shares at immensely inflated prices, and, thirdly, that a host of more or less suspicious new rubber enterprises are being hastily capitalized and dangled before the excited outside investor.

Such a situation is not new, and its outcome is not doubtful. The only point which invites either conjecture or dispute is what the occurrence of the mania at exactly this moment means, in a larger way. Probably it is merely London's duplicate to the phenomena which the conditions of the day created in Wall Street during 1909. The American speculator has not London's taste for a limited group of shares at such a time; yet, after all, it was "Steel," rather than the stock market as a whole, which engaged attention during the twelvemonth past. If London has to-day its literature regarding "rubber," and its extravagant ideas of net returns, Wall Street last summer had the same paraphernalia for steel. By way of precedent, it is not to be forgotten that it was in a parallel season, two years after a year of world-wide panic, reaction, and liquidation, that the English public of 1895 rushed with unprecedented fury into the newly promoted "Kaffir shares."

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Redi, F. Experiments in the Generation of Insects. Trans. from the Italian Edition of 1688 by Mab Bigelow. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co. $2.
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Three dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada $3.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union $4.00.

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The Week.

The Aldrich bill for a commission composed of Congressmen to investigate Government business methods was passed in the Senate after the rejection of a substitute bill, offered by Senator Newlands, providing for experts on the commission. This exemplifies the jealousy which leads the legislative branch of the Federal Government to undervalue skilled assistance. Misconception as to the function and usefulness of expert commissions led to the crippling of the Committee on Department Methods, better known as the Keep Committee. The Keep Committee gathered a host of facts which the Aldrich bill would apparently undertake to gather anew. True, its scope was confined to Government work in Washington, but it made eighteen reports covering the most important phases of department business. Though the members of the committee were trained departmental administrators, they called in business experts. Comparative studies of private business methods were made, and the recommendations submitted to the President would, if carried fully into effect, have greatly increased efficiency and economy in Government business. We favor any competent investigation which shall better the conduct of Government business, whether it saves $100,000,000 or a less sum. Yet we believe that so vast and complex a business problem as this would be solved best by experts who are not already overburdened with public affairs.

By a vote of 50 to 22, and, except for one Democratic Senator, on a strict party vote, the amended Postal Savings Bank bill passed the Senate on Saturday. It now goes to the House of Representatives. Of the criticisms passed upon it in the Senate, the two most weighty touched the use or non-use of government bonds as a field for investment of the postal savings, and the provisions for withdrawal. Regarding the first of these, Senator Root argued strongly that the law would be unconstitutional unless the receipt of savings, through the post offices, were made an incidental function of the Government's borrowing powers. His argument was combated by Senator Dolliver, who answered that the scope even of the present post-office system, comprising as it necessarily does functions and powers which could not have been foreseen from the primitive post office of 1789, shows the futility of attempting to limit the proposed extension of those functions by the supposed conceptions of the Constitution-makers. The result was a curious compromise. Senator Smoot's amendment provided that "when, in the judgment of the President, war or any other exigency involving the credit of the Government so requires, the board of trustees may withdraw all or any part of said funds and invest the same in bonds or other securities of the United States." This was adopted, after an amendment of Senator Cummins limiting such discretionary use of the funds to time of war had been rejected, and after Senator Borah's amendment, forbidding their investment in bonds bearing less than 2¼ per cent. annual interest, had been accepted.

This compromise seems to us to be open to serious criticism. We find it difficult to approve a plan which deliberately creates so great uncertainty regarding the disposition of what may hereafter be an enormous sum of money. "Any other exigency involving the credit of the government" is pretty comprehensive language. Decline of outstanding government bonds below par might easily be construed as such an exigency; and it is to be observed that what the Administration is empowered to prescribe, in the undefined exigency, is not the investment of future postal savings in an old or new bond issue, but peremptory withdrawal for that purpose of postal savings accounts already deposited in banks throughout the country. We can at least conceive of seriously disturbing consequences of such action, and the placing of it purely in the discretion of the President seems to us a questionable recourse.

Illinois claims the proud record of having had more primary laws declared unconstitutional by the courts than any other State in the Union. For the fourth time within five years a primary law was passed at an extraordinary session of the Legislature which adjourned last week, and now that act rests under a cloud. The Attorney-General is virtually convinced that the law is unconstitutional. It is an amazing reflection on the standard of legislative ability in Illinois that, after three failures, it should be found impossible to frame a primary bill that will meet the specific objections laid down by the courts. Either it is arrant stupidity on the part of the Springfield lawmakers or else arrant dishonesty. Driven by public sentiment into taking up the question of direct nominations, the Legislature has succeeded in foisting on the people of the State one measure after another that will not bear the test of constitutionality. No other explanation suggests itself; against the principle of direct nominations the courts have not pronounced, so that there can be no question of a preliminary amendment of the State Constitution.

The situation in Philadelphia has nowhere been summed up with more force and insight than in the columns of the Cleveland *Leader*, a dyed-in-the-wool Republican organ. The *Leader* refuses to regard the struggle in Philadelphia as a great war between capital and labor:

> For the last quarter-century and longer Philadelphia has endured the tyranny of a monstrously corrupt and shameless municipal machine. Its aim has not been Republicanism, but graft and misrule. It has buttressed its position by fraud, and made lawlessness its weapon. And the great city which has an immortal history and many noble traits has endured all this pollution, inert, unwilling to make the effort needed to cleanse its municipal government. Under such circumstances, it has been inevitable that corruption should befoul the public service corporations and poison their relations with the city government.

The *Leader* might have gone on to show that in the long run the traction companies are as much the victims of their alliances with the political gang as the public at large and the employees. In the end politics reduces a public-service corporation to the level to which the Third Avenue Railroad in New York has been brought. In the end, the transit companies cannot even depend upon their political allies for that amount of

protection for life and property which is their honest due. It is bad politics to club rioters who have a vote. The gang sells capital and labor indiscriminately, works for its own pocket all the time, and carries pollution to everything it touches.

"There are two little inconveniences," wrote Madame de Sévigné of a certain dignitary of Paris, "which make it difficult for any one to undertake his funeral oration—his life and his death." In the case of the late Thomas C. Platt, however, there is now no occasion for touching upon the personal side of the man. That long since passed into the shadow. His rise was coincident with the rise of political corruption by great corporations. He was shrewd enough and callous enough to create himself the paymaster of the forces through the subsidies which the managers of insurance companies and other large business concerns placed in his hands, and then put into operation the rule: "He who pays the bills controls the votes." Thus he made himself the fit instrument of a subterranean and slimy method of debauching Legislatures, and piled humiliation upon the State by forcing the Legislature which he owned to choose him United States Senator. It was as purely a mercenary transaction as was ever consummated. His public example, all these years, has been fearfully demoralizing. What a spectacle it has been to young men entering political life—this domination for so long of the Empire State by a man whom decent citizens abhorred, yet of whom they could not get rid! But the wholesome change came while he was still alive. He died politically long before he died physically, and of his political death it can be said that it was like a dirty lamp going out with a foul smell. With the coming in of better practices, we are entitled to look back upon the political life and activity of Thomas C. Platt as something still to shudder at, but with a sense of relief at having forever escaped from it.

There is some reason to fear that Congress may make a most discreditable exhibition of itself in respect to the honors due to Peary. The Committee on Naval Affairs desires to have the record of Peary's journey submitted to them before acting. This is a reasonable demand, in spite of the fact that the genuineness of his discovery has at no time been questioned in any respectable quarter, and of the fact that the great geographical societies of Europe have been unanimous in bestowing upon him their highest honors for the achievement; but to insist further that the records should be made public would be senseless Peary has no objection to handing the records over to the committee, and doubtless would be equally satisfied to permit their examination by any competent experts the committee might name; but he does object to an anticipation of the publication of his own book. The threat made by Macon of Arkansas that unless the records are made public he will "expose the whole business on the floor of the House or in a statement to the press" should have no influence with the committee. It will be less disgraceful for Congress to have one Arkansas Representative exhibit himself as a blatherskite than for Congress itself to display a combination of ungraciousness and stupidity of which the whole country would have reason to be ashamed.

It is not necessary to subscribe to the Constitutional doctrines set forth in Mr. John Bigelow's letter to the New York *Times* on the Rockefeller Foundation in order to find in it reason for stopping to think about some aspects of the great gift. The main thing is the danger, to which the letter calls attention, in the habit of overlooking the remote and indirect consequences of any new element injected into the social or political organization, its immediate and obvious results being the only thing that we are willing to take the trouble to think about. Any amount of discussion might end with leaving public sentiment just about where it was found. And yet a new development of such magnitude as this, and with such incalculable possibilities for its future, should be canvassed from more points of view than the single one that it is intended for the good of mankind, and that, wisely used, it will yield vast beneficent results.

Instead of speaking in generalities, the kind of thing we have in mind may be indicated by an example. The Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, though formed for the single purpose of making such provision for pensions to professors as might seem wise and desirable, already exerts a marked influence on the policy of many of our colleges and universities, and may in the future exert more. That influence has, we believe, been almost wholly beneficial; but there are many thoughtful persons who regard with real misgiving the possible effect in the future of the kind of domination which the existence of such a revisory institution, with its power of the purse, may exercise over the country's educational methods and ideals. Now, the Rockefeller Foundation is to have unlimited scope, besides probably commanding money resources many times greater than those of the Carnegie Foundation; it is also quite unlike the Carnegie Institution, which is devoted solely to the promotion of research. We do not deny that this very elasticity may be its greatest recommendation. But are there not dangers also?

The latest Johns Hopkins University circular contains, under the head "Recent Publications in Physics," a list of papers and books in that department of science published in the past four years by present and former members of the university. The list of titles covers twenty-two closely printed pages, the number of the authors of these contributions to science being about 110. We should be the last to recommend that an institution be judged by the amount of printed matter it turns out, whether in science or in any other field; but such a list as this might well serve as a timely reminder of the unique part that has been played by the Johns Hopkins University. A timely reminder, we say, because the university is about to undertake the collection of a million dollars—one-fourth having been promised by the General Education Board, conditionally on the other three-fourths being raised—a large part of which it hopes to obtain outside of Baltimore and Maryland. There ought to be a generous response throughout the country. The impulse to the prosecution of higher university work which was given at Baltimore has affected every university in the land; and Johns Hopkins, with comparatively small resources, has continued to represent, more distinctly than any other university, the objects for which it stood at the beginning. Baltimore people have helped the uni-

versity liberally, more than making up the great and unexpected losses on the original endowment; and it would be becoming in broad-minded men in other States to come gladly to the support of such an institution.

In order to hold the office of Ambassador it is well-nigh essential nowadays that a man should have a private fortune, and a large fortune at that. The post has become one for rich men only, and it is often made an opportunity for display which is neither American nor dignified. We are glad to note, therefore, the activity of the American Embassy Association, whose object is to urge the acquisition by the Government of suitable houses for its Ambassadors in foreign capitals. The Association believes that if each Ambassador is required to live in the same house as his predecessor, the vast difference in their mode of life will, in great measure, disappear. At present, a palace houses one Ambassador—as, for instance, Dorchester House in London—while his successor may be forced to occupy a modest residence and be exposed to disagreeable comment on his failure to maintain the pace set him. The Embassy Association points out that we spend annually five hundred million dollars for past, present, and future wars, and it asks the suggestive question, why should we not spend five hundred thousand dollars, as is proposed by a bill pending in Congress, to foster peace by adding to the dignity and influence of our foreign Ambassadors? Why not, indeed!

The results of last Saturday's elections to the London County Council will come as an unpleasant surprise to those politicians who have lately fallen into the habit of picturing the Liberal party as on the verge of ruin and dissolution. Three years ago the Municipal Reformers in London, whose national affiliations are with the Unionist party, succeeded in capturing the County Council from the Progressives who had been entrenched in power for nearly twenty years. It was a clean sweep for the Conservatives, and the election was interpreted as indicating the city's and the country's disgust with the somewhat socialistic policies of the Progressives. Last Saturday the Progressives succeeded in wresting twenty seats from their opponents and just missing thus a majority in the Council. The extent to which the local contest may be taken as giving a line on the present party situation the country over will be disputed, of course. But one thing is plain, that the Liberal party, in case of another general election, is by no means so certain of going down to defeat as its torn-up condition in Parliament would seem to indicate. And still more plain is the lesson that the great cities of England, taken as a whole, are emphatically against tariff reform. This was brought out in the general election, in which London sorely disappointed the fond hopes of the Unionists. Had London experienced a change of heart since last January, here was its opportunity to speak out. Instead, it made it quite plain that its views of two months ago are its views to-day, and a little more so, as one of Mr. Redmond's followers might say.

The fight for suffrage-reform in Prussia goes on by means of argument as well as public demonstrations, and the antagonists of the plans of the present Chancellor are drawing many a weapon from the arsenal of his great predecessor, Bismarck. It is not contended that the latter held any very high or abstract views of the right to the ballot. He denounced, indeed, the Prussian system of voting as the most senseless (*widersinnig*) in the whole world, but this was because it worked badly. In a similar spirit he assented to universal suffrage in the election of the Reichstag on purely practical grounds. It was, to him, only a necessary step in bringing about German unity. And the point made against Bethmann-Hollweg is that if Bismarck were in his place to-day he would surely yield to the common-sense need of making the electoral system more acceptable to the masses of the Prussian people than is contemplated in the very limited reforms proposed by the Government. The contrast is, as the *Berliner Tageblatt* puts it, between Bismarck as the pioneer of German unity and Bethmann-Hollweg as the champion of Prussian narrowness.

Leopold II is dead, but the unsavory history of the Congo, and of the fortune which the late King acquired in that unhappy country, lives after him. In the Belgian Chamber the Socialist leader, Vandervelde, has forced the Ministers to admit that between twenty-five and thirty million francs in Congo bonds which should have accrued to the nation with the cession of that colony remained in the possession of the late King. The overhauling of the Leopoldian régime is bound to occupy the attention of the Belgian Parliament for a long time to come. It will probably be years before all remnants of the iniquitous system have been swept away and a civilized administration is established in the Congo. In the long campaign for the saving of that colony, no party in Belgium has done so much as the Socialist party. The Liberals have been too often divided in council or too timorous. The party led by M. Vandervelde has waged a ceaseless warfare against the policy of extortion and ruin in the Congo. Whatever may be the errors or the dangers of European Socialism, such service as the Socialists of Belgium have rendered to the cause of liberty and humanity calls for the heartiest commendation.

The Nicaraguan revolution has collapsed in the most thoroughly dramatic fashion. President Madriz has played to perfection the difficult game of luring an enemy on to his undoing, and after a long series of insurgent victories it took but one smashing blow to settle the war in favor of the government at Managua. Bluefields is still in the hands of the Estrada faction, and the same campaigning difficulties which made their advance on the capital so difficult and fatal an enterprise will probably keep the government forces from Bluefields for some time to come. But of the ultimate outcome of the struggle there can now be very little doubt. What Señor Zelaya's feelings are at this precise moment, and what Secretary Knox's feelings are, can readily be guessed. The pity of the whole affair is that the lives of thousands of men should have been sacrificed in a gamble initiated by interested politicians, backed by interested foreign capital, and having its only real chance of success in the intervention and coöperation of the American Government. That our State Department did not play into the hands of the revolutionists is less due to our own wisdom than to the gross blunder committed by the insurgents in forcing out Zelaya and putting in his place a man less open to attack.

THE USE OF "INSURGENTS."

In nearly all the reviews of Mr. Taft's first year in the Presidency, mention is made of the rise in Congress of a group of Republican "insurgents." This is spoken of as an embarrassment for the President, and by some as a blow at government by party and even as a misfortune for the country. So long is it since free and independent criticism within the party has been seen, to say nothing of men who follow their consciences in actually voting against party measures, that the notion has crept in that such political manifestations are well-nigh a national calamity. On the contrary, we contend, they are a hopeful sign of the times. They may be temporarily disturbing to the Administration—though even it may profit by them in the long run—but for our general public life they mean a revival of freedom in debate and in voting which may be of the highest usefulness. The point was well put by Senator Dolliver in a public address when he said that the "insurgents" had at least accomplished this, that no tariff bill with glaring iniquities in it could be passed by unanimous vote of the Republican party.

That demonstration was given last August, but since then the importance of having men in Congress who think for themselves and will not surrender their convictions at the crack of the party whip has been shown again and again. Various bills now pending enactment will benefit from the scrutiny and sifting applied to them by men of unfettered judgment. One good example is the bill to amend the Interstate-Commerce Act, on which last week Senator Cummins of Iowa and Senator Clapp of Minnesota submitted a minority report. These men are numbered among the insurgents, yet the views which they submit are of great weight and pertinence. We cannot here go into the mattter at length, but will merely say that these dissenting Republican Senators single out several objectionable features in the proposed amendments. They argue, for instance, that there is grave danger in departing from the existing method of defending suits brought by common carriers to enjoin or set aside the orders of the Interstate Commerce Commission; and that there are serious defects and hidden perils in the provisions respecting "pooling" of railway rates as also in those designed to correct the abuses of over-capitalization. We do not say that all these points are well taken, but we do affirm that it is of great value to have them presented and argued by independent Republicans. If the objections were raised merely by Democrats, the cry would be that they were only partisan. But when Republicans who are both answerable to their constituents and supported by them come forward to criticise Administration measures, their act cannot be lightly dismissed. They are bound to get a hearing, and it is well for all concerned that they should.

The fact is that the Senate to-day is in a position to do better debating and really to make more improvements in legislation as it is hammered out on the anvil, than at any time for thirty years or more. We have to go back to the time when Sumner and Fessenden and Trumbull were ready to take an independent and critical stand to find anything like a parallel to present conditions. The tyranny of party has for years rested heavily upon Congress. Senators or Representatives might have strong convictions about the folly of legislation bearing the party seal, they might warn against it in committee or caucus, but, once the majority had decided, it was not permitted them to speak out their true belief on the floor, much less to vote in accordance with it when the roll-call came. That deadening grip of party has been broken during the past year, and the promise is that it will remain so for some time to come. The Senators and Representatives who have bought their liberty at so great a price are not likely to give it up on the first demand. President Taft and the party managers will have to make up their minds to get on as best they may with a body of Republicans who do not propose to surrender the right of private judgment.

Government by party always goes in danger of its life unless it remains reasonable. When it becomes an unendurable despotism, it is subject to revolution like any other. And the fact is undeniable that, as things have gone in this country for some years past, party control has become too rigid. Independent-minded men have been too much oversloughed or else eliminated. The system of government by party has tended to become what Lord Rosebery calls one of "alternating tyranny"—first by one party, then the other. Party has come to be thought of as a place where men pooled their consciences; but under such circumstances consciences have a way of disappearing altogether. And as a reaction and revolt against any such crushing out of independent opinion and solemn conviction, the appearance of Republican "insurgents" at Washington is not at all a thing at which to be dismayed.

PRICES AND ECONOMIC PRINCIPLES.

Not long ago we had occasion to comment on an article in the series that the *Independent* is publishing upon "The Cost of Living," which discussed the rise of prices in a manner calculated only to increase the confusion. Of the article in last week's issue precisely the opposite can be said. Professor Giddings strikes the note which, at the present moment, much needs to be sounded. The difficulty with most of the talkers and writers on the subject is that they look out, some with wide-eyed wonder, some with a naïve indiscriminateness which they mistake for scientific impartiality, upon a wilderness of facts, the command of which they do not attempt to secure by reference to any central or dominating principles. Professor Giddings calls his article "An Old-Fashioned Theory of Prices." This he puts in the form of a challenge of the central doctrines of political economy by "an up-to-date American philosopher," with the answers to that challenge which he imagines to be given by the three great builders of the "classical" political economy, Malthus, Ricardo, and John Stuart Mill. To condense Professor Giddings's article would be to spoil a fine piece of humor and satire; suffice it to say that it is as spirited a vindication as we have seen in a long time of the importance, too often forgotten by over-cultivated economists in our time, of those cardinal forces which, in our day as a hundred years ago, are the chief causes of economic phenomena. The recognition of the paramount influence of these causes was the great achievement of the masters of the English "classical" school; nowadays we are too prone to forget the distinction between what is fundamental, pervasive, and controlling and what is accidental, sporadic, and subordinate.

In this question of the increased prices of to-day, there are a few central matters of fact, as well as a few central ideas concerning causation, which must be assigned to their right place if we are to have any chance of thinking straight about the problem. Of the matters of fact, the first relates to the degree in which the increase has taken place. This is, of itself, a difficult problem; but there are some points about it which must be constantly kept in mind. One is that the rise of prices has been world-wide, another is that not all classes of commodities have been affected alike, and a third that the point from which prices have risen—if we start with 1896 or thereabouts, as is usually done—was not a normal price-level, but an abnormally low price-level. The rise in the index-number of *Bradstreet's*, which assumes the startling magnitude of 62 per cent. if comparison is made with the bottom figure of 1896, shrinks to the moderate amount of 13½ per cent. if 1892 is made the starting point. To determine what is a fair measure of the present advance of general prices—not to speak of the prices of particular articles—over what may in any sense be called a normal level is an extremely complicated problem; but it is something to remember that before the great rise there had been an equally remarkable fall. Any thought on the subject that overlooks this is worthless; and it is strange enough that anybody should overlook it, when it is only a dozen years since the air was as full of bewailings over low prices as it now is of complaints of high prices.

A second thing that should be constantly borne in mind is that price is a relation between other things and money, and fundamentally (since the demonetization of silver) a relation between other things and gold. Without entering into any discussion of the quantity theory of money, it is evident that prices—*i. e.*, the amount of gold it is necessary to pay for things—cannot be independent of the amount of gold available in the world; there is no more reason that an ounce of gold should always have the same purchasing power, no matter how much gold there may be in the market, than that a bale of cotton should always have the same general purchasing power, no matter how much cotton there may be in the market. And the amount of gold in the world has, as a matter of fact, been increasing at a tremendous and utterly unprecedented rate for about twelve years. That this is the central fact in the situation, virtually all economists are agreed; and, owing to the freedom with which gold flows from one country to another, this circumstance affects prices throughout the civilized world. When the progressive demonetization of silver in the leading countries of the world had been contracting the metallic basis of the circulating medium, and was not offset by a great gold production, this cause was almost universally recognized as being at the bottom of the low-price situation; and in like manner, the world-wide rise of prices we are witnessing now is ascribed by economists primarily to the great augmentation of the world's stock of gold.

The fact that the rise of prices has not been uniform, that it has affected some classes of commodities much more than others, does not at all militate against the foregoing. Whether the general level of prices rises or falls or remains stationary, it will be equally true that the prices of some things will vary in comparison with the prices of others. But if there is any grand department in which prices have risen decidedly more than in other departments, it should be the task of the economist to discover, if possible, some broad and general explanation of this phenomenon. That such a special rise has taken place in the case of food products seems certain. In all probability the explanation is to be found chiefly in the increased demand on the resources of the earth which has come with the increase both of population and of general well-being; and we must add to this general cause, the particular fact of the drift of the population from the country into the cities. This state of things, if carried far enough, must mean that in order to keep people on the soil, it is necessary to give them larger returns than in the past. The operation of this factor may be quite as important just now as that of the law of diminishing returns; the two together are probably sufficient to account for the main facts of agricultural prices.

All this is not meant to show that no intricate investigation of the question of prices is necessary; on the contrary, we have always urged the importance of an investigation looking into the influence of tariffs, trusts, retail combinations, etc., and that by the most highly-trained experts obtainable. But in the meantime, it is worth while to clear our minds of misty notions, and to see as distinctly as possible the leading features of the case. Thus we may both avoid exaggerated notions of the phenomenon itself and reject attempts to explain it by foolish or fantastic reasons.

THE ROCKEFELLER FOUNDATION.

America's reputation for dazzling the imagination of the world by great achievements in philanthropy will be heightened by the plans of Mr. Rockefeller, as announced last week. The bill which was introduced in Congress to incorporate the Rockefeller Foundation looks to the most far-reaching and broadly conceived charitable and educational trust yet established in the United States. The Peabody Fund was a wonderful thing in its day, and its beneficent fruits have been reaped all these years. So, too, the Carnegie Institution, the Carnegie Foundation, and the Sage Foundation have made a deep impress, by the generosity of their endowment and the scope of their aims; and Mr. Rockefeller's own rich endowment of the General Education Board overtopped any other. But, if the large project which Mr. Rockefeller has in mind is rightly understood, it will surpass everything of the kind that has gone before. No figures of the endowment proposed are as yet given, but when we are told that this is to be Mr. Rockefeller's greatest and crowning benefaction, and when we remember that he has already given $150,000,000 to education and charities and medical research, we may expect him to set aside a sum for his Foundation which will be without a parallel in the annals of philanthropy.

The terms, too, in which the objects of the Foundation are set forth speak of sagacity and large-mindedness. There is no tying down of the trustees to narrow limitations. The purpose of the endowment being to run on for many years and perhaps generations, the founder has seen to it that no restricting "dead hand" shall be laid upon those who will have the administering of the unexampled trust. The trustees will have large discretion. Their duties are broadly defined, and the objects of the incorporation are described in such general

words that the working out of the endowment can be made as flexible and helpful as future needs may demand. The great gift is to be for the "acquisition and dissemination of knowledge, the prevention and relief of suffering, and the promotion of any and all of the elements of human progress." That is as broad as humanity itself.

It is explained by those in Mr. Rockefeller's confidence that he means to make of this new Foundation a sort of clearing-house for all his future philanthropies. It will be an investigating and coördinating central agency. Any given end being urged, the means to compass it will be carefully studied. If an existing establishment can best do the work desired, funds will be put at its disposal to enable it to do so. Where either an individual or an institution needs help in some fruitful labor of research, the Rockefeller Foundation will stand ready to inquire and aid. It will publish books of useful knowledge, provide technical apparatus, employ or assist teachers and lecturers. In a word, it is to be a scientifically organized charity on a colossal scale. All of that talent for making large combinations and for creating an instrument of centralized control which went to the accumulating of Mr. Rockefeller's vast fortune, seems now to have been applied to devising this magnificent scheme for giving away a large part of it. The result will inevitably be to carry Mr. Rockefeller's name around the world and down the future as the greatest organizer and most princely endower of charity that had lived up to his time.

There is, however, a pathetic, almost a tragic, side to the Rockefeller Foundation. It is the human, the personal aspect. Mr. Rockefeller bestows hundreds of millions upon a people who do not love him. The great outburst of acclaim which would ordinarily follow such a public beneficence will not be his. He is an unpopular man, and, so far as can be seen, nothing that he can now do will ever lead his fellow-countrymen to shower upon him praise and approval. Into the causes of this it is not necessary to enter. So far as public reasons go, Mr. Rockefeller's identification for so many years with a company which came to touch the life of nearly everybody in the country, and which was believed to have long practised oppression and extortion, is enough to account for the associations that have been fastened upon his name. But there are personal reasons as well. To see what we mean, one has only to compare Mr. Rockefeller with Mr. Carnegie. Each set about giving away a tremendous fortune in his life-time, but with what different results! The difficult art of being very popular while very rich seems to have been perfectly mastered by Mr. Carnegie, but missed almost completely by Mr. Rockefeller. The former is easy and jolly in his manners, with an air of good-fellowship about him, taking a kind of boyish and even boisterous delight in his philanthropies, and making himself with his smile and his *bonhomie* a welcome figure everywhere. But all of that is quite beyond Mr. Rockefeller's range. By contrast, he appears awkward and hermit-like and melancholy. The very care which he gives to his charitable work, scrutinizing all applications closely, and elaborating plans like a conscientious business man instead of a jovial flinger-about of his money, while in itself a most praiseworthy thing, has undoubtedly the effect of detracting from an appearance of abandon and exuberance in his philanthropies. All this is in a true sense pitiful, yet it is inevitable. To the end of his days, so far as men can see, Mr. Rockefeller will continue to be thought of personally by the mass of his countrymen very much as he has been for thirty years. This is surely the tragic stuff of which human life is made. Possibly a hundred years from now some historical scholar under the Rockefeller Foundation will be set to studying the political and social conditions in the United States from 1875 to 1910, and will find to his amazement that the name of his benevolent founder had in his life-time been held in execration by millions!

PROFESSIONAL READERS.

In resigning his position as literary adviser of the New Theatre, Mr. John Corbin has spoken the thought of many an overburdened professional reader. He is tired of the job. During his incumbency he has read, inwardly digested, and at times thoroughly criticised something like two thousand plays—about five a day, by our reckoning. Out of these the New Theatre has put one or two on the boards. Mr. Corbin is too considerate to say that under these conditions the game of literary adviser-ship is hardly worth the candle, but he evidently is eager to turn his energies to almost any other occupation.

His plight merely brings into picturesque relief that of a class. Hundreds of skilled readers pass upon the mass of manuscript submitted to publishers and magazine editors, and the fate of such matters is usually settled long before they reach the august person whom the hopeful author thinks to impress. Year in year out, these tasters of literature appraise the motley flux, skimming off for publication the smallest portion, diverting the rest toward other readers and final oblivion. An extraordinary alertness is required of them. The early pages of a manuscript by an unknown and evidently uncultured writer may bristle with solecisms. Its illiteracy must be provisionally disregarded, for it may be an egregious best-seller—some "When Knighthood Was in Flower." A still finer discrimination perceives the promise in some half-achieved thing—the sketch for a "David Harum." Or, again, some book charged with innuendo is submitted. Will the public stand it, run after it? Can the reputation of the house bear its publication? The professional reader is supposed to know by some magic what will sell. The manufacturers of Yankee notions and the travelling agents of the antiquaries often have this instinct fully developed. It seems not a rational ascertainment, but a purely temperamental sense of what people will like.

Such is the first and foremost duty of a professional reader. If it seem a simple one, it should be recalled that a report is also required on literary quality. Self-respecting publishers are expected to make certain concessions to that unpopular commodity which among themselves they style admiringly "real literature." Here, too, the reader's task is complicated. If real literature is to be published at a loss, evidently that which involves the greatest gain in prestige and the smallest deficit in dollars is to be preferred. The head of the mere author or layman swims at such a problem; the professional reader must solve it regularly or lose his or her place. It is with the reading corps, even more than with the principals, that resides that intangible yet very real entity, the tradition of a publishing house. As one star differeth from another in glory, so

there are degrees of dignity in readerdom. Professors and detached experts are called in to pass upon manuscripts within their field. But these are like prosperous citizens who incidentally enjoy the honors and collect the fees of the magistracy. With them may be ranked those rare readers whose commission is a roving one. We know of one enterprising publisher who pays a well-known man of letters a substantial honorarium for reading the magazines and reporting on new writers of promise. These are the refinements of the profession. The notion, however, of commuting for a cash consideration the duty of reading the magazines personally is worth the consideration of all well-to-do persons of limited leisure.

There have been, we believe, confessions of publishers' readers, but we recall nothing that goes to the heart of the matter and explains what sustains sensitive persons for years in so dire a task. For them surely the glamour of the written and printed work is soon dulled. A certain curiosity about literary processes must generally be found in them. Their work is, after all, barring a stricter revision of results, not unlike that of the critic or book reviewer. Much of the critical faculty, with its underlying inquisitiveness, they must possess to succeed. But we imagine that the actual sustaining principle is a kind of sporting interest in a venture that abounds in uncertainties. About most of the matter submitted there must be a hideous monotony, but there is always the off-chance of a "Mr. Barnes of New York" turning up in the mail.

Men of letters have taken a malicious pleasure in slating the professional reader for his or her manifold stupidities. "John Halifax, Gentleman" was well buffeted about; so, for better reason, was inchoate "David Harum." But, on the whole, the mistakes have been singularly few. Undoubtedly much pretty talent has failed to receive a publisher's subsidy, but there is no reason to suppose that any considerable number of important works of literature have been shown the door. If seasoned writers, including the unappreciated talents, would ask themselves what has been the best and shrewdest criticism they have received, the answer would often be: "That of the publishers' readers." In fact, the common skepticism as to the authority of criticism might perhaps best be met by showing in how orderly and successful a manner a working consensus is arrived at on a standard implying now intrinsic merit, now commercial expediency.

SERIOUS HUMOR.

Artemus Ward said that a comic paper was no worse for having a joke in it now and then, and his words have ever since been quoted as embodying the gospel of wit and humor. The great form of American mirth is the joke. "It is to laugh"—that's our creed in a sentence. Misplaced capitals, awkward spelling, impossible grammar, infinite incongruity of situation, endless word-play, grotesquery of action and character, heightened by pictures equally funny, these are the things that make us laugh. We are quick to catch the point of a cartoon, to enjoy the exaggeration of a caricature. But to smile at the mock-serious, to be amused by satire, is a refinement as yet beyond us.

But our condition in this respect is not hopeless. When political freebooters solemnly plead with misguided reformers, newspapers, ministers, and college professors not to injure the fair fame of their common dwelling-place by pointing to its shames; when experience-hardened experts in statecraft with uncontrollable moral indignation denounce attacks upon one of their number, in the thrilling period, "It isn't right!"—when such things as these can be, it is impossible to deny the existence of American humor, however unconscious. He would be a rash reasoner, nevertheless, who concluded that self-revelation was the key to the storehouse of humor. While there would undoubtedly be those whose unconsciousness of humor was merely apparent, the great mass of the really unconscious would only be rendered fatally shy. Self-revelation would but kill the precious goose. The clue, however, does lie in this lack of perception. What is needed is the awakening of those who are not humorous, even unconsciously, to the presence of this quality all about them.

The obstacle in the way of the creation of a national sense of humor is the stubborn fact that humor is fundamentally serious. We have an ingrained notion that some things, as business, society, and sport, are serious, while others, as books, Sunday supplements, and theatres, have no excuse for existence except as they furnish fun. To suggest to your casual neighbor in the train that there is such a thing as serious humor would be to invite an incredulous stare; to insist that there is no other kind would be to incur the risk of unpleasant suspicion of your mental equilibrium. You might get your companion to admit that in Greece or in some group of dryasdust intellectualists your queer idea could possibly find assent, but never with him. And he would be only too nearly correct. A serious argument for the recognition of humor as a not unimportant element of civilization, even of morality, would be regarded as only a heavy way of trying to be amusing, far less entertaining than a real joke. But this is only part of the difficulty. Convince your supposititious acquaintance of the validity of your contention that humor is serious. You would merely have brought yourself to face the conclusive inquiry, why be serious? Isn't life serious enough? In that question lie the threads to a thousand ways of thought and character in American life. Making a living is serious business. All else—literature, drama, music—is recreation. If art cannot entertain, it is stupid.

Never was there a richer field for a great humorist than this. Our solemn devotion to the primal necessities, our patronage of the past, our contented unconsciousness of shallowness, our toying with the fringe of culture, our desperate efforts to persuade our public servants to do some part of what we elected them to do, our joyful surprise when they do it, our method of punishing them when they don't do it, our inconsistent but no less eager manifestations of satisfaction when a generally chosen Executive endeavors to force his will upon our specifically chosen representatives, our strange mingling of ideality and practicality, with its suspicion of professions of unselfishness, its worship of success, and it glorification of moral courage—but why extend the list? The great American novelist may be an absurd conception, but a great American humorist is a positive need. Nor should we fear lest his revelations might convert us to seriousness or to consistency. There would be no danger of our doing anything that would threaten the sources of our exhilaration.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

PARIS, February 24.

Augustin Cochin, *archiviste paléographe*, in a book of little above 100 octavo pages ("La Crise de l'Histoire révolutionnaire, Taine et M. Aulard"; Paris, H. Champion, 2.50 francs), marks the present "crisis of the history of the French Revolution." The new Rector of the University of Berlin also took the occasion of his recent inaugural discourse to express confidence, in spite of all attacks, in Taine's historical methods and results. It is nearly forty years since the materialist philosopher began publishing his searching examination, which ended in a formal arraignment of the Revolution in its origins, factors, and events. The burning question is no longer whether Taine, the philosopher historian, approximated to the truth of things; but whether there are two truths in history, one of which is official and to be promulgated in the name of collective humanity, while the other is individual, to be passed over as incidental and even dissembled lest the official truth suffer doubt?

In 1888 the Municipal Council of Paris instituted at the Sorbonne a lecture course on the history of the French Revolution, with a suspected aim in regard to Taine like that of Queen Elizabeth's Oxford College for the perpetual refutation of Bellarmine. Professor Aulard has been the lecturer from the beginning, and his succession of published works has not belied the aim. They came to a head with the publication, two years since, of his arraignment of Taine as an historian. Taine exposes the facts of the Revolution; Aulard explains the Revolution, and at the same time denies Taine's accuracy and explains away his facts.

M. Cochin takes up the case, partly as a documentary expert. In a single chapter out of ten he draws up a sample list of "errors" in Aulard's array of Taine's "inexactitudes." A not too favorable critic (*La Grande Revue*, November 10, 1909) remarks: "M. Aulard's discoveries rendered Taine odious; M. Cochin's discoveries make M. Aulard rather ridiculous." M. Cochin concludes this chapter: "Thus, taken as a whole, the facts and testimonies gathered by Taine remain untouched. What he recounts is true." Gabriel Monod, *clarum et venerabile nomen* in French teaching of history, pronounced fifteen years ago ("Les Maîtres de l'histoire"): "What he has said is true."

M. Aulard and his school have begun none too soon if they are to veer civilized sentiment from reprobation of the Revolution's deeds, which they belittle and excuse and justify, toward acceptance of the Revolution's leaders and dogmas. For M. Cochin, then and in our own time, the essential question goes deeper: "What is this official reign of public opinion, of the free and sovereign people?" He begins from the "historic phenomenon, ill understood and never studied directly and in itself until Tocqueville and Taine." It is always the same: In July, 1789, Camille Desmoulins—and the people: in October, Maillard with his sabre bared—and the people; in the September massacres, 1792, Billaud and Danton—and the people. Of the former we know the least details—of the latter nothing. Yet "the people" do everything, storm the Bastille, lead King and Assembly, massacre prisoners:

> The "patriot" people of 1793 is the same as that of 1789. . . . Taine was first—and it is his glory—to dare look it in the face and demand its right to its title. He was first to try to define and comprehend the Revolutionary phenomenon, to make acquaintance with the "sovereign people," with "patriotic opinion," from 1789 to 1794, during the five years of philosophic liberty. . . . How far has he succeeded?

The summary verdict of Seignobos is known: "Taine's 'Revolution' is the painting of a duel in which one of the adversaries has been effaced, giving the other the look of a madman." Even if true, adds Professor Aulard, it is no matter; for Taine's method in his social statistics of 1789 is like collecting all the horrible cases in our Paris newspapers of to-day, "to give an idea of France in the year 1907." In two lively pages M. Cochin transfers a few of Taine's cases to a *Petit Journal* of our day: 120 fires, murders, robberies; Rouen, Lyons, Strasburg, Marseilles, in the hands of rioters and brigands; the *maire* of Troyes, an aged magistrate, with hay thrust in his mouth, his eyes picked out, tortured for hours and killed; generals at Rennes, Dijon, Bordeaux, Caen, in flight or prisoners or capitulating; the heart of the commander at Belzunce cut out and paraded on a pike; in Paris, the guard in revolt, the unions publishing their lists of proscription, Minister and Chief of Police and civil governors killed and heart and head paraded amid flowers; the Parliament forced daily in open session by a few hundred outsiders calling themselves "the People":

> These are some of the "little facts." . . . Taine thought they deserved a first page. M. Aulard has more principle; he says not a word of them in his "Political History." . . . This is not so much a sentimental taking of sides on his part as a method and a subject, which certainly merited having their historian; it is the interest of history to establish the official version of Jacobinism.

Elsewhere M. Cochin names Professor Aulard "the historian of Republican defence." His method supposes that even the worst incidents of the Terror may be passed over as "circumstances of war." This method is more than ever followed for uncomfortable events of our own time: the Paris Commune is now only an "insurrectional movement," and its massacre of hostages a mere incident provoked by the advance of Thiers's troops; and last summer's Barcelona riots are explained away and justified in like manner. As M. Cochin remarks, "it is never the Revolution which begins." He thereupon inquires: "Is it true, as M. Aulard believes, that circumstances justify all the laws, all the acts of the Revolution?"

From this *thèse des circonstances* our author proceeds to the *thèse du complot:* "For there is a fact as certain as the principle is clear—the distinction, however far back one may go, then the divergence, then the conflict, between the Sovereign People of the Societies and the people, between M. Aulard's Revolutionary France and France simply." Just as Taine's facts upset the defence of the Revolution from outside circumstances, so here they stand in the way of the Royalist explanation of it by plots and intrigues within:

> There appears in 1789 a people which oppresses the majority, a liberty of principle which destroys liberties of action, a "philosophy" which puts to death for opinions, justice which puts to death without judgment. We see this miracle come to pass—the despotism of liberty, the fanaticism of reason. Such is the Revolutionary antinomy. Has Taine solved it, disentangled the origin of such strange ideas? I do not think so. . . . [But] Taine's critical examination permits us, if not to solve, at least to put very clearly the Revolutionary problem. The humanity which slays is sister of the liberty which imprisons, of the fraternity which spies, of the reason which excommunicates—and all together form that strange social phenomenon called Jacobinism.

In successive chapters M. Cochin suggests the application of M. Durkheim's sociological methods to this disputed period of history; he examines the Republican defence; the social opinion of the time and how it was worked up; and the people's mysticism (a much abused word in French theory). M. Aulard's defence is "a passive orthodoxy bringing into history the new political god of the social régime—the People. Do you measure now the full enormity of Taine's crime? He has overthrown the idol, broken in pieces the grand fetish of the Revolution—the People."

M. Cochin's little exercitation in logic applied to history can in no event be rejected without reason. It concludes with a dilemma and a warning:

> Thus the question is still open and the problem unsolved: on one side, an explanation upheld only by dint of omitting and attenuating; on the other, facts all the less explainable the better they are known. . . . Shall we see the end of this crisis? I believe so, but on two conditions: first, that we guard ourselves against the scourge of all curiosity, indignation; . . . secondly, that critical examination shall finally rid us of the Revolutionary fetish, the People.

Thus both Taine and Aulard are old-time historians; our own generation for ten years has seen how the real people is led in France by the "Petit Peuple," and can study this object lesson at first hand by new scientific methods, and it now has to apply the lesson to history as it will be written to-morrow—"the social history of the Revolution." For this will be useful both Taine's sincerity in collecting facts as an example and Aulard's "patriot" version as a document.

An excellent praxis and, in some ways, a corrective of M. Cochin's logic may be found in the studies and documents of Léon Dubreuil, relating to the Revolution in a single department, a part of Lower Brittany ("La Révolution dans le Département des Côtes-du-Nord"; H. Champion, 3.50 francs). It is written without theory and shows how the peasants, when their land-hunger had been satisfied, lost interest in further Revolution; how agitating *bourgeois*, after they had levelled the nobles and had their own elevation to defend, came in their turn to a standstill; and how the few "patriots" fared in trying still to keep pace with Paris. Attention might have been given to facts which show that much of the Breton opposition to the Revolution had a religious motive—a civil clergy not accepted by their church had been foisted on them. In any case, "when, in 1804, it pleased Napoleon to change his title of consul for life to that of Emperor, he found the Republicans of 1793 Imperialists without knowing it."

Edme Champion's "J.-J. Rousseau et la Révolution française" (Paris, A. Colin, 3.50 francs) will, for some minds, be a work of little less importance than that of M. Cochin. It is a direct answer to those who accuse Rousseau of being the forerunner of the Terrorists. In particular, it controverts the brilliant literary work of Jules Lemaître, who serves ostentatiously the counter-Revolution, which Taine did not. "Perhaps the best way to defend Rousseau would be to write at last the history of the counter-Revolution. Guizot, in his youth, expressed in memorable terms a truth which he forgot all too soon: 'By the counter-Revolution the Revolution was poisoned.'" In twenty-two chapters, with much documentary comparison, M. Champion arrives at his interesting conclusion:

With more study than has yet been given to what was said and written on the eve and the morrow of the fall of the monarchy, perhaps Rousseau would cease to pass for a "direct author" of the French Revolution. . . . Instead of striving to establish a bond between certain passages of the "Contrat social" and the events of the Revolution, so as to conclude with M. Faguet that Rousseau would have recognized in Robespierre his minister, his "chancellor," let us question the actors of the drama; let us ask them how they understood Rousseau; let us examine how far they took account of his teachings; without taking sides, let us seek the motives of their acts.

M. Champion defends Rousseau against the accusation of inspiring the deeds of the Revolution; he admits the deeds which Taine recounts, but his work should not be altogether displeasing to M. Aulard, who defends the Revolution itself. Perhaps the deepest question, after all, is that propounded by Tocqueville's English friend, Henry Reeve, in the *Edinburgh Review* for July, 1871: "Why is it, then, that the very name of the Commune of Paris is a name of terror and turbulence, whilst that of the City of London is synonymous with good order and ancient unambitious civic administration?"

S. D.

Correspondence.

THE CARNEGIE FOUNDATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Some four years ago the generosity of Mr. Andrew Carnegie led to the establishment of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching. A magnificent endowment, $10,000,000, provided large retiring allowances for professors in our colleges and universities. Later, $5,000,000 was added to extend the privileges of the Foundation to tax-supported institutions. The educational world rightly greeted this announcement with joy and satisfaction; here at last was a man who recognized the work of our college professors and made suitable provision for the old guard. Trustees were named; the machinery of the Foundation was started, and institutions of higher learning made haste to become enrolled in the accepted list.

It seems strange that the development of plans for the carrying out of this generous donation has led the trustees into paths far remote from the starting point. They have adhered to the original purposes of the gift; yet the machinery they have elaborated in some cases does not appear to be working in harmony with Mr. Carnegie's original intention and the best interests of education in this country. We have had other funds given to advance education, notably the Slater Fund, the Peabody Fund, the Southern Educational Fund, and the General Education Fund, and their trustees have done great and noble service, and that, too, without disturbing our general educational conditions or attempting to dominate the institutions they served. Much less have they attempted to control the educational policies of the country.

The Carnegie Foundation was confronted with an array of colleges and universities, large and small, strong and weak, and in the attempt to sift from this lot the "accepted" institutions, a definition was evidently sought for the words "college" and "university." What institutions should be qualified to share in the Foundation? The three principal tests imposed by the Foundation were: (1) the financial test: an institution must possess a certain amount of invested funds; (2) the religious test: the institution must be free from denominational control; (3) the scholastic test: it must have a certain fixed standard in scholarship. Under these conditions a number of colleges and universities became participators in the pension system of the Foundation. According to this plan, many professors have been retired upon allowances, and in many cases the widows of professors have become beneficiaries of this organization. This feature of the work of the Foundation has met with general praise.

But in this attempt to standardize our higher educational establishments, the conditions imposed upon the participating institutions have brought about a singular state of affairs. A great many colleges could not measure up to the educational standard set for them. They were obliged by the Foundation to rest upon a high school course that offered fourteen yearly five-hour-a-week courses in four years; this gave the "fourteen points" for entrance to college. This standard of fourteen points, an arbitrary standard, was not uniform among institutions of the foremost grade, some had higher standards, others lower. In the South and West many colleges are at present debarred from enjoying the privileges of the Foundation. From the correspondence printed in the third report, one may see how the presidents of Southern colleges are affected. Some hope to meet the test, and beg for time; others show small hope of doing this and pray for a modification of the standard. The South, which needs the help more than the North does, is almost shut out. According to the fourth annual report, of a total of sixty-seven participating institutions, there are three approved institutions in the South; in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and New England, there are thirty-seven. The other Northern States, running as far west as through Nebraska, have twenty-two with two in the Far West, and three in Canada.

In meeting the religious test a number of our well-known institutions appear to have met with difficulties. Most of our colleges, as is well known, were established and have been maintained by denominational connections. To-day many of them retain something of their old character. To compel these institutions to meet the non-denominational control clause appears very much like asking them to ignore their traditions and to forget their history. Yet some of them stood the test, probably with the belief that time had wrought such changes that the modernization of these institutions would appeal favorably to the alumni and the greater public. Others had more difficulty. Bowdoin College (so it runs in the annual report) carried on a correspondence with the Foundation for more than a year and a half; and, in order to purge herself of denominational connections, was at last obliged to have recourse to the courts on one point, to exact a waiver from a sole heir on another, and to hand over to Andover Theological Seminary $56,118.16 on a third, this last being a fund left to establish a professorship of $50,000, on condition that the president and a majority of both college boards should "always be in doctrinal and religious sympathy with the Orthodox Congregational Churches of New England." It is rather a pathetic spectacle—this long correspondence. The Bow-

doin trustee said: "I think I may take it for granted that your Foundation does not wish the college to throw away money. It cannot afford to do this." And yet this is what it actually did. On another page and altogether apart from this matter, President Pritchett of the Carnegie Foundation writes: "A large proportion of those who sit on boards of trustees in colleges have no conception of college work, and have shown little readiness or ability in the handling of even its financial responsibilities."

Other colleges which have had more or less difficulty on this score are Drury College, the Central University of Kentucky, and Drake University. This last-named university was obliged to amend its charter so that not even a minority of its trustees might be elected by a denomination—the Iowa Christian Missionary Convention. The Central University of Kentucky was obliged to compel two Synods of the Presbyterian Church to resign their powers of electing the board of trustees. And Drury College secured in the Circuit Court of Greene County, Missouri, an amendment to its articles of incorporation so as to eliminate from them all reference to any denominational restriction upon the board of trustees. Coe College and Swarthmore College have recently had similar experiences.

It would seem to the observer that there was a fine ethical principle here involved. We have in this country many colleges under denominational leadership. The Presbyterian College Board reports 51; the Congregational Educational Society, 23, and the Methodists and others have large lists. These institutions, and colleges and universities somewhat like them, are playing an honorable part in our history. They have received our prayers and benefactions; and to them we send our sons to receive the elements of manhood. What will these boys say (and they are a pretty keen lot), as they discuss the ethical principle involved in a college renouncing its allegiance? Will they not sometimes recall the story of the young man who sold his birthright? Is the cause of teaching advanced when colleges, our strongholds of higher education, are tempted to forsake the faith that has made them what they are?

Enforcing these regulations, together with a financial test which was not very difficult to meet, the Carnegie Foundation has during the past four years been creating educational history very rapidly. It has established, or threatened to establish, a system of inspection throughout the colleges on the approved list to see that there be no lapse from moral rectitude. It has offered opportunities for unfavorable comparison by stating that certain institutions have been "accepted," while others are "not accepted." It has offered for adoption a uniform system of college and university accounting. It has established an exchange of teachers between this country and Germany. It has become actively allied with the College Entrance Examination Board—an organization that sets examination papers for college entrance. It has publicly criticised two universities, not members of the Foundation, for allowing politics to play an undue part in the choice of professors and other officials. And it has openly driven from its membership and held up for public censure one university which, it asserted, did not live up to the tests of the Foundation.

It may safely be assumed that educational conditions in this country are not what they ought to be. Educational unity may be lacking. College requirements may not be fair or uniform. Politics may enter too largely into some of our educational transactions. Men of leadership may at times feel the need of moral supervision. The question that may be raised here is not concerning the necessity of certain definite reformatory action; it concerns the competency of such a board as the Carnegie Foundation, a close corporation, to render decisions which may be accepted as final and official. Power and authority are good things in their places; but one ought to seek the origin of this power, the basis of this authority. Leaving out of consideration any question of wrongdoing on the part of universities, the question may fairly be put: What authority has the Foundation for uttering a decree that may bless or damn? The United States commissioner of education or any State superintendent of education might issue an order, and it would be official, backed by authority; not so the Carnegie Foundation. But the effect of the Foundation's decree is far-reaching.

There has been much written of late concerning the domination of our high schools by the colleges and universities, and much intelligent effort has been spent to make the high schools more what they ought to be. This question may be raised: What help will come to our system of public education by the superposition of the Carnegie Foundation upon the colleges, and by its insistence upon certain demands which the colleges are to make of our high schools? Put it a little more bluntly: What right has the Carnegie Foundation, a non-political close corporation, to impose restrictions and regulations upon the public schools of the country? And in those States where State universities control educational policies, put this question: What right has a State Legislature to allow its State university, an institution supported for the public by public taxation, to be controlled as to standards or policies by an outside body? This question of the attempted indirect domination of the public schools by the Foundation is one which should receive the most careful attention. The source of power in this country lies in the people, and authority is granted to their chosen agents. Such expert agents of our public educational interests are scattered all over our land; and it is competent for them, and for them alone, to dictate policies which eventually affect our national life.

All this is a far cry from the pensioning system which Mr. Andrew Carnegie, in great generosity, desired to establish; yet this discussion has followed the development of the machinery of the system. The future usefulness of the Foundation apparently lies in carrying out the wishes of the donor, and in avoiding the difficulties which some of the trustees of the Foundation did not at first fully appreciate.

J. P. CUSHING.

High School, New Haven, Conn., February 28.

CHANGING STANDARDS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Rather interesting to Southerners was your recent editorial on "Losing Our Standards," in reference to what was right or wrong in the civil war.

There are changes going on in this side of the struggle, too. Intelligent self-supporting negroes may be found who heartily agree with Mr. Calhoun that slavery was better than freedom for the race; while, on the other hand, there are some Southern whites who disparage Southern traditions and polity.

It is possible that we ought to lose some of our standards, inasmuch as our judgments were warped by the stirring events of that period. We are still too near the event to make a final verdict in matters of right and wrong; or even in reference to some points of expediency. For instance, when the war closed, the picture of Mr. Lincoln's life was entirely finished, and the monument of Mr. Lincoln in the act of striking the manacles off a slave seemed to sum up the whole story of his career; but subsequent events which grew out of Mr. Lincoln's precedents and presidency have given to that statue an air of incompleteness. The extravagance in pensions and in government, the corruption and irresponsibility engendered in official places, the tariff for revenue and for protection which has built up a more universal form of slavery, the bondage of the many to a capitalism which manipulates the government in its own interest—these and other developments make one lose his "standards" with kaleidoscopic rapidity. Mr. Lincoln, in order to attack an evil, had to go outside of his Constitutional powers, and several generations will yet have to pass before an impartial historian can speak the final verdict on Mr. Lincoln's remedy for slavery, whether or not it was more costly and corrupting to the body politic than the evil itself. Tiberius Gracchus, with the best of motives, began in an unconstitutional way to attack an evil entrenched in power, and his place in the history of Rome could be decided only after a century of conflict had borne its full results

Gen. Sherman passed through our State just before peace was declared. The Confederate soldiers returned to their homes and saw the track and débris of the cyclone. That was the end of it. They set to work to rebuild their homes and their lost fortunes. But by and by, Gen. Weyler in Cuba, later Lord Roberts in South Africa, and our own generals in the Philippines began to study Gen. Sherman's exquisite methods of making "both high and low, rich and poor, feel the hard hand of war, as well as their organized armies."

Then it began to dawn on us that our disasters were not unique, but that from the days of Sargon to the civil war the desire of dominion and empire ran uninterrupted and made the will of the stronger the law for the weaker. With this broader view of the situation it followed naturally that the imprecations upon our Northern invaders were transferred in a measure to fate and the nature of things. And so on and on with the passing years and fast coming events one Southerner at least has been losing his

point of view, and changing his standards in reference to the civil war.

H. T. Cook.

Greenville, S. C., March 1.

THE HERALD IN "HENRY V."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In his recent article in *Harper's Magazine* for March, entitled "New Shakespeare Discoveries," which has already excited such widespread interest, Prof. C. W. Wallace remarks that Shakespeare "also honors his host [Christopher Mountjoy] by raising him in the play [*i. e.*, "Henry V"] to the dignity of a French herald, under his own name of Montjoy." This statement is substantially repeated in the account of the article in question which you published in your issue of March 3. Whatever influence Shakespeare's residence with his French host may have had on "Henry V"—and I think that Professor Wallace is right in most that he says on the subject—none can be claimed in this particular matter, for "Montjoy" or "Montioie"—we have both spellings—was already the name of the herald in Shakespeare's source for this play, viz.: Holinshed's "Chronicle." This one can easily verify by referring to the corresponding passages of the original text as they have been reprinted on pp. 182 and 194 of "Shakespeare's Holinshed: The Chronicle and the Historical Plays Compared," by W. G. Boswell-Stone (The Shakespeare Library, 1907).

J. Douglas Bruce.

University of Tennessee, March 5.

"RARE" OR "OVERDONE."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Picturesque phrase-making is not new, but never has it been more novel. Not even in the days of Elizabeth was the language so tortured to yield up a new phrase, or, what is often quite as startling, the ghost of an old one. Especially our descriptive writers seem put to it to give us an accurate notion of anything—the old phrases are so dim or so discolored. "Blue" no longer does much for the sky, which must now be an "aching, vivid turquoise" before we can identify it. True, this is a special bit of sky above Mukden, a city in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and no doubt in Manchuria as well, where towers are "colored fiercely vermilion," and streets present "a sudden terrific splashing of gold, and splatter of red, fresh and clean and beautiful as blood," till the beholder is "smitten mute by a crushing sense of color." Nor do the ordinary terms longer mean much to the art critic, if a writer in the Boston *Transcript*, describing the loan collection of Whistler etchings now at the new museum, can be trusted. The Coast Survey plate is "simply reeking with significance," and certain plates are "quite in the tadpole stage." Of course, for the sake of passing humor and the jangling jargon of journalism, these things are adequate. It would be fatuous to carp seriously at such phrases or to quote in righteous contrast a line by Joseph Conrad, who has seen the skies of the East, or a line by Whistler, who has made significant phrases as well as "plates in the tadpole stage." But surely it is evident that language, like many another creature on the rack, shrieks when tortured too far—and later may be expected to die from exhaustion.

Richard Rice.

Bloomington, Ind., February 25.

MEDICINE IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the science department of your issue of February 10 appears a statement which cannot pass unchallenged, namely, that "the mediæval mind knew no science of medicine, and, even if it had known, the dissection of the body would have been held sacrilegious," etc. What is gratuitously asserted is gratuitously denied, therefore I deny the truth of this statement *in toto*.

Is it possible that your critic is ignorant of the history of mediæval medicine? Permit me to refer him to the address of Prof. Clifford Allbutt of Cambridge University, "On the Historical Relations of Medicine and Surgery down to the Sixteenth Century." This was delivered before the Congress of Arts and Sciences held at the St. Louis Exposition in 1904. A reading of this will convince him that his statements are erroneous. Has your writer never heard of William of Saliçet, Lanfranc, or Guy de Chauliac, the "Father of Modern Surgery"? Does he know nothing of the hospitals established by order of the great Pope Innocent III? If the assertion that "disease, death, and poverty were dispensations of Providence, and any attempt to study them at close range with the idea of their prevention would have seemed like questioning the omnipotence of God," etc., be true, why did the Pope undertake to build hospitals? Why were vast and perfectly organized charities maintained to relieve want? In addition to Professor Allbutt's address, a perusal of Dr. Walsh's "The Popes and Science" will convince any man that his own *ipse dixit* will not be considered by thinking men a sufficient proof that the Middle Ages were times of darkness and ignorance.

Charles C. Conroy.

Saint Vincent's College, Los Angeles, Cal., February 18.

"IT IS ME."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It is, of course, beyond all dispute that the weight of authority is on the side of "It's I," the form preferred by careful writers. All that I set out to show in my hurriedly written letter (*Nation*, February 24) was that there is some authority also for the less favored form; but, as this latter is still questionable usage, no teacher of English would, on the strength of that authority, allow it to pass unchallenged in the written work of his students. So far as my observation goes, teachers of English, from their natural desire for purity of speech, are more inclined to lean too far on the side of purism. Yet, after all, it is difficult to conceive that—outside the circle of confirmed precisians—any one with any feeling for language could prefer "Be thou I, impetuous one!" for instance, to the line as Shelley wrote it.

E. A. Allen.

Columbia, Mo., February 28.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It is said that some one of Thackeray's friends once asked him, when the locution in my title was under discussion, what he would say if, on going to a friend's door and knocking on it, he got the salutation, "Who is there?"

Thackeray replied, "I should certainly say 'It is me'; but if I were writing of a situation of that sort, I should say 'It is I.'"

And, is not this just about what we should all do? We are not living to make or justify a grammar; but very often find it convenient to put our spoken colloquial sentences, as we do our clothes, in loose and easy forms. A pertinent story is told of a very scholarly editor among us. One morning his servant, Bridget, asked him how he was feeling; and he replied, "Oh, I feel good; how are you?" Whereupon she answered, "I feel very well, thank you." Here the correct usage came from illiterate lips, while the scholarly editor was at once conscious of his own grammatical infelicity. As certain nations—China, for instance—have a common people's language, and a literary one vastly different, why may we not all enjoy, sometimes, when we are in mere dialogue, the common "illiterary" lingo?

Joel Benton.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., March 2.

ANCIENT GREEK COSMOLOGY—A REQUEST.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have noticed with some surprise the singular agreement between the form of the earth as described in the "Sūrya-Siddhānta," and its form as implied, if not fully expressed, in the "Argonautica" of Apollonius, iii. 159-163. In each case the earth has at its poles, and hence antipodally located, two vast mountains, surpassing all others in height and, apparently, reaching far above the region of the clouds. This is the more curious since the same idea is found among the ancient Babylonians and, according to Lenormant, among their Sumerian predecessors in the Euphratean valley (see JAOS, XXVI, 84). If among your readers any one has met with the same conception elsewhere in Greek literature, he will render a service to students of ancient cosmology by calling attention thereto in your columns.

William Fairfield Warren.

Boston University, March 2.

PERSONAL HISTORY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: We live in an age of particularity, and the writing of history has been affected thereby. To quote an editorial article which appeared some weeks ago in the *Nation*:

> History never permits real generalizations. . . . We talk of heroes, but mean Antony or Napoleon; we discourse concerning nations, but mean always Rome or England.

One may or one may not accept the theory of the Neapolitan philosopher, Benedetto Croce, partially exposed in this editorial; one must at least recognize the vogue of that theory. In France, men talk of the "personal conception" of history—which comes to much the same thing. To cite a concrete instance, in the preface of his most recent volume (the fourth series of

his admirable "Vieilles Maisons, vieux papiers"), Georges Lenôtre offers a defence of the history of individuals, as opposed to that of institutions. He pleads, to be sure, for no mere anecdotal history; rather for an *histoire romanesque*, for the literature of the *roman vécu*. How well M. Lenôtre succeeds in dignifying this somewhat perilous *genre*, most readers of the *Nation* are aware. But what kind of writing have we in this country, and in England, to fit into this department of the history of individuals, the *histoire romanesque*? This order of historiography seems almost to run parallel with the prevailing "impressionism" of contemporary literary criticism; to bear out the contention that we are, at the present epoch, more than commonly afraid of real ideas; hiding behind our emotions, or taking refuge in "documents." Without deciding for or against the "history of individuals," what are we doing in this fertile field?

To put it bluntly, we are pouring forth a dirty stream of books, whose authors, after raking the gutters and greenrooms (and other places, too), from the seventeenth century through the nineteenth, scoop up all of the old scandals that they think capable of "literary treatment," and even do their part in inventing more. The worst of it is that fair paper, clear printing, and fine illustrations lend these books —for the careless readers for whom they are intended—an unmistakable attractiveness. As one protestant against this variety of production has lately expressed it, "a mere string of *contes drolatiques*" is served up "with trite and insincere reflections upon comparative morality, obviously thrown in as a sop to Puritanism." Within a short time, a number of these books have been discreetly noticed in the *Nation*, though others—the greater part of them being, fortunately, of British confection—have passed unremarked.

I am not sure but that there is something less excusable, even, than this last kind of literature. What I am thinking of is our latter-day memoir of a man of letters, or a man of state, written, not to add to our knowledge or understanding of the genius, but to satisfy—or perhaps only to awaken—a certain prurient curiosity. Mr. Francis Gribble, to name a conspicuous offender, brings to his task a not inconsiderable acquaintance with the authorities—with the documents, even, in some cases. Yet how ignoble is the point of view suggested by such titles as "Chateaubriand and His Court of Women," "George Sand and Her Lovers," "Jean-Jacques Rousseau and the Women He Loved"! He espies in Chateaubriand only the lover who never "gave" himself, but only "lent." For him, George Sand has little or nothing of that noble nature (albeit unrestrained) that was capable of becoming the *grande mère de Nohant*, and Flaubert's devoted friend and counsellor. In Jean-Jacques, he sees only the Bel-Ami.

I do not ask a romanticising of history—literary or political. But if the tale is worth telling at all, let it be told decently. Is there no escape from the cheap cynicism of these contemporary biographers and memorialists, who smirch all that they touch?

W. B. B.

New York, March 4.

Literature.

THE YOUNG EMERSON.

Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson with Annotations. Edited by Edward Waldo Emerson and Waldo Emerson Forbes. Vol. I, 1820-1824; Vol. II, 1824-1832. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.75 net each.

There are men who are so interesting to themselves that they keep their own archives. Unlike most of us, who are well content if the path close behind us as we go, these men conceive their lives as a whole, and require that the record of past selves be always at hand to confirm the self of to-day. The painter Elihu Vedder has filed away his slightest sketches from boyhood. It is such a record of an artist's life as probably has never before been made, and happily the essential part of it will be communicated. In general, the keeping of such archives implies that the life has been conscious, self-critical, and self-directed, and what is thus set down for personal guidance will almost always have an exemplary value for others. It is a just instinct that has induced two kinsmen of Ralph Waldo Emerson to publish generous extracts from the intimate journals which he kept for a matter of fifty years.

We first meet the future essayist, a Harvard junior at seventeen, and the author of blotting book "No. XVII." The numerical coincidence might lead one to suspect that he had kept annual records from his birth, but it is safer to assume that only the journals of four or five years are missing. Young Waldo, as his friends called him, is already a leading rhetorician in his class, an organizer and secretary of the short-lived Pythologian Society, a shrewd critic of such oratorical demi-gods as Everett and Ticknor, an imitator of the tropical eloquence of Chateaubriand, an indefatigable reader in older English literature and the classics. Such pursuits were inimical to regularity in class work, and the young sophist was graduated precisely at the middle of his class, being the last man to receive a commencement appointment. By academic standards, he had lived without infamy and without praise, and in the periods of depression and ill-health that followed his college days, he took this melancholy view of his own capacity and achievement.

As a matter of fact, he had done much. Aside from his constant rhetorical experimentation, he had enjoyed a fuller and more genial association with his fellow men than often came to him later. Not merely his phrases, but his thinking had been fined. Reflection already issued readily in opinion on all matters, and before graduation, we find established the lifelong habit of double transliteration of ideas into prose and verse. Water-color sketches of a certain character enliven his journals. At a later time he regretted that he had not followed the artist's career. To complete the romantic variety of college days came a strange infatuation for an underclassman, Martin Gay. His portrait is in the journal of 1820, above a poem by the limner. For a year or more, the two lads eyed each other uncomfortably, but Emerson never made the advance that might have converted the unspoken sympathy into a friendship. Characteristically also, he did not forget Gay, but followed his honorable career with interest. The scope of the undergraduate journals can only be indicated. They contain a considerable amount of sheer fustian, which presumably was not taken too seriously by the young rhetorician, but they also contain passages of a penetrating insight. He questions the nature of the pleasure arising from painting, and rejects the theory that it comes from resemblance to the object depicted. Against this Aristotelian view, he shrewdly cites the fact that much better facsimiles than painting, "a stone apple or fruit," do not yield this pleasure. "No," he concludes, "it arises from the power which we immediately recollect to be necessary to the creation of the painting." Whether this is or is not a good explanation, it virtually anticipates by two generations the psychological æsthetics of the French school. Of equal precocity is a passage on familiar eloquence, in which he writes:

> It appears to me that it is a secret of the art of eloquence to know that a powerful aid would be derived from the use of forms of language which were generally known to men in their infancy, and which now, under another and unknown garb, but forcibly reminding them of early impressions, are likely to be mistaken for opinions whose beginnings they cannot recollect, and therefore suppose them innate. At least, if by such operation they cannot convince the mind, they may serve to win attention by this awakening but ambiguous charm. By these forms of language I mean a paraphrase of some sentence in a *Primer* or other child's book common to the country. The spell would be more perfect, perhaps, if, instead of such a paraphrase, the words of a sentence should be modulated to the cadence of the aforesaid infant literature.

For a youth of seventeen the observation is surely extraordinary, and Emerson seems to have absorbed his own teaching. A marked virtue of his mature style is the racy and homely undercurrent of word and figure that enriches its superficial staccato elegance.

But Emerson's style seems almost an inheritance. Readers of Cabot's Memoir are no strangers to that remarkable "Aunt Mary" who stood in the stead of father and mother to the orphaned Emerson children. With Waldo at college she was in frequent correspondence,

and the topics were God and fate and faith and immortality. Aunt Mary appears to small advantage in extracts. Her style is not so much an anticipation as a curious caricature of that of "Nature" and the "Essays." She is full of what, but for prohibitory dates, one would call Carlylese exuberance. Rectify her diction, and you would get Emerson's. Whenever he writes of her in the journals his manner gains lift and warmth:

> The religion of my Aunt is the purest and most sublime of any I can conceive. It appears to be based on broad and deep and remote principles of expediency and adequateness to an end—principles which few can comprehend and fewer feel. It labors to reconcile the apparent insignificancy of the field to the surpassing grandeur of the Operator, and founds the benignity and Mercy of the Scheme on adventurous but probable comparisons of the condition of other orders of being. Although it is an intellectual offspring of beauty and splendor, if that were all, it breathes a practical spirit of rigid and austere devotion. It is independent of forms and ceremonies, and its ethereal nature gives a glow of soul to her whole life.

Bravo, Master Emerson, and congratulations not merely upon your graceful periods, but upon a leadership that shall take you serenely through hard years of religious readjustment.

The "Wide World" was the title that young Waldo gave to the journals of 1821 and later, after his graduation. He found it a cold world. For want of better occupation he turned to the drudgery of school teaching, lapsed into ill health, irresolutely studied for the ministry. A sense of failure beset his introspection. The journals abound in confessional passages of a morbid sort. At twenty, after reviewing the bankruptcy of high intellectual ambitions, he passes to more intimate issues:

> Look next from the history of my intellect to the history of my heart. A blank, my lord. I have not the kind affections of a pigeon. Ungenerous and selfish, cautious and cold, I could yet wish to be romantic; have not yet sufficient feeling to speak a natural hearty welcome to a friend or stranger, and yet send abroad wishes and fancies of a friendship with a man I never knew. There is not in the whole wide Universe of God (my relations to himself I do not understand) one being to whom I am attached with warm and entire devotion —not a being to whom I have joined fate for weal or wo, not one whose interests I have nearly and dearly at heart; and this I say at the most susceptible age of man.

Without questioning the sincerity of such an outburst, it needs very little literary experience to know that a grief so well and fully expressed is at least half-assuaged.

As the journals progress they become purged of mere happenings and more dense with thought—a little less interesting, one must confess, for they begin to suffer the formidable competition of his essays. Before twenty-one he had struck out clearly the theory of "difference of good" which underlies the famous essay on compensation. Everywhere the commonplace books yield fine extracts. We may note the whimsical prophecy of the phonograph conceived as a "Reading Steam-Engine. . . . Put in a pin and hear poetry; and two pins and hear a song." Of timely worth is an observation on the dangers of poetical religion. Certain vague and elevated expressions—he illustrates from Milton—"leave a self-complacency arising from having thought so nobly for a moment, which leads the self-deceiver to believe himself better than other men." The sombre dignity of a passage on the eternity of vice can only be hinted at. As a final illustration of the *pensées* that abound a definition of romance may serve:

> Romance grows out of ignorance, and so is the curse of its own age, and the ornament of those that follow. Romance is never present, always remote; not a direct but a reflected ray. . . . A Romantic age, properly speaking, cannot exist. . . . Heaven and earth hold nothing fanciful. As mind advances, all becomes practical. . . . Nevertheless, Romance is mother of Knowledge—this ungrateful son that eats up his parent. It is only by searching for wonders that they found truth.

The four years beginning with Emerson's majority were one long fight for health. Some hint of walking trips in New England there is, an inkling or two of the oratorical and theological ferment in Boston, but, generally speaking, the journals are barren of event except those of the inner life. When the young divinity student, in the winter of 1826-1827, makes his wise retreat to the South, the current of life runs stronger. There is talk of Southern courtesy. We glimpse that fine free-thinker, Prince Achille Murat, who later appears in the Essay on Friendship. A kind of stoicism begins to blunt the first twinges of hostile reality. Emerson faces himself and the world without illusions and without fear. During much of this time death was only around the corner. Emerson writes, "Go about your business, and when it comes to the point, then die like a gentleman." He accepts his limitations without the romantic heroics with which they were first perceived.

It is a solemn moment when he considers the mental breakdown of a loved brother, and realizes the taint in the family. Then he looks inward and faces the new peril. Quite dispassionately, he sees in himself a sluggish trait, and a "fund of nonsense," that must safeguard his sanity. So one by one the phantoms of greensickness and sheer debility are scrutinized and laid. Significantly his mind recurs to the topic of compensation. Now and then he wrestles with historic forms of skepticism, and weaves original, if also Cartesian, arguments, to certify his faith in a God and his hope of immortality.

In his twenty-sixth year, he was called to the pastorate of the historic Old North Church in Boston, and became the husband of Ellen Tucker. The latter bond was dissolved within a year and a half by death, the former a little later by difference of opinion. The church and the girl wife barely intrude in this chronicle of a soul. The church one can spare; one craves something more about that sensitive creature whose large eyes still look so understandingly at you from a portrait by an unknown artist. Waldo wrote to her a considerable amount of manly, if uninspired verse. His reverence for her is more than once adequately expressed, the stateliness with which he writes of her death has its poignancy also; but, in the main, her impress on the journals is as slight as that of a wandering star which trails down the evening heavens and disappears. Was Emerson fundamentally cold, as he so many times confesses himself to be, or are there depths of blessedness that want no transcription from life into letters? One would be glad of Ellen Tucker's answer to these questions, but since she never would have given it, we are bound to concede to the young bridegroom and philosopher the benefit of every doubt.

In any case, in the pulpit of the Old North and in chivalrous ministrations to the frail girl he loved, Emerson at last proved his capacity for life. The journals are silent as to the stages of this essential work of consolidation. One sees only the results of a quite routine social service, and of the self-abnegation implied in love. The romantic period of probation and bitter hesitation is past and the sage emerges. The conviction of a literary vocation which had glorified the undergraduate years returns as a sober purpose. In the journals of the late twenties and early thirties, we constantly find the golden streaks of prose and poesy that were later to be run into the ingots of his published works. Already a discerning person might have said of him what he himself writes of Coleridge.

> He has a tone a little lower than greatness—but what a living soul, what a universal knowledge! I like to encounter these citizens of the universe, that believe the mind was to be spectator of all, inquisitor of all, and whose philosophy compares with others much as astronomy with the other sciences; taking post at the centre and, as from a specular mount, sending sovereign glances to the circumference of things.

From the "specular mount" which the young widower occupied in Chardon Street glimpses of a promised land were already appearing. Notable reinforcement was coming to the sage of the New World from the seats of antique wisdom.

Some time in the year 1830, he read Carlyle's translation of "Wilhelm Meister." The bond with the church was insensibly loosening. The memorable *Wanderjahr* in Europe was already in mind. We may leave Emerson, no longer young at twenty-nine, with a prophetic entry on Carlyle, dated October 1, 1832:

> I am cheered and instructed by this paper on Corn Law Rhymes in the *Edinburgh* by my Germanick new-light writer, whoever he may be. He gives us confidence in our principles. He assures the truth-lover everywhere of sympathy. Blessed art that makes books, and so joins me to that stranger by this perfect railroad.

CURRENT FICTION.

Candles in the Wind. By Maud Diver. New York: John Lane Co.

This novel is the completion of a trilogy in which Mrs. Diver has striven to represent the problems and the heroism of Anglo-Indian life. The spectacle of quiet courage wrestling with the White Man's Burden is one that cannot fail to touch the imagination and stir the heart of all whose forefathers have in the past done battle with the wilderness, and whose children may in turn go forth to a similar struggle. In embarking upon so ambitious a treatment of this theme, Mrs. Diver challenges comparison with such writers as Kipling and Flora Annie Steele, and shows herself well able to bear the test. She chooses as her field the more feminine but no less stern problems of domestic life, and handles them with decision and delicacy, though with perhaps a shade too much of idealism. The dominant motive of "Candles in the Wind" is the danger of inter-racial marriage—that sore of Anglo-Indian life which Kipling has touched with the keen unhealing scalpel of an Ibsen. Mrs. Diver also presents it merely as a diagnostician; there is no remedy in her pharmacopeia.

Dr. Videlle is the son of a Scotch tea-planter and a Hindu wife, and while on leave in England has swept into marriage by the power of his own passion a girl of fine instincts and sensitive fibre, who mistakes her own half-pitying compliance for love. Videlle has deliberately deceived Lyndsay on the subject of his parentage, and when she discovers the truth upon their arrival in India, the bitterness of disillusion is increased for her by the very material pest of an impossible half-sister, child of the Hindu mother and an Eurasian second husband, whose presence in the Videlle household is taken for granted as necessary. James Videlle replies to his wife's protest with "It's—it's *dastur*" —custom—and she recognizes that he is sufficiently Asiatic to find that reason unanswerable. The sister's coarseness, jealousy, and spite widen the growing breach between husband and wife. The birth of a child betters the situation only temporarily, for Lyndsay is harrowed afresh to find that the little fruit of her hopes, being a daughter, seems to her husband only a disappointment. The tension reaches the snapping-point with the explosion of Videlle's frantic jealousy of Alan Laurence, an English gentleman, silently and hopelessly in love with Lyndsay.

The author has lavished care upon the depiction of the principal figures, but it is the minor characters that make the strongest appeal to the reader. It would be hard, for instance, to forget the incident that opens the book—the native road-builders convinced that the stability of the road is due to their propitiatory sacrifice and *poojah* to the god of the mountain, and not to the Englishman's foolishness in the matter of brushwork foundations. For those who have followed the fortunes of Desmond and Honor in "Captain Desmond" and of Quita and Lenox in "The Great Amulet," it is pleasant to find these old acquaintances playing a part in the present drama. Some of the descriptions of war, notably the capture of Fort Nilt, are done with a virile breadth that agreeably relieves the somewhat strained sentiment of the greater part of the book.

The House of the Whispering Pines. By Anna Katharine Green. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"A rambling, old country house, surrounded by pines; enter a man at midnight, believing it deserted; he sees a beautiful girl come down the stairs and depart; upstairs, he finds her sister, his fiancée, strangled; as he bends over the lifeless body, enter the police, summoned by a mysterious call; he is arrested"—so far the publisher's advertisement, which tells as much of the plot as any wise reader will care to know.

It is not a perfect detective story, perhaps not even the best of Mrs. Green's. The part of the detective proper, which, by all the rules of the game, ought to be the most important, is slight and not very interesting. The final climax is, indeed, a surprise, but attains that end by lugging in an agent who has hitherto been virtually out of the play: this is to practise an illegitimate trick on the reader, who has a right to expect that the author should set her wit against his by cunningly devising probabilities, not by a *deus ex machina*. On the other hand, the preliminary climax —for there are two distinct revelations, the first only adding to the final mystery—is forstalled by an injudicious, and quite inartistic, frontispiece, which tells the reader too clearly what he is to expect. Despite these blemishes, the plot is extraordinarily clever and is grewsome just to the right point. The characters, with the exception of the detective who is on the scene only part of the time, are individualized far beyond what one expects in a detective story, and their traits are not extraneous to the events, but essential to them. The love motive, which is usually a sheer nuisance in this *genre* of fiction, is in itself interesting and is an integral part of the plot. It is a book to read.

Mary Cary. By Kate Langley Bosher. New York: Harper & Bros.

This is the story of an orphan who comes at last after many years of dreary asylum life to the love of kindred and the comfort of a "home with a little h"—that sanctuary so desired by Timothy of the Quest. Mary Cary—"frequently Martha"—involves in her own story the romance of her beloved Miss Katharine, and it is her courageous interference in the impeded course of true love, that brings about the happy ending. The book is wholesome and entertaining, but the effect is marred by the form in which the story is cast—that of Mary's diary. The quaint and quotable sayings are far too mature in their point of view and expression for a child of eleven, even so remarkable a child as Mary; and what would have seemed natural and delightful as the utterance of an older person strikes a jarring note. It is more the speech of a shrewd, though unschooled adult, than of a precocious child. Mary, as she is represented, is one of those children rarely possible in nature, never in nature's black and white garb of print. One may, however, accept joyfully and uncritically such pithy sayings as that of the really childish Sarah Sue: "Father is just my father by marriage, but mother's my mother by bornation. I think mothers ought always to have the most."

The Fortune Hunter. By Louis Joseph Vance. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

In commenting the other day on Mr. Vance's latest invention, "The Pool of Flame," we noted his confession of ability to invent local color of a verisimilitude to deceive the native without pain of sojourn or even travel in foreign parts. From the evidence of "The Fortune Hunter," we should judge it safer for him to dispatch his fancy as far afield as possible. It may disport itself more plausibly (to the American reader of romance) in Calcutta or Morocco than in the Pennsylvania village which is the scene of its present activity. The feeble conventionality of the rustic scenes and characters here portrayed is doubtless due in part to the tale's derivation. If not precisely a "novelized" play, the plot is confessedly "taken from the comedy of the same title," by Winchell Smith. It cannot be said that the story-teller has been successful

in his attempt "to tell the story as though it had occurred to the writer as material for a novel, rather than for the stage." As is common with adaptations of this kind, the creak of the theatrical machinery is plainly audible above the studied monotone of the narrator.

The borrowed idea is amusing. A young New Yorker of good birth and luxurious upbringing has been thrown upon his own resources. Various business openings are found for him by a college friend, but he can make nothing of them. The friend, a thriving broker, has one more suggestion of a way to make a million in a year. The scheme is simple. "Think of the country heiresses," cries its promoter, "with plenty of money for two, pining away, . . . hundreds of them, fine, straight girls, girls you could easily fall in love with, sighing their lives away for the lack of the likes of you." The experiment is made, with perfect success; but, of course, the hero does not marry the country heiress, or he would cease to be the hero. The problem is to have him marry the poor girl of his heart without remanding him to poverty: a problem which an experienced spinner of yarns like Mr. Vance could have no sort of difficulty in solving.

ONE OF INDIA'S RELIGIONS.

The Sikh Religion: Its Gurus, Sacred Writings, and Authors. By Max Arthur Macauliffe. Six volumes. New York: Henry Frowde. $19.25.

More than thirty years ago, the Sikh religion was studied at first hand, the most important documents relating to and incorporating its tenets were translated, and the result of many years' study on the part of a patient German scholar was published under the title "Ādigranth, or The Holy Scriptures of the Sikhs." It is with some surprise, therefore, that one opens Mr. Macauliffe's "Sikh Religion," and reads the first sentence of the author's preface: "I bring from the East what is practically an unknown religion."

It is true that Trumpp's translation of the "Ādigranth" left untouched many texts, which the writer did not care to translate, and that his translation, like all first attempts, left much to be improved. But for all that, Dr. Ernest Trumpp, and not Max Arthur Macauliffe, is the man who first brought from the East the records of what, at that time, despite the work of still earlier investigators, was "practically an unknown religion." Nor does this new translation really add very much to our comprehension of that religion as a whole, not enough to alter materially our estimate of its character or of its originality. In fact, in some particulars, Trumpp gives a clearer sense of the attitude of the Sikhs toward the religious environment of the founders than does Macauliffe, notably, where Trumpp retains Hari (the name of Vishnu-Krishna) as the designation of the Supreme Being, which in Macauliffe appears as "God." Some of Nānak's sayings, in both versions, will show how truly the essence of the matter was given by the scholar whom Mr. Macauliffe barely mentions, and mentions only to depreciate. Thus, from the "Japji":

True is the Lord, of a true name, in language his love is infinite. If they speak and ask, he gives, he gives, the Liberal bestows gifts. What shall be placed before (him), by means of which his court may be seen? What speech shall be uttered by the mouth, which having heard he may bestow love? (Trumpp).

There is the Lord, true is His name; it is uttered with endless love [also translated: His attributes are described in endless languages]. (People) pray and beg, Give us, give us; the Giver giveth His gifts. Then what can we offer Him whereby His court may be seen? What words shall we utter with our lips, on hearing which He may love us? (Macauliffe).

Again, from the "Sohila":

Thousands are thy eyes, and (yet) thou hast no eye; thousands are thy forms, and (yet) thou hast not one. (Trumpp).

Thou hast a thousand eyes and yet not one eye; thou hast a thousand forms and yet not one form. (Macauliffe).

There are many infelicities in Trumpp's translation, due partly to its English dress, and also many inaccuracies, due in great part to its being a first attempt; but to stigmatize it as "generally inaccurate" is a gross exaggeration. Trumpp published in English his "Ādi-Granth" in 1877 and his shorter sketch in German, "Die Religion der Sikhs," in 1881. Both of these works contain histories of the Gurus or pontiffs (literally "venerable teachers") of the Sikh sect, which was one of many reforming sects current in India in the fifteenth century. It harks back to Kabir and the reformers of the South, whose doctrines soon became current all over India. The new history of Mr. Macauliffe does not essentially change the data presented in these earlier histories. According to both historians, Nānak, the son of a farmer and the founder of the sect, was born near Lahore in the Punjab in 1469. He saw visions, was regarded as a lunatic, had an interview with God, was appointed God's prophet on earth, and founded the long line of pontiffs of the Sikhs, who under Govind (the tenth pontiff, died in 1708) were converted into a formidable military organization. The first scholar of this line of peasants was the fifth pontiff (Arjun, died in 1606), who compiled the Granth, or bible of the sect, from the reputed sayings of Nānak and others. The religion contributed not a single new idea to Hindu thought. There was nothing in it that had not been familiar to Brahman and Buddhist for a thousand years or more. It insisted upon real religious feeling as a substitute for formality and idolatrous worship; but so did the older Hindus. It added emphasis to the oneness of God; but in this it aped the Mohammedans, its leaders being too ignorant to go further back and find the unity of the godhead in the native scriptures of India. Mr. Macauliffe seems to imagine that Sikh thought was in itself really important, that it gave out something new; he even proclaims that the first Guru (teacher) had a higher ethical ideal than either Hindu or Mohammedan was capable of attaining. In this respect Mr. Macauliffe's further lack of insight is shown, when he asserts that the Sikh religion was "totally unaffected" by Semitic influences. A religion which consigns sinful souls to the care of "Azrael," which includes in its canon the writings of at least two Mohammedan saints, and which Mohammedanism surrounded from its inception, cannot be so independent as Mr. Macauliffe would have us believe. As for originality, in respect of Hindu thought, Trumpp made a correct estimate of the Sikh teaching, when he said: "The chief point in Nānak's teaching was the unity of the Supreme Being, though this was nothing new to the Hindus." The exaltation of the Guru, or teacher, to the place of pope, the fact that salvation depends on the Guru, that the Guru has a magical power, that divine wisdom is mysterious, that, to whisper this mystery into his ear is about the only instruction given to the pupil—all this accounts for the degradation of the religion, as much as does the outer environment.

From a philosophical point of view, the hymns and epigrams of the later pontiffs are of no importance. But from the historical standpoint, there is real value in the complete collection here brought together. The lives of the pontiffs also deserved to be written in full and it was a happy thought to imitate Trumpp and get all the assistance attainable from the few native scholars capable of helping a European in any matter of scholarship. Considering that Mr. Macauliffe is not a trained scholar, and that he was engaged in official business till it occurred to him to become the historian of the Sikhs, we cannot but applaud his courage in undertaking so scholarly a work. Moreover, although his historical sense is weak, he has added materially to what had previously been done, and, as a real contributor to our knowledge of Sikh literature, deserves considerable praise. In these six volumes the reader may peruse the lives and writings of the Sikh pontiffs and their immediate predecessors, with the assurance that both history and translation are at last as accurate as they probably ever will be. The Introductory study of the life of each Guru presents new matter, and the translation

generally improves on that of Trumpp (where it follows the same text), besides adding a noteworthy body of material expressly ignored by Trumpp, because he did not think it worth translating. As an official in the Punjab, the author had an exceptional opportunity to make the preliminary studies necessary to the undertaking here happily completed and he has done well what he set out to do. It is a pity, however, that the latter sects were not treated more fully. Here there is a lack still to be adequately supplied. It is also to be regretted that Mr. Macauliffe has not shown a more just, as well as more generous, appreciation of what others have done.

The Cambridge History of English Literature. Edited by A. W. Ward and A. R. Waller. Vol. IV: Prose and Poetry; Sir Thomas North to Michael Drayton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

The interest of such a work as this history of English literature is bound to fluctuate with the nature of the material which is dealt with in the successive volumes, and, as it happens, the material which the present volume embraces is, taken as a whole, not of the most interesting character. There are some notable exceptions, of course—Raleigh, Bacon, Donne, Burton, and the Authorized Version of the Bible—but the great names, for the most part, belong to other volumes. Sidney and Spenser are behind us, Shakespeare and the whole starry host of the Elizabethan dramatists are still to come. The best poetry included in the present volume, being lyrical, is the most difficult to make interesting in a critical exposition. In addition, it must be confessed that, with the exception of Mr. Whibley's treatment of the Elizabethan translations, there is singularly little distinction of style in the various chapters. This accords with the paucity of eminent names among the contributors; but, after all, we fear that it is the fault of our generation rather than of the editors that, despite the competence in scholarship which they may justly claim for their collaborators, there should be so little of the *vis viva* of literary criticism in most of the chapters that deal with literature, pure and simple. One feels that the generation which produced the first series of Morley's "Men of Letters" would have made a better showing in this respect, if indeed it is conceivable that so distinguished a band of critics (of whom, to be sure, a few are still active) would have submitted themselves to the yoke of science in the form of an enterprise like the present one. In any event, some of the best chapters in the volume before us—for example, Archdeacon Cunningham's on Early Writings on Politics and Economics, H. G. Aldis's on The Book-Trade, 1557-1625, and J. Bass Mullinger's on The Foundation of Libraries—deal with matters which, though of great importance, are merely subsidiary to literature, properly speaking.

Of the four authors to whom separate chapters are devoted, viz., Raleigh, Campion, Drayton, and Donne, the last-named has been the most fortunate in his critic, Prof. H. J. C. Grierson of the University of Aberdeen. Mr. Grierson has given us an adequate picture of this original and complex personality, and he has indicated very justly the influences which entered into his genius. We miss, however, any comment (except in the case of the satires) on the peculiar rhythms of Donne's verse which have been so subtly characterized of recent years on this side of the ocean by Prof. H. M. Belden. Neither can we share in the author's apparent admiration for Donne's letters, which strike us as among the most unreadable compositions that ever came from the pen of a great author. On the other hand, the letters of his friend, Sir Henry Wotton, the earliest in our language, as it seems to us, that possess literary charm, are passed over in silence in this history.

Prof. Albert S. Cook, the only American contributor to the present volume, has written interestingly of the early translations of the Bible, and especially of the Authorized Version and its influence. It seems an indiscriminate criticism, however, which in a characterization of the Bible makes no distinction between the Old and the New Testament. There is surely an enormous difference between the two. Vast, moreover, as the influence of the Bible has been in the sphere of morals, it is an exaggeration from the purely literary point of view to speak of it as "possessing a universality which has placed it at the foundation, or the head, or both, of all modern literatures." This might much more truly be said of the literature of Greece. Professor Cook discusses satisfactorily the nature of the influence which the Authorized Version has exercised on subsequent English literature, but his conclusion from the limited vocabulary of the Bible as compared with Shakespeare's abundance, viz., that "the capacities of words, especially of the simpler words, are much greater than is believed by those who use a large and heterogeneous vocabulary" seems beside the mark. The greater complexity of the civilization which Shakespeare's plays reflect and the immense variety of subjects which he wrote about, of human facts and relations that he touched upon, as Professor Jespersen has reminded us, will account for the difference. It strikes, us, too, as hardly fair to Shakespeare when Professor Cook contrasts to his disadvantage the praise of man in "Hamlet," Act ii, Scene 2—"What a piece of work is a man!" etc.—with the famous passage in the Eighth Psalm, "What is man that thou art mindful of him," etc. In the first place, the latter is hardly genuine prose. The Hebrew original is a lyric and the lyrical rhythm in the English translation is unmistakable and an important element in its beauty. Furthermore, the prevailing quality of the passage from the Psalm is sublimity, for which there is no place in Hamlet's speech. Indeed, it is the adoration of God's omnipotence even more than the exaltation of man that finds its expression in the words of the Hebrew poet. And in addition to all this we must take into account, as Professor Cook himself acknowledges, the dramatic fitness of the passage in "Hamlet."

Some of the more important authors find competent treatment in chapters which deal with various branches of literature—Burton in a chapter by Edward Bensly, which also includes the Latin writers, Barclay and Owen; Bacon in the chapter on the Beginnings of English Philosophy, by W. R. Sorley; Nash, Greene, and Dekker (as prose-writers) in one on Popular Literature by H. V. Routh. There are, besides, chapters which add greatly to the usefulness of the work as a book of reference, viz., The English Pulpit, by F. E. Hutchinson, Writers on Country Pursuits and Pastimes by H. G. Aldis, and Literature of the Sea and Seafaring and Travel by C. N. Robinson, R.N., and John Leyland. The very ample bibliography at the end of the volume is not the least valuable part of it.

The editors announce that Vols. V and VI will deal with the English Drama down to 1642, and Vol. VII with non-dramatic literature, mainly of the period between 1625 and 1660. The last-named volume is to appear before the end of the year.

The Decay of the Church of Rome. By Joseph McCabe. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50.

Dr. McCabe, a former Catholic and member of the Franciscan Order, is known already for more than one sharp attack on the church of his youth. The present volume is an elaborate statistical study in demonstration of the thesis that "instead of showing signs of increase the Church of Rome is rapidly decaying, and only a dramatic change of its whole character can save it from ruin." The author claims to be entirely unprejudiced in his treatment of the matter, but neither his past relations with the Catholic Church nor the book itself inspires confidence in his freedom from bias. Such statements as the following reveal his general attitude:

> Catholic countries are disappearing from the map of the world (p. 13).

A day will come when historians will wonder how the Vatican ever acquired a reputation for statesmanship. In the small momentary ruses of diplomacy it has usually been able to command the services of skilful men, but its whole management of the Latin races has been devoid of any large statesmanship (p. 12).

Contrary to a widespread conviction, there has been no progress made by the Roman Church during the nineteenth century in any normally educated portion of the English-speaking world (p. 194).

This rapid survey will show the reader at once that the terrible figure of 120,000,000 illiterates in a total of 190,000,000—a figure that, of course, I have obtained by careful analysis—is in reality a very moderate one. It means, in plain English, that the majority of the Roman Catholics of the world to-day consist of American Indians, half-castes, negroes, and mulattoes; Italian, Spanish, Russian, and Slavonic peasants of the most backward character; and Indian, Indo-Chinese, and African natives. These make up much more than half of the whole. Further, the great bulk of the remainder are the peasants and poor workers of Germany, Austria, France, Belgium, and Ireland. . . . When we note the extraordinary impotence of Catholicism in the great cities of Europe; when we learn in country after country, that the middle class forsook it a generation ago, and the artisans are abandoning it to-day; when we find its authority rejected almost in proportion as a nation is touched with culture; and when we see that its larger tracts of unchallenged authority so constantly correspond with the darker areas in the cultural map of the world—we see that its power rests largely on a basis that is directly and triumphantly challenged by the modern spirit—a basis of ignorance (p. 305).

That the figures of the book differ so widely from those ordinarily given by statisticians both Catholic and Protestant is explained by such a passage as the following, which shows how the author ventures to go behind the official returns:

But I decline to regard as a Catholic one who never goes to mass or Easter communion, or who habitually supports political parties that are sternly condemned by, and openly hostile to, the Church. Where there is obviously neither belief nor obedience to commands that, on the most familiar Catholic principles, bind under pain of eternal damnation, I do not see how a census declaration that one is a Roman Catholic can be taken seriously (p. 301).

Of course, any study based upon such a method of computation is liable to large error, and from the same figures many others, even Protestants, would draw vastly different conclusions. Not a few of the facts given and some of the results reached are indisputable, even though surprising to any one who has not already looked somewhat carefully into the matter. That the Roman Catholic Church has been losing ground in other countries as well as in France during recent decades, and that the authorities of the church are themselves alive to the fact, cannot be doubted. But the situation is by no means so serious as this book represents it. A similar method applied to Protestantism would in many cases lead to similar results. Lukewarmness toward the church, or even open hostility to it on the part of large sections of the population, is no sign of a speedy dissolution, as history has abundantly shown. It is easy to predict imminent disaster, but those who so prophesy know little of the reserve force and recuperative power of Christianity, whether Protestant or Catholic.

Sir Henry Vane, Jr., Governor of Massachusetts, and Friend of Roger Williams and Rhode Island. By Henry Melville King. Providence, R. I.: Preston & Rounds Co. $1.25 net.

The memorable friendship between two great leaders in the cause of political and spiritual freedom finds here a worthy setting forth. Few men of the seventeenth century are better worth remembering, and Dr. King does a service in showing how they helped each other, culling out from the stormy career of each champion the facts bearing upon their mutual relations, and including them in a little book by themselves. He addresses especially Rhode Islanders; speaker and audience being, of course, imbued with the Rhode Island tradition, which has been held most tenaciously in every generation. The calm and tolerant William Bradford of Plymouth characterized Roger Williams as "a man godly and zealous, having many precious parts, but very unsettled in judgment." Your true Rhode Islander, and Dr. King is one, admits no shortcoming in his saint, nor would Dr. King's special audience take kindly to any such suggestion. But outsiders must be pardoned for deferring much to Bradford, who basked under the immediate effluence of the halo, and for believing, while greatly admiring Roger Williams, that his unsettled judgment, combined with his extraordinary force, made him in trying times an uncomfortable, not to say dangerous, neighbor. As the saint was impeccable, so in Dr. King's view was the saint's friend. Dr. King appears to believe that Vane at the outset, in Massachusetts, though scarcely out of boyhood, was yet a character fully formed; that he was an Independent in religion, a republican in politics, an out-and-out champion of freedom of conscience; that he received no impress from the strong men by whom he was surrounded; that in his later career his course was invariably wise. Dr. King seems to adopt Wendell Phillips's conception, that, while for other men we are obliged to walk backward, casting a mantle over their infirmities, and saying "Remember the temptation and the age," Vane never fell below the highest standard. We think it would be truer to say that Vane in Massachusetts was quite unformed. Religiously he showed small trace of the fanaticism which in later life carried him to unintelligible lengths; and as regards tolerance, while his utterance in the controversy with Winthrop is indeed noteworthy, it is obscure and hesitating as compared with later declarations. In politics, it cannot be shown that Vane stood on republican ground till after 1648, after the rank and file of the Ironsides had made their stout push for sovereignty of the people.

In Massachusetts he stood for the authority of the King. This appears in his controversy with Winthrop, as well as in his course against the zealots who cut the cross out of the royal ensign. He had the ensign unfurled at the Castle. He accepted knighthood and preferment from the King, sullenly we grant; but "root and branch" man though he soon became, it was long before he dropped allegiance to the ancient triple-pillared polity of England: King, lords, and Commons. With Pym and Hampden, in the first years of the Long Parliament, he stood for a proper balance there against the danger of an overweight in the royal prerogative. The radical programme was some years in the future.

Is Vane's "ermine" quite so "spotless" as has been claimed? Milton calls him skilful

> . . . to unfold
> The drift of hollow states hard to be spelled.

He was matchless in unearthing the plots of foreign foes and secret enemies at home, and it is hard to see that he did not sometimes fight the devil with his own fire here. His course in the movement which finally brought Strafford to the block ought, we think, to give pause to those who claim for him the finest sense of honor. The negotiation of the Solemn League and Covenant, which brought the Scots, in 1643, to help the perishing cause of the Houses, was a masterpiece of astuteness; but the Scots loudly declared they had been "cozened," a cry which the Cavaliers reëchoed. They were Vane's enemies, no doubt deserving little sympathy, but will the careful modern reader say that this transaction was thoroughly fair and above board? Does not the subtlety in the engineering of the Self-Denying Ordinance savor overmuch of the wisdom of the serpent? With all due respect for Wendell Phillips, we think we are sometimes obliged in Vane's case to say: "Remember the temptation and the age." The stress was great, treachery was to be met, the spirit of Machiavelli pervaded the statesmanship of the time. We hold that Vane did not come out of that bat-

tle without some taint in his garments of the infernal smoke.

Dr. King's book is interesting, and it is well to have emphasis put on Vane's share in promoting the welfare of early Rhode Island. The heroes in Dr. King's foreground were men of rare power and high purpose, but with all their gifts and virtues only human instruments.

The Disappearance of the Small Landowner. Ford Lectures, 1909. By Arthur H. Johnson. New York: Henry Frowde. $1.75.

The striking fact about rural England, as has been proclaimed in shrill accents many a time during the past weeks, is the concentration of the land in a few hands. Careful estimates based on the new Domesday Book of 1876—and there have not been great changes since then—indicate that in England there are only about 260,000 persons who hold land from one acre upwards, whereas in France, with a population only one-third larger, there are some 5,600,000 landed proprietors. In the Ford Lectures for 1909 Arthur H. Johnson took up this question of the disappearance in England of the small landowners, and sought to explain how and when this remarkable divergence between England and France took place. Though the lectures as printed form but a thin volume, they give a good summary of the most recent literature dealing with English agrarian conditions from the thirteenth century to the present day. The author has not depended, however, by any means on secondary authorities, but bases many of his conclusions upon his own investigations both in the contemporary literature of the various periods and in the statistical material to be found in the Tudor and Stuart Surveys and in the Land Tax Assessments for the period since 1750. He is almost the first investigator to call attention to the historical importance of these Land Tax Assessments. From them he says we can learn whether farms were being consolidated or whether they were being broken up into smaller ones, whether the numbers of owners wax or wane. We can trace the building up of large estates and their dispersion.

The more important of his conclusions deserve to be stated. He thinks the influence of primogeniture and the law of entails, so often alleged as a cause of the growth of large estates, has been enormously exaggerated. He thinks, likewise, that historians have laid too much weight upon the agrarian effects of the Black Death, and paid relatively too little attention to the dislocating and social effects of the increasing trade and industry and spirit of competition and capitalism of the fifteenth century. He believes Professor Gay has gone too far in minimizing the extent of enclosures from 1450 to 1600. But the period that was most fatal to the small landowner, owing to a variety of causes which the author analyzes, was from the close of the seventeenth to the middle of the eighteenth century, the period of the final transition from mediæval to modern agricultural conditions. On the evidence from the Land Tax Assessments he thinks the changes due to enclosure and consolidation since 1750 are not so radical as they have generally been supposed to be.

While at points the author's conclusions seem to lack full convincing evidence (notably in the generalizations in the last chapter in regard to continental analogies), the little volume on the whole is sound and a valuable corrective to many current notions on English agrarian conditions.

Notes.

Henry Holt & Co. announce that De Alva S. Alexander has undertaken a fourth volume of his "Political History of the State of New York," the third volume of which brought the narrative down to Cleveland's election as Governor of the State in 1882.

The Houghton Mifflin Co. has the following books on its spring and summer list: Fiction—"The Duke's Price," by Demetra and Kenneth Brown; "The Right Stuff," by Ian Hay; "The Twisted Foot," by Henry Milner Rideout; "An Army Mule," by Charles Miner Thompson; "The Godparents," by Grace Sartwell Mason; "Country Neighbors," by Alice Brown; "The Royal Americans," by Mary Hallock Foote; "The Professional Aunt," by Mary C. E. Wemyss; "Little Brother o' Dreams," by Elaine Goodale Eastman; "John Forsyth's Aunts," by Eliza Orne White. For children—"Flutterfly," by Clara Louise Burnham. Drama—"Husband and the Forbidden Guests," by John Corbin. Outdoor books—"Sport and Travel in the Far East," by J. C. Grew; "Wilderness Pets," by Edward Breck; "Swimming," by Edwin Tenney Brewster; "Notes on New England Birds," by Henry D. Thoreau; "Little Gardens for Boys and Girls," by Myrta M. Higgins. Present-day topics—"Personal Power," by William Jewett Tucker; "The Health of the City," by Hollis Godfrey; "The Conquest of Consumption," by Woods Hutchinson, M.D.; "Every-Day Business for Women," by Mary A. Wilbur; "Wool-Growing and the Tariff," by Chester W. Wright; "Copyright: Its History and Law," by Richard Rogers Bowker. Essays and literature—"Essays on the Spot," by Charles D. Stewart; "At the Sign of the Hobby-Horse," by Elizabeth Bisland Wetmore; "An Approach to Walt Whitman," by Carleton Noyes; "Letters to My Son" (anonymous); "A Study of the Drama," by Brander Matthews; "English Literature in Account with Religion," by Edward M. Chapman. Biography and history—"The Life of Mary Lyon," by Beth Bradford Gilchrist; "My Friend the Indian," by James McLaughlin; "Colonial Mobile," by Peter J. Hamilton. Travel—"The Russian Road to China," by Lindon Bates, jr.; "1910 Satchel Guide to Europe," by W. J. Rolfe. For the bride-to-be—"Her Book," by Mabel M. Swan. Philosophy and religion—"The Principles of Pragmatism," by H. Heath Bawden; "The Earliest Sources for the Life of Jesus," by Francis Crawford Burkitt; "Paul and Paulinism," by James Moffat; "The Church and Labor," by Charles Stelzle. Poetry—"Complete Poems of Richard Watson Gilder"; "Poems of Belief," by Theodore C. Williams. Riverside Press editions—"A Poet in Exile," being some early letters of John Hay; "Pan's Pipes," by Robert Louis Stevenson. Educational—"American Education," by Andrew S. Draper; "The Principles of Education," by William C. Ruediger; "The First Book of Stories for the Story-Teller," by Fanny E. Coe; "European Hero Stories," by Eva March Tappan; "The British Isles," by Everett T. Tomlinson; "Little-Folk Lyrics," by Frank Dempster Sherman; "Old Ballads in Prose," by Eva March Tappan; "The Basket Woman Stories," by Mary Austin; "Everyman, The Second Shepherd's Play, and Other Miracle and Folk Plays," edited by Clarence Griffin Child, professor of English in the University of Pennsylvania; Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford," edited, with complete introduction, notes, questions, and suggestions, by H. E. Coblentz; "A Translation of the Æneid of Virgil," by Theodore C. Williams, formerly head master of the Roxbury Latin School; "Selections from Irving's Bracebridge Hall," edited by Samuel Thurber; Thoreau's "Walden," edited by Francis H. Allen.

Little, Brown & Co. announce the following spring publications: "Passers-By," by Anthony Partridge; "The Up Grade," by Wilder Goodwin; "The Snare of Circumstance," by Edith E. Buckley; "The Illustrious Prince," by E. Phillips Oppenheim; "Over the Quicksands," by Anna Chapin Ray; "The Red House on Rowan Street," by Roman Doubleday; "The Pursuit," by Frank Saville; "An American Baby Abroad; How He Played Cupid to a Kentucky Beauty," by Mrs. Charles N. Crewdson; "The Red Symbol," by John Ironside; "Just Between Themselves," by Anne Warner; "The Garden and Its Accessories," by Loring Underwood; "Play: Games for the Kindergarten, Playground, School Room, and College," by Emmet Dunn Angell; "Caleb Trench," by Mary Imlay Taylor; "The Dominion of New Zealand," by Sir Arthur P. Douglas; "The Works of Charles Dickens," Centenary Edition, complete in 30 volumes, 12mo, uniform in size with the Centenary Edition of Balzac; New Editions of the Works of Selma Lagerlöf (winner of the Nobel literary prize of $40,000): "The Story of Gösta Berling," "Invisible Links," and "The Miracles of Anti-Christ"; "Red Horse Hill," by Sidney McCall; "Redney McGaw," by Arthur E. McFarlane.

The *International Bibliographer*, a monthly magazine, to be edited by Dr. George Eller, will make its first appearance in April. In scope it will include the principal publications of Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, and other countries. It is to be published by Erskine MacDonald of Surrey Street, Strand, London.

Sir Horace Plunkett's articles in the *Outlook* on the conservation policy in general and American farming in particular combine breadth with accuracy of view. The

writer is not only intimately familiar with conditions in this country, but has a wealth of experence to draw upon from his labors during many years for the improvement of agriculture in Ireland. The title of his last article, "Better Farming, Better Business, Better Living," suggests the scope of his contention. It is, in brief, that farming in the United States has been far too crude and exhaustive of the soil, and that the advance towards more scientific methods now made with the assistance of the Department of Agriculture, ought to be accompanied by great changes in farming regarded as a business. Sir Horace points out the unused opportunities for coöperation in marketing products, and shows how far behind the Irish and the Continentals are our American farmers in this respect. His plea is as finely intelligent as it is ideal, and is a valuable contribution to the whole discussion.

Some things have changed, and changed for the better, since Gideon Welles set down in his diary—as appears in the March *Atlantic*—the following entry under date of October 13, 1865:

Stanton took occasion before the President came in to have a fling at my circular against party assessments, which seems to annoy him. I told him the principles and rule laid down in that circular were correct; that the idea, which he advocated, of a tax upon employees and officeholders, was pernicious and dangerous, and if permitted to go on would carry the country to the Devil. Stanton said he then wished to go to the Devil with it, that he believed in taxing officeholders for party purposes, compelling them to pay money to support the Administration which appointed them. Weed and Raymond are in this thing, and mad with me.

Secretary Welles was in advance of his time; and Henry J. Raymond, one of the most accomplished of American journalists, was simply with the crowd when he stood by the old war-horse Stanton and that seasoned veteran of politics, Thurlow Weed, in favor of the backsheesh idea of public service. It is well to be reminded, once in a while, in so specific a way, of the vital necessity that existed for civil service reform, of the radical change that it brought about in time to keep the country from "going to the Devil," and of the lonesome work that a few men had to do for about fifteen years before they got a lodgment for the reform in the statute books of the nation.

The Harpers have begun to publish a pocket-size thin-paper edition of Thomas Hardy's novels. 'The Return of the Native," often considered the most powerful of Hardy's stories, has already appeared, and "Jude the Obscure" is soon to follow. In the volume we have received the ink is somewhat pale and the printing occasionally imperfect, defects which may well be corrected at once, for in size, type, and style of binding the books promise to be convenient and attractive.

To the growing literature of the short story, William J. Dawson and Coningsby W. Dawson, in collaboration, have contributed two volumes entitled "The Great English Short-Story Writers," published by Harpers as part of the Readers' Library. Vol. I contains thirteen specimens by authors born in or before 1850, none of them living, except Mark Twain, Thomas Hardy, and Henry James, and none of whom wrote before the nineteenth century, except De Foe, whose "Apparition of Mrs. Veal" is happily included. It also contains an introduction which with prodigious dexterity traces the "evolution" of the form in twenty-eight pages from the savage tale through the "Gesta Romanorum" to Poe. The preamble to Poe is about as "sequacious" and convincing as an account of the evolution of the New York politician, which should begin with Adam, leap to Elder Brewster, and end with Richard Croker. Vol. II contains thirteen specimens by living writers, and an introduction on the "modern short-story." Most of these selections are sufficiently interesting narrative material, but three of the longest—R. H. Davis's "The Exiles," Kipling's "The Man Who Would Be King," and Margaret Deland's "Unexpectedness of Mr. Shields"—grossly violate the laws of technique laid down in the introduction.

There would be no occasion to speak of the evasions and sophistries and extravagancies of the introduction, except for the fact that the book is intended for the unsophisticated, and for the additional fact that its most flagrant faults are constantly committed by other exponents of the *genre*. With bovish enthusiasm, the authors, ignoring Emerson, Coleridge, Victor Hugo, Balzac, Heine, Goethe, *et al.*, declare that Poe was "the highest and rarest genius not only of his nation, but of his age." On what grounds? Well, mainly, it should appear, because only Sir Conan Doyle is as ingenious as Poe; because Jules Verne was not his equal in adventure; and finally, as a clincher, because no one else whatever has been so horrible. But our authors are not concerned merely for the rank of Poe; they are bent upon the apotheosis of the short story. They manage it thus: having put Poe at the head of the age, they remark with quiet significance, "He found in it [the short-story], a sufficient vehicle for his genius"—as who should say, "the drama?—it was big enough for Shakespeare." Still the argument runs a little circular. They buttress it with a string of analogies like this: "A fine intaglio may be as great a work of art as a Grecian statue"—a position which is unassailable, if only the Grecian statue is worthless; but why not insert the word "fine" before the statue, as before the itaglio? All that their illustration comes to is this: A little thing perfected is better than a big thing spoiled; a sound canoe is more valuable for navigation than an ocean liner that will not float. Yet, upon such a base, they build this grave announcement: "Gradually men have come to see that a perfect short-story demands an art even more delicate and rare than a novel." Again, we ask, why not say a perfect novel? And if the talent for writing short stories is so rare and delicate, what shall we make of this: "America has not yet produced a novelist of the calibre of Dickens or Thackeray, or Meredith or Hardy; but it has produced a *host of short-story writers of incomparable excellence*" (our italics)? Dear saints, then we have a "host of writers" here in America with a talent more delicate and rare than that of Thackeray or Hardy? What shall we make of this: "Ambrose Bierce and Lloyd Osbourne . . . have done work [in the short-story] so admirable that it does not suffer greatly in comparison with that of the most famous writers"? What shall we make of this: "In no other country, except France, is it possible for a writer to make a reputation upon a single magazine story; but in America this has happened more than once"? It does not seem to have struck our authors that anything can be wrong with America. But is it not time to come to an end with this nonsense about the short-story?

Of "Labrador, the Country and the People" (Macmillan), about two-thirds were written by Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell and the rest by competent scientific specialists. "I am myself an optimist," says the chief author, and, he might have added, an enthusiast; and there can be no doubt that this optimistic ardor in his make-up is responsible for the great and blessed work which this remarkable man has accomplished in the bleak northland, and for the warm admiration, and even affection, which he has inspired even in those who have never set eyes upon him. Dr. Grenfell has made many efforts to interest the world in Labrador and its people, with the laudable ambition of furthering his ambitions there, but none so elaborate and, it is to be hoped, so efficacious as this book, which may be called a description of Labrador, geological, historical, ethnographical, physical, faunal, commercial, and social. Though written for the most part in popular style, it is very complete, some of the chapters, such as those on the Indians, by William B. Cabot, and the flora, by E. B. Delabarre, being especially thorough. The other scientific portions are also excellent. The volume, while making use of statistics only to a reasonable degree, contains about all that any inquirer needs to know. The compiler's intention has been to make it practical and informative, and it contains no sermons. Neither is Dr. Grenfell a sentimentalist, much less a mollycoddle. He is an enthusiastic though sportsmanlike and humane fisherman and hunter, and takes one occasion to poke fun at the tender-hearted lover of the mild-eyed seal, which eats its prey alive, and will often leave it to die a lingering death after taking a single bite out of it. Needless to say, Dr. Grenfell is a firm believer in the future of Labrador, in its eventual complete reclamation to the uses of mankind; for "the hand of man has grappled with harder problems than this presents." He draws comfort and conviction from the accomplishments of Burbank, from Newell's irrigation of the deserts of the West, from the damming of the Nile, and he looks forward to a blooming and a productive Labrador. The book is both interesting and inspiring. It is profusely illustrated and contains a good index.

James Brown Scott, who was American technical delegate at the second Peace Conference, follows up his two heavy volumes on the Conferences of 1899 and 1907 and the supplementary volume of texts, with a compilation of the addresses delivered at the second Conference by the American delegates, Mr. Choate, Gen. Porter, and the author. On the question of the establishment of a permanent court of arbitral justice, Mr. Choate spoke with admirable force and conviction. Mr. Scott drew up the report laid by the special examining commission before the plenary conference. If the court of arbitral justice came out of the Conference an elaborate mechanical scheme, completely without life, an august tribunal without judges, it was not the fault of our dele-

gates, who did their best to appease the fears and prejudices of the small nations on whose opposition the plan was shipwrecked. The volume is published for the International School of Peace by Ginn & Co.

A new volume, the ninth, of the Calendars of Letter Books of the City of London, edited by Dr. R. R. Sharpe, Records Clerk to the Corporation, has recently been issued. It covers the period from 1400 to 1422, the reigns of Henry IV and Henry V, and, while less important than its immediate predecessor for the history of London, contains a valuable record of mediæval municipal life, chiefly social and economic in character. Dr. Sharpe has not printed in any of the volumes the Latin originals as they stand in the Letter Books, but has furnished a continuous digest in modern English, with the dates filled in throughout (a task of great difficulty), with short notes added, where needful, and with an admirable preface calling attention to the significance of the events recorded. In the period embraced by the volume the city underwent no such constitutional dissensions and changes as were met with in the previous volume, consequently the reader's attention is drawn rather to national than to municipal affairs—the renewal of the war with France, rebellion in Scotland and Wales, and the extinguishing of Lollardry. We are impressed with the large part played by the men of London in the affairs of the country, particularly such as concern the King and Parliament on the financial side, and are interested in one or two minor details contributory to precision in knowledge, such as the exact day and hour when Henry IV died—between seven and eight o'clock on the morning of March 20—a fact hitherto unknown to historians. Though Richard Whittington, thrice Mayor of London, appears frequently in these pages, very little is given that adds to our knowledge of this hero of childhood's romance.

"Esthetics" (Holt), by Kate Gordon, is a well-arranged college text-book, which deals chiefly with the principles of the several arts. It is written with spirit, and, with a few exceptions—Benedetto Croce's stimulating work has been overlooked—is quite abreast of modern research. For abridging the psychological introduction there may be sound pedagogical reasons, but, because the subjective bases of beauty are summarily treated, the foundation of the edifice is insecure. The author has a leaning towards those theories of motor participation which are characteristic of the French school, and of William James's analysis. She finds, with her master, Professor Dewey, that an emotion is essentially a consciousness of conflicting impulses which have been induced by bodily changes, but nowhere clearly discriminates æsthetic from non-æsthetic emotions. Here Croce's dogma that æsthetic expression is a necessary stage in intellection, the æsthetic moment being merely a suspension—a conscious lingering over what is usually a momentary and half-automatic experience—would have helped out her psychology. The succinct account of the principles of the arts is well done, though naturally much that is highly contentious is presented as if it were assured. The importance of the sense of similitude as the basis of artistic creation is exaggerated. A sense of differences is only less necessary. In the chapter on color one surmises some rather futile laboratory experiments. Except to a bull or a bullfrog, unapplied color has practically no æsthetic value, whatever laboratory subjects, under the need of saying something, may imply to the contrary. The art value of the epic is underestimated, on the warranty of Poe's dislike of the long poem. That certain artificial epics, or perhaps romances is the better word, are enjoyed only in spots, is possibly true. To fail to perceive the cumulative and slowly gathered force of the great traditional narratives argues a very modern and rather limited taste. A similar philistinism affects the treatment of the poetic drama. But one can understand how a young writer, who may never have heard a competent recitation of dramatic verse, should think that the poetry counts only in flagrant purple patches. Generally, this book is marked by sound scholarship and good sense. For classes or for unattached beginners it may safely be recommended.

"The Problem of Evil, a Criticism of the Augustinian Point of View," by Marion Le Roy Burton, president-elect of Smith College, is a careful and creditable piece of work upon a threadbare subject. It was written while Dr. Burton was still a graduate student, and its publication in book form calls for no extended notice. It is accurate and sound, but contributes nothing new or especially significant. (The Open Court Co.)

Dr. Louis Klopsch, proprietor and editor of the *Christian Herald*, and widely known as an organizer of famine relief funds, died in New York on March 7, at the age of fifty-seven. He was a native of Germany.

Dr. Gustav Liebermann, a Hebrew writer on theology, and a contributor of articles on literary topics to American and foreign magazines, died on February 28 in this city, at the Lebanon Hospital, of which he was a founder. He was born in Austria in 1854, graduated at the University of Budapest, and came to this country about thirty-four years ago.

Hans Jaeger, the Norwegian author, whose novel, "Bohemian Life in Christiania," aroused much comment about twenty-five years ago, and caused his imprisonment for two months, died recently.

Prof. Erich Haupt, the German theologian, died recently at Halle, at the age of sixty-eight. He had been professor of New Testament exegesis at Greifswald, and (since 1888) at Halle. His publications include "Der erste Brief des Johannes," "Die alttestamentlichen Zitate in den vier Evangelien," "Die Kirche und die akademische Lehrfreiheit," "Die Bedeutung der Heiligen Schrift für den evangelischen Christen," and "Die eschatologischen Aussagen Jesu in den synoptischen Evangelien." He was editor of the *Deutsch-Evangelischen Blätter*.

Hermann Heiberg, the German novelist, died recently, at the age of sixty-nine. He was a native of Schleswig, and had been the director of the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, and a representative of the *Hamburger Correspondent*, and of the *Gartenlaube*. His long list of works includes "Fluch der Schönheit," "Die goldene Schlange," "Apotheke Heinrich," "Norddeutsche Menschen," "Ein Mann," "Zwei Frauen," "Heimat," and "Die schwarze Marit." His collected works, in eighteen volumes, were published at Leipzig in 1894-96.

Tal Talson Melstad, the Icelandic historian, died recently at Reykjavik, at the great age of ninety-seven. He had published a "History of the North."

Science.

Diamonds. By Sir William Crookes, LL.D., D.Sc., F.R.S. New York: Harper & Bros. 75 cents net.

The diamond, the hardest of all gems, has always had a fascination for the great physicists, and notably for Robert Boyle, Sir David Brewster, and Dr. Henry Draper. In the seventeenth century Robert Boyle published a volume on precious stones, and many of his observations on the diamond may still be read with interest. In the past century, Sir David Brewster and Dr. Henry Draper both published works on the properties peculiar to the diamond, and now we have, from the pen of Sir William Crookes, a valuable monograph on this subject. This distinguished physicist has made many observations on the diamond, and was invited by the British Association, in the year 1905, to deliver a lecture at Kimberley, where the association held its annual meeting, the sum of £600 being devoted to the lecture, while more than this amount was expended for the various materials employed. So keen was the demand for seats that the tickets which fell into the hands of speculators sold readily at £5 each, and it was found necessary to repeat the lecture.

This lecture suggested the present volume, which contains not only many original and valuable contributions to science, but many additional facts concerning the origin of the diamond, its occurrence in Cape Colony, Kimberley, etc., the work in the great mines, and also discussions of occurrences in India, Brazil, and Arkansas. An interesting fact brought out by the author's close study of the crystals from different mines is that the product of each mine has a distinctive character. This is so marked that a trained observer can tell from which particular locality a parcel of stones has been obtained. To this rule there are but very few exceptions.

On page 98 an effect of the action of radiant matter upon the diamond is noted. When a diamond is subjected to the bombardment of the electrons in a radiant-matter tube, the surface of the stones, in a short time, becomes black. Both Sir William Crookes and Henri Moissan have shown that this superficial coating is graphite, produced by the fusion of the outermost layer of the diamond; and it has been estimated that a temperature of 3,600 degrees centi-

grade was generated by the attack of the electrons, although this intense heat was so rapidly diffused through the body of the crystal that it could not be noticed on the tube.

That an element of truth may exist even in an erroneous theory is an undoubted fact. An illustration of this is offered by the statement of Pliny that if the diamond were laid upon an anvil and struck with a hammer, both hammer and anvil would be fractured, but the diamond would remain unharmed. This story, offered on hearsay evidence by Pliny, and servilely copied from him by all mediæval writers, is, of course, quite incorrect; the facile cleavage of the diamond would cause it to break up into a number of pieces if treated in this way. And yet Pliny would have seen a proof of the essential truth of his account, could he have assisted at an experiment described by Sir William Crookes (p. 92):

> The intense hardness of the diamond can be illustrated by the following experiment: On the flattened apex of a conical block of steel place a diamond, and upon it bring down a second cone of steel. On forcing together the two steel cones by hydraulic pressure the stone is squeezed into the steel blocks without injuring it in the slightest degree.

Of the questioned occurrence of diamonds in the meteorite of Cañon Diablo, in Arizona, the writer says (p. 139):

> The mineral peridot is a constant extra-terrestrial visitor, present in most meteorites. And yet no one doubts that peridot is also a true constituent of rocks formed on this earth. The spectroscope reveals that the elementary composition of the stars and the earth are pretty much the same; and the spectroscope also shows that meteorites have as much of earth as of heaven in their composition. Indeed, not only are the selfsame elements present in meteorites, but they are combined in the same way to form the same minerals as in the crust of the earth.

These considerations, and the fact that iron at a high temperature and subjected to great pressure may be called "the long-sought solvent for carbon," leads the author to assert that the evidence afforded by the Cañon Diablo and other meteorites proves "that on more than one occasion a meteorite freighted with jewels has fallen as a star from the sky."

Drama.

Aristophanes and the Political Parties at Athens. By Maurice Croiset. Translated by James Loeb. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

When Hazlitt undertook to write on comedy in general, he had the singular honesty to say that, knowing little of Aristophanes, he would say little, and when he adds that, for the same reason, he will pass over Lucian, one feels that this will never do. George Meredith was better equipped. After reading Croiset's careful and scholarly discussion of the political and social views of Aristophanes in which a thesis is maintained and illustrated by analyses of the eleven extant plays (he wrote forty), it is refreshing to turn to "The Idea of Comedy" and regain the Meredithian standpoint. "There is an Idea in his Comedies," says Meredith; "it is the Idea of good citizenship." Aristophanes's good citizen will, no doubt, be one who frowns on all novelties, partly because it is the nature of the comic spirit to be conservative, to praise the old, to fix the gaze on Marathon and Salamis, and make game of recent strategy at Sphacteria, partly because Aristophanes feared the excesses of the Ionian temperament. He saw these unstable Athenians demanding empire, but refusing to pay the price for it, except spasmodically; already too ingenious, they were being trained by the sophists into dangerous habits of analysis, while they were flattered by demagogues into keeping up a ruinous war. Like Plato, Aristophanes would have had them choose in education and literature the more austere and less fascinating, and in politics the less individualistic, the old and tried. But his first duty was to make them laugh. A playwright with his talent for mordant raillery was not likely to refrain from caricature whether of a professor who was teaching the young to be too clever, like Socrates, or of Euripides, with his sentimental tragedy and his new music, or of the socialistic woman in politics, like Praxagora, carrying out in public life that feminine ideal of simply making everybody comfortable, which every man, in his heart, thinks should be limited to the home. There is always a ridiculous side to a new fashion, and it is a question beside the mark whether Aristophanes genuinely hated, as Browning thought, almost everything that makes the Young Athenian so interesting to us.

What is still less easy to decide is whether the tendency that he ridiculed was associated in his mind with the oligarchs or the democrats, or with neither party in particular. Did he desire to pull down democracy or to reform it, since we must admit that he aimed at something more than merely entertaining the Athenians at their own expense? Was he, as Couat thinks, the paid voice of the aristocracy; did he in all his plays carry on a campaign in its behalf, lament its fall, and prepare its revenge? Or was he throughout his career seriously devoted to the interests of the rural middle-class? The latter is the theory of Croiset, whose book has been translated by Mr. Loeb.

Here, then, are two French scholars of about equal distinction, totally at variance as to the political meaning of the plays of Aristophanes. The fact is that to search for consistency in the utterances of the comic spirit, except perhaps the consistency of commonsense, will always end in this deadlock; and in the exuberant abundance of an Aristophanes you are pretty likely to find the personal creed for which you are looking. To give one or two examples: There are good critics who see Alcibiades under the mask of Peisthetærus in the "Birds"; Croiset and Couat agree that the play is pure fantasy. Busolt can see in the "Thesmophoriazusæ" the "signs of coming storm at Athens"; Croiset cannot imagine to what Busolt refers. For Couat, the "Knights," in which Demos appears as an imbecile, is a sort of political manifesto, like "The Englishman's Home," and the picture of his sudden conversion in the *dénouement* is merely the poet, like Rosebery, safeguarding his retreat. For Croiset, that conversion is the real point of the play, and its meaning is that nothing can save Athens but a return to the agricultural life. At this rate one might say he was in favor of female suffrage because it is a woman in politics, Lysistrata, whom he chooses to utter his most sensible and most appealing message to Sparta and Athens in the name of Hellenic brotherhood. This sort of treatment reminds one of a recent writer who sees everywhere in the story of fourth-century Athens the growing influence of malaria, even in the improvement in the position of women, whom their husbands now began to love because they nursed them so well. Croiset marshals his arguments better than Couat, and is therefore more convincing to read. But the strength of French criticism lies in this: that a Frenchman seldom suppresses what is against his theory, and in their summing up both Couat and Croiset rise above their theses and silence your misgivings by their generous allowances to the comic spirit. Both books may be read with profit as intelligent studies of Athenian life.

Mr. Loeb's translation is well done, and, like his translation of Decharme's "Euripides," should be of use to many English readers. There are a few misprints, such as *Archarnians* (p. 54), "Hypponicus" (p. 117), and *Greichen* (p. 172). One is grateful for the exhaustive index, which was lacking in the original, and for the introduction by Prof. John Williams White.

John Galsworthy's latest play, "Justice," the first production in Charles Frohman's new Repertory Theatre in London, is a modern, realistic tragedy of the most uncompromising sort. In effect, it is a powerful protest against the application of identical methods of punitive justice to offenders of every degree. The story is the simplest imaginable. A lawyer's clerk,

hitherto innocent and harmless, in sheer desperation, at the appeal of a woman whom he loves, to save her from the brutality of a drunken husband, forges a small check. He is promptly arrested and tried, the scene in court—very grim and exact—being intended to show how utterly indifferent, in the presence of hard facts, a British court may be to comparatively valid pleas in extenuation. The clerk is sent to prison and the third act shows a victim of melancholia—on the verge of actual insanity—in his solitary cell. In the final act he is free only to find that the woman, for whom he had suffered, has been driven by poverty into the arms of her employer. In the vain effort to get work he writes a false reference for character, and, being arrested, commits suicide rather than go to prison again.

The first series of John S. Farmer's Tudor Facsimile Texts is now completed, and consists of thirty-eight volumes at 17s. 6d. each, one double volume at 42s. net, and four double volumes at 35s. net each; total forty-three volumes at £42 7s. net. These have been noticed in the *Nation* as they appeared. Mr. Farmer now announces that he has severed his connection with the publishers, the Messrs. Jack, and will as his own publisher bring out a second series of volumes similar to the first, beginning with "Sir Thomas More" (Harl. MS. 7368, c. 1590), "Gammer Gurton's Needle" (c. 1551), "Edward III" (1596), and "The Yorkshire Tragedy" (1608), which are now, or soon will be, ready. As in the earlier series, 125 copies only of each volume are printed. We need scarcely emphasize again the value of these handsome photographic reproductions for minute students of the English drama. Subscriptions can be sent through any regular book agency, or directly to the editor at Little Missenden, Bucks, England.

Sarah Bernhardt presented in Paris on March 2 Jean Richepin's French rendering of a four-act tragedy, "La Beffa," by Sembenelli, a young Italian dramatist. Mme. Bernhardt acted, very effectively, it is said, the male rôle of Giannetto Malespina, a cruel and treacherous Florentine nobleman, combining the characteristics of Tiago and Lorenzaccio.

Louis James, the American actor, died on March 5, in his dressing room in a theatre in Helena, Mont. He was born in Illinois in 1842, and in 1863 made his first appearance on the stage under the management of McAuley in Louisville. Then for six years he played with the stock company of the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, under the direction of Mrs. John Drew. In 1871 he joined Augustin Daly, with whose companies he played in many characters, among them Doricourt, Joseph Surface, Young Marlow, and Bill Sykes. In Joseph Surface he was particularly successful, giving the character a blend of cynical humor, external polish, and bland hypocrisy which was exactly appropriate to it. For five years he acted with Lawrence Barrett, which whom he was especially effective in the rôle of Beppo the jester, in "Francesca da Rimini." In 1893, he appeared as a star in "The Lion's Mouth," and then joined Frederick Warde, with whom he played for several seasons in Shakesperian and other legitimate drama, acting both tragic and comic parts with considerable success. When this partnership was dissolved, he took the field alone. He won popular favor in such famous and diverse parts as Virginius, Falstaff, Richelieu, Ingomar, and Shylock. His latest impersonation was that of Peer Gynt. James was competent in comedy, and, at his best, a fine actor, but he never quite fulfilled the promise of his early youth.

Moses Horowitz, who wrote many Yiddish plays which had been produced in New York East Side theatres, died in this city on March 4, at the age of seventy-six. He was born in Bucharest, Rumania, and was well known as a theatrical manager in Austria before he came to this country, in 1882. "Ben Hador," produced six years ago, was the most successful of his plays. Five years ago a venture to produce grand opera in Yiddish at the Windsor Theatre consumed all of Horowitz's savings, and when he was stricken with paralysis following his misfortunes, his friends provided for his care in the Montefiore Home.

Music.

THE CHOPIN CENTENARY.

PARIS, February 25.

From the many notable voices that have been celebrating in France the hundredth anniversary of Chopin's birth, there have come a few words of lasting interest. Charles Widor gives an anecdote significant in nineteenth-century musical history, and an authentic observation of Chopin's keeping of time in playing his own pieces.

In 1832 Chopin came to Paris from Vienna and took lodgings. Next door there was a piano going, played by no mean hand. He learned that his neighbor, a tall, thin, long-haired Frenchman of about his own age, was a first-prize man of the Conservatoire. It was Ambroise Thomas; and the two were soon fast friends. Early one morning, Chopin rang at Thomas's door. "Get up! At eight o'clock the Société des Concerts is going to read a composition of a young German who has come to me with great recommendations." The young German was Mendelssohn, and his composition was the overture of the "Midsummer Night's Dream." The orchestra showed only too plainly its indifference to the new music. Chopin was aflame. "Think of the poetry of it, the sure technique, the invention—and those performers who understand nothing and feel nothing!" So the two friends did their best to comfort the unappreciated German and took him off to breakfast.

Ambroise Thomas had sixteen years of Chopin's intimacy, saw his work grow, and knew it by heart; and he gave this authentic direction about playing it. Chopin played rigorously in time. Whatever liberties his right hand might be taking, his left kept on scanning the time as exactly as a pendulum. Amateurs have come to believe that Chopin's style was to play without measure, always more or less in *tempo rubato*, as if his fancy were having hysterics. Artists have stuck to the true, wholesome tradition. Francis Planté wagered lately that he would play one of the last Barcarolles and not be caught in a single fault of isochronism in the bass, while keeping to his usual free execution. He seemed to pay no attention to the metronome, but his basses fell with the mathematical regularity of a chronometer. Planté is now past seventy; the younger musicians were glad to have lost their bet for the lesson. Ambroise Thomas also maintained that Chopin was not nearly so much interested in the effects as in the charm of sound and precision of the rhythm. He played clearly, bringing out the exact value of each detail in making up the whole. His *legato* and limpid polyphony have not been rivalled, while he was the soul of probity in the interpretation of the musical text.

Chopin's true place in the history of piano music is curiously appreciated on this occasion by well-known composers, particularly of the younger school. Théodore Dubois, who was a Grand Prix de Rome of the Conservatoire all but fifty years ago: "Chopin and Schumann entirely renewed the manner of writing music for the piano." Vincent D'Indy: "All I can say is that Chopin seems to me an improviser (unfortunately) of genius (fortunately)." Claude Debussy: "I almost loved Chopin when I began loving music—and I have continued." Alfred Bruneau: "Under the light arabesques with which Chopin the pianist adorned the grave melodies of Chopin the musician, we feel there is a free heart uttering itself as no other ever did before." Gaston Salayre bears witness that he heard Liszt play the chief works of Chopin—"and Liszt admired them profoundly. Is there any more valuable homage to Chopin's memory?" Camille Erlanger: "Chopin's influence is flagrant in ultra-modern music." And Fernand Le Borne: "Chopin for the piano was what the Colossus of Bayreuth was for the orchestra."

A TCHAIKOVSKY OPERA.

Inasmuch as the most popular of all symphonic works during the last decade has been the "Pathétique" of Tchaikovsky, it seems odd that until last Saturday no attempt should have been made to produce one of his operas in this country. There are eight of them that are more or less familiar in Russia: "The Oprichnik," "Vakoula the Smith," "Eugene Oniegin," "The Maid of Orleans," "Mazeppa," "The Enchantress," "Pique Dame," "Iolanthe." Two of these, "Eugene Oniegin," and "Pique Dame," are also heard occasionally in Germany; but in this city we have never got a nearer glimpse of the operatic side of Russia's greatest composer than the production of "Eugene Oniegin," in concert form, by Walter Damrosch, a few years ago. Altogether, apart from the intrinsic value of the

opera. Saturday's production of "Pique Dame" at the Metropolitan was therefore a notable event. Gustav Mahler conducted the performance, the opera was beautifully staged, and the cast included Emmy Destinn, Anna Meitschik, Florence Wickham, Alma Gluck, Leo Slezak, Adamo Didur, Adolf Mühlmann, John Forsell. The reception of the novelty (which was written in 1890) was favorable, but not enthusiastic. It is not likely that many of those who heard it shared the opinion of the composer, expressed to his brother Modeste (who is responsible for the libretto), that "Pique Dame" is a masterpiece.

"Pique Dame" (in English, "Queen of Spades") is the name of an aged countess on whom, in her youth, famous men had danced attendance, and who had also had such great luck at the gaming-tables that she was reputed the possessor of a secret combination of cards capable of winning every game. A young St. Petersburg officer named Hermann resolves to find out this secret, and thus win the money he needs to elope with Liza, the countess's granddaughter. Liza is engaged to Prince Jeletsky, but favors Hermann. She gives him the keys to her own apartments and those of the countess, before whom he appears in the night, and, pistol in hand, demands the secret, so frightening her that she expires. Subsequently, in his barracks, her ghost appears to him, showing him the three cards. Liza waits near the Winter Canal, ready to fly with him. But when he comes, he raves about the cards, ignores her, and she, in despair, after he has left, throws herself into the Neva. In the last scene we see Hermann at the gambling-tables testing his secret. On the first two cards shown him by the ghost, he wins; but when he comes to the third, it proves to be, instead of the expected ace, the queen of spades. In a fit of despair and madness he stabs himself.

Tchaikovsky composed the music to this grewsome libretto of his brother, as he wrote to him, "with pleasure and self-oblivion"; yet it does not show his genius at its best. There is a great deal of operatic small talk accompanying the dialogue, and there are no grand climaxes to atone for it, such as his purely orchestral works contain in abundance. He himself was particularly pleased with the scene in which Hermann visits the old Queen of Spades and causes her death; and here the music certainly is inspired, and equal in grewsomeness to the dramatic situation. The storm music in the first act is not particularly effective. Lyrically, the loveliest number is a duo in the second act. Charming also is the old pastoral ballet in the same act, with music *à la Mozart*. Tchaikovsky adored Mozart and despised Wagner. His chances of success as an opera composer—like those of Rubinstein, who held the same attitude—would have been much greater had he also adored Wagner, and learned from him the secret of constructing a successful modern opera. Tolstoi advised him strongly to give up the pursuit of theatrical success, because of "the complete falseness of opera." Referring to this in a letter, Tchaikovsky adds: "I, too, when I am writing an opera, feel so constrained and fettered that I often think I will never compose another." It would have been well had he followed this inclination, and given all his time to purely instrumental music.

Art.

"Old English Colour Prints," by Malcolm C. Salaman, is one of those fully illustrated special numbers with which the *International Studio* occasionally favors its readers. The appeal of these tinted engravings is æsthetically rather small. The English artisan engravers went in for the obviously engaging qualities, and never attained that thoughtful beauty of tone which makes a print by Lavreince an authentic work of art. Any powdery charm in the originals is much attenuated in the forty fac-similes which illustrate this number. The appeal is to the incipient collector who would familiarize himself with the most noted subjects. Mr. Salaman's observation on the limited taste of collectors of these trifles is worth repeating. "It is," he says, "a curious and noteworthy fact that the collector of old English color-prints has rarely, if ever, any sympathy with modern art, however fine, however beautiful."

Many students know the Art Museum of the University of Oxford for its drawings by Leonardo, Michelangelo, and Raphael; a smaller class may be acquainted with the Arundel marbles, the Renaissance bronzes of the Fortnum collection, or the small but fine group of paintings by the English Pre-Raphaelites. A handbook just issued, "Ashmolean Museum: Summary Guide" (Oxford: Printed for The Visitors), reveals riches which only the inner circle will have known. In Ægean and Hittite archæology the collection of this museum, comprising fac-similes as well as originals, is elsewhere unequalled. Most readers, then, will turn first to the section on Ægean (sometimes called more restrictedly Minoan) antiquities, which is written by the keeper of the museum, the well-known Cretan excavator, D. G. Hogarth. These pages contain not merely a reasoned inventory of the galleries, but also give a succinct account of the nature of Ægean art, so lately recovered from Crete, and of its importance as the forerunner of Hellenic civilization. Since the museum is also rich in Egyptian, especially in Pre-dynastic objects, and contains, aside from the Hittite collection, numbers of Cypriote, Phœnician, Babylonian, and Cycladic exhibits, its importance for the study of the primitive art of the eastern Mediterranean is obvious. This little pocket guide has been written by half a dozen specialists, comprising or allied with the staff of the museum, and revised by the keeper. It is primarily intended for lay visitors, but will be useful to all students of the history of art.

The second volume of Lewis F. Day's "Nature and Ornament" (Scribner importation) bears the subtitle: "Ornament, the Finished Product of Design." After establishing the main classification of ornament into naturalistic, conventional, and abstract, he shows by historic examples typical adaptations of natural forms—flowers, vines, trees, animal forms, grotesques. Against naturalism the author sets himself firmly. It seems to us that the geometrical approach to decorative design is the sound one. By dispensing with nature for a time, the beginner learns to use her only when she clearly serves his turn. Naturally Mr. Day's subject, being at least half nature, forbade him to suggest a method of attack with which we fancy he is really in sympathy. How much we need to reinvigorate modern ornament by reference to sturdy geometrical forms is shown in all the examples of modern English design, including the author's. We find many beautiful and intelligent simplifications of natural forms, in detail, but almost no patterns that have consistence as wholes. Beyond a diaper or all-over pattern, the current work is painfully lacking in character. Mr. Day's plea for a balance between independent study of nature and consultation of historical ornament seems to us eminently sound. His pages overflow with well-chosen examples of fine decoration from every field and era of art. Merely as a repertory this book will be useful to practical designers; to beginners it offers valuable direction conveyed with much good sense and geniality.

A useful abridgment of H. M. Cundall's revision of William Chaffers's "Keramic Gallery" appears in the "Collectors' Handbook to Keramics of the Renaissance and Modern Periods," which Charles Scribner's Sons have imported. The merits and limitations of the larger book have already been set forth in these columns (June 18, 1908). From this handbook some of the larger and many of the smaller illustrations have been omitted, but enough are retained to represent each important type of pottery down to about 1880. The text, while necessarily much abbreviated, tells a continuous story. For any collector who does not care to purchase the more expensive and sumptuous work this is an excellent substitute.

The album-like form of "Great Portraits, Women" and "Great Portraits, Children" (Bates & Guild Co.) might lead a casual observer to neglect the text. This would be a mistake, for it is written by the well-known Boston painter and art critic, Philip L. Hale, and it contains many sensible and shrewd observations on portraiture in general. Pure gold is the comment on psychology in portraiture. Says Mr. Hale: "The fact is the term is used very loosely. Some painters study the forms more closely than others, and they are called psychologists. The most that a painter can do is to copy the forms; and if he does it faithfully a something beyond his understanding is now and then created." On minor matters there are grounds of difference with our author. Portraiture does not hang on the development of oil technic. Some of the finest heads we have are in tempera and even in fresco. Nor were incidental portraits of donors rare in Italy before Titian's Pesaro Madonna. In Mantegna and his Northern imitators the practice was common a generation before Titian's activity, while in Florentine frescoes, portraiture of a masterly quality lags only a bare ten years behind the Van Eycks. Æsthetically, one might quarrel with the dictum that, for painting purposes, a woman should be very young or very old. Excluding the moderns, who have almost specialized on the woman of thirty years, Dürer, Holbein, Lotto, to go no further, afford memorable instances to the contrary. A fastidious reader will regret the oversprinkling of the text with French terms. One more minor cavil before we have done with these interesting essays: the beautiful marble bust in the Louvre set down here as of unknown au-

thorship has long since been identified as a Francesco Laurana, while the little St. John, in gray stone, of the Bargello, is not by Donatello, but by an early copyist of Desiderio da Settignano. The illustrations of these two volumes range from Leonardo da Vinci to Sir Thomas Lawrence, and are generally well reproduced.

The death is announced of Johann Börjeson, the gifted Swedish sculptor. He was born in Holland in 1835. His principal works include Die Kegelspieler, in the Gothenburg Museum; Die Fischerknaben, in the National Museum at Stockholm, and a colossal statue of the poet Holberg, for the city of Bergen.

Finance.

A CHAPTER IN STEEL TRUST FINANCE.

Last week's resignation from the Steel Corporation's directory, of the last representative of the Rockefeller interest left in its membership, and the reason formally assigned for it, excited widespread comment. From the hour of the company's organization, in March, 1901, public attention has converged incessantly on the question, how many shares did the largest "insiders" hold. At the start, the facts were roughly known. Out of the $1,018,000,000 United States Steel stock issued in March, 1901, $188,500,000 was assigned to the fifty or so junior holders of the Carnegie Steel Company; Carnegie himself having received only bonds. The numerous shareholders in the seven or eight less important steel manufacturing combinations which were taken in, received something over $600,000,000 in the new United States Steel shares.

There remained one very large individual allotment, issued for what an official circular described as "the acquisition of more than 85 per cent. of the stock of the Lake Superior Consolidated Iron Mines, embracing therein the interests of John D. Rockefeller." This 85 per cent. interest footed up $25,000,000; it was exchanged for 270 per cent. in the Steel Corporation's new shares; so that the initial "Rockefeller interest" was a little above $64,000,000. So far as documentary evidence is available, this was the largest single holding of the Steel shares. The next largest, that of one of the Carnegie partners, was a trifle above $50,000,000.

Just a year afterward, another peep at the inside facts became possible. Under the law, the large Steel investors were compelled to file at Trenton, with a statement of their several holdings, their assents to the plan for converting $200,000,000 Steel preferred shares into bonds. It was not possible to say exactly to what extent such "inside interests" signed for the whole of their holdings, and to just what extent they allowed brokers or agents to sign for them. But, taking the declarations as they stood, the list showed that the Rockefeller holdings still made up one of the three largest individual blocks—slightly exceeded, then, by the holdings signed for respectively by Messrs. Phipps and Frick.

The withdrawal of the younger Rockefeller from the directorate, last week, would perhaps have attracted no unusual notice—especially in view of the simultaneous news of his proposed work in the new "Rockefeller Foundation"—but for the official explanation given out by the Chairman of the Board. It was:

> Mr. Rockefeller, jr., states that the only reason for his resignation is that the holdings of stock in the company by members of his family are not sufficiently large to justify his giving any time or attention to the affairs of the corporation.

This was necessarily tantamount to saying that the $64,000,000 Rockefeller interest in the Steel Corporation had been sold out.

When was this done, and why? John D. Rockefeller, although the largest individual investor, personally a director in the company at the start, and represented on the board ever since, until last week, did not cut any figure in the company's earlier history. The "Morgan control," no doubt through the coöperation of the other large single blocks of holdings, was unquestioned. The Rockefeller interests raised no question, during 1901 and 1902, over the two very much-discussed fiscal moves—the 4 per cent. initial dividend on "Steel common," and the plan to turn $200,000,000 preferred stock into bonds.

In 1903 came a change of position in the field of high finance. Some very large holders of the Steel shares had engaged in other and far more perilous promoting experiments. The projects came to grief; the hour arrived of tightening credit and undigested securities. Many of these financiers had to throw their Steel shares overboard; the price, which had risen to 55 in 1901, fell by March, 1904, to 8⅜. But it was well understood in Wall Street that the "Standard Oil interests" had put their own house in order before the storm began, and it was inferred that, around the lower prices, the Rockefellers were buying the Steel shares with which the other interests were forced to part. Towards the close of 1903, when the Stock Exchange operations of the syndicate which had engaged to deliver preferred stock in exchange for bonds were exciting angry public protest, a halt was suddenly called on the whole proceeding. With only three-fourths of the allotted $200,000,000 thus exchanged, the "stock conversion" stopped. Rightly or wrongly, Wall Street ascribed the veto on it to the Rockefeller interests, backed by their increased holdings of the Steel shares.

Whether because of this new interest or not, but at any rate with its approval, three years of very conservative management ensued. The dividend on Steel common was neither earned nor paid in 1904; but even when earnings improved again, it was nearly two years before dividends were resumed, and the rate then fixed was only half what it had been in 1901. Two to five times as much as formerly was appropriated every year for improvement and construction. This lasted up to the panic

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of 1907, through which the Steel Corporation passed with less trouble than it experienced in 1903—a result unquestionably attributable to the wise husbanding of resources and building up of surplus during 1905, 1906, and the early months of 1907. When the panic came, Wall Street discovered an interesting fact. Certain of the "Standard Oil interests," though by no means all of them, were caught in the market as a result of their speculations of 1906, precisely as certain of their rivals had, in 1903, been involved because of 1902. There was also reason to believe that the people whose "Steel" they had bought, at the bargain prices of four years before, had prepared for 1907 as the "Standard Oil interests" themselves had prepared for 1903. There was apparently another extensive shifting of holdings, during the panic period, from one "inside interest" to another; the Stock Exchange asserted that virtual control had passed again into the hands which had relinquished it in 1903. Perhaps because this stock predominance was now recovered, restoration of the 4 per cent. common stock dividend, the very peculiar speculation in the stock, and its rise almost to par, made up the next chapter—that of 1909.

When, then, were the original Rockefeller holdings of "Steel" closed out? It has been shown that certain "Standard Oil interests" were engaged in forced liquidation during the panic. But that this hard-pressed group of financiers included the man who sold his Lake Superior property, in 1901, for $64,000,000 in the Steel shares, was never imagined for a moment. John D. Rockefeller, indeed, during the crisis of October, 1907, was busy advancing money to help out the hard-pressed trust companies. If he did not sell his "Steel" before the low prices of the panic, he is fairly certain not to have sold them until some time afterward. There are those who hazard the guess that, since retirement of the last Rockefeller director from the Steel Corporation's board was not announced until March, 1910, the closing-out process must have been effected in the last months of 1909, when the fiscal policies of 1905 and 1906 were changed, when dividends were twice increased in advance of resumption of construction appropriations, and when Steel common, in last autumn's excited speculation, rose to 94⅞.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

Armes, E. The Story of Coal and Iron in Alabama. Birmingham, Ala.: Chamber of Commerce.

Blackstone, E. M. The American Woman's Cook Book. Chicago: Laird & Lee. $1.50.

Bronson, E. B. In Closed Territory. Chicago: McClurg & Co. $1.75 net.

Browne, P. E. A Fool There Was. H. K. Fly Co.

Bushnell, D. I. The Choctaw of Bayou Lacomb, Louisiana. Bureau of American Ethnology, Bulletin 48. Washington: Gov. Ptg. Office.

Chubb, E. W. Stories of Authors, British and American. Sturgis & Walton.

Davies, A. E. The Moral Life: a Study in Genetic Ethics. Library of Genetic Science and Philosophy, Vol I. Baltimore: Review Pub. Co.

Dictionary of the English Language. Student's edition. Funk & Wagnalls. $5.

Erckmann-Chatrian's Madame Thérèse. Intro., notes, etc., by E. Manley. Boston: Heath & Co. 40 cents.

Evans, M. B. Der bestrafte Brudermord, sein Verhältniss zu Shakespeares Hamlet. Hamburg: Leopold Voss.

Everhart, E. A Handbook of U. S. Public Documents. Minneapolis: H. W. Wilson Co.

Foster, H. D., and Fay, S. B. A Syllabus of European History, 375-1870. Third edition. Hanover, N. H.: Dartmouth College. 50 cents.

Green, A. K. The House of the Whispering Pines. Putnam. $1.50.

Hauptmann, G. Hannele: a Dream Poem. Rendered into English verse and prose by C. H. Meltzer. Doubleday, Page.

Hotchkiss, G. B. Business Correspondence. Part II, Modern Business. Alexander Hamilton Institute.

Hubbell, G. A. Horace Mann, Educator, Patriot, and Reformer. Phila.: W. F. Fell Co. $1.50.

Jenks, G. C. The Climax. From the play by E. Locke. H. K. Fly Co.

John the Unafraid. Chicago: McClurg & Co.

Joline, A. H. At the Library Table. Boston: R. G. Badger.

Jordon, G. A. The Great Assurance, Boston: Pilgrim Press. 35 cents net.

Lessing, O. E. Die neue Form. Dresden: Carl Reissner.

Lucia, R. Stories of American Discoverers for Little Americans. American Book Co. 40 cents.

Marriott, C. The Intruding Angel. Lane Co. $1.50.

Mazelière, Marquis de la. Le Japon. Vols. IV. and V. Paris: Librairie Plon-Nourrit et Cie.

Meader, C. L. The Usage of Idem, Ipse, and Words of Related Meaning. Macmillan.

Montgomery, K. L. The Cardinal's Pawn. Chicago: McClurg & Co. 75 cents.

Moody, W. V. The Faith Healer: a Play in Three Acts. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Report of the Commissioner of Labor, 1908. Workmen's Insurance and Benefit Funds in the United States. Washington: Government Printing Office.

Rothfeld, O. Indian Dust. Lane Co. $1.50 net.

Saunders, M. The Girl from Vermont. Phila.: Griffiths & Rowland Press. $1.25.

Tipple, E. S. Freeborn Garrettson. Eaton & Mains. 25 cents net.

Valera, J. Pepita Jiménez. Notes, etc., by C. V. Cusachs. American Book Co. 90 cts.

Waring, R. L. As We See It. Wash.: Press of C. F. Sudwarth.

Waugh, F. A. The Landscape Beautiful. Orange Judd Co. $2 net.

Winter, J. G. The Myth of Hercules at Rome. Macmillan.

Wisconsin Historical Society Proceedings. Fifty-seventh annual meeting held October 21, 1909. Madison, Wis.

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

FOUNDED IN 1865.

[Entered at the New York City Post Office as second-class mail matter.]

The Nation is published and owned by the New York Evening Post Co. Oswald Garrison Villard, President; William J. Pattison, Treasurer; Paul Elmer More, Editor.

Three dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada $3.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union $4.00.

Address THE NATION, Box 794, New York.

Publication Office, 20 Vesey Street.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 17, 1910.

The Week.

The Government's report on the country's foreign trade in February shows that imports of merchandise, last month, ran $4,300,000 above exports. The reason why interest attaches to such an excess of imports is that nothing of the sort has been witnessed at this time of year since 1895. Within that fifteen-year period, the month of February has presented an unbroken series of "export balances," rising as high as $50,000,000 in February, 1900, and $83,000,000 in February, 1908. This change in relation of exports and imports is not an accident of a single month. When imports ran beyond exports last June, the occurrence was noted as the first import excess of any month in thirteen years. July and August repeated the showing; even when the heavy export movement of produce began in the autumn, the excess of exports was extremely meagre, as compared with other recent years. For the full eight-month period from the middle of last year to the beginning of this month, exports ran $189,000,000 above imports, as compared with $341,000,000 a year ago. The excess of exports was, in fact, nearly $100,000,000 short of that reported for the similar period in any other year since 1896.

It is not necessary to subscribe to the so-called "mercantile theory" to understand that some important economic influence is at work to have caused such a change. The February figures, which are fairly typical of recent months, show a decrease in the export movement, as compared with other recent years. This is accounted for, first by the deficiency of last year's American cotton crop, but also by the fact that American prices, both for cotton and grain, have been held so high that foreign consumers have largely abandoned our market. To explain this situation, the prevalent theory on the grain exchanges is that consumption in our own country has increased so much faster than production that even an old-time "bumper crop" no longer provides a sufficient export surplus. This is a debatable question; and a time when the practice of holding back grain for higher prices is much in vogue is not the best time to establish principles regarding normal supply and demand. But whatever may be said of the export trade, the facts that last month's imports far surpassed all precedent for the period, that each of the past five months had a similar story to tell, and that our importations since the middle of 1909 have exceeded by $90,000,000 even the hitherto unprecedented total of 1907, cannot easily be explained, except on the basis of prices more or less out of joint with the rest of the producing world. These conditions have some bearing on such other phenomena as the current complaints over cost of living in this country, and the recognized activities of speculation in all American commodity markets.

Mississippi is not only to be congratulated upon the defeat of Vardaman, but upon the high character of his successful rival, Leroy Percy. A lawyer of distinction who has practised for years in the highest courts of his State, he has the universal respect of its citizens. It is true that he has been an attorney of corporations, even of railways, but no one believes that this will in any way interfere with his absolute independence as a United States Senator. In his speech at Greenville, after his return to his home upon his election, Mr. Percy gave evidence of his enlightenment by declaring that it was high time that the era of dissension, of strike breeding, of stirring up antagonisms between the races, should come to an end. In this he stands with Senator Gordon, whose brief service of two months was so satisfactorily wound up by a heartfelt expression of the affection he felt for the negro. While Senator Percy was taking his enlightened stand, Vardaman was announcing his candidacy for the vacancy in 1911, his platform to be white supremacy and the repeal of the "negro amendments to the Constitution." In other words, it is negrophobia—the only reason for his notoriety. Fortunately, there are plenty of signs that this is beginning to nauseate the thinking Mississippians. For instance, Dr. J. P. Moore, a highly respected octogenarian, writes to the Yazoo City *Herald* that "it is time that this old hackneyed negroism as a political asset should cease, in view of the universal knowledge that the negro is not a political factor in Mississippi."

It is with pleasure that we note the appearance of the Secretary of War before the House Committee on Military Affairs in opposition to the reinstatement of the seven cadets dismissed from West Point for the Sutton hazing. We, with others, had been led to believe, from press dispatches, that he favored their restoration, as well as that of a group of cadets dismissed before the seven. He has now endorsed the position of Col. Scott, the superintendent of the Military Academy, and this has made it impossible for Congress to put the disgraced cadets back. We regret, however, that at the same time Mr. Dickinson reaffirmed his opinion that there should be varying punishments for the various kinds of hazing. Years of experience at West Point have demonstrated that if this great evil is to be stamped out, it can only be by putting the severest punishment upon its every manifestation. Annapolis and West Point are the only places where hazing of this kind has persisted; as we have previously pointed out, it is worse at West Point than in any civilian school, because of the ability of the torturers to over-awe their victims by means of their military authority.

In 1907, the value of property consumed by fire in the United States, excluding forest fires and marine losses, is placed by the United States Geological Survey at $215,084,709. If we add the excess cost of fire protection necessitated by non-fireproof construction, and the amount of premiums over insurance paid, the total fire loss stands at more than $456,000,000, or above half the value of all buildings constructed within the year in this country. Our per capita fire loss in the year cited was $2.51, as against an average of 33 cents for the urban population of the six leading European countries. The remedy that is usually brought forward and one that is insisted upon in the Geological Survey's report consists in improved building methods that shall approximate fireproof

construction, as an ideal. The principal reason for the great difference between the amount of fire waste in the United States and Europe, says the report, is that there are but few wooden buildings in Europe and practically none in the great cities. And we have authority given on this point, from Trieste, Nice, Lyons, Berlin, and elsewhere. The case is summed up by a quotation from a special consular report:

> In Europe the fire insurance laws are remarkable, chiefly because they compel insurance in some countries, while in all cities they prevent great losses by insisting on the erection of only stone and brick buildings. The fire department systems are ridiculously inadequate as compared with those of American cities, yet the net results are better. French law compels insurance against fire, not only for the benefit of the owner, but for his neighbor.

Within the United States the figures reveal a surprising lack of difference in per capita loss between the city and the country. The Geological Survey's figures show that in 2,976 cities and villages with a population aggregating 34,000,000, the per capita loss was $2.34 in 1907, while the rate for rural districts was $2.49. As a matter of fact, a difference between city and country does show in another set of figures. New England, with New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, an industrial section, having a population of nearly 24,000,000, suffered in 1907 a fire loss of $59,447,000, giving a per capita loss of $2.50. In the same year, eight South Central States, having a population of 16,300,000, predominantly agricultural, suffered a loss of $59,905,000, or $3.66 per head. It is, to say the least, a striking fact that of two sections, the one that is enormously the wealthier should actually suffer a smaller loss than the other.

"There is no princip'e of law or of political economy," says the brief for the Standard Oil Company, "which requires a manufacturer to give away a profit which he can make by economies in manufacture." Very true; and nobody would object either to the profits obtained by the Standard Oil Company or to the amount of business it was able to do, if these were simply the result of "economies in manufacture," unaided by illegal methods of driving competitors out of business. It is one of the curiosities of argumentation that defenders of Trust methods assert with one breath that the economy of large-scale production is such as to give an insuperable advantage to the giant manufacturing concern, and makes something like monopoly inevitable, and in the next breath ask us not to interfere with methods and practices designed to kill competition because it is best to have monopoly. If the economies of production on a gigantic scale are so tremendously effective, why not trust to the natural gravitation of the business toward that condition? Why kill the doomed man before his time by resort to unfair, corrupt, and abhorrent practices? What assurance can the public have, in any given case, that the competitor would have died a natural death if he hadn't been strangled? And finally, how sball we find out how much of the extra profit made by the big concern that has swallowed the little ones is due to economy and how much to its having got its competitors out of the way?

It is a notable victory that Josephine Preston Peabody has won at Stratford-on-Avon, over more than three hundred competitors, with her play "The Piper." To be hailed the winner in a poetic contest in the birthplace of Shakespeare himself is a distinction of which she, and with her all American womanhood, may well be proud. There is a certain significance in the fact that so striking a work should have to go abroad to find managerial appreciation and the certainty of speedy production. So fine a native dramatic product assuredly ought to have found its first theatrical home in New York city. Its merits, whether it is regarded as a poem or a play, are of a sufficiently rare and obvious sort to attract the attention of even a careless reader. They were described in this journal months ago as appealing equally to youthful sympathies and mature intelligence. But the piece has a spiritual and poetical bloom which in stage representation could be preserved only by the most skilful and delicate treatment, and it is satisfactory, therefore, to know that it is to be played by the company of Mr. F. R. Benson, who has done more for the poetic drama than any other living man. Of course, we shall soon have "The Piper" here, now that its merits have been acknowledged elsewhere.

The principle that the King can do no wrong has been extended by Mr. Balfour to the realm of philology. Hardened as the Unionist leader is to King's Speeches, he was forced to confess that the King's Speech which opened the present Parliament was an amazing piece of English. He spoke of the "ambiguities lurking in that remarkable specimen of our mother tongue," and concerning one passage he doubted whether it had any meaning at all, inasmuch as "it appeared to embody two quite different policies which had no connection whatever except that it had been possible to force them into the framework of one ungrammatical sentence." Mr. Balfour, however, referred to the unkind person who said that the King's Speech is always more stupid than the most stupid man in the Ministry, and wondered whether it could not be said that the grammar of it is sometimes worse than that of the most illiterate man in the Cabinet. But just when Mr. Balfour seemed to have subjected himself to the charge of high treason and the *peine forte et dure*, he recalled that it was the Ministers and not his Majesty that are responsible under the Constitution. Mr. Asquith thus has one more sin to answer for.

Consul-General Griffiths of London has just made a report to the Department of Commerce and Labor on the working of the British Labor Exchanges. He says that on the opening day nearly eighty exchanges were in operation and thousands of applications for work were received. The applicants mainly represented the better class of labor. On the first day of the opening in Nottingham 557 workers and 120 employing firms registered. These were followed on the second day by 580 workers and 87 firms. One of the emp'oyers alone applied for sixty skilled hands, and though most of the skilled hands were placed, the registered firms were not able to fill all their vacancies. This fact seems to show that the operation of the law of supply and demand in the labor market is by no means automatic. Resort to the artificial aid of an exchange quickly brought worker and employer together. A labor clearing-house system of some sort would probably prove helpful, wherever intelligently tried. Such was the conviction of Mr. Oscar S. Straus when he was Secretary of the Department of Commerce and Labor. But we have been

content to let England make the first move.

"At the close of his examination," we are told in a recent dispatch from Paris, "Duez coolly criticised the lack of supervision and control, which, he said, was responsible for the embezzlement." Everybody must admit that it *was* pretty cool for the man who had stolen something like $2,000,000 out of the funds entrusted to him as one of the liquidators of church property, to put the blame on the fact that he was too completely trusted. But, after all, was not Duez simply applying to his own case the logic of the environment idea that is so current nowadays among kind-hearted persons in reference to the whole subject of criminality? If it is environment, and heredity, and what not, that are to be blamed for nearly all the wrong-doing in the world, if we are going to hold people completely responsible for their conduct only in cases where the conditions are favorable to right conduct, why may not a man complain with just as much reason of conditions being too soft as of their being too hard? Becky Sharp said it was easy to be virtuous on ten thousand a year; Duez says it is easy to be virtuous if you are constantly watched and guarded. There is a deal of truth in what they both say; but if the rules of law and the judgment of society had been based on these notions, not much would have been left of the forces that go to the making of character.

The *Marine Rundschau*, a publication edited in the German Ministry of Marine, recently published an article on the British naval administration, of such ability as to make English authorities admit that the best-informed British expert could have done no better. The point of especial interest to those interested in the American Navy is that the *Rundschau* article condemns the fusion of the naval engineer and the combatant officer as making entirely too high a demand upon the abilities of a single man. We are inclined to think that if this critic were to follow happenings in the United States Navy, he would find much to confirm him in his opinion that a naval officer ought not to be asked to be at once a fighting expert, an engineer, a leader of men, and a master of battle-tactics. There is great dissatisfaction in the Navy Department with engineering conditions at the Mare Island navy-yard. Complaints of unsatisfactory work on certain vessels are rife. The two new and supposedly fast cruisers West Virginia and Maryland were in such bad shape on their recent voyage from Honolulu that they had to be towed to San Francisco. A lieutenant has just been tried for a boiler explosion on the Colorado, which cost two lives. The collapse of a boiler tube on the North Dakota severely scalded four men. A boiler-tube explosion on the Hopkins at San Diego killed one fireman. The New Orleans steamed out of San Francisco for Shanghai, but had to return because of leaking boilers. So runs the chronicle of only three months.

The acquittal on March 9 of Nicholas Tchaikovsky is a splendid vindication of the force of public opinion. Had the sympathy of America and Great Britain been less clearly manifested in behalf of the man who has stirred public feeling in this country as no other political refugee has done since Louis Kossuth, it would have gone hard with him in St. Petersburg. Not that the tribunal which sat in judgment upon Tchaikovsky acted in direct response to pressure from abroad. The behavior of the judge and jury is at the same time a splendid vindication of the character of the Russian people as opposed to the tyrannous and benighted governmental system under which they live. It needed only that governmental coercion should be relaxed, for a Russian civil court to act in accordance with the dictates of enlightened justice. The Czar's Government, having yielded something, might yield a little more, and a pardon should be forthcoming for Catharine Breshkovsky, who stands sentenced to exile in Siberia. It is, no doubt, a great mercy to this woman of nearly eighty that the usual accompaniment of hard labor was not imposed. But the Government, triumphant over revolution everywhere, can afford to be more generous. Of that latest movement for freedom in Russia, begun with such high hopes five years ago, promising for a time the reconstruction of an empire and a people, and sinking into tragic defeat, this verdict at St. Petersburg marks the finale.

In a detailed study of Turkish finances under the new régime, M. Raphael Lévy, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, arrives at the conclusion that, contrary to general belief, the financial problem in Turkey is by no means the most difficult one. The first two Constitutional budgets raise high hopes for the future. If no complications come up to plunge the country into unforeseen expenditures, we may see the chronic Turkish deficit wiped out in a few years. The increase in customs duties, which the Powers are in a mood to sanction, will swell receipts by a very considerable amount. The interest on the present debt is not a crushing burden, and the sinking-fund operations that are now being carried out on a large scale are an important factor. An extraordinary budget for public works will have to be established, but such an outlay is bound to be productive if carefully managed. Turkey has serious problems to deal with, but the laboriousness and docility of the people should carry the country through.

After Russia, Persia, and China the constitutional movement has seized upon the twelve hundred subjects of the reigning Prince of Monaco. The spirit of democracy has swept throughout the length and breadth of Monaco's eight square miles of territory, and amidst ominous mutterings of the approaching storm the croupiers at Monte Carlo take in their stakes with even more than usual solemnity. The people of a state smiled upon by Fortune to an altogether unprecedented degree have long been the victims of a Prince who has eclipsed the record of the worst king that ever imposed taxation without representation, by giving his subjects neither taxation nor representation. For years Prince Albert has supplied all the revenue for the country without giving his subjects a voice in the spending of it. Relieved of all worry about the tax-collector, and having no industry or commerce to occupy their minds aside from the exportation of a little olive oil, oranges, and lemons, and the importation of an enormous number of wealthy foreigners, the people have had all the more time to brood upon their wrongs. Hence the explosion against a monarch to whom the outbreak must have come as suddenly and as unpleasantly as somebody's breaking the bank at Monte Carlo.

WHAT AILS THE REPUBLICANS?

Gov. Hughes declared in his statement last Thursday night that "this is a critical time for the Republican party in this State." He also referred to that "anxiety for the future" which was implied in the efforts of Senator Root and others to tone up the Republican leadership in New York and make the party policy responsive to the wishes of the voters. But this Republican anxiety for the future is not confined to any one State. It is nearly universal. At Washington the party leaders do not disguise their apprehensions. They are looking forward to this year's elections with not only the fear but the expectation of defeat. The Washington correspondent of a Republican paper put the thing with amazing bluntness the other day:

> There is no disguising the pessimistic tone in which all well-posted Republicans discuss the prospects for the next House. They are all fearful of a reversal of the present Republican majority, and some go so far as to say that it is only a question of how much may be saved from the wreck.

So far as the New York situation is concerned, the reasons for pessimism lie on the surface. For three years past the Republicans of this State have been organized with their brains and character under and their selfishness and stupidity on top. There is no need of going into details. When you have mentioned the name of Hughes, and then have set against it the names of Woodruff and Barnes and Allds, you have told the whole story. Its lesson is at last bitten into the minds of those who have the true welfare of the party at heart, and this accounts for the war on the old party régime begun by Messrs. Root and Griscom. Last week's choice of Cobb as leader of the State Senate was but the first skirmish, which there was very little hope of winning, but which is certain to be followed up until the retirement of Chairman Woodruff is forced and the party organization made at least faintly representative of the demonstrated desires of Republican voters. If this is not done, pessimism will deepen into absolute gloom, and the defeat of the Republicans will be assured before a single ballot is cast.

It is necessary, however, to take a broader look afield and ask for some of the general causes of the general Republican despondency. Why is it that with in little more than a year since the inauguration of Mr. Taft—carried into office as he was by a great majority—there should be so definite a feeling, which the President himself frankly shares, that the country is turning away from the Republican party? A partial explanation is to be found, of course, in what is called the swing of the pendulum. Most Presidents enter upon a period of unpopularity, and it usually comes in the second year of their term. In the days when our politics took a regular course, so to speak, it was not uncommon for the President's party to lose control of the House in the mid-way election. It was so with Hayes and Harrison, as it was with Mr. Cleveland in his second term; so that there would be no great violation of precedent if Mr. Taft should see a Democratic House chosen next November. The ultimate political effect of such an event would depend very largely upon what the Democrats did with the House after they got it. Judging by their performances in the recent past, they would promptly use their new control as a knife with which to cut their own throats.

It must in fairness be admitted that there is more in the prevailing dissatisfaction with the Republican party than simply the inertia which so easily follows a victory, or the reaction which may come from disappointed office-seekers. A part of it, no doubt, is due to circumstances beyond the power of the President or the party leaders to control, and for which they are not responsible. After seven years of Roosevelt, the country was bound to have fallen into a state of "nerves," and the new Administration has had to suffer in consequence. More important is the sudden rise in the prices for the necessaries of life, and the widespread discontent that has gone along with it. The Republican party promised prosperity and, indeed, cannot live without it; yet the revival of business since 1907 has been accompanied by complaints that the high cost of living more than eats up steady wages, while labor disputes have been thickening ominously. Strictly speaking, the Administration cannot be held accountable for more than a trifling part of these evils, but it is a law of politics that people will go against a Government under which things occur which they do not like; and there is no doubt that the President and his party will suffer heavily in consequence of prevailing discontents, unless they are somehow allayed.

Yet the hoarsest ravens which are today croaking on the Republican battlements are tariff birds come home to roost. It is the Aldrich-Payne tariff, and especially the manner in which it was enacted and then defended, that is undoubtedly the most crying grievance today against the Republican party. President Taft's Winona speech in apology for the revised tariff was the wettest blanket he has cast over the party. People could understand how he might fight for lower duties and an honest bill and still be beaten; it was really a wonder that he got as much as he did out of a protection-ridden Congress; but the excuses he made for what was done, and the praises he bestowed upon the handiwork of those who were against his real views, had a sickening effect. What the public clearly saw was that private interests had again dictated too large a part of the tariff, and the inevitable fear was that private interests would continue to keep their clutch upon the Republican party in all other important legislation. Here lies, we believe, the chief reason for the current distrust of the Republican party and for Republican depression. The country is offended at the evidence which it thinks it has that a selfish oligarchy is in control of Congress; and unless the laws passed at this session shall prove the contrary, the Republican party cannot go to the polls in the autumn without the strong likelihood of receiving a severe rebuke.

JAPAN AND THE UNITED STATES.

Mr. Schiff's remarks at the luncheon of the Republican Club, in this city, last Saturday, on the situation in the Far East have set a big ball rolling. It doesn't matter very much what particular words he used. The language of an after-dinner speech is seldom reported with even approximate accuracy; in the present instance, the reports vary quite materially. The essential point was that he spoke of an impending struggle of the utmost gravity, in which the concert of action of Russia and Japan for the domination of China, with England a party to the compact, is the central factor. When a man of Mr. Schiff's position speaks in this tone, it

makes comparatively little difference whether he does or does not specifically make mention of war. The effect on the public, in his own country and abroad, must be to revive the war-talk which is ever ready to spring up, and such has been the effect in this instance. It will probably blow over after a little while, but for the moment it has been put to the front more seriously than has been the case for many months. We are forming the Japan habit, very much as the English have formed the Germany habit; and the chief source of the phenomenon is the same in both cases. Other factors keep coming and going, but the matter of trade is always with us. The question remains whether we are going to keep our heads level on that subject or are going to magnify it beyond all reason. On the answer to this question, more perhaps than anything else, depend the future possibilities of the Japan-America situation.

The New York *Times* of March 9 devoted the whole of its editorial columns to a discussion of the relations between the two countries. In an article of remarkable ability, it reviews the history of our relations with Japan, and sets forth what it regards as our present grievance. Its protest and criticism centre about the refusal of both Japan and Russia to assent to Secretary Knox's proposal for the neutralization of the Manchurian railways belonging to those countries respectively; though there is in it the background of complaint of a more or less serious and more or less definite character, made by Americans as to discriminations against them in their Manchurian business. But the article begins with a comment on the surprise that has been expressed in Japan over "Mr. Jacob H. Schiff's prediction of a great struggle in the Far East—for it was a great struggle, a commercial struggle, not a war, that Mr. Schiff predicted—in which it seemed to him probable that the United States, Japan, and other great Powers would be involved." And the particular point that we wish to make is that this kind of denial that the "struggle" predicted would be a war, this kind of assertion that it would be a "commercial struggle, not a war," whether intended to have substantial effect or not, really leaves the matter just where it was. Nobody supposed Mr. Schiff to be prophesying war to-morrow, or next year; he would be the last man to do such a thing; and if he had done it the words would be passed over as a mere momentary indiscretion. The really serious thing about this Manchurian trade talk is that it is not sensational, but deadly sober; and the mischief it does is in producing the impression not that we are on the eve of an explosion, but that permanent interests of tremendous moment are involved, which we must protect at all hazards. If the men of peace keep cultivating this notion, we may be sure that the men of war will find in it their best opportunity.

By all means, let our Government exert itself to secure to American trade every opportunity to which it is justly entitled. When agreements are violated, when improper discriminations are made, let the resources of our State Department be vigorously put forth to secure a remedy. But let us not rush into the field of popular agitation, and treat as an occasion for solemn national foreboding that which is fit subject only for the patient endeavors of those officially charged with the conduct of our foreign relations. The trade of Manchuria may become in the future a matter of great importance to the people of the United States, and we must provide in the present against difficulties in the future. But do not let us act, with regard to the vague possibilities of a future that nobody can forecast, as though we were dealing with a vital or critical concern of the present. There will be plenty of time for a thousand forms of negotiation and diplomatic pressure before the trade of Manchuria begins to be of any immediate importance to the nation. The *Times's* article says that "to Manchuria alone we used to send $10,000,000 worth of cotton goods every year," a statement which, we fancy, can be true only of a very few years, and of these for reasons of an exceptional nature; but what is quite certain is that our entire export trade to the entire Chinese Empire never exceeded $20,000,000 prior to the Japanese-Russian war, except in the single year 1902, when it reached $24,000,000; that the average of that trade for the ten years preceding the war was less than $13,000,000; and that before that decade it was much smaller still. If we take in Hongkong, an addition of seven or eight million would have to be made. This, of course, settles nothing; but, after all, it must make some difference to the feeling of rational men whether they imagine they are dealing with enormous immediate interests, or whether they realize that the entire Chinese export trade—the whole of it, not merely the profits—is, for this rich nation, a mere bagatelle.

The truth is that the magnifying of the importance of foreign trade is one of the traditional superstitions of mankind. The persistence of the balance-of-trade delusion is one of its manifestations; the idea that a country is in imminent danger of death by suffocation if she does not keep every avenue for export open is another. In England, of course, there is special reason for this kind of feeling; with a population in those two little islands nearly half as great as that of the United States, over-seas trade is with the British a matter of life and death. But who would have thought it possible, a few years ago, that anybody could think of our vast country as in any such position? To that kind of talk, however, we are beginning to accustom ourselves; and among the tasks of the economists of the country must henceforth be included that of teaching the necessity of weighing the benefits of foreign trade in the scales of reason.

PEARY AND CONGRESS.

The sub-committee on naval affairs is undoubtedly within its rights in demanding a sight of Peary's proofs before recommending that he be voted the thanks of Congress. But there is a right way and a wrong way of going about this matter, and it seems to us that the sub-committee has distinctly fallen into the latter. With Congressman Macon as its intemperate spokesman—a man whose "farthest North," as one of the Washington correspondents puts it, is the "sunk lands" of Arkansas—it is in danger of making what should be a spontaneous and handsome act appear painfully ungracious and grudging. The question of Peary's reward will begin to seem, to foreigners at least, of less pressing interest than the question of the manners of the Congress of the United States.

That there have been unfortunate misunderstandings about the whole affair may be freely admitted. A frank and direct treatment of the matters at issue would, it must seem, have cleared them

all up. But with all the inconclusive disputes about the nature of Peary's contract with his publishers, about the danger that his proofs submitted "in confidence" to the committee would instantly become public property, and about the necessity of calling in experts in any event, the whole affair has been left in a most unhappy position. It is high time that a more manly and nonorable spirit were manifested by all concerned. The facts are clear. It is not asserted by any one that the sub-committee would be competent to pass upon the proofs if they were submitted to it. No one supposes that Congressman Macon would recognize an astronomical observation if he should meet it in the street. Suppose that Peary had in the first place laid his records before the sub-committee, and that it had given its verdict in his favor, what weight would have been attached thereto by the learned world? One can fancy the sneers in the European press. The Geographic Society, though having no official authority, invited real experts to pass upon Peary's proofs, and their findings were instantly accepted by scientists and academic bodies everywhere. One representative of these experts has appeared before the sub-committee to state in general terms the nature of the evidence placed in their hands by Peary and their complete satisfaction with it. But apparently the committee will not be content until astronomers and navigators explain to it in person, and with the documents before them, the meaning of the technical records and calculations which Peary made, and which probably not one Congressman unaided would be able to understand. As we say, the committee may be acting within its strict rights in so doing, but it ought to take heed lest it put Congress and the whole country in a bad light.

For it is not simply Peary that we have to think of in this connection, but our national reputation. In the presence of a giant achievement with which all the world has rung, it will not do for our Representatives in Congress to appear like puny men with mustard-seed minds. In every controversy over the voting of formal thanks and rewards to a national hero, there is always danger that Congress or Parliament may hurt its own prestige more than it can dim that of the man it is churlish in honoring. In Southey's "Life of Nelson" there is an instructive passage relating to the action of Parliament in rewarding the victor of the battle of the Nile:

> He was created Baron Nelson of the Nile and of Burnham Thorpe, with a pension of £2,000 for his own life, and those of his two immediate successors. When the grant was moved in the House of Commons, Gen. Walpole expressed an opinion that a higher degree of rank ought to be conferred. Mr. Pitt made answer that he thought it needless to enter into that question. "Admiral Nelson's fame," he said, "would be coequal with the British name: and it would be remembered that he had obtained the greatest naval victory on record, when no man would think of asking whether he had been created a baron, a viscount, or an earl!" It was strange that, in the very act of conferring a title, the minister should have excused himself for not having conferred a higher one, by representing all titles, on such an occasion, as nugatory and superfluous. True, indeed, whatever title had been bestowed, whether viscount, earl, marquis, duke, or prince, if our laws had so permitted, he who received it would have been Nelson still. . . . It depended upon the degree of rank what should be the fashion of his coronet, in what page of the red book his name was to be inserted, and what precedency should be allowed his lady in the drawing-room and at the hall. That Nelson's honors were affected thus far, and no farther, might be conceded to Mr. Pitt and his colleagues in administration: but the degree of rank which they thought proper to allot was the measure of their gratitude, though not of his services. This Nelson felt; and this he expressed, with indignation, among his friends.

The thing that we feel most strongly about is not the exact nature of the recognition to be accorded Peary, but the duty of doing whatever is done in a large and generous way. Peary's real reward he has already received. Unless we grossly mistake him, it came to him when the first conviction swept upon him that he had attained his long-sought goal. In the thrilling sensations of that glorious moment anything that might follow in the way of applause or tokens of gratitude would have seemed poor and cheap. Of course, the acclaim of brother-explorers and recognition by scientific bodies must have been sweet to him; but as far as official action by Congress goes, that is in a very true sense its affair, not his. And the point for the sub-committee to get into its sub-consciousness as soon as possible is the need that Congress bear itself so as not to dim, by a lack of grace and magnanimity, the lustre which Peary's work has given the United States. Just at present, it is Congress that is on trial in the eyes of the nations, not Peary.

If any new meaning is to be read by the affair into the worn phrase, "the ingratitude of republics," we think it is that they are not so much ungrateful as awkward. Even when they want to do fine things, they do not always know how to go about it. In the present instance, it may be that a republic which unguardedly slopped over in connection with the wrong man feels particularly tongue-tied when it comes to expressing thanks to the right man. But whatever difficulties of detail there may be to overcome, it is not for Congress to split hairs or stick in the bark of nonessentials, but to make itself the dignified voice of a national tribute to one whose fame has brought new glory to the United States.

LETTERS FROM THE GRAVE.

President Harrison's letter to his close personal friend and Attorney-General, W. H. H. Miller, effectually disposes of the Platt charge that the Senator from New York was first promised and then denied office. Platt a Secretary of the Treasury! It was incredible on its face that any President should ask him to a seat at the Cabinet table, no matter how great the party necessity for campaign funds. And if any person in Mr. Harrison's name, whether Mr. Elkins or any one else, was so foolish as to promise a Cabinet office to Platt, Mr. Harrison was bound in common honor to have disavowed the act of his agent. Now we have, from the grave as it were, Mr. Harrison's positive statement that he never authorized any one to make promises to Platt and made none himself. Indeed, he added, in the letter before us, "You know that while I was President I made myself unpopular, perhaps, by reason of the fact that I never said to any one that I would make this or that appointment until it was actually made."

That this is the safest rule for Presidents, no one can deny. We have, fortunately, gone beyond the time when it was deemed necessary, in order to insure Presidential success, to pledge the Cabinet positions in advance of the election. Lincoln's friends, at the time of his nomination, promised the position of Secretary of War to Simon Cameron in return for Pennsylvania's votes in the convention, and Lincoln loyally kept the promise, though it cannot have been easy to do so. It was thought at the

time that Seward, too, then received a promise of the Secretaryship of State as a balm for his great disappointment at Chicago; but there was no promise made to him any more than, as it now appears, by Mr. Harrison to James G. Blaine. If we are still wringing large contributions out of important business interests, as Platt did for Harrison, under threats and duress, and are still awarding diplomatic offices, as under Cleveland and Mr. Taft, to campaign contributors, we are surely graduating from this stage of our political pilgrim's progress. Whatever may be thought of recent campaign managers, no one will, we think, deny their superiority to men of the Quay, W. W. Dudley, and Platt type.

When one deals with men as unscrupulous as these, it well becomes a public man to prepare a defence to be used when he is in the grave. Of course, in this Harrison controversy, the President had a vast advantage in point of character over his assailant. Mr. Harrison's prestige and reputation steadily increased after his return to private life. Mr. Platt's pitiful end, deserted of quondam friends and stripped of power, will long point a moral and adorn a tale. But had there been no letter to Mr. Miller, fair-minded men must have deferred a final judgment until the historians had had an opportunity to examine the whole matter in the light of Mr. Harrison's record, and of contemporary evidence. Of the certainty that much of this will appear, and of its value, the diary of Gideon Welles, now publishing in the *Atlantic*, is fresh proof. It is just this turning-up of new and unsuspected material that lends so much of zest and interest to the historian's life. Not only do musty records afford great surprise, but from attic and cellar come long-forgotten documents to elucidate a hitherto hazy episode or to illuminate afresh by the searchlight of a strong, keen personality some well-studied period. The publication of President Polk's dairy of the Mexican War, so long after that national crime, is another case in point.

For the journalist, who must of necessity base his judgments on what is known at the moment, the Harrison-Platt episode carries its warning as well. But not journalists alone suffer from this. Statesmen also must judge too often with but half the facts before them. Mr. Cleveland, it is related, never had time to read the *Congressional Record* bearing upon some of the most crucial actions of his Administration, until in retirement years afterwards. If he burned anew with indignation at some of the misstatements made, he learned also much that might have induced him to modify his opinions, or even at points change his course, had he but known the facts at the time. There is a warning here for the biographer also—to judge a man not so much in the light of all the facts available after a half-century, but, if possible, in the light of the knowledge available to his subject at any given time in his career. No actor in a great drama is apt to see the whole stage, or survey it at the proper range. To do so is the historian's privilege and his recompense for the hours of unrewarded labor. Out of just such letters as these of Harrison and Platt does he reconstruct the whole *mise en scène*, and reanimate the actors for the sake of bringing out the truth. And no one can tell at what moment or from what grave documents of the highest value will appear.

COLLEGE MEN IN POLITICS.

Organs of public opinion, of the type that hates cant, sir, and does not hesitate to call a spade a blanked shovel, would be hard put to it if they were asked which arouses greater glee in their disenchanted souls, the scholar in politics or the reformer who falls by the wayside. When a backsliding reformer happens to be at the same time a college graduate, as is very often the case, there is, indeed, more rejoicing over that one black academic sheep in the political fold than over ninety-nine other crooked politicians who are not college graduates, or ninety-nine other college graduates in politics who are not crooked. The American college has much to answer for in this imperfect world of ours. The wonder is that Harvard has not sunk before this under the weight of Harvard graduates who are arrested for violating the Anti-Trust laws, that Yale has held out under the disgrace of headlines like "Yale Graduate Attacks Wife with Hatchet," and that Columbia has kept up operations in spite of such of her alumni as are arrested for not paying their hotel bills. It is a characteristic piece of reasoning on the part of many persons to take it for granted that Alma Mater can do nothing for her students while they are with her, but to hold her responsible for their good behavior twenty-five years after they have gone.

Calling attention to the fact that this particularly disreputable specimen of the boss or that exceptionally corrupt legislator is a college graduate, proves nothing. The simple law of averages demands that a certain number of rascals in politics should be college graduates. More than any other nation in the world, we are a lawyer-governed people; and with the passing of the traditional system of studying law at the feet of the practising attorney, legal training has come to mean, as a rule, college training. If farmers and merchants and manufacturers and railway-builders were to be met with in our halls of legislation, there would be some chance of formulating comparative statistics of public virtue and public vice, as between the college-bred man and the self-made man. As it is, the number of college men who rule this country through the complicated machinery of democratic government is so very large that the number of weak brethren among them must, in all reason, make up a very impressive total. This is no answer, of course, to the man who believes that the college should be a device for turning out young men as perfect as Adam was before the Fall, and guaranteed to last. It does supply a basis for discounting the glee of the worldly-wise over the failure of the college to promote sound democracy, as deducible from this or that college man caught stealing.

But there is one type of the college man in politics whose rôle in our scheme of democratic government is already an important one, whose influence is bound to increase with time, and who, nevertheless, is strangely overlooked when it comes to making up the score for and against the college. One possible reason is that he is more frequently classified under the head of reformer than of college man. Of this type are the young men who in our principal cities have built up what is now a profession, the profession of social service. Whether their path lies in the field of settlement work, of charity organization, or of the more technical business of municipal research, it would be hard to overestimate the direct ef-

fect of their labors upon recent political history. Take New York. We need only remember how large a share in the overthrow of Tammany has been played by the entire complex of problems that is called up when we speak of the East Side. We have there the issue of poverty upon which corrupt politics battens, of vice which politics traffics in and protects, of overcrowding, of underschooling, of police neglect and police tyranny among the immigrant populations. This East Side which has displayed the moral forces that have swung elections, was largely discovered and made part of the common body politic through the efforts of the college settlements, the college investigators, the college cranks of every kind, who stir our disillusioned organs of public opinion to such high merriment.

Take Mayor Gaynor's Administration, with its record of fine achievement and still finer promise, and see how it is thoroughly permeated with, and based upon, the ideals that abide in the amateur college type of mind. It is not only that men have been appointed to high administrative office who have been closely identified with the movement towards a progressive and socially humane democracy, such men as Stover in the Park Department, or Murphy in the Tenement House Department, or Lederle at the head of the Board of Health; but even in so dry-as-dust a department as Finance, the good old methods of the practical politician are being thrown over in favor of the sane principles of bookkeeping and housekeeping worked out and popularized by a handful of college men engaged in the study of decent municipal government. Subway construction, school building, playground developmen are now gone at in the belief that the city is made for the well-being and happiness of its people, and not of the politicians. And that sentiment of the "people" in the city is largely the product of a campaign of education carried on by college men. Here, then, is a class of unofficial statesmanship which is coming to count more and more in our political life, and which the college is entitled to cite on its side of the question.

We have spoken of college men. We need only recall how large a place the college woman occupies in the field of social service to recognize how many women have surmounted their suffrage disqualifications and had their share in shaping political life in a great city.

PHILANTHROPY AND POWER.

It appears from recent developments that the great philanthropic foundation designed by Mr. Rockefeller will be made the subject of serious deliberation before it receives its charter from Congress. To say that this is as it should be does not by any means imply an attitude of unfriendliness toward the spirit or purpose of the gift. Mr. Rockefeller, whatever may be true of his methods of getting, has shown in his giving a sense of responsibility for the proper use of his magnificent opportunities that is worthy of all praise. In planning a permanent organization that would continue after his death to exercise the same kind of judgment in the expenditure of millions for educational and philanthropic purposes which he or his agents have been exercising now for many years, we have no doubt that he is animated by the sole desire to make his vast fortune productive of the greatest possible amount of good. But to apportion praise or blame is not the only function of public opinion in such matters, and it is no part of the business of Congress in the premises. The nation is called upon not merely, or mainly, to appraise motives, but to estimate consequences.

The Rockefeller Foundation stands out from among all the great benevolent foundations of the past by the combination of an almost boundless scope with enormous resources. The amount of the latter is not known, but it is safe to say that they will far surpass those of any other philanthropic foundation thus far launched in the world, with the possible exception of the Baron de Hirsch fund. But the comprehensiveness of scope, the indefiniteness of purpose, is far more distinctive of the proposed Foundation than is its probably colossal magnitude. The funds to which it invites comparison present in this respect a striking contrast to it. The Rhodes scholarship fund, for instance, is devoted to the prosecution of a single well-defined educational purpose. The Carnegie Institution has for its object the promotion of research. The Carnegie Foundation was, on its face, designed for an even more strictly limited purpose, its object being to improve the conditions under which the profession of college and university teaching is carried on. The Russell Sage Foundation is laid out on very broad lines, and the idea underlying it was a real innovation in the field of philanthropic effort; yet the purpose of it is quite specific. It is an agency designed to investigate the conditions that produce and surround poverty, and to promote the improvement of those conditions, directly or indirectly. The Baron de Hirsch fund involves a vast field of choice as to means, but its aim is specific enough. The General Education Board, magnificently endowed by Mr. Rockefeller, was a step in the direction of this new foundation, but it was confined to the field of education, and has been doing its work by systematic aid to existing institutions. The new Foundation goes far beyond any of its predecessors in point of indefiniteness and elasticity.

Of course, it is precisely this elasticity that constitutes the distinctive merit of the proposed foundation; looking to the long future, it allows for the unlimited possibilities of change in human conditions and human needs. But admirable as is the purpose thus held in view—the purpose of doing in each generation what in that generation most needs doing—the fact cannot be blinked that the lodging of such great discretionary power in a self-perpetuating body controlling a vast fund raises serious questions. It is true that Congress is to have power to amend or annul the charter; but there may be broad questions of policy which it is easier to decide aright before the charter is granted than to insist upon in future years in the face of established influences. And the main questions suggested, as it seems to us, are, first, whether there are any limitations of power that ought to be made from the start, and that may not be made in the charter as proposed; and, secondly, whether some other form of organization than that of a self-perpetuating body should not be demanded. The first question bristles with difficulties, to be sure; for experience shows how wide may be the actual scope of an institution's influence, even when its ostensible activity is limited to a narrow range. The Carnegie Foundation is exercising—in the main with great wisdom, thus far, we feel sure—a power over our educational institutions

that probably nobody suspected it would even attempt to wield, and that nobody can deny is capable of producing injurious consequences; and if a fund whose only weapon is the power to exclude a college from the benefits of its pension system can essay such a part, what limits can we hope to set upon the possible exercise of influence by such an institution as the Rockefeller Foundation, upon a thousand phases of the national life?

But the more difficult the problem of any effective limitation of power, the more serious becomes the question of the personal control of the Foundation. Can there not be found a more wholesome, a safer, method of organizing this great social force than that which would place it in the hands of a self-perpetuating body, the original members of which are the personal representatives of the donor? The answer will naturally occur that just this has been done, over and over again, in the case of our colleges and universities, without objection and, indeed, with explicit approval. But it must be remembered that, however complete in form may be the power of the trustees of a university, they are in fact constrained to act within fairly well-defined lines. They are subject, in the first place to the influence of the standard and traditions of the whole body of like institutions in the country and in the world at large; and, secondly, there arises inevitably, in the course of time, a body of alumni, whose power to make their views felt is always demonstrated sooner or later. No such agencies exist to limit the powers or to direct the energies of the men in control of such an institution as the proposed Rockefeller Foundation. With its undefined possibilities of influence upon the general welfare, would it not be wiser to have its management chosen—if not at the beginning, then as vacancies arise in the future—by men representing in some definite way the great permanent interests of the whole nation? Out of such institutions as the Presidency of the United States, the Supreme Court, the presidencies of our leading universities, and others that might be mentioned, would it not be possible to fix upon a little group of electors for the filling of vacancies as they arise? And would not the placing of the Foundation upon a basis of this kind be the best proof the founder could give of large-mindedness and of singleness of purpose?

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

No collectors are more eager nowadays than the buyers of views of Old New York, and on the evenings of March 22 and 23 the Anderson Auction Co. of this city will hold a very timely sale of the Nelll collection. The series known as Bourne's Views, mostly from drawings by C. Burton, published in 1831; Davis and Imber's Views (1827), Milbert's lithographs (1825); early copperplates from the *Columbian Magazine;* early aquatints; interesting folding panoramas, and many views of business buildings on Broadway, and other sheets are included. In all the catalogue contains 433 lots.

A selection of duplicates from the library of Hon. Daniel B. Fearing of Newport, R. I., will be sold by the Merwin-Clayton Sales Co. on March 22 and 23. Mr. Fearing has been bringing together books on angling and kindred subjects for many years, and his collection is now, without doubt, the finest in the country. He was the largest buyer at the John G. Heckscher sale a year ago. Among the books in the sale are Brown's "American Angler's Guide" (1845); Pierce Egan's "Sporting Anecdotes" (1845); Houghton's "British Fresh-Water Fishes" (1879), and several editions of Walton's "Complete Angler," including Pickering's famous first edition (1836) and the very rare German edition printed in Hamburg in 1859, the greater part of which was destroyed by fire.

On March 24 and 25 the same firm will sell portions of the library of George Luff of New York, including a complete set of H. H. Bancroft's historical writings, 39 vols.; Daniel Webster's set of Sanderson's "Biography of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence," 9 vols.; the first edition of La Peyrouse's "Voyage autour du Monde," 4 vols. (1797); New York Colonial Laws (1752), printed by James Parker, and (1789) printed by Hugh Gaine; Stedman's "Narrative of a Five Years' Expedition against the Revolted Negroes of Surinam" (1806), with colored plates, several of which were engraved by William Blake and others by Bartolozzi; Haywood's "Civil and Political History of Tennessee" (1823); books on the Revolution, Indians, and New York, travels in the West, etc.

On March 22 and 23 C. F. Libbie & Co., in Boston, will sell the library of the late Joseph Stickney of Concord, N. H. Several very rare New England imprints are offered: Thomas Shepard's "Eye Salve" (1673); Hubbard's "Happiness of a People in the Wisdom of Their Rulers" (1676); Samuel Wakeman's "Young Man's Legacy to the Rising Generation" (1673), and his "Sound Repentence the Right Way to Escape Deserved Ruine" (1685). A long set of New Hampshire Registers (1772-1888), New Hampshire Laws and Reports, Genealogies, Confederate publications, and American newspapers are included.

On March 22 Stan. V. Henkels, in Philadelphia, holds a sale of autograph letters and historical documents. A letter written by John Hancock to Elbridge Gerry dated "Lexington 18 April, 1775 9 o'clock evening," beginning "I am much oblig'd for your Notice, it is said the officers are gone Concord Road, & I will send word thither," seems to show that the route of the British troops was known, and that there was no necessity for hanging signal lanterns in the tower of the Old North Church, or for Paul Revere's "Midnight Ride." There are important letters by Signers of the Declaration, Gens. Washington, Charles Lee, Greene, Steuben, Lafayette, Robert Howe, Wayne, and others, a curious manuscript by Thomas Paine, complaining of Washington's treatment of him, etc.

On March 28 and 29 the same auctioneer will sell the third part of the library of the late Clarence H. Clark, including the collections on art, archæology, engraving, and bibliography. Audsley's "Ornamental Arts of Japan," Audsley and Bowes's "Keramic Art of Japan," Gonse's "L'Art japonais," Owen Jones's "Alhambra," Lord Kingsborough's "Antiquities of Mexico," Nash's "Mansions of England," and Silvertre's "Paléographie universelle," are important works with colored plates. Mr. Clark's copy of the "Description de l'Egypte," 20 vols. folio, the great work prepared by the French savants who accompanied Napoleon to Egypt, was a presentation set from Louis Philippe, and each volume bears a presentation inscription stamped upon the binding. Several of William Loring Andrews's books are included, among them his rarest publication, the catalogue of his collection of Aldines, published in 1885, and limited to fifty copies.

Correspondence.

SHAKESPEARE'S SIGNATURE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Supplementing the article in the March number of *Harper's Magazine,* "Shakespeare as a Man among Men," I may add a word with reference to the spelling and pronunciation of his name. For a century the orthography has been a perennial subject of debate. The whole question should be referred for settlement to the contemporary pronunciation and the calligraphic means of phonetic representation, a central point which has not generally been taken into account in discussions of Shakespeare's handwriting. The new signature may contribute its quota of aid in the solution. To those not familiar with manuscripts of Shakespeare's time, it is difficult to understand a system of spelling which, at first sight, seems systemless. We have so standardized and stereotyped our modern spelling and are so accustomed to regarding as ignorant any one who varies from accepted standards, that we are inclined at once to call the irregular orthography of three centuries ago likewise ignorant. But a scientific analysis on the basis of phonetic representation would show that their modes of spelling were not more ignorant or less ignorant than our own or those of the Anglo-Saxons, their ancestors. The art of printing and the training of eye and ear had not yet brought the world under the rule of uniformity of sound representations. Scribes attempted mainly to represent the oral utterances by characters that, when pronounced, seemed true records of the sound of the voice. That is they, as all Teutonic races for centuries had done, spelled phonetically.

Since one sound or a combination of sounds was represented sometimes by two

or more characters or sets of characters, there existed the forms of spelling that strike us now as systemless or "ignorant," but which were, after all, a constant attempt at correct representation of the voice. For example, to different ears and sometimes to the same ear, "i" and "y," "ai" and "ei," "ai" and "ay," "eir," "elre," "er," "ore," "ear," and "eare," represented respectively the same sound or sounds. So we have in these old manuscripts such variant representations of identical utterances as "is" and "ys," "if" and "yf," "raigne" and "reigne," "said," "sayd," "saith," "saithe," "sayth," "saythe," "saieth," "sayeth," "their," "theire," "ther," "there," "thear," "theare," and so on indefinitely. A glance through Shakespeare's deposition, for example, written by two different clerks, will show a number of such variants in phonetic representation. Even in a manuscript written entirely by one hand you rarely find uniformity. Every searcher of documents will tell you, for example, that he has often found such a simple word as "is" spelled in a single line as both "is" and "ys."

In the matter of proper names we have not even now perfect uniformity. We still meet with "Smith," "Smithe," "Smyth," etc. I have known an American university girl to begin her first semester as "May" and soon evolve into "Mae" or "Maie." In Shakespeare's time, people spelled proper names even less uniformly than now. Philip Henslowe's name, for example, is spelled by him and others some score of ways. The name "Shakespeare" also occurs in a variety of phonetic forms, as "Shakespeare," "Shakspere," "Shaksper," "Shaxper," and so on. The most common contemporary spelling was the one now generally followed, "Shakespeare."

In spelling the poet's name, some wrote the first part "Shake," others "Shak," both of which forms properly represented the same sound of the voice, just as we now find in "take" and "tak-ing." The last part of the name was spelled "speare," "spear," "spere," "sper," all of which forms were only graphic representations of one set of sounds. Those who wrote "Shax" simply combined the k-sound of the first part with the "s" of the second part into "x"—a form of contraction equivalent to "ks."

This brings us to the forms and signs of contraction, which were then in such common use as to make the page present the appearance sometimes—especially in Latin documents—of combined long-hand and short-hand. We still write "Mr.," "Dr.," "St.," and a few others. But we have ceased to use most of the contractions and their signs then so common. For example, we no longer write "othr" for "other," "possion," with a stroke over the top, for "possession," "p'tend" for "pretend," "p'forme,' as in the seventh line of Shakespeare's third answer, for "perform," "thr" for "their," "sp," with a stroke through the stem of the p. for "spear."

In Shakespeare's time, and long before, but gradually less and less since, certain marks or signs of contraction meant regularly certain sounds, just as the letters they stood for did. For example, a little cursive mark running back over a letter, as in "p'tend," where the apostrophe is inserted, meant "re." But a bowl on the front of the stem of "p" made that character represent "pro," and a "p" with a stroke through the lower part of the stem represented "per."

It is extremely interesting to see these contractions and signs used even in proper names. By comparing Shakespeare's six signatures, it will be seen that he spelled his name out in full in only those three subscriptions written in the solemn and deliberate hour of perfecting his will. The name on the first sheet of the will reads "Shakspere," on the second, the same, and on the third, "Shakspeare." "Shak" was the representation he used in all six for the pronunciation of the first part of his name, which was the exact equivalent in sound to the representation "Shake" used by us now, by the clerk of the court in the deposition, and by contemporary publishers and scribes. It is the last part of the name in three signatures that presents shortened forms.

If you examine the purchase-deed signature, you observe the name finished with "spe" and a cursive mark running back over the "e." This cursive is one of the signs used by all scribes of the period to represent the sound we recognize in "re," making the signature, then, read "Shakspere." The signature to the mortgage-deed finishes with "spe" and a mark just above the "e" slightly different from the other, but very commonly used by scribes then likewise for "re." So that signature, too, reads "Shakspere." The eminent Shakespearean scholar, Edmund Malone, who first printed this last signature, 1790, originally interpreted the cursive mark as an "a." He thought the poet lacked room for the full signature, and so wrote as far as he could on the narrow strip of skin, then put an "a" above. He was satisfied, therefore, that the full form was "Shakspeare." Later, 1796, Malone saw he had misinterpreted this common "re" cursive.

The new signature offers another form of shortening. In printing it, I allowed it to stand doubtfully as "Shaks." You will observe on examining it that the final flourish after the "k" has a short turn at the top, with a rapid down-stroke to the left, finishing with a round turn at the bottom and a long, swift cross-sweep of the pen to the stop. If that final character stood alone or as an initial, any one familiar with old records would at once say it was a "p" with a stroke through the stem for "per" or "par," as in "p, forme" in the seventh line of Shakespeare's third answer, or in "p,te" (for "part") in the second line of the fifth answer, and in other words as I have printed them in other depositions. But the signature shows no "s" in front of that flourish. To read it "per" would make the name "Shakper." Since all men then tried to make the letters of a word represent the sounds of the voice, that interpretation cannot be quite correct. Moreover, we have five other evidences from Shakespeare himself, and universal testimony of the contemporaries who wrote his name, that it was pronounced with a sibilant "s" in the middle. The interpretation "Shaks" is also open to objection, even though one of his friends, Abraham Sturley, wrote his name "Shak." There are three sorts of s's used by contemporary scribes. One, a final letter with an upturn, standing for modern "s," was exactly the same as German final "s." Another, standing for our final "es," finished with a down-turn, and looks like a modern "e" with the down-stroke run straight on below the line, as, for example, in "poundes" in the fifth line of Shakespeare's fourth answer. The third was a long "s," always used initially and medially, as shown in "saythe," "bousehould," and numerous other words in the deposition. It generally resembles a modern script "f" stopped short at the bottom, without an upturn. But often, especially in the medial position in signatures, it has the appearance of a long, sweeping figure eight, similar to the flourished character after the "k" in this new signature.

What, then, does this finishing character represent? Clearly, the "shak" is the phonetic representation of the first part of the name. Can this final character, containing features of long medial "s" and the contraction for "per," represent either more or less than the rest of the name? There is, of course, the barest possibility that, in attempting an "s," the unfamiliar clerk's pen in the hand of Shakespeare caught in the paper and made that blot on the "k." But it seems unlikely, for there is no evidence of a stroke, either above or below, that could represent any portion of an "s." If there were, as every one would be glad to find, it would be settled on sight that this final character stands for "per." A contraction is quite common in proper names, and is occasionally found in signatures, as Cow*per*, Ro*per*, Sem*per*, etc. But as the signature stands, it appears likely that this rapidly finished sign of contraction, even though without precedent, may represent simply the sound of the voice in pronouncing the unaccented syllable "sper," which might indifferently be spelled thus, or "spere," or "spear," or "speare," without modification of the pronunciation.

The spelling "Shakespeare," or "Shakspere," or any other of that time, should not cause debate. Scribes then had their ways of representing the sounds of the voice, we have ours. To insist on any one form simply because Shakespeare himself used that form or because some one else used it, is to disregard modern modes of phonetic representation and to substitute for them modes of the past without concern as to whether they correctly represent the utterance of the voice to-day or not. After all, the general public sense shows the broader view. We have stereotyped the form most common in Shakespeare's own day as a preferred spelling mainly because it most nearly represents to us the pronunciation that we give the name.

One other item—touching Shakespeare's possible residence in St. Helen's, Bishopsgate—should here be noticed. Mr. M. S. Giuseppi, of the Public Record Office, who supplied the main data for publication in that matter a few years ago, has kindly called my attention to the fact that the Bishop of Winchester owned no lands in Sussex, and that the record in the Pipe Roll of 1599 concerning William Shakespeare, of St. Helen's, with the note of reference to the Bishop of Winchester against it, must therefore refer only to Surrey, and, more closely still, to Southwark. This being the case, it looks probable that the Shakespeare there named was, after all, the Poet, and that he answered in the Surrey-Sussex residuum, not because he was a resident in Southwark, but because of his ownership of property there, at the Globe theatre. It seems quite possible, therefore, that his residence with the Mountjoys in St. Olave,

Silver Street, began with his removal from St. Helen's, Bishopsgate. But we need more documentary evidence yet before venturing a positive conclusion.

CHARLES WILLIAM WALLACE.

London, March 4.

THE ENGLISH PARTIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A large proportion of those who write on the present English political crisis in the American press incline toward the Liberal party on the grounds that the Liberals stand for popular government as against aristocratic. It is natural that Americans should look with disfavor on an hereditary second chamber and a suffrage limited by property qualifications, but a closer scrutiny of the situation would show the writers in question that their estimate of the Liberal party is theoretical rather than practical.

The Liberal party attacks the House of Lords chiefly because it is a Conservative body. It does not propose to reconstitute the upper house on some principle more just and modern than heredity; it proposes to cripple its power of opposition. The moderate Liberals wish to do away with the Lords' veto on financial measures; the extremists wish to abolish the Lords entirely. Either of these plans tends toward single-chamber government—a principle entirely foreign to American ideas.

It is not as if the House of Commons really represented the British people. A general election is often fought on a single issue; the resulting Parliament, if the Government retains its majority, remains in existence for seven years, and may pass any number of measures on which the opinion of the electorate has not been consulted. At the time of the 1906 election, for instance, the principles of the famous Lloyd-George budget had not been evolved, and only the exercise of the Lords' veto, which the Liberals wish to abolish, gave the people an opportunity to register its opinion. And the people returned an anti-budget majority, for the Irish, although political expediency may lead them to accept the budget in a modified form, are known to oppose it.

It is a very difficult matter to estimate the relation between the opinion of the British public as a whole and the opinion of Parliament. The suffrage is restricted, and the seats are badly apportioned. Too much is made in American discussions on the subject of the influence of plural voting. Many men have more than one vote, but few men actually use their plural votes to the full extent, and the number of plural votes cast in any one constituency is rarely large enough to affect the result of an election. A worse evil is the over-representation of certain country districts, and particularly of Ireland. An Irish member often represents three thousand votes, whereas an English borough member may represent twenty thousand.

The Liberals have talked a good deal about Parliamentary reform, but they have done remarkably little. They are afraid that a reapportionment would injure their own standing. The extreme Liberals and Labor members favor universal suffrage, or at least manhood suffrage, but the average intelligence of the poorest classes in England is so low that the wisdom of such an extension is very doubtful.

The Conservative party believes in a strong second chamber; it wishes to reform the House of Lords without crippling its powers. It realizes the danger of government by a single chamber in power for seven years unchecked by any constitutional restraint—for the King does not exercise his veto, there is no written constitution, and the Liberals wish to remove the only existing check, the veto of the Lords.

From the purely constitutional point of view, the standpoint of the Unionists should meet with more American support than that of the Liberals.

FREDERIC SCHENCK.

Oxford, England, February 27.

THE CORPORATION TAX LAW.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is doubtless the opinion of vast numbers of business men, of whom a large number are Republicans, not only that the Corporation Tax law is unbusinesslike and ill-advised, but also that it is unfair to the point of tyranny. It has been attacked in numerous suits brought by many different corporations and persons in many different places, upon various grounds of unconstitutionality. So widespread has the attack been that many persons almost take it for granted that the law will be overthrown by the United States Supreme Court as being unconstitutional. The loss of this law will be a blessing to the country; but how about the loss of President Taft's reputation? His capacity, character, and temperament have been singularly in contrast with those of his predecessor. We have been taught to believe, and have believed, that Mr. Taft is above all a fair-minded man, calm, judicial, and authoritative in matters of law. If this law should be declared unconstitutional, within not much more than the first year of Mr. Taft's term, his reputation as a fair-minded man and a jurist will be swept away; and what will then be left? What subtle force thus drags a great and good man down when he enters public life in this country? Is it not summed up in one word—politics? What is the poison in our politics? The answer is—universal suffrage, destined to crumble and be swept away as an impalpable powder by the irresistible impact of modern evolution. ROBERT S. MINOT.

Boston, March 4.

SHELLEY AND JAPAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: An incident of Japanese life may interest readers of the *Nation*. This morning, after breakfast, I was informed that a young Japanese had committed suicide on the beach in front of the hotel. Of course, I walked down to the beach, and there the poor boy lay. The body had to lie there on the sand until a doctor had examined it and the police had inspected it; then it was picked up by a couple of fishermen, doubled up, head to heels, and thrust into a box which was corded up, slung on a pole, and carried off by two coolies. It was one of the most heartless proceedings I have ever seen, and during it all the crowd joked and laughed, and evidently regarded the matter as a very funny incident.

How strange the contrast, when I discovered that before shooting himself, the poor boy had spread out on the sand all his little belongings—less than a dollar in money, a very scanty wardrobe, some paper and pens, and a copy of "The Poetical Works of Shelley."

WALTER ROGERS FURNESS.

Kamakura, January 9.

STATE INTERVENTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The following clipping is from the *University of Wisconsin Press Bulletin*, January 24:

A package of Wisconsin-grown Connecticut-Havana tobacco seed will be furnished to tobacco growers of the State for a trial planting by the Horticultural Department of the Agricultural Experiment Station of the University of Wisconsin. This seed has been selected from the improved tobacco grown at the Experiment Station for several years, and represents the very best product resulting from systematic improvement.

So we have the teachers of the public schools of Wisconsin instructing their pupils, under the compulsion of a State law, in the (presumably) noxious effects of tobacco upon the human system, as also the use of tobacco in public prohibited to persons who have not reached sixteen years, under severe penalities, while the State University is distributing free seed of the best brands—a curious comment on State intervention. F. E. U.

Washington, D. C., March 1.

THE LARGEST GLACIER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING POST:

SIR: Permit me to call your attention to a slip in your recent reference (*Nation*, No. 2330, p. 194) to the report on the Alaskan glacier region, to the effect that "the Malaspina, with a surface area of 1,500 square miles, is the largest in the world outside the Polar regions." That is, of course, far from the truth, the Vatna-jökul, in Iceland, containing ca. 3,100 square miles. Strictly speaking, the glacier-cap of Southern Greenland (in the same latitude as the great Alaskan glacier region) would also have to be considered. L. M. H.

Ann Arbor, Mich., February 28.

Literature.

CROCE'S ÆSTHETICS.

Æsthetic as Science of Expression and General Linguistic. Translated from the Italian of Benedetto Croce by Douglas Ainslie. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3 net.

The *Nation*, having already commented (September 25, 1902), on the Italian edition of Benedetto Croce's important work on æsthetics, can now treat this translation only in a general way. Mr. Ainslie has usually conveyed the sense of his compact original with fidelity and spirit. The theoretic portion is preserved intact, the historical summary of æsthetic opinions has been reduced by two-thirds, retaining, however, the portions

which especially distinguish it from Bosanquet and other compilers. In an introduction breathing a fervid spirit of discipleship the translator describes his meeting with the author. Not uninteresting in itself, it seems to us out of keeping with the dignity of the book. A very welcome contribution not found in the Italian editions is Signor Croce's Heidelberg address on Pure Intuition and the Lyrical Character of Art. The ample bibliography is omitted and, less pardonably, the index. Still, the full table of contents and sidenotes enable one to get about.

Professor Croce is eminently modern in clinging to psychology. For him the æsthetic fact is intuitions that have found expression. This and nothing else is art. But such expression—possession, one is inclined to amend—of intuitions may be, nay, inevitably is, a stage towards intellection. All knowledge has filtered through an æsthetic stage, but the moment our expressed intuitions consent to become terms in concepts, æsthetic quality perishes. It seems to us a defect in the argument that the distinction between such momentary and mediatory expressions and those that are indulged for their own sake, while stated, is nowhere sufficiently ascertained. Expression is a faculty of the human spirit, self-sufficing, unrational, independent of external authority, bearing to intuitions the relation that perception does to sensations.

Such is the doctrine in brief. It resembles the tenets of the psychological school, but is simpler and more comprehensive than any other definition. Véron's dictum that art is objectified emotion, and Santayana's hedonistic variant—art is pleasure objectified, obviously are included within Croce's more sweeping generalization. Only the Neapolitan critic would insist that pleasure is merely a possible concomitant either of intuitions or of their expression.

We suppose few writers to-day would, except by avowed metaphor, locate beauty in things. Our author takes beauty to be successful expression, or more simply expression. Beauty is absolute and has no degrees. Ugliness is merely unsuccessful expression. In a work of art of complicated structure beauty may be in the parts and not in the whole, as freshness graced only fractions of the modest parson's egg. The criterion of art is solely, Has an intuition or intuitions been expressed? No moral or intellectual judgment of the intuitions themselves is in order, for we are in a purely theoretic realm of vision and contemplation, where the will does not enter, and consequently morals are in abeyance. We are evidently not far from the *Urteilskraft* of Kant, freed of mystical implications. When, however, an expression—an inner operation of spirit—is externalized in a work of art, then morals and politics have their right of self-protection. The silent expresser has chosen to become a doer, and his deed is a social fact, subject *quâ* art only to the requirement of expression, but otherwise subject, like other social acts, to discipline, or even suppression.

> We cannot will or not will our æsthetic vision: we can, however, will or not will to externalize it, or better to preserve and communicate, or not, to others the externalization produced.
>
> This will to externalize is the only thing that distinguishes the artist from the man of taste.
>
> The judicial activity, which criticises and recognizes the beautiful is identical with that which produces it. The only difference lies in the diversity of circumstances, since, in the one case, it is a question of æsthetic production, in the other of reproduction. The judicial activity is called taste; the productive activity is called genius . . . [which are substantially identical, since] to posit a substantial difference between genius and taste, between artistic production and reproduction, would render communication and judgment alike inconceivable.

The passage illustrates at once Signor Croce's vigor and the stride with which he takes the wider gaps in his argument. He fails to allot to memory its preponderance, both in taste and genius. As for beauty, since it does not inhere in things of any sort, it obviously cannot be an attribute of nature.

> Natural beauty is simply a stimulus to æsthetic reproduction which presupposes previous production. Without preceding intuitions of the imagination, nature cannot arouse any at all.

Here we are near Oscar Wilde's paradox that beauty is conferred upon nature by art, a suggestion which might claim respectable Platonic origins.

It follows from the definition of art as expressed intuition that all classifications of the separate arts are merely descriptive, historical, unscientific, and in a sense provisional. The famous *genres* have thus only empirical existence. Any attempt to fix their limits and to legislate for future art is absurd *ab initio*. The reprehended tendency to *Anderstreben* is the natural and legitimate attempt to secure the maximum of expressiveness. Where we imagine we are laying down the laws of the *genres*, we are either talking nonsense, or merely asserting that a given expression is intrinsically insincere or imperfect.

Such is the doctrine in bare epitome. Its interesting working out in the field of history and belles-lettres, we can only mention. The most novel feature of the book, though anticipated by the impressionistic critics, is the awarding of equal honors to criticism and so-called creation. Without a vigorous criticism, not necessarily a written one, Signor Croce believes no vigorous art is possible. In this conviction, he has founded and conducted that very able review *La Critica*.

Remarkable and trenchant as are the affirmations of this book, its silences are equally significant. Rarely has an æsthetic been written with such slight attention to the concrete arts, or, in our author's phrase, externalized expressions. Some hint of the qualities of the arts of language there is, but music, painting, sculpture, the dance, hardly shadow these pages. All this is consonant with the dictum of the indivisibility of æsthetic expression, but it also causes misgivings. Finally, though any thorough discussion of the theory is impossible, we may at least mention the gravest doubt that occurs. These intuitions, which are the plasma of expression, what are they? The answer is very brief and vague, negative rather than positive. We are told that these are inchoate non-intellectual experiences that either through expression become æsthetic or fail of expression and remain inchoate. But suppose these intuitions are so diverse inherently that the process of expression fails to unify them? May there not be, in short, paths to intellection that forego the æsthetic stage, intuitions refractory to æsthetic expression? Such questions occur and we find no complete answer to them. A deeper doubt arises from the fact that the whole argument really adds nothing to the initial definition—art is expressed intuition. One shrinks from a system that is already complete in a definition involving a mystery.

Of the value of the book, there is no question. Its destructive analysis of the empirical, naturalistic, and transcendental æsthetic is enlightening and convincing. It clears the ground for constructive studies. It is written with superb clearness, vigor, and picturesqueness. Any reader who is capable of consecutive thought may understand it, and will not fail to find it immensely stimulating. These are distinctions that cannot be taken away from this athletic Neapolitan thinker whatever fate the future may hold for his doctrines.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Human Cobweb: A Romance of Peking. By B. L. Putnam Weale. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Mr. Weale will be recalled as author of "The Re-Shaping of the Far East," "Indiscreet Letters from Peking," and other books dealing with modern conditions in Eastern Asia. He has also published a collection of short stories whose scene is laid in the Far East. The material for "The Human Cobweb," which is, we believe, his first novel, is drawn from the same source. The action begins in London, but, most of it, as the sub-title suggests, takes place in Peking.

The hero, Peter Kerr, is a rising engineer who has planned a system of railways in China which shall assure England of permanent influence in Chinese affairs. Of course, he tells a woman all about his plans before he leaves England, and, of course, she betrays him. When he arrives in Peking to begin his experience as concession-hunter, a certain Belgian syndicate, in full possession of his plans, has its representatives there and already at work to secure control of the territory involved. Peter Kerr has been allowed by his sponsors to set out on his mission in complete ignorance of the ordinary mode of procedure in such cases. He is astonished to find difficulty in approaching the Chinese official by direct means. However, he has the good luck to fall into the hands of an Italian concession-hunter who thoroughly understands the game, and who eventually engineers him to success. But he also falls into the hands, or, more literally, the arms, of a Frenchwoman whose husband is working against him for the Belgian syndicate. Much complication ensues, and the ingenuous Peter is finally extricated only by the amazing skill of his Italian ally.

It must be admitted that the Englishman does not play the part of conquering Briton with the aplomb of the ordinary hero of fiction. The Italian adventurer, the Swiss landlord, above all the extraordinary little Englishwoman who somewhat spasmodically mothers him in his exile, are all more interesting persons. Mr. Weale has a straightforward style, and a knack at mild philosophizing which remind one a little of the late Marion Crawford. So, in noting the physical sloth of his fat Italian:

> It is not all people who find happiness in perspiration; some prefer pantology; others revel in pantophagy; not to speak of those who never find happiness at all.

Characteristic, too, is his description of a hotel as

> curiously like a box full of different compartments, containing different kinds of insects, engaged in their own work. Separated only by lath and plaster, some are doing one thing, some another thing, and some nothing at all. Imagine how amusing it would be if one could get a simultaneous view of the manifold activities!

In his panoramic views of Chinese life, and his interpretation of them, the student of the East triumphs over the novelist: it is in these passages that the book achieves absolute merit.

On the Branch. From the French of Pierre de Coulevain. By Alys Hallard. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

This is currently described as the most popular book of the moment, in France; as the most popular of all books written by women. Let us "allow for the wind," as some one advised the reader of Hazlitt to do.

The heroine of the tale, who tells her own story, is a woman in her fifties, a Mme. de Myères. Late in life, she has blossomed out into literature. As "Jean Noël," she is a successful novelist. ("Pierre de Coulevain" is, no less, a woman's pseudonym. This is not the only analogy.) At the opening of the story, this heroine is a widow of tragic experience. After fourteen years of life with a husband, whom she had greatly loved, the husband has suddenly been lost to her, and, with his death, it has appeared that a friend of her childhood has been his mistress; also that there is a child. This highly introspective woman, whose narrative is more thickly sprinkled with the personal pronoun than any we have recently encountered, is deprived even of the luxury of grief. In her bereavement and disillusion she decides upon cutting loose from all ties with the too odious past. She seeks relief in travel. She lives "on the branch"—in hotels and strange places. In her peregrinations, she heaps up (to use her own phrase), "impressions upon impressions, images upon images." These impressions, these images, form the staple of a book that fairly reeks with cosmopolitanism, with analysis, and with a kind of leucocholy that passes off as optimism. For Jean Noël professes belief in some sort of providential fatalism, which seems to strengthen her against the slings and arrows. It is difficult to disentangle the Jean Nöel and the Pierre de Coulevain here; one or the other of them prates overmuch of this same "Providence"; of personal magnetism; of "fluids." Unquestionably the "human interest" of a really moving story loses, too, by the deliberation with which it is unfolded. In the end, however, Mme. de Myères—or Noël—becomes reconciled with her husband's mistress and comes even to love her and her son. She interests herself in the latter's love affairs. The final words of the book are, "Fallen from the Branch."

The Crossways. By Helen R. Martin. New York: The Century Co.

The picturesque life of the Pennsylvania Germans is a field so well known to this writer that her mastery of local color is to be taken for granted. In her present book, however, the characters who play their parts before the beautifully painted scenery do not appeal strongly to the average reader. By those who delight to dwell upon the condition of woman as the bondslave of Man, this story may be hailed as profoundly symbolic; but to the ordinary mind its pivotal point is inconceivable, even though it may be founded on the facts of life among a fortunately limited number. The story turns upon the mediæval relations between man and woman still current in a community where it is not only possible, but customary, for a man to consider the women of his household as mere drudges and chattels. The son of such a family, Matthew Kuntz, has made for himself the promising beginnings of a career as a doctor. In his hospital practice, he has fallen in love with one of his patients, a beautiful Southern girl, whose natural sensitiveness has been fostered by her tender rearing. She marries him despite the protests of her family, and is happy till their return to his native village, where he has decided to establish his home. Once in the atmosphere of his father's house, he succumbs to its traditions. Instead of the comradeship of their earlier days, he feels the need of asserting his mastery; and although poor Jean is no shrew, he proceeds to her taming by methods hardly more gentle than Petruchio's. The breaking of a butterfly is always a sorry spectacle, and we are wearied and disgusted by the long drawn out story of Jean's sordid martyrdom. Of course, the birth of her child is supposed to work a revolution in Matthew's ideas—but the change treads somewhat too close upon the heels of his previous blind brutality for us to find it convincing. We rather echo in thought Tom Kemp's comment on the reformed Mollusk. "It's a miracle—yes; but are miracles permanent? We're never told—we're never told."

Little Brother O' Dreams. By Elaine Goodale Eastman. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

This slight but exquisite portrayal of the heart of a child has the charm of a bluebird or a butterfly—a brief gleam of grace and color that leaves a pleasant memory. One might perhaps wish away the final touch of conventional romance, and yet it does not mar the atmosphere of the story, for the reunion of Little Brother with his Princess seems as far from the strident realisms of commonplace fiction as the nuptials of Peter Pan and Maimie Mannering. It is in Little Brother's poems that the soul of the book is to be sought. Such lines as the couplet on Sunset and Autumn have some spark of the right Promethean fire:

> On the castle of Night a red red flag that flies for the prince Tomorrow;
> In the face of the Cold a blazing world, and Hope at the door of Sorrow.

This verse to the chimney-swallows has also a haunting music:

> Why do you live in a small dark room, you children of air and light—
> In a house that is tired and old and sad where men have been born and died?
> If I were a bird I would live like a bird on the highest wind-washed height,
> In the bending tip of the topmost tree where the heavens are opened wide.

Best of all is this summary of the child-poet's philosophy:

This world is all a Poem, braided lines
like sun and rain;
Winter is the rhyme to summer, joy is
always rhymed with pain.
Youth and age are in the poem—you can
hear it if you try—
If you listen in a lonely place—a-swinging
through the sky.

God is the wondrous Poet who matched
the day and night;
He made your heart to answer to some
other in his sight.
He scatters tears and laughter, he plays
with life and time;
He gives you half the stanza—but you
must find the rhyme.

REMINISCENCES OF A SOUTHERN LADY.

My Day: Reminiscences of a Long Life. By Mrs. Roger A. Pryor. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.25 net.

Mrs. Pryor is decidedly the mistress of feminine Southern reminiscence—and we do not mean the title to suggest the sarcasm that dubbed Mrs. Malaprop Mistress of the Dictionary. If there are any two people now living who can recall personally more of what was characteristic and stirring and interesting in the life of the South during its most absorbing period than Gen. and Mrs. Pryor can, we should be at a loss to name them; and if there is any woman who can write of that time after a fashion at once so thoroughly Southern and so free from bitterness as Mrs. Pryor, we have not chanced upon her book. This is Mrs. Pryor's second volume of memories; and we cannot wonder that she has written twice—with such a life to write about. There is, of course, some repetition, since she here deals with the same years, the same scenes, and to some extent the same people, with which she dealt in her "Reminiscences of Peace and War"; but the supply of incident is not scant, the years and the people remain interesting. From the flower-gardens and serenades and old-fashioned gentilities of a Southern girlhood before the war to Washington and Richmond on the eve of the conflict, then through the very midst of the struggle, with its early triumphs, its growing gloom, its final supreme and lengthened agony at Petersburg, and then on into the new day of heroic rebuilding, regrowth, reconciliation—this is the course Mrs. Pryor leads her readers; for this has been the course of her life. To such a narrative it is hard to see how any American can be quite indifferent.

And it is all prattled out with a naïveté, a zest, a now conscious and now unconscious humor, a disregard of historical proportions and dates, and a piling up of praises and appreciations, such as only a woman of the old Southern tradition could possibly put into a book. One simply cannot conceive of a New England woman of Mrs. Pryor's class pouring into print such eulogies of her husband and children and other kinsfolk; yet somehow from Mrs. Pryor's pen they do not come amiss, and they will hardly be taken amiss. Until another Thucydides shall make the unlikeness of the Southern and the Yankee temperament as plain as the unlikeness of Athens to Sparta, such things will remain puzzling.

Yet from such utterly feminine things as these, and from countless enumerations of dear and cultivated and gracious women and adorable children and superb men, Mrs. Pryor can pass into narratives of suffering and heroism that are admirably simple and convincing. All culminates in her story of the Petersburg siege, from which one rises with no feeling but admiration and sympathy. As time goes on, all Americans will grow prouder and prouder of that story of unsurpassed fortitude and endurance; and no telling of it will be complete without such touches as Mrs. Pryor supplies. Here are glimpses of Lee and others of the Southern leaders that will stay in the memory; and other ghastlier sights as well. This, for instance, which Mrs. Pryor saw one horrible night, just after Petersburg fell, which she spent with her children in a ruined and filthy farm-house, surrounded by strange negroes:

> With untroubled consciences my children were sleeping. It was so dark in the room I could not see their faces, but I could touch them, and push the wet locks from their brows, as they lay in the close and heated atmosphere.
>
> I resumed my watch at the window, pressing my face close to the slats of the shutters. A pale half-moon hung low in the sky, turning its averted face from a suffering world. At a little distance I could see the freshly made soldier's grave which Aleck had discovered and reported. A heavy rain had fallen in the first hours of the night, and a stiff arm and hand now protruded from the shallow grave. To-morrow I would reverently cover the appealing arm, be it clad in blue or in gray, and would mark the spot. Now, as I sat with my fascinated gaze upon it, I thought of the tens of thousands, of the hundreds of thousands of upturned faces beneath the green sod of old Virginia. Strong in early manhood, grave, high-spirited men of genius, men whom their country had educated for her own defence in time of peril—they had died because that country could devise in her wisdom no better means of settling a family quarrel than the wholesale slaughter of her sons by the sword. And now? "Not until the heavens be no more shall they awake nor be raised out of their sleep."

When one has read all that she and her children endured while the war lasted, one is ready for an end of horrors and sufferings; but there were yet to follow years of extreme hardship and poverty, while Gen. Pryor slowly forced his way into a new career as a lawyer in New York city. It is a record to make one hesitate before saying a light word even of the "fire-eaters"—for in the fifties Gen. Pryor was regarded, the country over, as hardly second in that rôle to Yancey himself.

His and Mrs. Pryor's close associations with famous contemporaries have been extraordinarily numerous and diverse. There was Stephen A. Douglas, whom Pryor once seconded in a duel; William Walker, the filibuster chieftain, whom they entertained on the eve of his departure for Nicaragua; Lewis Cass, who came to their house in Washington late one night at the end of 1860, an old man of seventy-seven, bundled up in shawls and scarfs, and implored Pryor to do what he could to save the Union; Davis and many other of the foremost Confederates; Lincoln, whom Pryor, a prisoner on parole, saw at the White House in the winter of 1865; and finally, after the war, Grant and Sherman and Sheridan and other of the captains of the Union. The striking anecdote is never wanting about any one of them; and Mrs. Pryor is too good a Virginian to let it lose anything in the telling. Sherman alone comes in for reproach, and in this, it must be confessed, Mrs. Pryor is not unrepresentative of even the most liberal Southern opinion.

But the book is not all about soldiers and warfare—far from it. The closing chapters, for instance, are full of very recent New York; and there is, throughout, plenty of lightness to relieve the gloom. One of the best stories is this, of G. P. R. James, the English romancer, whom the Pryors knew in Washington before the war:

> One day he dashed in, much excited:
>
> "Have you seen the *Intelligencer*? By George, it's all true! Six times has my hero, a 'solitary horseman,' emerged from a wood! My word! I was totally unconscious of it! Fancy it! Six times! Well, it's all up with that fellow. He has got to dismount and enter on foot—a beggar, or burglar, or peddler, or at best a mendicant friar."
>
> "But," suggested one, "he might drive, mightn't he?"
>
> "Impossible!" said Mr. James. "Imagine a hero in a gig or a curricle!"
>
> "Perhaps," said one, "the word 'solitary' has given offence. Americans dislike exclusiveness. They are sensitive, you see, and look out for snobs."
>
> He made himself very merry over it; but the solitary horseman appeared no more in the few novels he was yet to write.

Woman's Work in English Fiction. By Clara H. Whitmore. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 net.

This book begins with the Restoration and ends in the mid-Victorian period, embracing feminine contributors to fiction from the Duchess of Newcastle to Mrs. Gaskell. It will occur to most masculine readers that the writers of importance here considered have been treated more fully and adequately elsewhere. But the courteous critic will

keep that thought to himself, and cordially acknowledge that the point of view, the exclusion of men, and the impressive array of obscure notables—Mary Manley, Charlotte Lennox, Frances Sheridan, Catherine Grace Frances Gore, and the rest—give to Miss Whitmore's history something of the piquancy of "Cranford." At the same time, the work is not mere graceful semi-biographical gossip like Miss Repplier's charming "Happy Half-Century." It aspires to be a serious, continuous, and, indeed, contributive literary estimate, and as such it is open to criticism.

Miss Whitmore's most fundamental weakness as literary historian is a kind of transcendental indifference to chronology. She is bent on proving the priority of women in making all sorts of valuable innovations in fiction, and yet she discusses tendency after tendency through page after page without a date. Consequently her book bristles with terribly questionable "first appearances." For example, after quoting a passage from Mrs. Smith's "Old Manor House" (1793), she declares her the inventor of natural landscape—"such descriptions are not unusual now, but they were first used by Charlotte Smith." Again, of Mrs. Inchbald's "A Simple Story" (1791) she says, "It is the first novel in which we are more interested in what is felt than in what actually happens." One is tempted to call up the School Boy and ask him if he has ever heard of "The Man of Feeling." *After* Horace Walpole, two women, Clara Reeve and Mrs. Radcliffe, do seem for a time to take the lead in Gothic romance; but in assigning credit for new qualities in the fiction of the late eighteenth century Miss Whitmore, ignoring the time-spirit, frequently mistakes the general romantic and revolutionary liberation of emotion for a distinctly feminine impulse.

To be both critical and human is difficult, and Miss Whitmore is human. For the present purpose, perhaps, she has chosen the better part. After all, who cares for a critical account of the Duchess of Newcastle? "Her plays were well received," says our admiring and sympathetic author, and "No one can read this biography ["Life of the Duke of Newcastle," by his wife] without feeling the charm of the quaint, childlike personality of the Duchess of Newcastle." If any one desires another estimate of this lady's talents, he has only to open Pepys's "Diary" at March 30, 1667: "To see the silly play of my Lady Newcastle's called 'The Humourous Lovers'; the most silly thing that ever came upon the stage. I was sick to see it, but yet would not but have seen it, that I might the better understand her"; and on March 18 of the following year Pepys expressed his opinion of her biography, "which shows her to be a mad, conceited, ridiculous woman, and he an asse to suffer her to write what she writes to him and of him."

If this case is at all typical, we have much to learn from feminine critics. Certainly Miss Whitmore is most entertaining when she consciously clashes with man-made reputations—when she declares that the plot of most of the fifteen realistic novels of Richardson, Fielding, Sterne, and Smollet is "practically the same," and expresses her contempt for their coarse subject matter, or when she wonders whether Harry Fielding regaled Mrs. Fielding "with the scenes he has described for his readers" and the sights he saw on his travels. "Probably," is her delightful conjecture, "when she asked him if anything had happened *en route*, he merely yawned and replied, 'Oh, nothing worth while.'" To do her justice, however, we must add that she finds even in Fanny Burney a certain antique and obsolete harshness: "Too often the laugh is at another's discomfiture, and so fails to please the present age with its kindlier feeling toward others." With Tolstoy on one side and Woman on the other, alas, who shall be saved?

Despatches from Paris, 1784-1790. Selected and edited from the Foreign Office Correspondence by Oscar Browning. Vol. I: 1784-1787. Camden Third Series. XVI. London.

From the papers of the Foreign Office in London Oscar Browning has edited for the Royal Historical Society a series of dispatches sent from Paris by the Duke of Dorset and other British ministers in France which are of the utmost interest. Unlike private correspondence, official dispatches are generally concise in form and temperate in tone, and in the cases before us the editor has wisely eliminated such portions of the letters as are of minor interest. The result is the equivalent of a running narrative of events, absorbing in the very simplicity and directness with which the great issues gradually appear and disappear and then appear again, rushing forward to a culmination. The climax is not reached in this volume, but the preliminaries are here, and though on the part of the British ministers there seems to have been no expectation of the great crisis to come, the mutterings of the storm can be distinctly heard. During 1786 the correspondents saw little but "perfect and profound tranquillity"; yet by the summer of 1787 "the disorders of the kingdom" had become so manifest that, despite the known opposition of the King which Hailes believed would bring the scheme to naught, the opinion gained ground that only a National Assembly could remedy the existing discontent.

Admirable pictures are given of the Assembly of Notables and its work, of the policy and independence of the Parlement of Paris, of the actions of other of the French Parlements, and of the recently summoned Provincial Assemblies, which Dorset thinks "are likely to be of great benefit to the nation," if only "the principle of liberty upon which they are founded" does not "extend itself beyond the bounds prescribed by the monarch." The first mention of the States-General is in Dorset's dispatch of July 12, 1787, referring to the meeting of Parlement of July 6, when "several of the members spoke with great freedom and twelve of them were of opinion that the States-General ought to be summoned at a conjuncture so critical as the present."

Among other interesting matters referred to in the earlier part of the volume are: the demand made by the Emperor for the opening of the Scheldt to Austrian vessels, in 1784 and 1785, a demand which troubled England very little at that time, though made a pretext for war when presented by France in 1792; the building of the harbor of Cherbourg, at an enormous expense and among many doubts of the practicability of the scheme, doubts that Napoleon was to set at rest forever, twenty years later; the early aviation projects of the Montgolfier brothers, who, declaring that they had learned how to steer their balloon, proposed at this time to open a regular traffic between northern and southern France, freighting their balloon with plate glass on the southern journey and with reams of paper on the return.

References to the United States are numerous, in some instances contributory to our knowledge of the period, and, in others, perhaps, contributory to our knowledge of ourselves. In the second class may be placed the following comment upon the badge of the order of the Cincinnati:

> It is a Blue Ribband, with a golden Eagle enamelled hanging to it, and worn at the button hole: the Motto on one side is, Omnia reliquit servare Rempublicam; on the reverse, Societas Cincinnatoria, and some other words, for which a boy of ten years old would have been flogged at Eton or Westminster.

The minister who wrote this had to take his turn at the game of repartee, when, in 1787, during a discussion of the proposed *Timbre* or Stamp Duty, a member rose in Parlement and said that M. de Calonne, who proposed the tax, "ought not to have so soon forgot that it was a Stamp Act, which occasioned America to shake off the yoke of the Mother Country," a remark which Dorset thought "highly indecent."

The most valuable piece of information furnished by these dispatches is one touching matters of trade and finance. Hailes's long letter of October 25, 1786, is a commentary showing considerable insight into the financial sit-

nation of France: the extravagances of the court, the prodigality of the department of finance, the heavy and largely unsuccessful loans, the expenses of Cherbourg, and the immense works carried on in all the royal houses. Dorset elsewhere confirms the statements of his inferior. In considering French finances, the ministers are naturally drawn on to discuss trade and commerce, and endeavor to show how entirely the French missed their object in taking part in the American war. Hailes thought this object to have been the dividing with England of the commerce of the New World, for he cannot believe that "an enlightened and politic nation would have precipitated itself into a distressing and bloody war without hoping some more substantial advantages than the glory of rendering America independent." He declares that French trade with America after the war was so inconsiderable as to be unworthy of mention, and that, taking all the circumstances together, France had been as great a sufferer by the war as had Great Britain. Dorset's statement that since November, 1783, not one American vessel had been seen at Bordeaux, Marseilles, or other ports of the south, and that exportation to the West Indies had entirely ceased, is important from the standpoint of French revenues, but it is equally important from the standpoint of American trade in the early years of our country's independence. If Great Britain continued to monopolize American trade after the navigation acts ceased to apply to American commerce, and there is evidence elsewhere to corroborate Dorset's statements to that effect, then we may well believe that, contrary to the commonly received opinion, these same navigation acts did but little during the colonial period to hinder our commercial development.

The Relations of the United States and Spain—Diplomacy. By French Ensor Chadwick. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $4 net.

With singular fairness and dignity Rear-Admiral Chadwick has written the story of all our dealings with Spain. One may or may not accept his thesis that the Cuban war was written in the stars, but if the theory is to be refuted, the objector will not need to go beyond this book, so full is its documentation and so transparent its presentation of all matters of fact.

Spanish claims have been a sort of byword for more than a century, but the record of such negotiation and litigation is without wide significance. The real points of diplomatic debate between the United States and Spain have been the boundaries of Louisiana and the status of Cuba, although the recognition of the Latin-American republics has had, in the Monroe Doctrine, a more stately reverberation.

Naturally, the keenest interest attaches to the account of our dealings with Spain regarding Cuba. On the whole, the record does us credit. Spain during the half century of dispute persistently preferred *pundonor* to the real issue, whatever it might be; her agents readily committed stupid, provocative, and even sanguinary acts, which were grudgingly disavowed. A characteristic instance of Spanish myopia was the Virginius affair. The real point that horrified the world was the judicial massacre of a shipload of men. Spanish diplomacy, ignoring this moral issue, spent itself in tedious query as to the status of the ship. Were her American papers valid? In fact, the general course of Cuban negotiations suggests that the Foreign Office of Madrid, with all the sensibilities of a *caballero*, too often possessed the soul of a notary public. In striking contrast with the spasmodic conduct of Spanish negotiations is the firmness and moderation of such Secretaries of State as Hamilton Fish and Richard Olney. Either Grant or Cleveland, Admiral Chadwick thinks, could have brought on war by yielding to popular pressure and laying the Cuban matter before Congress. This was what President McKinley chose to do at the precise moment when his diplomatic battle was won.

Among the tragic malarrangements that abound in history, is there one more pathetic than the last days before the Cuban war? General Woodford, at Madrid, had most painstakingly opened the short-seeing eyes. A Ministry was in power that perceived the hopelessness of the Cuban situation and would go all lengths in concession. The Queen was actively enlisted on the side of peace. The seriousness of the emergency had at last found Spanish statesmen who could rise above *pundonor*. At this moment the very slightest grace from America might have secured peace with honor. But the indispensable element of time was lacking. The Spanish Ministry, in an inflamed state of public opinion, dared not go fast on the road of concession, and Mr. McKinley, for a similar reason, dared not be backward in demanding. At a certain point we have the tragic coincidence of the diplomatic battle wholly won at Madrid and the mind of a humane and Christian President suddenly fixed upon war as the only solution. A full week before the Presidential message which meant war was read to Congress, Mr. McKinley knew that through the mediation of the Pope the Queen would grant an unconditional armistice—the main issue of contention. Minister Woodford was confident that this meant peace. Mr. McKinley made a short, cold, and evasive answer to the overture, and finally appended to his message a vague, misleading, and slurring reference to the matter. Spain, who, for the sake of peace, had thrown herself on our mercy, was represented to Congress as incorrigibly obstructive, and war ensued.

Admiral Chadwick, who treats this episode almost without comment, has nothing to say except that the surrender came too late. Indeed, it may have been merely a straw, but it is a straw at which Grant or Cleveland would have grasped. What induced Mr. McKinley to fail to play the last card for peace is still matter of conjecture. It may have been the sinister influence of the senile and prejudiced statesman nominally in charge of the State Department. One may imagine financial interests, whose influence had ruled in Cuban matters, having bound Mr. McKinley irrevocably to a war. But we must not over-indulge mere surmise. It is possible that the explanation is simpler. The chagrin at finding that an unexpected move of the opponent has made waste-paper of a momentous document—such reasons have often provoked an exaggerated stubbornness, both in scholars and statesmen; mere inertia—the inability to revise a strenuous decision—counts for much. So apparently alien a motive as the resentment of a good Methodist at Papal interference is not to be utterly dismissed. But behind any of these possible motives lies Mr. McKinley's temperamental inability to distinguish between the voice of the people which is the echo of base journalism and the voice of the people which is also that of God. The struggle may or may not have been inevitable; but history can never clear Mr. McKinley's memory from the disrepute of casting upon the tender mercies of an inflamed Congress, and there misrepresenting, a generous nation which had made every concession ever demanded by his predecessors or by Mr. McKinley himself.

Points of special interest in Admiral Chadwick's able review of the Cuban imbroglio are his equitable partition of the blame for the awful state of the island between Spain and the insurgents, and his conviction that the Maine was blown up from outside. Cuba was a hell, but the insurgents had willed it to be so. The Spanish repression did not disregard the laws of war, but simply used the stern measures dictated by a desperate situation. It is time that these truths should be said by authoritative lips. Admiral Chadwick's view of the Maine disaster is weighty, for he now tells that he went to Havana as a commissioner expecting to find evidence of an internal explosion.

Without falling back too complacently on fate or providence, it is fair to recall the broader moral issue of Cuba. The island, from whatever cause, was a moral offence and a permanent peril to us. The obvious responsibility for an intolerable state of affairs lay with Spain. Our people, if the viler journalism and the horrible fate of the Maine

counted for much, were also greatly moved by a genuine and worthy compassion for suffering, and by a real if perhaps excessive moral indignation. It is true that in Mr. McKinley's time the negotiations were often conducted with small regard for Spanish sensibilities—Mr. Woodford's local dealings being in honorable contrast to the temper of his home advices; but it is also true that for a quarter of a century Spain had signally failed to understand the disinterestedness and moral righteousness of the American attitude. Until too late she regarded every plea for humanity as if it were a routine move in a sharp political game. If Mr. McKinley treated the overture of the Queen with wilful or ignorant disregard of its import, a similar fate had befallen a score of similarly humane representations from Washington in time past. This does not excuse Mr. McKinley, but it may help rehabilitate that Providence which, if it has indeed directed the dealings of Spain and the United States, has surely had its slumberous intervals. The broader moral of this excellent book is the duty that nations have to understand each other.

The Medici. By Col. G. F. Young, C. B. With portraits and illustrations, in two volumes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $8 net.

This well-printed and fully illustrated work is, we believe, the first that gives the whole history of the Medici family, and with this statement any specific merit is acknowledged once for all. Col. Young is a diligent but rather undiscriminating compiler. All authorities seem to look pretty much alike to him. His style is usually without grace or motion, and he lacks the gift of articulating quoted passages with his own text. Still the book gains in dignity and skill as it goes on, and the lives of the later Medici begin to reveal some of the gifts of the philosophical and literary historian.

On the narrowly historical side the work is adequate. One may feel that the lives of the older Medici have been told many times and better, but the plan of the book required a repetition that is not wholly vain. On the side of the history of art, the author indulges a tendency to link all important pictures with current events. Here he frequently gives his unsupported inferences the weight of facts. In particular his exposition of the pictures of Botticelli plays havoc with the chronology of that artist as ascertained by the study of his style. Still there are suggestive contributions in this matter. Col. Young shows that Mr. Herbert Horne's theory that Botticelli's Spring and Venus were painted for the Villa of Castello, owned by Lorenzo di Pierfrancesco de' Medici, rests on an unproved assumption, and he draws an interesting analogy hitherto overlooked between the title of the Primavera and Lorenzo the Magnificent's motto in the joust of 1475—*Le temps revient.* All this matter still awaits a final interpretation. Col. Young is more prolific in queries than in solutions.

The very full illustration of these volumes, especially as regards portraiture, is an attractive feature. In some cases, the author is careless in accepting bad traditional attributions; elsewhere, he offers inferior posthumous effigies when life portraits are to be found in the fifteenth century paintings; but in the main this is a remarkable pictorial chronicle of a family whose faces are treasure-trove to the physiognomist.

Clearly the most interesting part of the work is that devoted to the later Medici. The services of the inexorable Cosimo I to art and commerce are, perhaps, fairly well understood, but who realizes how much the galleries of the Uffizi and Pitti owe to those admirable brothers Ferdinando II, Giovanni Carlo, and Leopoldo? What enthusiast grasps the fact that, on the dying out of the line, but for the liberality of the Electress Anna Ludovica, the chief treasures of the Uffizi, Pitti, Bargello, Archæological Museum, and National and Laurentian Libraries, might have been dispersed? It was she who dedicated them formally to Tuscany and to the world. In fact, the persistent strain in the stock was the love of art and scholarship. Long after priestly tutors had emasculated the line, they remained enlightened patrons of literature, art, and science. This is their enduring glory, for what the elder Medici and the ruthless Cosimo, Grand Duke, achieved in a political way soon crumbled. No lasting political fabric could be reared on the shifting sands of the Florentine temperament.

Col. Young is the avowed apologist of the Medici, at times beyond discretion. We agree with him that no member of the family ever destroyed any liberty that was worth respect. Except for Cosimo I, the greatest of the race ruled by consent of the people. It is well also to dispel the false impression that the Medici were monsters of vice. As the times went, they were, for the most part, rather scrupulous folk, both in their public and private morality. Yet it evinces either ignorance of the facts, or lack of judgment, to say that the licentiousness of Shakespeare's works and of Lorenzo de' Medici's is on a par. We can only conclude that our author knows the Magnificent Lorenzo in discreet selections that exclude his frank pornography. One could wish that this laborious work had been done with greater scholarship and literary tact. As it is, its completeness and convenience for reference are likely to insure it popularity.

Around Afghanistan. By Major de Bouillane de Lacoste. With a preface by M. Georges Leygues. Translated from the French by J. G. Anderson. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $3 net.

This is a record of the author's fifth journey in Asia. The circuit of the forbidden territories of the Amir of Kabul was made by going on the Transcaspian Railway to its eastern terminus and thence across the Pamirs, or "Roof of the World," over the Himalayas at the Karakoram Pass into Kashmir. Northern India was traversed by rail, and then came the desert regions of Baluchistan and the fluvial oases of Persian Seistan. Major de Lacoste writes in an entertaining way of the various noteworthy incidents of his journey, and describes vividly the striking characteristics of the life of the people whom he saw. But a large part of the countries traversed partook of the nature of the Pamirs, the first impression of which was "a cold and dismal solitude. The earth is bare, the sky void. A continuous wind which whistles lugubriously, sweeps everything on its way, and raises in blinding columns a coarse sand which darkens the horizon. Nothing exists, nothing lives." In view of this, it is hardly surprising to read that in the similarly denuded and desolate plains of Baluchistan, where in ancient times famines occurred every five or six years, the natives built their houses of uncemented stones with a cupola supported by a central pillar, fashioned to a point at both ends. "When the famine became such that it was no longer possible to live, the head of the family assembled all who were in the house around the fragile pillar, then he would call upon the superior divinities, and putting his shoulder to it, like another Samson pulling down the house, he buried under the brutal heap of granite his smiling descendants, whom he thus sent to appease their hunger in eternity."

A novel invention of a Baluchi was the making "in the moist sand a little tunnel ten centimetres long, at one end of which I saw him put a pinch of tobacco, which he lighted; then, stretching himself on the ground, he placed his lips at the other end, and made a long inhalation of warm smoke. Our interpreter, who had no more cigarette paper, had just invented the desert-pipe."

Georges Leygues, member of several French Ministries, introduces the book to its readers with an appreciative preface in which he discusses the Asiatic problem of Russian and British interests. The work of the translator, J. G. Anderson, has been exceedingly well done. There are reproductions of seventy-five photographs which, with five route-maps, add much to the value and attractiveness of the book.

Notes.

Macmillan & Co. of London announce a new library edition of Walter Pater's works in ten volumes, the first of which will be issued in April.

Deltus M. Edwards has been engaged by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. to prepare a book which presents the human side of Arctic exploration from the earliest expeditions to the achievements of Peary.

"The History of Kings County, Nova Scotia," by Arthur Wentworth Hamilton Eaton, "giving a sketch of the French and their expulsion, and a history of the New England planters who came in their stead, with many genealogies," is soon to be published by the Salem (Mass.) Press Co.

In addition to the books already mentioned in the *Nation*, the following are some of the spring publications announced by the Macmillan Company: Fiction—"A Brood of the Eagle," by James Lane Allen; "Jim Hands," by Richard Washburn Child; "A Modern Chronicle," by Winston Churchill; "The Undesirable Governess," by F. Marion Crawford; "A Life for a Life," by Robert Herrick; "Lost Face," by Jack London; "Kings in Exile," by Charles G. D. Roberts; "An Interrupted Friendship," by Ethel Lillian Voynich; "Nathan Burke," by Mary S. Watts; "An Unwilling Minerva," by Mrs. Mabel Osgood Wright. Literature and Drama—"The Book of Easter," with an Introduction by Bishop Doane; "The Nigger," a play by Edward Sheldon; "The Rôle of Self in Mental Healing," by Dr. J. W. Courtney; "A History of Classical Philology," by Harry Thurston Peck. Travel and Outdoor Books—"The Picturesque St. Lawrence," by Clifton Johnson; "Practical Farming," by Dr. John McLennan; "How to Keep Bees for Profit," by D. E. Lyon; "How to Keep Hens for Profit," by C. S. Valentine; "Manual of Gardening," by L. H. Bailey. Music and Art—"Groves Dictionary of Music," revised and enlarged under the editorship of J. Fuller Maitland; "Design in Theory and Practice," by Ernest A. Batchelder. History and Biography—"The American Merchant Marine," by John R. Spears; "Daniel Boone and the Wilderness Road," by H. Addington Bruce; "The Last American Frontier," by Frederick L. Paxson; "The History of Mexico," by Justo Sierra and H. N. Branch; "Social and Industrial Conditions in the North during the Civil War," by Prof. E. D. Fite of Yale University; "The Letters of Richard Henry Lee," edited by James Curtis Ballagh, professor of American history in Johns Hopkins University; "The Life of Lord Kelvin" by Sylvanus P. Thompson. Religion and Philosophy—"Building a Working Faith," by Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis; "Studies in Religion and Theology," by A. M. Fairbairn, principal of Mansfield College, Oxford; "The Gospel and the Modern Man," by Shailer Mathews, professor of Historical and Comparative Theology at the University of Chicago: "The Development of Religion," by Prof. Irving King of the University of Iowa; "The Ethics of Jesus," by Henry Churchill King, president of Oberlin College; "Religion in the Making," by Dr. Samuel G. Smith of the University of Minnesota; The Bible for Home and School Series, edited by Shailer Mathews: "The Epistles to the Colossians and to the Ephesians," by Gross Alexander, and "The Gospel According to St. Matthew," by Prof. A. T. Robertson; "The Religion of the Chinese," by Dr. J. J. M. De Groot; "The Religions of Eastern Asia," by Horace G. Underwood; "The Duty of Altruism," by Roy Madding McConnell. Politics and Economics—"Day in Court, or the Subtle Arts of Great Advocates," by Francis Wellman; "Democracy and the Party System," by M. Ostrogorski; "The Old Order Changeth," by William Allen White; "Revolution," by Jack London; "Principles of American Government," by Prof. C. A. Beard; "Great Cities in America: Their Problems and Their Government," by Delos F. Wilcox; "Wage-Earning Women," by Annie Marion MacLean, professor of sociology in Adelphi College. Scientific and Technical—Rural Text-Book Series, edited by Prof. L. H. Bailey of Cornell University, "The Physiology of Plant Production," by J. F. Duggar; Rural Science Series, edited by Professor Bailey, "Fruit-Growing in Arid Regions." Educational—"The Cyclopedia of Education," edited by Paul Monroe, Ph.D., professor of history of education Teachers College, Columbia University; to be completed in five or six volumes; volume I.

D. Appleton & Co. announce the following spring publications: Fiction—"The Green Mouse," by Robert W. Chambers; "White Magic," by David Graham Phillips; "The Depot Master," by Joseph C. Lincoln; "The Gilded Chair," by Melville Davisson Post; "Tony's Wife," by George Gibbs. Juvenile—"On the Trail of Washington," by Frederick Trevor Hill. History and Biography—"A History of the People of the United States" (Vol. VII, bringing the work up to 1852), by John Bach McMaster; "An Admiral's Log," by Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans, U.S.N. (retired); "The Real Francis Josepb: The Private Life of the Emperor of Austria," by Henri de Weindel (English version by Philip W. Sergeant); "The Last Days of the Emperor," by Paul Frémeaux; "Republican France," by Ernest Alfred Vizetelly; "Queen Christina of Sweden," by I. A. Taylor. Travel and Sport—"The Big Game of Africa," by Richard Tjäder; "Up the Orinoco and Down the Magdalena," by H. J. Mozans; "George Grenfell and the Congo," by Sir Henry Johnston; "Travel and Sport in Turkestan," by Capt. J. N. Price Wood. Science—A new uniform edition of the works of Herbert Spencer, in eighteen volumes; Appleton's Science Primers, edited by J. Reynolds Green: "Astronomy," by F. W. Dyson, professor of astronomy in the University of Edinburgh; "Geology," by J. W. Gregory, professor of geology in the University of Glasgow, and "Physiology," by Professor Sherrington, of the University of Liverpool; "Descriptive Meteorology," by Willis L. Moore, chief of the United States Weather Bureau; "Aerial Navigation," by Alfred F. Zahm, professor of theoretical and applied mechanics, Catholic University of America; "Music: Its Laws and Evolution," by Jules Combarieu, lecturer at the Collège de France (translated by Joseph Skellon); "The Modern Science of Languages" by H. Cantley Wyld, professor of science, Liverpool University (in the International Scientific Series); "A History of Birds" by H. O. Forbes, reader in ethnography, Liverpool University (in the International Scientific Series). Miscellaneous—"The Southern South," by Albert Bushnell Hart, professor of history at Harvard University; "Race Distinctions in American Law" (this title may be changed), by Gilbert T. Stephenson; "The Story of Sugar," by G. T. Surface, instructor in Yale University; "A Manual of Nursing," by Margaret Frances Donahoe, superintendent of nurses and principal of Training School, Philadelphia General Hospital; "Nutrition and Dietetics," by Winfield S. Hall, M.D.; "The Conquest of Disease Through Animal Experimentation," by James P. Warbasse, M.D., chief surgeon of the German Hospital, consulting surgeon to the Sency M. E. Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y.; "The Psychology of Reasoning," by Prof. W. B. Pillsbury, University of Michigan; "The American Hope," by William Morse Cole, assistant professor of accounting in Harvard University; "The American Public Library," by Arthur E. Bostwick; "The Reconstruction of the English Church," by R. G. Usher, instructor in History, Washington University.

It is announced that *Putnam's Magazine* will suspend publication with the April issue, when it will be combined with the *Atlantic Monthly*. The original magazine of this name was founded in 1853 by George William Curtis, and was suspended in 1857, having numbered among its famous contributors Lowell, Thoreau, Longfellow, Stoddard, and Stedman. As revived in 1906, it represented the absorption of the *Literary World*, the *Reader*, and the *Critic*, the last named founded in 1881 by Miss Jeannette L. Gilder and Joseph B. Gilder, and published at first fortnightly, then weekly, and, finally, as a monthly. Mr. Gilder had been editor of *Putnam's* since its revival, and Miss Gilder had contributed "The Lounger" department of comment and gossip. Miss Gilder and Mr. Gilder will discontinue their connection with the magazine upon its suspension.

Notes on determination of position near the Poles, by Arthur R. Hinks of Cambridge University, and the discussion upon the paper when read before the Royal Geographical Society by some of the most eminent polar explorers and distinguished cartographers, are published in the *Geographical Journal* for March. The difficulties of getting accurate observations, that of the meridian altitude of the sun for instance, are very clearly shown, and the fact is emphasized that "published accounts of the details of polar observations are scanty." A chivalrous people is described by Douglas Carruthers in an account of a recent journey in Northwestern Arabia, a region still almost unknown to the outside world. So little intercourse do the Arab nomads have with other peoples that "camels are their sole means of exchange." The different tribes virtually live by robbing each other, but "in the case of battle near an encampment, it is a recognized thing that neither party enters the camp. The fight is carried on according to certain rules well away from the camp, and does not endanger the lives of the women and children, who are left behind to look after the camels." Killing not being the aim of the fight, it is really very like playing a game, rough, says the well-known traveller, David Hogarth, but "perhaps not even so rough as

football after the American fashion." An interesting discovery was the remains of a large khan far away out in the sterile desert, showing that here was probably the ancient trade route between Egypt and the Persian Gulf.

Benedetto Croce, whose "Æsthetics" in its English dress has attracted unusual attention in England, and has drawn from Mr. A. J. Balfour a striking compliment in his recent Romanes Lecture, has supplemented this work by a volume of "Problemi di Estetica" (Bari: G. Laterza & figli), dealing with various problems connected with the theory and history of æsthetics. Among the fifty or more essays in the book may be mentioned those on Criticism and Literary History, Plagiarism, Comparative Literature, The Theory of Literary Style, Technique and Art, The Definitions of Romanticism, Humor, The Search for Literary Sources, and The Æsthetics of Gravina. Signor Croce has just received the highest honor which can be conferred on an Italian: he has been elected a Senator for life.

To the small well-printed books of the world's classics the Oxford University Press (New York: Henry Frowde) has added "Sylvia's Lovers," by Mrs. Gaskell. In the opinion of some this is her masterpiece, being of larger scope than the more famous "Cranford," and more passionately conceived than "Wives and Daughters." It is the fifth of her books to be taken into this handy edition. Clement K. Shorter provides a brief introduction suggesting the background of actual history in this tale of old Whitby.

After an interval of three years, Miss Jessie L. Weston has published the second part of her study on the "Legend of Sir Perceval," her two volumes constituting, respectively, the seventeenth and the nineteenth numbers of Mr. Nutt's Grimm Library. The first part dealt primarily with the Perceval story as treated by Chrétien de Troyes and his continuator, Wauchier de Denain, but it set forth also the author's general view of the history of the cycle. In the present volume, the starting-point is the prose "Perceval," known commonly as the Didot version from the name of the only manuscript hitherto published. Miss Weston prints from the Modena manuscript of the same document what proves to be a much better text, and subjects it to a careful analysis as regards both form and substance. She makes out a good case for the propositions that the prose "Perceval" is based upon a metrical version, and that this latter was the work of Robert de Borron. The greater part of the volume is taken up with the French text, which runs to more than a hundred pages, and with the discussion of its contents. The later chapters, which are frankly of a more speculative character, undertake to trace the whole history of the Grail tradition, deriving it in the first place from nature cults of the ancient Celts, and explaining many features of its symbolism by parallels from occult mysticism, both pagan and Christian. The development, if of the sort Miss Weston supposes, would be hard to trace (she describes it herself as a current that flowed underground); and the evidence she uses, derived in part from an anonymous informant, who is a "practising mystic," is not easy to control. But while, to the exoteric mind, at least, it is far from sufficient to prove her whole theory, it deserves serious examination.

The Index of Economic Material in Documents of the States of the United States, compiled by Adelaide R. Hasse and published by the Carnegie Institution of Washington, has been advanced a step nearer completion with the issue of the seventh volume dealing with Illinois. In all essential particulars, the material listed is the same as that in previous volumes, consisting of the printed reports of administrative officers, legislative committees, special commissions of the States, and Governors' messages for the period since 1809. The Index also undertakes to supply volume and page references to all material of economic importance which the listed works contain, except only the reports of the bureaus of labor, already indexed in a volume published in 1902, by the late Carroll D. Wright. The material for Illinois offered certain peculiarities requiring slight adaptation of method in this case, but in the main the volume performs for that State what has already been accomplished for the six States previously treated.

In a monograph entitled "The Transition in Illinois from British to American Government" Dr. Robert Livingstone Schuyler has made a scholarly contribution to the history of a portion of the old West. He has given a brief but well-balanced and impartial account of an early phase of westward expansion—the breaking down of the first American frontier, and the overthrow of British control in the region west of the Wabash. Taken in connection with the writings of Professors Turner, Alvord, and Carter, and with the publications of the Illinois State Historical Society, this work points to a more scientific treatment of a phase of American history that has hitherto been dealt with in separate fragments, largely from a local point of view. Except in the articles referred to above, little attempt has been made in the past to study British policy during the period after 1763 in the region ceded by the French in the treaty of Paris, or to connect local administration there with the governmental activities in Whitehall. Even Dr. Schuyler leaves something to be desired in this respect, for he does not appear to have made any appreciable use of other than printed material. Certainly, the history of British Illinois cannot be adequately handled unless one has access to records in Ottawa, Washington, Philadelphia, and London. Carefully as Dr. Schuyler has done his work, his conclusions can hardly be considered definitive. It seems a questionable policy for a student aiming to fulfil the requirements for the doctor's degree to select a subject that he is unable to develop in all its bearings. As a preliminary investigation demonstrating the author's competency to do good historical work, this study is deserving of commendation, but Dr. Schuyler should have been more outspoken in his preface regarding its incompleteness (Columbia University Press).

About the Boston of John Hancock and his Dorothy Q. it would be difficult to write a bad book, so inherently entertaining is the record itself. But Mary Caroline Crawford, in "Old Boston Days and Ways, from the Dawn of the Revolution Until the Town Became a City" (Little, Brown & Co.), has retold this familiar story with spirit and tact, communicating unpretentiously a considerable amount of original and documentary matter. She is a discreet enthusiast for old times, perceiving clearly enough certain human defects both in the Revolutionary populace and in its heroes. There are abundant illustrations of an authoritative sort, none more welcome than those likenesses of grave citizens and fair women which Copley made for so many Boston homes. Miss Crawford has written other books in this vein of genial yet not uncritical antiquarianism, but has never before dealt with so compact and important a theme. She has acquitted herself creditably in the broader as in the narrower task.

The teaching of Jesus, according to the synoptic Gospels, finds sympathetic treatment in "The Ethic of Jesus," by Rev. James Stalker, D.D. (A. C. Armstrong & Son). For thirty years, since his popular "Life of Christ," Dr. Stalker has contributed wisely and constructively to the extension of knowledge concerning the New Testament. He is an evangelical, moderately progressive, possessed of fine balance of judgment, gentle religious spirit, and appreciation of what is most worth teaching. His writings are semi-popular, and the present volume is distinguished by sane portrayal of the evangelical doctrine of duty, virtue, and the highest good. His chapters on sin and repentance are of special excellence, and his analysis of what the Gospels contain and do not contain in the way of social doctrine is particularly timely. His argument that Jesus was a teacher of religion, not a social reformer, is well supported.

"For twenty-five years and more," Dr. C. A. Briggs, as he tells us in the preface to his "Church Unity" (Scribner), "has labored in behalf of" that ideal, and he has gathered together in this volume fifteen studies bearing more or less directly upon the subject, including The Historic Episcopate, The Validity of Orders, Infallibility, The Sacraments, The Theological Crisis, especially in America, The Constitutional Crisis in the Church of England, The Passing and the Coming Christianity. Most of the essays have already appeared in print, and it is to be regretted that the dates and places of publication are not given. The volume, as Dr. Briggs says, "is an earnest effort to solve the hard problems of Church Unity and to reconcile the various parties to the controversies which distract Christendom." His zeal and sincerity of purpose and the learning which he brings to his task are unquestionable, and the value of some of the studies is great. The book will find many sympathetic readers who will gain both instruction and inspiration from it. But that it will materially forward the cause so dear to the author's heart it is difficult to believe. The futility of all efforts for organic church unity becomes more apparent with every passing year. Church unity indeed is not likely ever to be restored so long as it is made an end in itself. Only when some great cause so lays hold upon the conscience and the imagination of all Christendom that Christians everywhere forget the Church in their eagerness to give themselves to the common task, only then will existing differences cease to divide.

A valuable work, the first volume of which has just been published (Berlin: Martin Warneck), is Dr. Conrad Müller's "Bismarck's Mutter und ihre Ahnen." It is well shown that the intellectual qualities and distinctive traits of character, which distinguished the first German imperial chancellor, and contributed to his brilliant success as a statesman, were inherited from his mother, Wilhelmine Menken, and her ancestors, and not from the Bismarck progenitors. The marked influence of the maternal lineage is clearly and conclusively set forth in the record of Bismarck's youth, to which the present volume is confined, and will be still more manifest in the delineation of his later development and political activity.

Jean Maurice Prou, who succeeds Henri Weil as a member of the Académie des Inscriptions, was born at Sens in 1861. He is a librarian in the Cabinet de Médailles of the Bibliothèque Nationale, professor of diplomatics at the Ecole des Chartes and editor of *Le Moyen Age*, and has published "Les Monnaies carolingiennes," and "Recueil des actes de Philippe Ier," and other works on numismatics and history.

David Alexander Munro, assistant editor of the *North American Review*, died on March 9 at the age of sixty-five. He was a native of Maryburgh, Ross-shire, Scotland, graduated at the University of Edinburge, and then came to New York and entered the editorial department of Harper & Bros. From 1887 to 1889 he was the publisher of *Garden and Forest*. In 1889 he became general manager of the *North American Review* and from 1896 until 1899 was the editor. Since then Mr. Munro had been assistant editor under Col. George Harvey. He supervised the collation and transmission of American contributions to the last edition of Liddell and Scott's Greek Lexicon, and collaborated with Dr. Philip Schaff in preparing the "Companion to the Study of the Greek New Testament."

Eben Alexander, professor of ancient languages at the University of Tennessee from 1873 to 1886, of Greek at the University of North Carolina from 1886 to 1893 and since 1897, died at Knoxville last Friday at the age of fifty-nine. He was United States minister to Greece, Rumania, and Servia from 1893 to 1897.

Arthur John Butler, widely known as a Dante scholar, died on February 26, at the age of sixty-five. He was professor of the Italian language and literature in the University College, London, though he had had several other interests, notably a connection with the Cassell's publishing house from 1887 to 1894, when he became assistant commissioner in education; while in recent years he had been employed in the Record Office editing calendars of foreign state papers from 1577 onwards. His principal work was a translation of the "Divina Commedia," with a commentary, and a translation of Scartazzini's "Companion to Dante," while he himself wrote a serviceable book on "Dante: His Times and Work." He had also translated the memoirs of Marbot and Thiébault and the "Correspondence of Cavour," and had charge of the English rendering of Busch's "Memoirs of Bismarck." He was a frequent contributor to the *Athenæum*.

Marie-Henri-Arbois de Jubainville, professor of the Celtic language at the Collège de France since 1882, died recently in Paris, at the age of eighty-three. Some of his earlier historical work won for him membership in the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres in the place left vacant by the death of François Lenormant. Since 1882 he had been editor of the *Revue Celtique*, and he had also published "Le Droit Celtique," in two volumes, which remains an authority on the custumals of the Bretons; "Les premiers habitants de l' Europe," an example of exact scholarship based on dated text rather than archæological or anthropological research.

Gustave Janicot, who died recently in Paris, had been connected with *La Gazette de France* for more than sixty years. He had written novels, and much dramatic criticism under the pseudonym, Edmond Rack.

Charles Joliet, who had contributed frequently to French periodicals, died recently at the age of seventy-six. His publications include "Les Pseudonymes du jour," "Curiosités des lettres, des sciences, et des arts," and "Romans incohérents"; and he also wrote a successful comedy, "La Bougie rose," which was presented at the Théâtre Français.

A. Caland, tutor of English in the State High School at Wageningen, in the Netherlands, died there recently at the age of fifty-five. He had been a voluntary and valued contributor to the Oxford English Dictionary.

Science.

Botany of To-day. By G. F. Scott Elliot. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.50 net.

In these days of extreme specialization, it is increasingly difficult to get a general view of any comprehensive subject. The work of coördination is always embarrassing, because each specialist naturally insists upon the great importance of his own field. The author who sets about the preparation of a popular treatise on any subject, nowadays, must expect harsh criticism from every investigator whose work he may happen to leave out of account, and hence many good coördinators are deterred from undertaking popular exposition.

The present English work on the "Botany of To-day" is reassuring. It shows that the art of popularizing science in the best sense has not been wholly lost. The author presents the chief features of a large district of scientific research in an attractive manner and with very few mistakes of proportion or perspective. Moreover the reader is led along the paths of survey by a guide who walks with an easy swing and with no fear of a mild jest now and then. Thus, in speaking of the Fern alliance, in the Coal periods, one of the most puzzling groups in nature, he says:

> But the real difficulties and dangers of this chapter begin when one tries to give even a sketchy impression of the great and important discoveries which have been made by many English botanists, who have laboriously examined the actual plants which lived in the forest. So far we have been, intentionally, as vague as possible about them.

Again, in regard to a minute phosphorescent alga, pyrocystis, concerning which

> a curious experiment is recorded which may yet have a practical application. One fills an ordinary tumbler one-third full of alcohol (this is more than three fingers or a third mate's peg, as it is sometimes described), and then adds as much seawater with pyrocystis as it will hold. If one then gently shakes or jars the tumbler, the pyrocystis will glow with most unusual brilliancy for a time, not exceeding four minutes; they then sink to the bottom of the tumbler and remain very quiet, indeed, for a very lengthened period!

The author has travelled extensively and has made good use of his advantages. From some of the experiences in mid-Africa a good deal of illustrative material is brought, and this is employed in a telling manner. Any traveller who has had to rough it in the tropics and in deserts, gets a good deal of nonsense knocked out of him and sound sense comes to take its place. As is to be expected, the author treats the subject of bacteria in their relations to health and disease in a very judicious manner, putting the reader fully on guard, but not frightening him too much. Thus, after the account of the bacterial friends and foes, we have the following which is well worth quoting.

> When exploring a well or rubbish-pit, belonging to the Gallo-Roman period, M. Baudouin discovered some suspicious mud. In this, he found several dangerous disease-bacteria, and kindly points out that by living in a half-comatose condition, they were still prepared to start a dangerous epidemic, after 1,800 years in the bottom of a well. Fortunately, eminent bacteriologists hastened to reassure the public mind, by declaring that these bacteria were only our own contemporaries, who had got into the well with the rainwater. So that this awful foreboding of a thousand-year-old bacteria still waiting to prey on us need not alarm the most sensitive person.

The wide range of this admirable book may be seen from the following partial list of chapters: Seaweeds and Leaf-Green; The First Land Plants; Reconquest of the Water; Sense-Life and Sensibility; Seaside and Strand Plants; Ants and Mites; Electricity, Radium, and X-Rays; Arable Land; Fortunate Islands; Plant-Breeding; On Evil in Small Doses.

The chapter on the reconquest of the water reminds one of the best work of that famous popularizer, Grant Allen. After getting the plants fairly established on land, following their early development as aquatics, he seems to think

that turn about is fair play, and he shows, like other œcologists, that these terrestrial plants again invade the water, and become adapted to the changed conditions there, constituting morasses and the like on an enormous scale. Under the heading Sense-Life and Sensibility, the author discusses the general subject of the irritability of protoplasm and its amazing phenomena. The chapter on ants gives us the most interesting facts relative to the interaction between ants and plants, and deals in a delightful manner with the contrivances by which certain plants manage to support a standing army of defenders to ward off the leaf-cutting enemies. He speaks in a feeling way of "ants' inhumanity to ants that makes countless thousands mourn, for it is other insects of their own kind that these fierce body guards are intended to keep away." The fortunate islands are the tropical homes of the myriad forms of vegetation which fill every nook of available space. In this account the author goes with much skill over the phenomena and forms which have fascinated every student of abundant equatorial life. The chapter on Evil in Small Doses is devoted to the important matter of plant diseases. Thus it will be seen that the author has covered many of the more interesting, as well as the more important subjects.

The photographic illustrations do not fit the text very well. The two that show the manufacture of maple sugar in Canada, exhibit amusingly primitive methods. Here and there one may notice a slip in proof reading, for example, where mile is given for millimetre; and occasionally, the construction is somewhat obscure; but these trifles are pardonable in so good a book with so full an index. Finally, the book is up to date. Most of even the recent advances in the different portions of the field of plant activities are given in detail so that a careful perusal of the treatise will place even an unscientific reader in possession of much of the latest information.

The "Vital Economy" of Dr. John H. Clarke (A. Wessels) is the new "American" edition of a little book which attracted some attention a year or so ago. The only change seems to be a brief appendix to meet certain criticisms. The book is intended for readers who have no great store of strength to spare and who should learn not to waste what little they still have. The advice is, however, not without value to the stronger brethren who follow popular idols. Dr. Clarke treats of the tyranny of the tub and the damage done by soap, the possibility of too great zeal for fresh air, the over-estimation of exercise, the harmfulness of stimulants, the wastefulness of worry—all this in a sketchy, somewhat superficial manner, yet with a certain conviction calculated to impress many who need just such advice. Some of the opinions of the author about bodily magnetism and vitality are heterodox, and also quite false, belonging to a time which the modern medical man is glad to think has been left far behind; but these do not seriously mar the presentation of the doctrine which his experience tells him he ought to preach.

Shinrokuro Miyoshi, professor of naval architecture at the Kobu Daigakko, died last January in Tokio, at the age of fifty-three. He drafted the first shipbuilding regulations for Japan, and most of the naval architects of that country received their first instruction from him.

Drama.

Dante and Beatrice. By Sara King Wiley. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

This poetic drama is the last work of the late Mrs. Wiley, and is so full of literary and dramatic promise that the stroke of death seems particularly cruel. On its dramatic side, indeed, the play is weak, so far as its fitness for theatrical representation is concerned; for although it contains some poignant situations, and tells a continuous and perfectly intelligible story to the reader, it often shows a complete disregard for stage necessities. It would have to be recast before it could be successfully acted. But it is a moving bit of romance, in which the spirit of the period is vividly reflected, and historic facts are skilfully used as the foundation of a passionate, eloquent, and dignified story. Evidently Mrs. Wiley had studied her subject reverently. In drawing her Beatrice and her Dante she has produced two figures, which intellectually and spiritually are not unworthy of the great originals. That she has endowed the youthful Dante with the spirit of prophecy and with the attributes of his later years is a liberty easily permissible to poetic license. At all events, she has succeeded in approaching verisimilitude where the veteran and erudite arch-trickster Sardou failed utterly.

The illusion which she creates is literary and psychological, independent of scenic aid. Dante first appears as a young and popular poet refusing to take active part in the fierce faction fights of Guelf and Ghibelline. Then he encounters Beatrice on the bridge, and in the following scene meets her in the house of Simone dei Bardi. She, knowing him her worshipper and venerating his nobility of soul, begs him to show her how she may best fulfil her ambition to save the world; whereupon he, hailing her as "a mirror of celestial light," bursts into a prophetic rhapsody—one of the most stirring passages of the book, glowing with poetic and patriotic spirit—in which he welcomes a prospective life of martyrdom for Florence, if only he may speak and live. Beatrice, in like exalted mood, prays that the souls of the glorious dead may inspire his song. They part as unpledged lovers, but presently Beatrice's father, old Portinari—who mistrusts poets—tells her that she must wed Simone, and she, apparently hoping to avoid that fate, bids Dante seek glory in the field.

It is in the camp that Dante, now renowned as a warrior, hears of Portinari's death and Beatrice's marriage. Maddened, he seeks the latter in her husband's house, and, in a scene of notable eloquence, upbraids her with the seeming treachery that has shattered his faith and sunk him in despair. She reminds him that there had been no proffer of love or exchange of betrothal, and when he, recalling desperately the unspoken bond between them, urges her to flee, rebukes him with a noble austerity and vigor that subdue him utterly. Rallying, he craves pardon for his offence, declaring that henceforth his imperishable love shall have in it no trace of earth. And so they part, Beatrice promising that at the last he shall receive a message from her. In the final scene Dante, in a tumult of rebellion and despair at the news of Beatrice's death, receives from the faithful but reluctant Simone her dying permission to kiss her dead lips, and is comforted. The play closes with an exultant soliloquy in which Dante conjures up the vision of Beatrice in Paradise and proclaims her the guiding star of his future.

This skeleton sketch is given simply as an indication of the nature of what is in many ways a remarkable achievement. Other historical characters and subsidiary episodes are introduced with excellent literary and pictorial effect, but not with much dramatic pertinence or significance, although the characterization is vivid. Dante and Beatrice are all in all, and it is the preeminent merit of this essential but untheatrical drama, that these partly legendary figures have been abstracted, as it were, from the works of the poet himself and made substantial and human without spiritual or intellectual degradation.

The artistic resources of the New Theatre were manifested in a striking way on Monday evening, in the production of Maeterlinck's miracle play, "Sister Beatrice." This, as our readers know, is a work of delicate poetic fancy, and deep devotional feeling, which, in stage representation, would be ruined utterly by ordinary theatrical methods. At the New Theatre every artistic device has been employed, and, on the whole, with marked success, to create an appropriate atmosphere. The musical accompaniments of Max Marshalek are felicitous, and are admirably executed; the convent scene, in its simplicity and noble dimensions, furnishes an impressive background to the action; the costuming is rich and picturesque, and the supernatural incidents are most effectively managed. Moreover, the acting is of that subdued and carefully calculated order which best harmon-

izes with the spirit of a piece which is itself more or less visionary and unreal. The management was peculiarly fortunate in securing the services of so refined, accomplished, and imaginative an actress as Edith Wynne Matthison to play the parts of the errant nun and the Virgin Mary, who concealed the nun's lapse from virtue by assuming her vacant place. She invested the human character with great womanly charm, and the divine one with a wonderfully dignified and gentle benignancy. It was a delight to watch her free, broad gestures—so natural, so graceful, and so significant—and to listen to the mellow tones of her voice. In the closing scene her portrayal of the physical and spiritual sufferings of the dying prodigal was full of eloquence and pathos, while singularly free from theatrical exaggeration. She was very well supported by Pedro de Cordoba, Mrs. Dellenbaugh, Mr. Ben Johnson, and others. By way of contrast to the spirit of celestial love with which the Maeterlinck piece is irradiated, the management presented certain extracts from the Christmas eve scene between Brand and Agnes, in the fourth act of Ibsen's "Brand." As a sample of the whole play it was quite insignificant, and insufficient, while it was equally futile as an exposition of character. Lee Baker could not suggest the iron fanaticism of Brand, nor could Miss Russell fathom the emotional agonies of Agnes. The novelty of the performance did not compensate for its dulness.

Music.

REVIVAL OF WEBER'S "FREISCHUETZ."

Of the operatic revivals of the season the most interesting is that of Weber's "Der Freischütz," which was heard last Friday at the Metropolitan. That it would be welcomed by many seemed probable in advance, because of the popularity of "Hänsel und Gretel," which indicates that thousands of adults in this town have preserved the faculty of enjoying a fairy tale told with modern music. Weber's opera was sung for the first time in 1821, yet in some respects it is as modern as Humperdinck's. If the composer of "Hänsel und Gretel" profited by Wagner's example, Wagner no less profited by Weber's. Had it not been for the Wolf's Glen scene in the "Freischütz," which made Wagner shudder in his boyhood, it is not at all certain that he would have gone so far as he did in the direction of musical realism, which revolutionized operatic methods. While Wagner is celebrated for his boldness, it took even more courage on the part of Weber to write pages which Tieck called "the most unmusical noise that ever raged on a stage," but which, Beethoven exclaimed, were "the right thing. Wherever the devil puts in his paws, we are sure to feel them."

Before this opera was written, it was taken for granted that all music, though the scene be devilish, must be angelic. The grewsome was tabooed till Weber set to music the midnight scene in the Wolf's Glen, with the monstrous owls and other uncanny sights and sounds, and the circle of human skulls in the midst of which Caspar casts the magic bullets. With this scene musical romanticism was born. For the first time, an orchestra was used deliberately to make sounds that were as uncanny as the scene on the stage. For the first time, also, was an orchestra used for the production of tone colors that were aimed at for their own sake as a means of producing emotional effects. This is one of the main elements of musical romanticism, and from this point of view, again, the "Freischütz" marks the beginning of a new epoch.

A great injustice has been done to Weber by the musical historians and critics. Almost unanimously they give Berlioz credit for innovations that sprang from the genius of Weber. It was Weber's scores that suggested to Berlioz his audacious experiments in orchestration. It was Weber who anticipated Wagner in the artistic use of leading motives long before Berlioz did it. Countless writers have said that the *idée fixe* in Berlioz's "Fantastic Symphony" is interesting historically as the first instance in music of what Wagner afterwards termed the "Leitmotiv." As a matter of fact, Berlioz, who was an enthusiastic student of Weber's scores, did not write this symphony till eight years after the production of the "Freischütz," in which there are eleven leading motives recurring in thirty-four places.

The revival of "Der Freischütz" would have served a useful purpose had it been only to provide an opportunity to do justice to Weber. But it was also a treat in itself quite apart from all historic considerations. There is so much simple and heartfelt melody in this opera that Weber was accused of having helped himself to the treasures of German folksongs; but these airs are his own as thoroughly as Grieg's Norwegian songs are his own. Operatic melody is subject to frequent change in style, but Weber's melodies, like Schubert's, are not affected by time, like the fashionable arias of Rossini and Donizetti. Airs like "Leise, leise," "Durch die Wälder," "Wir winden dir den Jungfernkranz," and a dozen others in this opera affect the hearer as do the "quotations" in a Shakespearean play.

London has been indulging in an orgy of excitement over Strauss's "Elektra." The newspaper writers, with flamboyant pens, incited the people till, as one observer remarks, "the public seemingly expected Smithfield to be depleted for an endless succession of sacrificial processions, a whole evening of drums lashed with whips, a pile of corpses on the stage—in fact, something made up in equal proportions of Tophet, the shambles, and Bedlam. It is a sign of the times that such things should be done in London in the American manner. The American tail has wagged the British dog in this case with a vengeance, for New York began it; and the attitude does not become the British dog." But it was not the public alone that lost its balance. One of the critics called the production of the opera an event "second only in importance to the memorable occasion when Wagner's Ring of the Nibelung was given for the first time in England."

The Berlin *Tageblatt* reports that Edyth Walker, who acted Elektra in London, was entertained the other day by Strauss, who played for her the first act and part of the second of his new opera, "Tartuffe." She liked it, and said: "It is entirely different from anything ever before done by him. The music is quite easy. There is even a Vienna waltz in it." This fulfils the prediction that Strauss, having reached the limit of orchestral acrobatics, will next astonish the world by writing as simply as Bellini.

Art.

DRAWINGS BY HENRI MATISSE.

It would be well if the visitor to the Photo-Secession could forget that Matisse is the object of a cult, the reputed possessor of strange secrets and philosophies, the regenerator of the torpid art of the age. It would be well to ignore all this and suppose that these are anonymous sketches which the post has brought to Mr. Stieglitz, and which have so warmed his heart that he has asked his friends in to see them.

Matisse conceives the body as a powerful machine working within certain limits of balance. The minute form of the tackles and levers does not signify for him, what counts is the energy expended and the eloquent pauses which reveal the throb of the mechanism. The important thing is that muscles should draw over their bone pulleys, that the thrust of a foreshortened limb should be keenly felt, that all the gestures should fuse in a dynamic pattern. So much for the vision. It differs in no essential respect from that of great draughtsmen of all ages. A Matisse drawing, looked at without prejudice, is no more bizarre than a study of action by Hokusai or Michelangelo. It belongs in the great tradition of all art that has envisaged the human form in terms of energy and counterpoise. Look at any of these drawings, the walking woman so sensitively balanced, the crouching woman, she who averts some attack, she who stands firmly with her leg doubled back sharply on a chair. In the last drawing note how the bulk, and retreat, of an almost invisible calf of the foreshortened leg are indicated by a single powerful stroke that tells of the tension athwart the knee. Such drawing is odd only because it is so fine that much of it there cannot be. The nearest analogies

to these sketches are those remarkable tempera studies by Tintoretto which have recently been discovered and published in part in the *Burlington Magazine*. In fact, Matisse is akin to all the artists who approach the figure with what Vasari calls *furia*. The Frenchman is a kind of modern Pollaiolo.

His originality lies less in vision than in a strenuous economy of workmanship. He will have the fewest contours and the most expressive, will not shirk any syncopation or exaggeration where he seeks an effect. That his method is really more concise than that of Michelangelo may be doubted. Hokusai's is certainly more direct and simple and equally potent. A calculated roughness, which occasionally disguises itself as the queer linear slackness with which Rodin has familiarized us, brings Matisse's manner very close to that of the aboriginal designers who scratched animal forms on bones in time prehistoric, or only yesterday adorned with admirable animal paintings the caves of the South African veldt. These savage masterpieces show the same keen sense for balance and significant action. Matisse is reputed to have individual and novel theories about counterpoise, correlation of gesture, etc. It may be so, but these drawings merely suggest a fresh attitude toward the model, and a desire for unhackneyed poses. That some doctrine may be involved is suggested in those caricatures in which he bloats and distorts the figure, evolving a grotesquely expressive pattern out of a pose that already grazes the impossible. The ingenuity of such studies will escape any but a trained eye. Perhaps, he is experimenting to ascertain the bounds of the physically possible and pictorially credible. It would be like the eminently intelligent and experimental nature of the man to do so.

There is one question which a plain man might very properly ask, namely: "Is this all there is of it, or is it a preparation for something else?" To us these drawings have a painful, we trust a misleading, air of finality. The few compositions represented in chalks or photography are merely extensions of the single figure or quite commonplace calligraphies. It is possible that Matisse will always be making these magnificent studies. The present exhibition gives small hint of constructive imagination. If so he will merely take his place with other geniuses who have sacrificed themselves in the passionate invention of processes. Pollaiola and Hokusai, to a considerable extent, represent this inability to organize a complicated whole. Meanwhile one is grateful for so much. It is no small gift to have one's vision toned up to this strenuously controlled enthusiasm for the human mechanism. The effect of this work upon modern art can only be beneficial. Matisse as painter is almost unknown to the present writer, who suspects that there individual and arbitrary caprice may be masking as genial invention. As for these drawings, there is no manner of doubt. They are in the high tradition of fine draughtsmanship of the figure. If, on sufficient acquaintance, they still seem merely eccentric to any one, let him rest assured that the lack of centrality is not with them, but with himself.

"The Lives of the British Architects from William of Wykeham to Sir William Chambers," by E. Beresford Chancellor, is a routine bit of bookmaking for which the justification is not quite obvious. Since the biographical material is perfectly accessible a compilation of this sort should offer either felicity in presentation or acuteness in criticism. These qualities are absent in the present case. The author is too frequently on the level indicated by his comment on the apparent lowness of the Radcliffe Library. This, he remarks, "is only an effect, as the building is really of considerable height." The shade of James Gibbs will hardly rejoice in such an apology. Architecturally, buildings are as squat as they seem to be. This book is included in the Duckworth's red-covered series (imported by Scribner), and is well illustrated.

The new wing of the Metropolitan Museum, containing the Hoentschel collection of decorative art, the Bolles collection of American furniture, ceramics, textiles, and the Whistler loan exhibition, was opened last week. This important new feature of the Museum will be reviewed in due course.

The spring exhibition of the National Academy of Design is now open at the Fine Arts building in Fifty-seventh Street. Next week we shall review the pictures at length. The prizes have been awarded as follows: The Clarke prize for figures, Frederick A. Waugh; Inness gold medal for landscape, J. Francis Murphy; first Hallgarten prize, for painting by men under thirty-five years, Gifford Beal; second Hallgarten prize, Louis D. Vaillant; third Hallgarten prize, Charles Rosen; Saltus prize, for the most meritorious picture, Douglas Volk; Julius Shaw memorial prize, Miss Susan Watkins.

Finance.

LIGHT ON A FAMOUS EPISODE.

In the case of sensational and abnormal episodes, whether in politics, in war, or in finance, it will sometimes be many years after the event before its actual causes are understood. The general conditions which made possible the phenomena in question will have been analyzed clearly enough by the critics, but it is not always possible for the shrewdest critics to determine why those conditions operated exactly as they did. Not infrequently, personal considerations and accidental influences settle that part of the question, and in many episodes of the sort, it is only when some active participant tells his story publicly—in interview, testimony, or posthumous memoirs—that the world learns the whole truth.

Otto Kahn's story of the railway struggle of 1901, told at the Government's Union Pacific hearing last week, was a narrative of this sort. Economic criticism long ago made plain what were the general causes underlying the situation of that period—immense expansion in national wealth, drift towards consolidation of great companies, easy credit at the banks, and omnivorous appetite of both the speculative public and the investing public. All this was more or less dimly recognized, even in 1900; but general opinion held that industrial amalgamation was to be, as in 1899, the order of the day. The billion-dollar steel merger was in incubation; other great manufacturing combinations were known to be under discussion, and we had already learned from the events of 1899 that, when movements of this sort were absorbing capital on the grand scale, railway finance had to stand rather quietly in abeyance. Just before the Presidential election of 1900, no less an oracle than James R. Keene gave out the prediction that the stock market would break if McKinley were elected, and would only break more severely in case of Bryan's victory.

What happened, to change the history of 1901 into a continuous campaign in the grand strategy of the railways and a riotous Stock Exchange speculation? Mr. Kahn told the connected story. The episode really hinged on the death of Collis P. Huntington, in August, 1900. Harriman wanted the Central Pacific Railroad, so as to give the Union Pacific a direct east-and-west line from the Missouri River to the Pacific Coast. Huntington's Southern Pacific controlled the Central Pacific through an iron-clad ninety-year lease, dating from 1894. Huntington refused to sell it to Harriman; probably, indeed, even Huntington could not have broken the lease. Mr. Kahn, himself a Union Pacific director at the time, testified that his company distinctly did not wish to buy the whole Southern Pacific system. That system, in his words, "was considered an obstacle and a deterring feature, because we did not care for the Sunset Route."

But Huntington died in August; his estate was known to be in the market with its Southern Pacific holdings; the Gould family and other interests had appeared as possible bidders. Had they bought, the Central Pacific also would have fallen into possibly hostile hands, and Harriman's Union Pacific might have found itself deprived even of the favorable terms regarding San Francisco traffic which it had previously enjoyed. Six months of this uncertainty brought matters to a head, and in February, 1901, $100,000,000 in convertible Union Pacific bonds was authorized to

provide the purchase money. Only $40,000,000 was needed for the Southern Pacific purchase; Harriman fixed the larger amount "because he invariably asked for authority for a larger issue of securities than were immediately needed."

The next incident narrated by Mr. Kahn touched better-known history. Substantial control of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, an important connection and competitor of the Union Pacific system, had been offered to Harriman by the Burlington insiders, as far back as the beginning of 1900. The terms were not satisfactory, but negotiations continued throughout the year. Not until late in 1900 did Mr. Hill appear upon the scene; in March, 1901, it was announced that he had bought the road for the Northern Pacific and Great Northern. "Prior to that, the idea of buying Northern Pacific had never been in our minds or been mentioned between us." The Harriman party had had an opportunity before 1900 to buy control of another transcontinental road, the Atchison, and had refused because of unwillingness to undertake the reorganization. In 1901, the Rock Island was offered to Harriman by the inside interests, and he wished to buy it; but his bankers overruled him, on the ground that the work of administration would be too great for him. But it was Mr. Schiff, Kahn's senior partner, who notified his junior, at the end of February, 1901, that, "having exhausted all efforts . . . to be allotted a share in that [Burlington] purchase, . . . there was nothing to do but to bring about by indirection that which we had failed to bring about directly," and that this "could only be brought about by our purchasing a control of the Northern Pacific."

What followed, everybody knows—competing bids, by the "Morgan interest" and by the "Harriman interest," for the outstanding Northern Pacific shares, possession of which was needed to control; the wildest "bull market" in our history; the most remarkable corner ever known in a railway stock; a Stock Exchange panic day comparable only to Black Friday, and a year or more in which promoters and speculators were cruising about to buy up other railways on a margin and threaten rival interests until the ransom price was paid. The sequence of events is clear enough. But Mr. Kahn's review of the episode suggests one question of high historical interest. Did our great capitalists, as the world at large supposes, lay their plans carefully, long before, for their spectacular achievements of 1901, or was the whole chapter of events a series of impulsive adventures, on the inspiration of the moment?

Mr. Kahn's narrative certainly points towards the second conclusion. The suddenness with which these various enterprises were conceived no doubt explains why Mr. Keene and others, a month or two earlier, misread the future of 1901. Perhaps, also, the ease with which these Napoleonic projects, undertaken on the impulse of the day and in instantaneous response to a change in circumstances, managed to command the money market's support, explains why things were done which no banker in his senses would have dreamed of attempting, half a dozen years before. It is, in fact, not even true that a critical emergency forced these successive ventures; the Burlington itself, over which the great battle

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was fought in the stock markets of 1901, remains to-day in exactly the hands that controlled it when Mr. Schiff sent his ultimatum, and no disaster to any one seems to have followed. Possibly, also, the readiness of banks and investors, in 1901, to facilitate these immensely expensive contests, also explains why most of the chief participants in the exploits of 1901 came to lose their own poise and judgment utterly, not so very long afterward, and to trust implicitly in the safety and certainty of carrying out all their other sudden inspirations.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allen, P. S. Herein: First German Readings. Holt. 40 cents.
Andrews, M. R. S. The Lifted Bandage. Scribner. 50 cents.
Aretander, J. W. Guilty? Cochrane Pub. Co.
Austin, A. The Bridling of Pegasus: Prose Papers on Poetry. Macmillan. $2.40 net.
Bacon, P. V. Im Vaterland. Boston: Allyn & Bacon.
Bandelier, A. F. The Islands of Titicaca and Koatl. Hispanic Society of America. $5.
Bardon Papers: Documents relating to the imprisonment and trial of Mary Queen of Scots. Edited for the Royal Historical Society by C. Read. Vol. XVII. London: Offices of the Society.
Bawden, H. H. The Principles of Pragmatism. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
Beecroft, W. I. Who's Who Among the Ferns. Moffat, Yard. $1 net.
Benson, E. F. The Fascinating Mrs. Halton. Doubleday, Page. $1.20.
Berkeley, F. C. A College Course in Writing from Models. Holt. $1.25.
Blum, E. C. Robert Emmet's Wooing. Cochrane Publishing Co.
Bode, B. H. An Outline of Logic. Holt. $1.
Book of Easter. With an intro. by the Rt. Rev. W. C. Doane. Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.
Breckenridge, R. M. The History of Banking in Canada. Senate Document 332. Washington.
Briggs, O. The Fir and the Palm. Scribner. $1.50.
Brown, K. H. The Messenger. Scribner. 50 cents net.
Campbell, A. B. The Sacrifice. Boston: R. G. Badger.
Carey, W. Love, the Judge. Dodd, Mead. $1.50.
Carlyle, R. W. and A. J. A History of Mediæval Political Theory in the West. Vol. II. Putnam. $3.50 net.
Catholic Encyclopedia. Vol. VII. Gregory-Infallibility. Robert Appleton & Co.
Chesneau, M. G. Theoretical Principles of The Method of Analytical Chemistry. Trans. by A. T. Lincoln and D. H. Carnahan. Macmillan. $1.75 net.
Claretie's Pierrille. Edited with notes, etc., by H. A. Smith and C. Zdanowicz. Holt. 40 cents.
Compton-Rickett, J. Origins and Faith. Revell.
Confessions of a Clergyman. Macmillan. 90 cents net.
Craufurd, A. H. The Religion of H. G Wells and other Essays. London: Fisher Unwin.
Dean, S. A Disciple of Chance. Stokes Co. $1.50.
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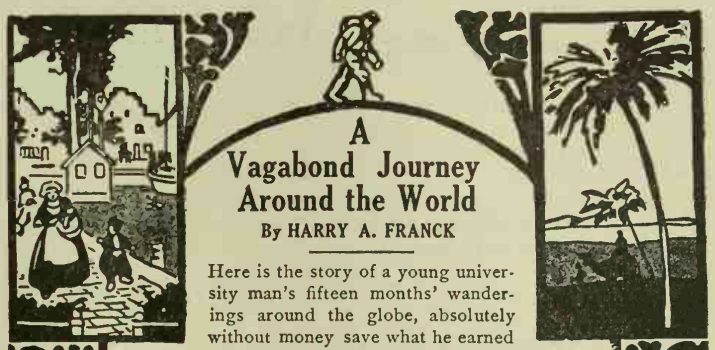

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 24, 1910.

The Week.

Apart from all questions of Cannon or "Cannonism," the insurrection in the House of Representatives gives evidence of the general state of political feeling, and, above all, of feeling on the tariff. Honest men like President Taft and Representative McCall may succeed in convincing themselves that Aldrich and Cannon gave the country a "square deal" on the tariff, but it is plain that they will never convince anybody else. To satisfy the demand of the country, to fulfil the expectations that had been aroused in the campaign, a change in the tariff was necessary whose reality it required no fine statistical argument to establish. If the indignation against the tariff taxes levied on the people by favored interests, which had been steadily rising year after year, was to be stilled, the change in the tariff had to be one that was clearly visible to the naked eye. The reception that Mr. Taft's Winona speech met with was a foretaste of what happened in the House last week. When powers that are almost despotic in themselves, and whose range is coextensive with the government of a great country, are exercised not only with gross disregard of the rights of minorities, but also in the interest of a system of tax-spoliation of which the country is thoroughly tired, such a storm as we are witnessing is a natural result.

On a careful reading, Secretary Ballinger's address before the Minnesota State Conservation Convention reveals important shortcomings. Mr. Ballinger was more fortunate in those passages in which he endorsed the work and aims of the originators of the conservation movement than in those other passages in which he either displayed resentment toward individuals or entered upon the interpretation of statistics. When he said that "our country is the richest of all in natural resources," that wise conservation implies "as full and free a development of our natural resources as is consistent with our civilization and needs," and that "what the public needs to-day is a speedy survey of all available areas for settlement and an adequate classification of the remainder of the public lands" as a preliminary to legislation, he was originating no new doctrine, for those are statements which the leaders of the conservation movement have been making in a hundred forms ever since they took the lead. On the other hand, when Mr. Ballinger referred to "doctrinaires" and their "wholly exaggerated notions" he was unconvincing, while his use of statistics in dealing with the duration of the coal supply invites close scrutiny.

Mr. Ballinger finds that the apparent supply of coal still available is 99.6 per cent. of the original supply, "or coal enough to last, as some claim, for a period of 7,000 years." While it is true, as the National Conservation Commission pointed out in its report, that prophecy as to the duration of the coal supply must possess questionable value, because it is impossible to foresee the future rate of consumption or of waste, it is equally true that any attempted estimate ought to be soundly reasoned. Messrs. Marius R. Campbell and Edward W. Parker of the United States Geological Survey, the experts who reported on this subject to the National Conservation Commission, were selected on account of their competence in the field. They discovered a prospect grotesquely at variance with that which Mr. Ballinger apparently accepts as not unreasonable. They showed, by one method, that, provided waste is unchecked and the present increase in the rate of consumption continues, "the 1,382,780,000,000 tons available at the close of 1907 would be exhausted in one hundred and seven years"; and by another method, allowing for a constantly diminishing rate of increase in consumption, it would be exhausted in one hundred and twenty years. These estimates may be mistaken; but the 7,000 years of future supply, which "some claim," and Mr. Ballinger seems to find satisfactory, depends on the assumption that the present rate of production will remain stationary, and that all waste will be eliminated. Since for the five decades just past consumption has increased at a rate of 73.6 per cent. per decade, while but little more than half of the available coal is recovered by present mining methods, such an assumption is clearly inadmissible.

Readers of the newspaper reports of the oral arguments in the Standard Oil appeal case, before the United States Supreme Court, will possibly have gained a puzzled impression that the counsel were dealing in glittering generalities rather than grappling with the hard legal facts of the controversy. Such feeling of perplexity may have been deepened by the interpellations from the bench. Thus Justice Harlan's interruption of Mr. Milburn's plea for the company with the query, "Would you call an organization of men to buy all the coal lands in Pennsylvania a conspiracy in restraint of trade?" and Mr. Milburn's cautious answer that "the question you put is one difficult of solution," might to some minds seem to be of deep significance. So, too, of Mr. Milburn's apologetic remark that he was out of his line in discussing monopolies, and Justice White's retort, "I think you are in your line," and of Justice McKenna's sharp demand of Mr. Watson if he thought the Circuit Court's decree was the only question before the Supreme Court, and Mr. Watson's hasty abnegation of such a theory. Perhaps some people may have been tempted to read between the lines of these colloquies an indication of prejudice by the court. The fact of the matter is, however, that, as one of the company's counsel put it, the Supreme Court is a law unto itself, and in nothing more so than in this cross-questioning of counsel. The law and fact, as interpreted by counsel for the Government and for the company, are set forth in voluminous briefs, usually containing hundreds of pages of argument, citation, and precedent. These briefs do not often come before the general public's eye, but it is they which chiefly determine the ultimate finding of the court.

The American Prohibition Year-Book for 1910 asserts that "the figures of the United States Census show almost inexhaustible data for prohibition argument." The pro-liquor advocate might come back with the statement that in

the American Prohibition Year-Book one might pick up a wealth of data in favor of a liberal excise policy. Without subscribing to the latter view, one may nevertheless draw, from the figures cited in the prohibition manual, the fact that there has been less change in the drinking habit than in the drinking habits of the American people during the last forty years. In 1840 the annual per capita consumption of distilled liquors was 2.52 gallons. After thirty years' fluctuation the figures stood at 2.07 gallons in 1870, whence, during the next decade, there was a drop to 1.27 gallons, around which figure the annual consumption has remained; in 1909 it was 1.37 gallons. The consumption of malt liquors in 1840 was 1.36 gallons per head; in 1880 it had risen to 8.26 gallons; in 1909 it was 19.7 gallons. To the Prohibitionist, whose principles do not discriminate between distilled and malt liquors, this should be a discouraging development. The rabid anti-prohibitionist will seize upon such figures as proof of the utter failure of prohibition. But the great fact that must be taken into account, of course, is the change in the character of our population since 1840. The advent of the malt-drinking German immigrant has profoundly affected the drinking habits of our entire population. It supplied an impetus which has not exhausted itself twenty-five years after the slackening of the tide of German immigration.

Pittsburgh is presenting the spectacle of a miniature Reign of Terror. The terrified, however, are not fleeing the wrath of an inflamed populace; they are members of the Select and Common Councils hurrying and scurrying to cover by confessing that they have been taking bribes. The element of the comic is injected into this sordid semi-tragedy by the eagerness of the rush, and the fear which oppresses some of these representatives of the people that the policeman may seize them before they can get their confession in. One of these worthies rushed into court late in the afternoon anxious to confess. "Come back to-morrow, we're too busy," said the judge. Was ever anything like this seen since the days when the guillotine was kept so busy in Paris in '93? The guillotine, however, in the case of these precious rogues, will mean, it seems, only official decapitation; while those who are too stiff-necked to confess are to be energetically prosecuted and severely punished.

Monday's $50,000,000 New York city bond sale was eminently successful, in the sense that it showed readiness of investment capital to subscribe in abundance for such issues. The loan appears to have been almost four times over-applied for; thus contrasting in a gratifying way with the $29,000,000 city bond offer of 1907, of which only $2,000,000 was taken, and even with the $40,000,000 offer of last June, which elicited $68,000,000 total applications. The result of Monday's offer disposed at all events of the notion, which had found more or less expression, that the city's credit was impaired. It is true, on the other hand, that the price obtained was relatively low—or, to put the matter in another way, the city has had to allow a higher interest rate than heretofore. The actual price, secured on the average from bidders to whom the bonds were awarded, is higher than in two preceding city bond sales; but those bonds bore an interest rate of only 4 per cent., as against 4¼ in the present instance, and the net yield to the investor, estimated on the interest rate and the average premium bid, is larger than in any New York bond sale of recent years, except for that of September, 1907, and that of February, 1908—just before and just after the panic. This circumstance, however, cannot rightly be construed as reflecting unfavorably on the city's credit, for the course of events has been precisely similar in the market for other equally high-grade public loans.

How precious a possession the New York City Hall is few people realize. Many architects regard it as the most beautiful building in America. Built just before the artistic chaos of the last century supervened, it is the most conspicuous and palpable link between ourselves and that European civilization from which we sprang. It is one of the last structures anywhere that carry the stamp of historic tradition and are dignified by consistent and appropriate style. Without this City Hall our American art would be deprived of an indispensable monument—would be in the case of American literature were the works of Washington Irving obliterated. Of course, nobody proposes to destroy the City Hall. Even those who have only a vague sense of its importance instinctively love it. They know that it is venerable, and that the eyes rest willingly upon it. The mere suggestion of its destruction would raise an outcry, from the newsboys who ply their trade about it to the dwellers in our remotest borough. But something only a little less disastrous than its destruction is proposed, and New York generally is indifferent. This can only be through failure to grasp the seriousness of the emergency. When it is realized that to rebuild the court-house on its present site is to destroy the effect of the City Hall, there will be widespread protest against so needless a vandalism. Facing the need of a new court-house, the city government has heedlessly considered the erection of a high building across the north end of the park and immediately behind the City Hall. Any structure of this sort would not merely encroach upon precious park space, but would dwarf the City Hall and make it apparently no more than a stepping-block to the court-house. The mere consideration of such a project must show its impropriety and lead to its rejection.

Contrary to what one would imagine at first sight, "Ozanna Roosevelti" is not the Sudanese formula of adoration with which Fuzzy-Wuzzy's kinsmen are acclaiming the head of the returning Smithsonian African expedition. Yet with that expedition the picturesque bit of nomenclature is intimately bound up. For Ozanna Roosevelti, as described by Edmund Heller in Vol. 54, Part 6, of the "Smithsonian Miscellaneous Collections," is nothing less than "a Sable Antelope collected by Kermit Roosevelt in the Shimba Hills, British East Africa, representing a form easily distinguishable from *Ozanna Niger*." Here, then, is a foretaste of the treasures that are now floating northward on the bosom of the Nile. The talent for zoölogical classification so strongly manifested in the discoverer of the Malefactor, the Mollycoddle, and the Muckraker, has proved hereditary, and Kermit has a new animal species to his credit at the very beginning of his career. For purposes of closer scientific identification we quote the official measurements of Ozanna R.:

Skull: Condylobasal length, 415; basilar

length, 365; zygomatic width, 150; interorbital constriction, 108; nasal, 144; maxillary toothrow, 109 mm.

No doubt, this might be put into shorter and uglier terms, but the reader can find these for himself.

Mr. Fairbanks's message of peace from around the world has authority and timeliness. As against the passionate newspaper correspondent at Tokio, Washington, or Berlin, Mr. Fairbanks has had the advantages of an equable temperament and plenty of time for observation. When he says that "we were never further removed from the possibilities of conflict that we are to-day," he is stating a fact which the present condition of international politics the world over emphatically reinforces. Whatever may be the cause, the fact is there. So far as Europe is concerned, Dr. Dillon, in the *Contemporay Review*, sums up the situation in a single sentence: "The governments in quest of money are pacific." Dr. Dillon's views are not encouraging as to the distant future, but for the moment they reassure. "The Powers are busy replenishing their depleted coffers under conditions of steadily-growing difficulty, and, like the wild animals at feeding-time, they hate to be disturbed." Among the governments now in the money market are Germany, Prussia, France, Turkey, Greece, Rumania, Hungary, Bulgaria, Servia. Itself in a pacific mood, Europe refuses to take seriously the wild rumors on which we, in this country, are fed concerning our relations with Japan. The European nations have lived too closely together for too long a time not to be impressed by the efficacy of 10,000 miles of ocean as a preventive of war.

The two attempts to deal with the problem of the Lords show a strong contrast. Mr. Asquith has brought forward his resolutions, which are of the expected tenor. The first resolution provides for complete control of money bills by the House of Commons, thus unmistakably disposing of the question that was precipitated by the Lords' rejection of the budget; the second precludes the Lords from rejecting any bill that has been passed by the Commons at three successive sessions, provided the entire time the bill has been before the House is not less than two years; and in the same case the bill becomes a law without the royal assent. This proposal is in diametrical contrast with the first of Lord Rosebery's resolutions, declaring that "a strong and efficient second chamber is not merely an integral part of the British Constitution, but is necessary to the well-being of the state and the balance of Parliament." A second chamber that was perfectly helpless in the face of any majority in the House of Commons which could be counted on to hold out for two years could certainly not be described as a "strong" body.

The House of Lords, in committee of the whole, has adopted not only this resolution of Rosebery's, but also the other two resolutions proposed by him. The second, declaring in general terms the necessity of "reforming and reconstituting" that House, was adopted without a division; the third, which declares that "possession of a peerage should no longer of itself give the right to sit and vote in the House of Lords," was adopted, after a short debate, with a near approach to unanimity, the vote being 175 to 17. Between the two parties, there will certainly be a clear contest of the most profound and important kind on the issue of a strong second chamber; and the most acute question just now is, how much popular support the Conservatives will gain for their side by the adoption of the radical reform to which the Rosebery resolutions commit them. In a word, these resolutions call for more power and less privilege; for more strength, based on more ability to use that strength rightly. As between this and Mr. Asquith's proposition to leave the House of Lords what it is in composition, while depriving it of nearly all real significance in action, there will be plenty of room for doubt as to the nation's decision. Seldom has a people been called upon to decide, in a single election, a more interesting or a more vital Constitutional question.

The Prussian Government has forced through the House of Delegates the so-called franchise reform bill, against which the bulk of the Prussian people has been protesting. It is not necessary to sympathize with the violence of the language of the Socialist Representative, Liebknecht, which drove out of the building most of the Clericals and Conservatives, to feel that he is correct in his contention that this outcome of the suffrage fight settles nothing. The franchise battle there is bound to go on, with the Socialists in the happy position of fighting the battle of all the people, and not merely of those who favor its policies. In a recent issue of *Ulk* there is a picture of Christ with an inscription that he never received the degree of doctor of philosophy, nor graduated from a public school—he was nothing but a sort of a "low-down, third-class elector." This illustrates something of the spirit in which the battle is being waged—it is becoming a kind of holy war. The Government, having sowed the wind, may now reap the whirlwind. When a ruler forces his programme after such overwhelming demonstrations of popular distrust, he ought to be prepared for the worst. When it comes time to write the obituary of King William of Prussia, it can never be set down that he was either truly enlightened or in the least degree in sympathy with the aspirations of the bulk of his people.

In Italy the Sonnino Cabinet has gone out of office after holding power for a little more than three months. The resulting situation is undoubtedly puzzling, but scarcely of great significance. There is no far-reaching issue of immediate moment upon which the Italian Parliament is divided. The question is one of personalities. The Chamber of Deputies is divided into four or five groups, none of which is strong enough to assume office and no two or three of which can be held together by any other leader than the late Premier, Giolitti, who made way for Baron Sonnino last December. Giolitti abandoned office virtually of his own free will. He had been long at the head of the Government, and it suited his purposes to remain in the background for a while. Baron Sonnino has had the support of Giolitti's followers at the latter's express directions. It was a situation which the Chamber and the press accepted as a good deal in the nature of a farce. Giolitti seems to have been willing to keep up the game for some time, but Premier Sonnino, one of the most respected personages in Italian public life, evidently grew weary of the job of seat-warmer for his astute predecessor.

THE SPEAKERSHIP STRUGGLE.

Throughout the great fight on Speaker Cannon there has been involved a mixture of two issues, on their face quite distinct. The question of the power that ought to be conferred on the Speaker in the control of legislative business is one thing, the question whether that power has been abused by Mr. Cannon is another. But easy as it is to distinguish between these questions in the abstract, it was inevitable that they should be inextricably bound together in the actual contest and trial of strength. And alongside this double character of the fight, we must place the party issues which were interwoven with it. The regular Republicans, standing by Cannon from start to finish, were involved in no perplexity; but the insurgents and the Democrats could never lose sight of the fact that they were dealing with three distinct and yet interwoven elements—the curbing of Speakership power, the repudiation of Cannon personally, and the helping or hurting of party prospects in the Congressional elections of next autumn.

Had the effort to choke off Mr. Burleson's motion for the deposition of Speaker Cannon succeeded, had the House adjourned last Saturday immediately after passing the Norris resolution, there would have been a breathing-spell during which the country, and the House itself, would have digested the result as bearing on the first aspect of the question. That resolution goes far to break down the power of the Speaker; it does break down completely that part of it which gives him despotic control, the selection and domination of the Committee on Rules. With this accomplished, and with no immediately subsequent test of the attitude of the insurgents toward Speaker Cannon personally, attention would have been centred almost exclusively on the question of what the victors would substitute for the system they had overthrown. But the test that Mr. Burleson insisted on forcing, and which Mr. Cannon more than welcomed, brought the other aspect of the issue to the front; the Republicans plucked from their defeat unexpected comfort in the shape of a larger majority for the Speaker's retention than he had commanded when elected to the Speakership of the present Congress. The result on Saturday night accordingly assumed, on the surface, the form of a crushing defeat for the system of Speakership domination that Cannon represented and a personal victory for Cannon himself.

But it is on the surface only that the outcome of the great fight bore this character. When the tumult has subsided, and the new Committee on Rules has begun to grapple with the extraordinary difficulties of the situation, it will be seen that some form of concentration of power to control business is necessary, and it will not be surprising if we shall witness a reaction on the abstract question of Speakership power; but it is almost unthinkable that such a reaction should take the shape of a reconciliation with "Cannonism." Whatever may be necessary for the successful conduct of Congressional business, to admit the necessity of such absolute power—over great things and small, over party questions and questions of non-partisan character—as has been exercised by Mr. Cannon is to throw overboard completely the idea of the House as a legislative body. It is possible that sober second thought will come to the support of the idea of Speakership power that was repudiated in the Norris resolution; it will not come to the support of that idea as embodied in Speaker Cannon.

That the uprising was wholesome in its nature and that it will be beneficent in its results we have no doubt whatsoever. In the practical conduct of public affairs a nation is constantly confronted with situations in which theoretical objections of great moment can be urged against a proposed course of action, and in which, nevertheless, that action is manifestly demanded by existing conditions. Even if it could be demonstrated with scientific precision that absolute power in the hands of the Speaker is the only possible means of assuring the working of such an institution as the House of Representatives, a revolt such as this we have been witnessing would still be justified. It is one thing to say that you must have a despotism, and quite another thing to say that the despotism shall be exercised to the limit of its theoretical possibilities. A despotism that is unendurable will not be endured—this axiom is simpler, and rests on more secure ground, than does the accredited theory of Speakership power, however scientific its basis. The terrors of House anarchy are terrors of the future; if they come about, we may rest assured that they will not be allowed to persist very long. The abuses of Speakership despotism, on the other hand, are solid facts of the past, and especially of the immediate past, and a virile people will not be deterred from grappling with them by the difficulty of providing anything to take their place. They will proceed in the only way in which they can proceed in such a situation; they will begin by overthrowing that which they have found to be a tyrannical abuse. Whatever may be the future development of the struggle, it will be a long time before the country will be asked to submit to the kind of domination that has been embodied in the Cannon Speakership.

THE ETHICS OF PRICE-MAKING.

A select committee of the United States Senate, with Mr. Lodge for chairman, has been engaged on the problem of the high cost of living—or, as it should rather be entitled, the high prices of the necessaries of life. That the committee is getting a number of more or less interesting, important, and trustworthy bits of information is hardly to be denied. But that any really valuable result can come from an inquiry conducted in the manner of this, is in the highest degree improbable. We say nothing as to the rectitude of the committee's purpose; though it were granted that Senator Lodge and his associates had no more interest in the standing of the tariff than in the character of Henry VIII, it would still be idle to expect from these "hearings" a conclusion of authoritative character or of substantial value. In the first place, the facts to be inquired into are of such a nature that only through the patient labor of trained investigators of economic and statistical questions can they be satisfactorily determined or intelligently classified. And secondly, after the facts are ascertained they can be made fruitful for the practical purposes either of daily life or of statesmanship only through the interpretation of the facts in the light of broad economic principles. Indeed, it may justly be asserted that any one who has not formed the instinctive habit of associating economic facts with economic principles will not know how to look for the facts themselves; for the circumstances that on the surface appear to cover the point at issue are often

by no means the significant facts of the case.

Throughout the discussion of the price question, in Congress, in the committee, in the newspapers, there is a constant tendency to talk about who is "to blame" for the high prices. A number of interesting exhibits have been presented to show that extortionate retail profits are to blame; and yet five retail meat dealers who were before the Senate committee some days ago declared that the retailer is being crushed to the wall. "I blame the farmer," said one of them. "So does the packer. The farmer explains he has to raise so much good corn in order to feed his cattle. Possibly he lays too much stress on this argument. At any rate, I think the farmer is responsible for driving up prices in the last five years and is now reaping the big profits." Thereupon Senator Crawford of South Dakota, whose constituents are almost all farmers, came to the defence of the agriculturists, and did his best to clear them of the scandalous charge that they had been getting a high price for their product when they could find people willing to pay it. The retailer, on his part, refused to admit that his class were getting anything out of the rise; they got only the same number of cents per pound above the wholesale price as they did in former times, and not the same percentage; and sometimes they couldn't get that, because when they attempt to raise prices above a certain point, "the public won't stand for it." This looks like a good translation into current American slang of the musty old "classical" law of supply and demand; and the evidence it furnishes of the continued existence of that law is the more valuable because this Washington meat-dealer, like Molière's hero, was talking political economy without knowing it.

Now, in this matter of placing the "blame," it is high time we were all getting our bearings with regard to the fundamental point at issue. Time was when "every schoolboy," or at least every grown man with an elementary knowledge of economics, was supposed to understand that the prices of commodities and services were, in the absence of special conditions that interfered with competition, governed by supply and demand. Under this view of the economic organization of society, a farmer was not to be "blamed" for getting a dollar for a bushel of wheat or twenty dollars for a hog; if the price was highly remunerative, he was simply to be congratulated on his good fortune; and if the price was higher than the natural possibilities of supply warranted, it was to be expected that the temptation to increase the supply would be sufficient to provide the remedy. If the price was permanently maintained, that was proof that it was the price which existing conditions warranted, and there was nothing more to be said. There is no law of God or man that prescribes that the owner of a forty-acre farm shall be limited to an income of $1,000; if he can sell his produce at such prices as to make $2,000 or $3,000, he has earned it just as the hod-carrier has earned his $600, or the carpenter his $1,200, or the lawyer his $10,000, or the banker his $50,000. And the same thing applies to retail trade. If there is no combination, or understanding, among retailers that prevents competition, the fact that certain rates of profit prevail year after year must be taken as presumptive evidence that they are the rates which are called for by the adjustment of supply to demand—the supply of the conveniences of the retail stores and the demand for those conveniences. In a word, what a man can get for his wares or his services, in the open market, without fraud and without conspiracy, is the measure of what he is entitled to in our economic system.

Of course, nothing of all this applies to the case of either natural or artificial monopolies. And even in other cases, we are not arguing in favor of putting a gag on inquiry. The inquiry is well worth making, but it must be made with a full appreciation of the elementary factors in the case. In the matter of retail business, for example, it is quite possible that there exist in the trade certain understandings, tacit or express, that have the effect of keeping the rate of profit unnecessarily high. Although we know that the little retail shopkeepers are not amassing fortunes, it is possible that the level of profits is such as to keep a great many more in existence than there is any genuine demand for. Possible, we say; but a person inquiring into the matter in a scientific spirit would ask, first of all, what prevents anybody who chooses from breaking down this scale of retail profits? To judge from some of the statements made by investigating Senators, profits on clothing, on glassware, and what not, are so enormous that if prices were cut in two there would still be a large margin for the retailer; and any respectable merchant who sold goods at half price would, of course, get them sold with tremendous rapidity. And then another point would necessarily come next into the inquirer's mind. Co-operative retail shops are an old idea, both in this country and in England. In England they have attained considerable dimensions; in this country they do not seem to flourish at all; but in neither country do they offer such tremendous economies as ought to follow from the abolition of the retailer's profits if these are as "extortionate" as is sometimes alleged. Why have coöperative shops not driven the ordinary retail shops out of existence in England? Why are they almost unknown in this country? Any properly conducted inquiry into the price question would raise these questions and a hundred others. It would not be content with a scrap-book of miscellaneous answers to haphazard questions. It would seek such light as might furnish guidance to the people in their every-day life, and to the law-makers in determining whether or not there was occasion to take any action in the premises.

PENNSYLVANIA'S CONSTABULARY.

The Philadelphia street-railway strike ought not to slip from the public mind without the calling of attention again to one highly important phase of the battle between order and disorder in the city's streets. We refer to the invaluable services of the Pennsylvania State Constabulary. After the expected failure of the city's police to control the lawless, and the pitiful incapacity of a battalion of the militia to patrol one street, the Constabulary were sent for, precisely as they have been in every important strike since their organization in 1906. The arrival of only 180 of the Constabulary changed the entire situation; thereafter disorder virtually came to an end. What several thousand police had failed to accomplish they did in a twinkling, and in a way to compel the enthusiastic admiration of all beholders. And there is a reason for the difference. The Constabulary is a business organization. Although employed by the State, it knows no politics in its

make-up or in the execution of its orders. It is an object-lesson to the entire country, because it proves that there is no reason why we should have as a nation the worst police in the world, and because it suggests one reason why Europe, with its constabularies, is so much more law-abiding than the United States.

When the bill creating this force was passed at Harrisburg, in 1905, we commented upon its purport as one of the most important developments in American government of recent years. Everything we hoped of it has been realized, and more besides. Originally planned, partly at the behest of labor unions, to take the place of the Coal and Iron Police, which was paid by corporations for keeping order in the mining regions, and to prevent the use of Pinkerton detectives, as in the great strike of 1902, the force, it was supposed, would be little needed outside of the mine districts. As a matter of fact, their services are in demand in every portion of the State. In 1908 they spent in varying numbers six weeks in the town of Chester preserving order in the trolley strike, the local police being powerless and the town in the hands of the strikers. Three weeks ago they were preserving order in Bethlehem. What they accomplished in the Pressed Steel Car Company's strike at McKee's Rocks, near Pittsburgh, last year, is a matter of record. It ought not to be forgotten that while on duty there the Constabulary lost two killed and four wounded; yet when the stress was over strikers and State police fraternized. The former knew the Constabulary had but done their duty, and respected them for it. All in all, this force has answered twenty-eight calls for riot duty since it began work on March 1, 1906.

Altogether the Constabulary has lost seven men killed and eighteen severely wounded since its organization. It numbers only 228 men; yet in the year 1908 alone its members made no less than 5,028 arrests. They have acted as forest, fish, and game wardens; extinguished forest fires; raided "speak-easies," disorderly resorts, and gambling houses; pursued and caught criminals after long day and night marches; captured railway thieves; gathered in numerous "Black Hand" miscreants, and furnished to county law officials precisely the law-enforcing body they have so long needed. In 1909 the members of the Constabulary travelled 500,000 miles, and in the four years of their existence they have patrolled 1,321,509 miles of road. There are only ten officers, including the able superintendent, Capt. John C. Groome; there are no supernumerary staff officers, and only two officers to each troop or company. All promotions are made from the ranks, and since the organization no outsider has been appointed either a non-commissioned or commissioned officer. All offenders are tried by a summary court, and any one found guilty is fined or dismissed. Intoxication is paid for by a fine once only; the second offence means dishonorable discharge.

The few general rules to which this force has lived up are given as follows:

> A man can be a gentleman as well as a policeman; he must treat everybody with respect; if he starts after a criminal he *must* get him; he must never fire save in self-defence, or to secure a prisoner; must never hit a prisoner after arrest, and each constable must always be equal to 100 foreigners.

"The morale and discipline of the force are excellent and, I consider, unequalled by any body of men in the United States," is the opinion of its commander, and we believe it to be a correct statement of the case. Nobody can overestimate the service this body of men has done to the State. The year before its organization, seven of the game wardens had been shot and four killed; the next year not one was injured. The game commissioners testified officially that this change was solely due to "the unhesitating, determined, and persistent pursuit of wrong-doers of all classes by members of that force [the Constabulary]." It is the cheapest investment the State has ever made, and its record answers every excuse, wherever made, that other States cannot do likewise, because of lack of funds. If the situation is studied, it will soon be found that no State can afford to do without a similar body. The sheriff, as a means of enforcing law in rural districts, is a hopeless failure. To him we owe, in part, our record as the most lawless people, with pretensions to civilization, on the globe.

We have dwelt at length on this Pennsylvania success, because we have long felt the need, particularly in the South, of precisely such organizations. In Jamaica, the indispensable character of a mounted negro constabulary has long been established. We are glad to see so enlightened a Southern newspaper as the Charlotte *Observer* coming out in favor of some colored police for that city, to control the lawless blacks. If this is proper for a city, it is for a State as well. Nothing could so rapidly free us from the ignoble disgrace of the lyncher; before efficient constabularies the worst phases of the race trouble in the South would fade away, and the saving of human beings in the way of crime-prevention and the decrease of the chain-gang would be inestimable. But it is not the South alone that needs mounted State constabularies. New York and every other State should have them.

THE STORY AND THE MORAL.

It has always seemed to us that of all objectionable kinds of literature, the most objectionable is the kind which purports to deal with that ancient topic, the Wages of Sin. The fault is in the obvious insincerity of the author's motives. Pretending to be entirely interested in the Wages, he almost invariably concentrates his attention on the Sin. There are very few plays and novels like Ibsen's "Ghosts," which leaves one in a condition of horrified disgust with the consequences of transgression. The plays and novels are innumerable which, for all their unhappy endings, leave behind them a very insinuating picture of the attractiveness of vice. Sometimes the impression is plain that the author has tacked on his unhappy ending as a mere matter of expediency. Having this pleasantly unconventional tale to tell, he is quite aware that in Anglo-Saxon countries his story must plead a moral purpose as its excuse. Wherefore the heroine shoots herself just before the final curtain. "Why, yes, of course," you almost hear the author say towards the end of the fourth act, "I almost forgot that the wages of sin is death; here goes."

In such plays and stories, it is to be noticed that sin is nearly always synonymous with sex. What we had to be thankful for, until very recently, was that the literature of transgression dealing in subjects other than sex did not find it necessary to assume the mark of virtue in order to carry the tale. Mr. Hornung's Raffles, for instance, has not reformed or been killed, up to last ac-

counts. Mr. Arthur Stringer's fascinating wire-tappers and bank-burglars attract solely because their illicit adventures interest us. Arsène Lupin has his spasms of beneficence, as all well-regulated rascals in fiction should have; but Lupin is still unconverted and undefeated. These men have the sincerity of the heroes of the old picaresque novels. If they make evil-living attractive, there is no attempt to palliate the fact. If they make roguery unattractive, it is because their adventures speak for themselves, and carry no pious lesson at the end. For the only way to show that vice leads to pain and death is to show it. The old theologians did it by giving a paragraph or two to the sin and devoting all their fervid rhetoric to the torments of hell. They kept the right proportions.

Of late, however, the novel of roguery, as it is written in this country, has begun to hide itself under a moral mask. The latest wire-tapper ends his life in jail. The get-rich-quick financier "goes broke" on the last page. Even the title of the book is made to suggest a high moral purpose. But between the title and the last page we find the old delight in criminality for its own sake, and the general effect is the old impression of insincerity, of obvious pretence. In the newest story of this kind, our hero makes his entrance in the rôle of a Chicago telegraph operator working honestly but discontentedly for a salary of eighty dollars a month. He decides that he can do better. In company with an equally honest and discontented woman stenographer, he carries out a scheme for beating the bucket-shops by manipulating the "ticker" quotations from the New York Stock Exchange. By the exercise of commendable patience and ingenuity they build up a capital of a few thousand dollars. They go into the bucket-shop business on their own account. They amass a fortune and marry. The man acquires a varied assortment of vices that go with "easy" money, divorces his wife, marries again, builds himself a palace, fights for a place in society, and, in the end, goes utterly to smash. Moral: Don't tap wires and organize bucket-shops; because, even if you accumulate millions, you are bound to lose them, sooner or later, and go back to working for twenty dollars a week.

That, at least, is the moral our writer would have us accept. The true moral of the story is that this broad land of ours is full of "suckers" and "good things" waiting for the right man to come along and make use of them. It is a book which will set many an overworked and under-paid telegraph-operator to brooding over the possibilities of his trade. We could scarcely blame Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson or some other philosophic observer from abroad, if he were to cite this book as illustrative of the essential immorality of the American people. We are restive under the misdeeds of high-finance and at heart admire the methods of the get-rich-quick millionaire. Else, Mr. Dickinson might ask, why are such books written? There is no attempt here at psychological or social analysis; the moral is an obvious pretence; the methods by which the obscure telegraph-operator makes his fortune are not even ingenious or amusing. Evidently there must be an audience in this country that licks its chops over the mere thought of somebody selling somebody else a gold brick.

If such an audience there were, the fact would be regrettable; but it would be something at least to have the appeal made in a straightforward manner. And, to tell the truth, the appeal is made openly enough, if it were not for the smugly virtuous title and the conclusion:

> It was brutally hot in the street. The glare from the stone flagging hurt their eyes. Crowds of people toiled wearily along, jostling them. Behind was the stifling operating-room, with its hard, idiotic clatter, whither he would go as soon as he had a bite to eat, and work a commercial wire for three hours to eke out the eighty dollars a month that he got for working the stock wire. Oh, undoubtedly, this was what he wanted! They stopped on the hot, dirty cobblestones of the crossing to let a big, bottle-green automobile glide by. A man and a woman lolled negligently on the back seat. He didn't want anything like that himself! Oh, no!

This is a very comprehensible feeling. Why drag in the wages-of-sin doctrine at all?

FASHIONS AND ENLIGHTENMENT.

We are now at the opening of the joyful season when Nature and women's hats simultaneously break into a rich and bourgeoning existence. Nature, this coming spring, will probably wear the same style of verdure and sunlight she has hitherto affected. But for Easter millinery we are promised a delightful innovation in the form of those Chantecler hats in preparation for which the greatest dramatic poet of our times did not think it excessive to spend ten years of continuous labor and study. The stern moralist who never fails to lift his voice of protest on such occasions will, of course, raise his wonted plaint. He will point out how incorrigibly ridiculous is fashion when, in pursuit of "the up-to-date," she hesitates at nothing in the entire scale of organic or inorganic evolution that can be stuck upon the head or sewn upon a gown or carried in the hand. Our moralist may even lose his temper and assert that it is an insult to the French poet, to the drama as a whole, and to the dignity of the human mind, that M. Rostand's magnificently symbolic rooster should be degraded to the uses of the modiste. He might maintain that women, by ancient prescription, have a right to make themselves ridiculous; but that they have no right to render civilization ridiculous. He would not, of course, go so far as to refuse to accompany his wife to church in her new hat on Easter Sunday.

Such a moralist is constitutionally unable to see that, for all its absurdities and incongruities, fashion is, at bottom, a force for civilization and morality. It works in ways of its own. Its services are sometimes pitifully disproportionate to its efforts. But in this respect it is perhaps not very unlike such pretentious agents as revolutions, or political conventions, or wars, or treaties of peace, or earthquakes and inundations. As a mere educational force, women's styles are not to be despised. Chantecler millinery will at least make the name of a great dramatic poem familiar to millions of women who otherwise would never have heard of it, or, having heard it, would have immediately forgotten. It is probable that the shop-girl who buys her Easter hat will fail to associate it with M. Rostand and the Molière tradition. But then again she may. There are chances that the good-natured criticisms of various "gentlemen-friends" may lead to a dim searching, now and then, for the facts behind that impaled barnyard fowl. How many innocent purchasers of Trilby hats and Trilby shoes fifteen years ago were led in turn to read the book itself, and, perhaps, another of Du Maurier's books after that, and—who knows?—perhaps a good many other

good novels after that? Literature, like every other phase of life, is not exempt from the philosopher's dictum that it pays to advertise. What would not any publicity agent pay to have every woman in the land carry his advertising bulletins on her head?

The influence of styles upon the hygiene of the body has also been sadly misunderstood. On this point, it is the traditional thing to expatiate on the evil results of constricting the human form into lines that Nature neither parallels nor approves. The stock comparison is drawn between modern woman in her artificial dress and the natural woman as typified in the Venus of Milo. This overlooks the simple fact that the modern woman, like the modern man, is physically the superior of her progenitor of a thousand, or two thousand, or three thousand years ago. Where physical degeneration exists we are inclined to believe that child labor in the factories, for instance, is probably more responsible than tight-lacing. But whatever may be the merits of this or that specific practice, it is only proper to admit that beneath the seemingly arbitrary fashion which decrees that this year everybody must be slim and next year everybody must be robust, there lurks a fine sense of justice, of democratic equality, and of that law of balance that rules the universe. Let us conceive that either the slender figure or the full figure were adopted as a permanent standard of fashion. Immediately one-half the world would be condemned to a position of permanent inferiority. We should have a fixed class of the beautiful and a fixed class of the ugly. It would be the caste system in a most undesirable form. By contrast, there is infinite justice in the law that once in so often the stout shall make themselves slender and once in so often the slender shall make themselves stout. It is a law which distributes the pains and the pleasures with more than human impartiality.

In a dozen ways it is possible to show how fashion acts as an educational and ethical force. The satirist is fond of railing at the fashionable women who play at charity. Yet it cannot be denied that if it were not fashionable to be interested in slumming, or to patronize nurseries and dispensaries in the tenement district, a large amount of good work would be lost. There are times when, as we learn from the "society" columns, it even becomes fashionable for mothers to be very fond of their children and to give them a good deal of attention. In Rousseau's day ladies of fashion brought their babies to the theatre and indulged in public demonstration of maternal affection. That, too, was a fashion to be grateful for. It probably did not hurt the child, and it surely did the mother a great deal of good.

AUSTRALASIAN LITERATURE.

SYDNEY, February 15.

"Living very close to Nature, the Maori was an acute observer of the ways of the wilds; he caught strange whisperings of unknown things, and his mind was saturated with the magic and mystery of the bush." There are novelties of many kinds in the outwardly and inwardly attractive volume on "The Maoris of New Zealand," by James Cowan (Christchurch, N. Z.: Whitcombe & Tombs)—stories and songs without end, recasts of historical narratives that had been unquestioningly accepted, rehandlings of old traditions and legends, fresh evidences of the track followed in the great migrations across the Pacific, new lights on Hauhauism, that Mormonlike breakaway from the religion of the hated colonists—but hardly anything will please the reader better than the many specimens of "the wisdom of the wilderness," culled in all quarters and garlanded here. The Maori was a nature-worshipper who, with a great wealth of imagination, personified all natural objects—the trees and the streams, rain and dew, mist and sunshine. He was familiar from of old with the stars, his forest-lore was as deep as his star-lore, and from the "soul-mastering" forest come delightful folk-tales, fairy yarns, and nature-myths that will be new to all readers. Sitting by the camp-fires on summer nights by the lake shore, in the homes and settlements of the more advanced tribes, or in the huts of the wild Urewcras, the sympathetic author gathered these songs and stories from the *kaumatuas*, the learned old men.

Not the Maori as he was is here described—that has been done to repletion; but the Maori as he is. Yet it is often the "survival of ancient faiths and ancient ways" that is painted. Here lies the distinctive originality of this interesting volume. Such survivals are disentangled. They are traceable in new folk-tales, examples of nature-lore and forest-craft, imprecations, invocations, and incantations. Some years ago Japanese scholars inquired about Maori poetry. There was then, and there is still, no adequate collection of it, but many finds occur in the present volume, and some of them are very beautiful. Dirges, songs of love and regret, canoe-songs, sentinel songs—all are here; the Maori instinctively poured himself into song.

The book has historical value. It gives a new account of the tragedy that darkened the early days of the colony—the massacre at Wairau—and first voices the Maori view of it. No more memorable siege than that of Orakau glorifies the Maori defence in the last heroic struggle for the possession of the land in 1864. Much about it, as hitherto narrated, appears to be mythical. The famous chief, Rewi Maniapoto, in Sir George Grey's mansion at Kawau, implicitly accepted, in the hearing of the present writer, the heroic part assigned to him by history and poetry. As he was absolutely honest as well as very brave, it is hard to believe that he deliberately imposed on Grey and his guest, as on his fellow-Maoris there—the Maori king and other chiefs. Yet the author asserts that the ascription was a myth. A new account from Maori lips is now given, very different from the accepted version, but, though stripping Rewi of his borrowed plumes, leaving his immortal three hundred on a level with their brothers at Thermopylæ.

New Zealand has witnessed two unique and memorable funerals—that of Dictator Seddon in 1906 and that of the Maori king twelve years before. At the exequies of Tawhiao all of old Maoridom was brought to life again; extinct customs were revived; the orations over the grave were rich in song and proverb, symbol and imagery; and the soul of the Maori was laid bare. Hardly in the history of a savage race has a function so impressive been witnessed; never before has it been so adequately described. We now learn that the interment was a blind. Like John Calvin, and for a similar reason, Tawhiao was buried in an unknown grave. We cannot too strongly commend a volume where so much that is new is combined with so much that is attractive. More than sixty highly finished engravings and a map of Maoriland enhance the value of the book.

It was a happy thought, which could have occurred only, perhaps, to an English lawyer, to describe the progress of international law by means of an analysis of leading cases that have been judicially determined and of the judgments given from the bench. Dr. Pitt Cobbett has for twenty years been dean of the faculty of law in the University of Sydney, and he has formed a large portion of the bar of New South Wales. We well understand the sources of his influence from the volume before us ("Leading Cases in International Law"; London: Stevens & Haynes). Purporting to be only a third edition of a work that has long enjoyed authority in England, it is really a new book. It has

been completely recast, the more important parts rewritten and many new sections added. This course was rendered necessary by the momentous developments in international law that have taken place within the last ten years. With the possible exception of the work by Th. Baty, which has been announced, but has not yet reached Australia, the volume here named is the only English treatise that brings the subject down to the present time. The fifty or sixty cases examined are dissected with remarkable keenness, their results are stated with masterly precision, and their contributions to the advance of international law are in each instance summed up in one or more rules or principles that are logically deduced and lucidly formulated.

A large portion of the volume is for the jurist alone, and of this about one-fourth specially concerns the American jurist. But, outside of the more technical parts, there are instructive and interesting excursuses, where the lay student may follow from point to point the growth of the international organism. The author shows how it acquires quasi-legislative and quasi-judicial organs, and how there arises a new habit of international coöperation (pp. 10, 30). He discusses profitably the future of arbitration (pp. 40-41), and he makes the bold suggestion that, in certain cases, the leading states might withdraw from diplomatic intercourse with an offending state. Precisely this step was taken, we may add, when Great Britain refused to recognize the accession of King Peter to the throne of Servia as long as he retained in office his regicide ministers. Again, he builds up a whole section of international law when he defines "international persons" and describes their variety, writes of the "commencement of statehood," and tells of states that lie "outside the family of nations" (pp. 46-48). Apropos of an American case in the English Court of Chancery he discusses the whole doctrine of succession in international law (pp. 71-76), everywhere seizing and enforcing the principles that govern such cases. The immense variety of relations between a suzerain and a subject power is clearly stated.

How thoroughly up-to-date the work is will appear from the exhaustive excursus appended to the discussion of a case bearing on state boundaries. The new conception of vertical as well as lateral boundaries, involving the making of air territorial up to a certain height, is introduced (p. 106). When the author examines the Newfoundland Fisheries Arbitration, he educes five "important principles" disclosed by the progress of the controversy. The right of national expatriation, explicitly asserted by an act of Congress in 1860, leads the author to draw five "conclusions" that will deserve the scrutiny of publicists as well as jurists. Indeed, this volume on peace, with its successor on war, should form an indispensable handbook to all writers on international questions.

A substantial quarto volume of poetry ("Satyrs and Sunlight," by Hugh McCrae), so pretentious that it is issued solely to 130 subscribers, with Lord Dudley, the Governor-General of the Commonwealth, at their head—a book gorgeously decorated and dazzlingly illustrated by the most ambitious of Australian illustrators, should have something brilliant or something solid within it, if it is to satisfy the rather extravagant claims it outwardly makes. What shall we say of its contents? "Exotic" is the verdict the critic at once passes on this collection of poems. The characteristic Australian notes are absent; affinities with English poets, so visible in Gordon and Kendall, are untraceable; there is no manifest literary paternity or demonstrable affiliation. Mr. McCrae's verses strike the reader as being absolutely original—in theme, in treatment, in form, in color, and in music. The subjects of the poems are unhackneyed and sometimes lofty; the imagery is splendid or daring; and there is extraordinary power of visualization. Single lines show a poet's faculty of phrasing, and now and then a quatrain has the lilt of song. At other times missing or defective rhymes detract from our enjoyment of the author's finest verses. "Poems of the fancy," they might have been classified by Wordsworth, who would have denied that, with their lack of soberness, if not of sanity, they are poems of the constructive imagination. They nevertheless challenge attention and would possibly reward a close examination.

T. G. Tucker is professor of classics in the University of Melbourne. A Cambridge scholar of repute, he is devoted to the minute scholarship that has been typical of Cambridge since the days of Richard Bentley, and he is an acknowledged master in the art of amending ancient texts. In this department he has been more successful than Bentley, and his new readings in the text of Æschylus have been accepted by so celebrated a Grecian as Prof. Lewis Campbell. We could spare him from such high tasks a while, if he would only employ his hours of recreation in a manner that would be as easy to himself and more useful to us. But where is the utility of publishing a number of lectures and essays ("Things Worth Thinking About"; Melbourne: T. C. Lothian) such as dozens of men could write as well? These essays on The Teachings of History, The Teachings of Travel, Literary Judgment, and the like are excellent, but they are not the kind of work the lay reader expects from his scholastic teachers. Why is it that, among American and English scholars, there is such a dearth of those who are willing to instruct us in the popular aspects of Greek and Roman life and literature? France abounds in them: J. J. Ampère in a past generation, Gaston Boissier more recently, Paul Masqueray and Maurice Croiset at this hour (to mention only these) have made ancient Rome, Roman public life, the ideas of Euripides, and Greek comedy themes of living interest to all intelligent readers. No one could do work of this kind better than Professor Tucker. As these essays show, he is a master of the art of luminous presentment. Could he not reconstruct for us some neglected phase of the domestic life of old Athens or Miletus, or narrate to us the politics of the Aventine, like a recent French essayist, founding on the work of a recent archæologist?

J. C.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Twenty-five years ago Charles Plumptre Johnson, in his "Bibliography of Thackeray," pointed out that there existed two different forms of title-page of "The Four Georges," 1861. That of the earlier form, of which Johnson had seen a single copy only, reads, "The Four Georges: | Sketches of Manners, Morals, Court, | and Town Life. | By | W. M. Thackeray," etc. In the later issue the second and third lines were cut out. Shepherd and Melville give only the second form, "The Four Georges. By W. M. Thackeray." Anderson gives the correct form, but adds: "The title-page of the British Museum copy reads 'The Four Georges' only."

In the expectation of bringing to light some such variations in text as he recently discovered in the "Lectures on the English Humourists," the Bibliophile has compared the two books, reading the entire text of the four essays, word for word. No other typographical variations have been discovered, and it may be safely stated that the two issues are identical, and printed from the same setting of types, or more probably from the same stereotype plates. Nor was the altered title of the second issue a substituted one pasted on the stub of the earlier leaf, as is the case of some other books. The title and half-title (which together make the first signature) are the same sheet and continuous. The two lines, "Sketches of Manners, Morals, Court, | and Town Life," appear on the half-title of both issues. There is another point of difference between the two books which seems not to have been pointed out before. The Catalogue bound in at the end of the first issue is dated "November, 1861," and the notice of "The Four Georges," on page 2, is without price. The Catalogue in the second issue is dated December, 1861, and "With Illustrations" and "Price 5s. cloth" have been added to the notice of the book. The sub-title is given in both cases. The book was, apparently, published late in 1861. "The Four Georges," which had been delivered as lectures, first in America in 1855, and in England the next year, were first printed in the *Cornhill Magazine* in the later months of 1860. The American edition, published by Harper & Bros., is dated 1860. This, printed, it may be

supposed, from the *Magazine*, is probably the actual first edition. It also has the subtitle, "Sketches of Manners," etc. One misprint in the English edition, "twenty-five sale of the line" (p. 217), is correctly printed "sail of the line" in the New York edition.

The magnificent private library of the late Amor L. Hollingsworth of Milton, Mass., will be sold by C. F. Libbie & Co. in Boston on April 12, 13, and 14, two sessions each day. The catalogue, a thick volume of nearly 400 pages, describing 1891 lots, contains thirty-six reproductions of title-pages and thirty half-tone plates of bindings. The collection of Americana is perhaps the best offered at auction since the Deane sale; indeed, several items are from that collection, and others are from well-known libraries which have been dispersed during the last thirty years in Libbie's rooms. Among the rarer items relating to New England, we may note Smith's "General Historie of Virginia, New England and the Summer Isles" (1624), the Deane copy; "Plain Dealing: or Newes from New England" (1642), by Thomas Lechford, the first lawyer in Boston; Johnson's "History of New England" (1654), better known by its running title, "Wonder-Working Providence of Sions Saviour, in New England"; Josselyn's "Account of Two Voyages to New England" (1674); Penhallow's "History of the Wars of New England" (1726); Mason's "Brief History of the Pequot War" (1736), the Balcom copy, which brought $445 in 1901; and Backus's "History of New England, with particular reference to the Denomination of Christians called Baptists," 4 vols. (1777-1784). Other important items of Americana are: Lescarbot's "Histoire de la Nouvelle France" (1609); Romans's "Natural History of East and West Florida" (1775); Haywood's "Civil and Political History of Tennessee" (1823); Smith's "History of Nova Caesaria, or New Jersey" (1765); Drayton's "Memoir of the American Revolution" (1821), uncut; Anne Bradstreet's "Poems," third edition (1758); and not less than twenty-one books by the Mathers. A Harvard College book worthy of special mention is the Brinley copy, on thick paper in a special tooled binding of red morocco, of that curious book "Pietas et Gratulatio Collegii Cantabrigiensis Apud Novanglos" (Boston, 1761). This is a collection of thirty-one poems in Latin, Greek, and English by the faculty or graduates of Harvard, written on the death of George II and the accession of George III. These thick-paper copies, according to Justin Winsor, were prepared for presentation to members of the royal family, and were probably sent over to Thomas Hollis, who had them specially bound. The copy presented to George III is in New York city.

Among older English books we may note the following: Froissart's "Chronicles," Lord Berner's translation, Vol. I printed by William Middylton and Vol. II by Richard Pynson (1525); Ben Jonson's "Workes" (1616-1640); Montaigne's "Essays," translated by John Florio, the first edition (1603), with all three leaves of Errata; Chaucer's "Woorkes," the fourth edition (1561); Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," first edition (1621); Drayton's "Poly-Olbion" (1622); Donne's "Poems," first edition (1633); Milton's "Paradise Lost" (1668), and "Paradise Regained" (1671); and Wither's "Emblems" (1635), the Brayton Ives copy.

Of English nineteenth century authors notable volumes are: Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound" (1820); Keats's "Endymion" (1818); Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare" (1807); Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" (1848); and a set of the four numbers of the *Germ*, that very rare periodical published by the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, in which first appeared "The Blessed Damozel" and other poems by Rossetti.

The first editions of American authors are few in number, but several first-class rarities are included. Poe's "Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane and Minor Poems" (1829), described as being uncut, is the most important. A long list of Emblem books; a fine copy (from the Gerald E. Hart collection) of the famous "Nuremberg Chronicle"; books illustrated by Cruikshank; publications of the Grolier Club, Bibliographical Society, and the Caxton Club; a set of Goupil's "Historical Monographs," beautifully illustrated with photogravures; and publications of the Kelmscott and other presses are included.

Many of the books are in very handsome specimen bindings by the best English, French, and American binders.

Part of Edward Everett Hale's library was sold in New York last Thursday. Some of the more important items were as follows: A copy of the privately printed issue of James Russell Lowell's "Commemoration Ode" (Cambridge, 1865), containing an autograph inscription on the fly-leaf reading, "E. E. Hale, with the sincere regards of J. R. Lowell, 3d Sept'r, 1865," sold to "Champlain" for $490; a copy of the privately printed "Poems of Maria Lowell," with Dr. Hale's signature on the fly-leaf, $40; Lowell's copy of the dramatic works of Shakespeare, vols. 3-6 of Whittingham's miniature edition of eight volumes, printed at the Chiswick Press, London, in 1828, to F. W. Morris for $48; a rare broadside, "To all True Southern Men! Shall Kansas be Surrendered to the Abolitionists?" $20; first editions of eight parts of Robert Browning's "Bells and Pomegranates," $61 (F. R. Arnold); and St. Augustine's "De Civitate Dei cum Commento Thomas Valois Nicolai Trivetti," folio, no date or place, but printed by Johann Mentelin at Strassburg, between 1466 and 1468, $77 (order).

Correspondence.

THE CARNEGIE FOUNDATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Some readers may have been led, in the course of recent discussions of the Carnegie Foundation in your columns, into a misapprehension upon one point. It was a satisfaction to find that my letter in the issue of February 3 had elicited President Jordan's illuminating communication. For it appears from Dr. Jordan's statement that the action which the members of the board of trustees intended to take with respect to service pensions is open to somewhat less severe criticism than is the action which was officially promulgated by the president of the Foundation as having been taken by them. Dr. Jordan seems to be in error, however, in supposing that the resolutions of the board, which he cites, have had much to do with determining the actual position officially taken in this matter by the Foundation. The annual report, in announcing and interpreting the recent abolition of the system of service pensions, includes no such qualifying clauses as those which Dr. Jordan mentions. Faint adumbrations of two of these qualifications are, indeed, dimly recognizable in the report; the third (which alone is entirely pertinent to the ethical question raised in my letter) is conspicuous by its absence. The incident seems to throw a certain light upon the internal economy of the Carnegie Foundation; a consideration of the facts thus made manifest may be profitable to presidents, professors, and governing boards in "accepted institutions." The board of trustees of the Foundation is a relatively representative body; but its power of effective control over the Foundation's policy seems more limited than one had supposed.

Arthur A. Lovejoy.

Columbia, Mo., March 18.

MORRIS HICKY MORGAN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: For the third time within three years the department of classics at Harvard University has been deprived by death of the services of a distinguished scholar at the height of his powers. Neither Minton Warren nor John Henry Wright passed the limits of middle life, and Morris Hicky Morgan now follows them at the age of fifty-one. These successive losses, while falling most heavily upon Harvard, have grievously impaired the strength of American classical scholarship as a whole.

Professor Morgan's activity in the university was many-sided. He combined to an unusual degree the temperaments of the scholar and of the man of affairs, and in both capacities he rendered able service. Throughout most of his life he carried a heavy burden of administrative work, serving on important committees and taking active part in the deliberations of the faculty. As university marshal he long had charge of formal academic meetings, and gave much thought and labor to the proper conduct of such ceremonies. His interest in the university library, of the governing council of which he was a valued member, will be permanently commemorated by the Persius collection, which he gave to it only a few months before his death. As a teacher he was both exacting and stimulating. Himself the product of strict philological discipline, he maintained severe standards of judgment; but his scholarship was by no means arid or narrow. He had fine literary feeling and power of expression, both in Latin and in English; and his interests comprehended not only linguistics and literature, but also the history, politics, and religion of the ancient world. He was deeply concerned, too, about the adjustment of classical studies to the changing conditions of modern education. In spite of all his responsibilities and routine duties, he found time for many scholarly publications, and he left uncompleted a translation of Vitruvius which, with the commentary that was planned to accompany it, would have been a monument to his learning.

Mr. Morgan was a man of vigorous mind and character, with well-defined opinions

and strong feelings on most of the questions at issue within or without the academic world. In the discussion and settlement of these questions, consequently, he displayed a strong personality; effective in support, where he gave support, and always candid and generous in opposition. As such, he will be remembered with respect by all his colleagues; and by many of them, and of the other men among whom he lived, he will be remembered also with affection as a warm friend, especially to be counted on in times of trouble. F. N. R.

Cambridge, Mass., March 18.

NEWFOUNDLAND FISH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: All we Provincials are watching the great popular movement now going on in America against the corrupt protectionist rings and the Trusts. How will it end? Is the combination too strong to be broken by the people? Of all the Trusts the worst is the Gloucester Fish Ring. Every one knows that all the fish and herring caught on the west coast of Newfoundland are taken by the natives, and *sold* to the American schooners. This bought fish is passed into the States as *"the sole product of American industry."* Every one concerned knows that it is a transparent falsehood. Taxes on the people's food are opposed to all sound political economy. The result of this excessive tax on fish more than its intrinsic value is to make fish, and especially herrings, enormously dear—250 per cent. higher than they are in Europe. Herrings are the food of the poor all over the British Isles, selling for two cents apiece, whereas in the United States they are never below five cents. If the duties were taken off, Newfoundland and Canada could supply America with any quantity of cheap fish, both fresh and salt. The new "Solling" method of sending fresh fish has been tried here and is a perfect success. Even with the heavy duty an enterprising Newfoundland merchant is sending cod by this method to New York. To us outsiders it seems a most absurd state of affairs that all America should eat dear fish for the sake of the Gloucester ring. The joke of it all is that nine-tenths of the protected fishermen are not Americans, but Provincials. D. W. Prowse.

St. John's, Newfoundland, March 14.

THE KING'S SHILLING.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In Holberg's comedy of "Erasmus Montanus," the dénouement is brought about by a curious device. In order to correct the disputatious tendencies of Montanus, an officer is made to trick him into enlisting for a soldier. The officer bets Montanus he cannot prove it the duty of a child to beat his parents. Montanus, who can prove anything, has no difficulty with this proposition, and wins the ducat of the bet. Thereupon the officer informs him that he is enlisted, for whoever has received the King's money is his soldier. (Act V, scene ii.) According to John Ashton ("Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne," chapter xxxix), this method for obtaining recruits was resorted to in Marlborough's England:

The Queen's shilling, once being taken, or even sworn to have been taken, and attestation made, there was no help for the recruit, unless he was bought out.

The author refers to Farquhar's "Recruiting Officer," in which Sergeant Kite plays the same trick as the lieutenant in "Erasmus Montanus." He persuades two drunken countrymen to receive the Queen's portrait in gold, and then declares they are enlisted, for they have received a gold angel of the Queen's money. (Act. II, scene iii.) Farquhar's play was presented in April, 1706, during the period of Holberg's stay in England. Holberg's faculty for assimilating foreign literatures is well known. Peder Paars is an obvious son of Gulliver. The borrowings from Molière are innumerable. It is interesting to suppose that Holberg may have taken his suggestion for the lieutenant's trick from a play seen or read in England.

Joseph Warren Beach.

University of Minnesota, March 16.

VIRGINIA AND SECESSION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your notice of Mr. B. B. Munford's book, "Virginia's Attitude Toward Slavery and Secession," occurs the following sentence: "If, as Mr. Munford insists, Virginia seceded simply because the Federal government resorted to coercion, the conclusion is unavoidable that the State preferred to continue on a low social plane under its own guidance rather than to attain an admittedly higher one by Federal aid." The present writer does not pose as any violent champion of secession, but he cannot see that the conclusion you draw is unavoidable. If, as Mr. Munford insists, and as you admit, for argument, Virginia seceded merely because of coercion, she would have continued to emancipate her slaves and would probably have emancipated them in larger numbers when free from the irritation of partisan struggle within the Union. The sentiment of Virginia before 1833 is suggestive of what it might have been again under quieter conditions.

Also, instead of consciously preferring "to continue on a low social plane under its own guidance," Virginia might not have realized that remaining in the Union would have been attaining a "higher one by Federal aid." She might believe that the Republicans were telling the truth in their promise not to interfere with slavery in the States, or she might not believe them and suspect that slaves were to be freed, not by Federal aid, but by Federal compulsion.

The conclusion you draw does not, therefore, seem unavoidable. The case did not present itself to Virginia as simply a case of a lower or a higher plane of life. The lower plane might remain should she stay in the Union, the higher plane might be found if she went out. No one knew.

D. R. Anderson.

Richmond, Va., February 21.

"WORDSWORTHSHIRE."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Again and again and yet again, in lectures and essays on the literary associations of the English Lake District, and in popular books of travel, one hears or reads the statement, "'Wordsworthshire,' as Lowell called it." But did he? If so, where? Not, certainly, in his essay on Wordsworth. He uses the word there, to be sure, but the context shows that by it he meant the mental domain of William Wordsworth rather than any particular locality. The passage runs:

If we consider carefully where he was most successful, we shall find that it was not so much in description of natural scenery, or delineation of character, as in vivid expression of the effect produced by external objects and events upon his own mind, and of the shape and hue (perhaps momentary) which they in turn took from his mood or temperament. His finest passages are always monologues. He had a fondness for particulars, and there are parts of his poems which remind us of local histories in the undue relative importance given to trivial matters. He was the historian of Wordsworthshire. This power of generalization (for it is as truly a power of generalization) is what gives such vigor and greatness to single lines and sentiments of Wordsworth, and to poems developing a single line of thought or word. It was this that made him so fond of the sonnet.

As this is sufficiently unambiguous, how does it happen that so many seem to misread it? The explanation is, I think, simple: in the introduction to his account of the Lake District, in Baedeker's "Great Britain," Mr. J. F. Muirhead wrote:

Readers need scarcely be reminded of the Lake School of Poetry. Wordsworth in particular has made the district his own ("Wordsworthshire," as Lowell calls it), etc.

This was conveyed by Dr. Rolfe into "The Satchel Guide" in this form, "'Wordsworthshire,' as Lowell aptly calls the English Lake District"; and the statement is merely repeated by those who depend on their guide-books for their erudition.

Wm. Dallam Armes.

University of California, February 24.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I could not have "conveyed" (does Mr. Armes use the word in the Elizabethan sense?) the term "Wordsworthshire" from Baedeker's "Great Britain," which I had not seen, if indeed the book was published, before I quoted it in my "Select Poems of Wordsworth," 1889, after having used it in a lecture on Wordsworth at least ten years earlier.

I probably took it from Lowell's essay on Wordsworth, where I still think it has a distinct reference to the Lake district. Lowell has just said that parts of Wordsworth's poems remind him of "local histories"; and he adds: "He was the historian of Wordsworthshire." I can see that the context may also suggest a figurative reference to the poet's "mental domain," so intimately connected with his home and his works, as well as to the geographical locality which has given him his title as a "Lake poet." I have no quarrel with those who may not agree with me. I am quite sure that I sent Lowell a copy of my book, with the leaf turned down at the page, and that he made no objection to my giving him the credit of coining the word and applying it to the district.

W. J. Rolfe.

Cambridge, Mass., March 16.

G. P. R. JAMES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I think Mrs. Roger Pryor's recollections of my father (G. P. R. James) must

be a little colored. I never heard him use the expression "By George!" which in her "Reminiscences" she puts into his mouth at every turn. If "Jove" or "Jingo" were substituted for "George" (his own name), it would be a shade more characteristic; but he was not addicted to asseverations of any kind.

I remember Gen. Pryor well. I do not think he had the reputation of being a very extreme fire-eater, at Richmond. The Potter bowie-knife incident may have given it to him in the North. Mrs. Pryor seems to say that he never owned slaves, and therefore was not likely to be an extreme apostle of slavery—only a Virginian who "went with his State." C. L. JAMES.

Eau Claire, Wis., March 22.

Literature.

A COMPANION FIGURE TO LAFAYETTE.

The Life and Memoirs of Count Régis de Trobriand, Major-General in the Army of the United States. By his daughter, Marie Caroline Post. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $5 net.

When after the death of Gen. de Trobriand the Loyal Legion of the United States declared in their resolutions in his honor that he was the only native of France except Lafayette who had attained rank so high in the service of the United States, no mistake was made in mentioning the two men together. Both were members of the *haute noblesse;* both became imbued with the American spirit; each at a great crisis of our history upheld with his sword the cause of the United States. Though the name of Lafayette is more familiar to American ears than that of de Trobriand, his service to our country was probably no more able and unselfish than that of the later champion. Lafayette returned to play a great part in his native land; to de Trobriand the door was open to a similar course, in the crisis, so terrible for France, of 1870. He preferred to remain an American, giving his years of vigor to the country he adopted. Had he followed the precedent of Lafayette, one feels he might easily have risen in the old world to a similar leadership. The merits of this fine character have been obscured, and it is fortunate that they are at last set forth in a noble biography.

A family record more picturesque and thrilling than that which Mrs. Post unfolds it would be hard to imagine. The founder of the line, an Irish adventurer on the continent, went back with William the Conqueror. A descendant returned with the Black Prince, in the fourteenth century, to Brittany. He received nobility and estates, among others the fief of Trobriand, and henceforth, so long as monarchy endured, the de Trobriands played a part in the armies. In the time of Louis XV, the grandfather of our subject, in exile from his home, married in Spain the daughter of the Governor of Venezuela, a lady whose nephew was the famous Bolivar, the "Washington of South America." The career of the grandfather was for the most part in the Western world; he returned, however, from exile on the eve of the French Revolution, only to die in poverty and in hiding in Paris, in 1801. The de Trobriands of the next generation, three sons and three daughters, all experienced the most varied and romantic fortunes. The reader finds himself sometimes in an atmosphere like that of "Les Trois Mousquetaires"—of light-heartedness, frivolity, daredevil intrepidity, whether the matter in hand be a trifle or a kingdom. A jostle in a theatre or a jeer in the street becomes straightway an occasion for a duel to the death with rapiers. A stripling de Trobriand, picking his way through the mud in front of the barracks of a rival regiment, hears laughing comments from three officers: "Regardez mademoiselle qui a peur de se crotter les pieds." At once a challenge; the laughers in turn are dexterously stretched out and pay the penalty by a term in hospital. In the cataclysm which overtakes the *ancien régime* the lightheartedness persists, but the *insouciance* deepens into heroism. The same de Trobriand, it was the younger uncle of our subject, was in 1806 an aide of Davout, and carried to Napoleon, at Jena, the news of the victory of Auerstadt—good news for the Emperor, but received with ill-nature by Bernadotte and Ney, who begrudged the glory to a rival. The nonchalance of a mere cub involved in the very whiskers of such lions amuses and amazes. François, the elder uncle, a superb Breton sailor, attained distinction at sea. Sent by the Emperor, in 1809, in a fast-sailing frigate, with important dispatches for Martinique, he ran the gantlet of the entire English fleet. Cutting in two with his prow a ship that threw itself in his path, and exchanging broadsides with the rest, he swept on toward land. There he beached his vessel when capture seemed inevitable, promptly blew her up, escaping, however, with his crew and fully accomplishing his errand. The younger uncle rose to be a general of the Empire. The careers of the three aunts were scarcely less full of adventure.

The most notable career of the six was that of Joseph, the father of Régis. At nineteen, during the Terror, escaping across the Rhine, he took service as an *émigré* with the Austrian army, against the Directory and Consulate. He attracted the attention of the Archduke Charles, had a share in some victories and more defeats, but, always intrepid, won at last a high distinction, the medal of Maria Theresa. The two nations becoming allied after Austerlitz, and the stability of France appearing secure under Napoleon, Joseph took advantage of the amnesty and attached himself to the fortunes of the Empire. His intrepidity was manifest on small occasions as well as great. He beards Murat, when King of Naples, for not inviting him to a ball, and brings him to terms, and even braves the wrath of the Emperor himself in claiming a ribbon promised but long withheld. But all was forgiven to a soldier so brave. He was fearless in every campaign: he soon rose to be general, in 1812 was chief-of-staff of Count Lobau, in Russia, where he endured all but death; he was among the most energetic in fighting off the final catastrophes. He was especially distinguished in 1813 at Lützen and Bautzen. At the latter battle, observing that the Breton recruits, not understanding French, could not obey their officers, he put himself at their head, and, inspiriting them in their own dialect, stormed the key-position obstinately defended, thereby winning victory. Joseph de Trobriand served Napoleon well, bearing on his body no less than eleven wounds.

Régis de Trobriand was born in 1816, at Tours, where his father was in command. The family under the new régime loyally supported the Bourbon throne, received amnesty for the past, and enjoyed their ancient estates and privileges. While still a young child, as a noble who could boast "sixteen quarterings," he was appointed a page to the child who was expected to rule France as Henri V. In 1830, however, the house of Orleans displaced the older branch; the de Trobriands remained firm in their allegiance and fell into disfavor. Since a public career was closed to Régis, his education went on in the ordinary way. He was a good scholar at the University of Tours, and afterward studied law at Rennes. A chance invitation from a friend in 1841 brought him to New York, where marriage with an American heiress fixed his destiny. Had the Bourbon line recovered its place in France, de Trobriand would probably have been among its upholders. His life during early manhood was passed partly in the New World, but sometimes in the Old, especially at Venice, where the Comte de Chambord, "Henri V," in exile, maintained a kind of court. In 1848 the Orleans dynasty came to an end, but without a restoration for the Bourbons, whose hopes waned utterly after the *coup d'état* of 1851.

During these years de Trobriand was a man of elegant leisure. He had great versatility, painted with skill, was accomplished in music, a good amateur actor; above all, a writer, both in French and English, of marked grace and *esprit*, combined with virile force.

In these years of waiting he was a dilettante and man of fashion rather than an earnest striver, but no *faineant*. Once, at Venice, he swam seven miles, then immediately rowed an equal distance against the current, his companion in the feat being the Bourbon pretender "Henri V." He knew the writers and artists of both worlds, by whom he was well received. He undertook in New York the *Revue du Nouveau Monde*, and, when this proved unsuccessful, gave his strength to the *Courrier des Etats Unis*. Here, as a musical and dramatic critic especially, he much influenced the public taste.

The hour struck for de Trobriand in 1861. Under his light occupations, a man of sense and strength, he had studied thoroughly the American crisis, and now at once chose his side, by no means as an unthinking *sabreur* with an itch for adventure, but as a champion well-schooled and conscientious of the cause of the North. For five hundred years and more his line had been one of soldiers. Now at forty-five, he found the opportunity through which he could manfully carry forward the family tradition. As colonel of the Fifty-fifth New York Volunteers, the nucleus of which was the Lafayette Guards, he took the field promptly. He did brilliant service at Williamsburg; then, after prostration by malarial fever, at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. On the second day at Gettysburg his brigade held long the exposed angle at the Peach Orchard against the onset of Longstreet. It was withdrawn only when reduced by nearly one-half, the survivors in good heart and cheering their commander as he led them to a new position not less dangerous. On the third day they continued on the left the line of the Second Corps in the repulse of Pickett from Cemetery Ridge. Later, on the Rappahannock, and, in 1864, on the James, he was in the thick of conflicts which might have daunted even his forebears, the doughty heroes of the First Empire. He rose to the command of his division, and to the temporary command of the Second Corps, the strength of his arm lending weight at the very last to the *coups de grace* at Five Forks and Appomattox.

Mrs. Post does not deal in detail with her father's civil war experiences, but refers her readers to his "Quatre Ans de campagnes à l'Armée du Potomac," a work he published in Paris in 1867, designed especially to affect European opinion. The "Quatre Ans" is a most intelligent military record, but has been especially useful perhaps for its lucid vindication, in the introduction, of the cause of the North. Before this work came from the press, de Trobriand had accepted a colonelcy in the regular army, where he did perhaps his most arduous, if not his most dangerous, service, until he reached the retiring age. He was set to curb the Indians in Dakota and Montana, wildernesses then unbroken, where he passed winter after winter in huts upon the bleakest prairies and mountains. Here, while holding in check Sitting Bull, or conducting with perfect success winter campaigns against the fiercest tribes, he filled up the intervals by acquiring the language of the Sioux, so that he could talk to them without an interpreter, and by learning the secrets of the waste. In strange contrast with this life were his occasional leaves of absence, spent in the midst of what is brightest and most refined in New York and Paris. One vacation, however, was for him a dreary time. He was in France, where, the Germans having retired, the days of the Commune were at hand. His acceptance was sought of a high command in France, a place from which, veteran and man of sense that he was, he might easily have gone on to leadership. A pathetic letter of this time shows his heart-break over the misfortunes of his native land, but he could not give up his new allegiance: he remained an American, seeming to feel that in the New World he could best make his manhood tell.

His latest service was in struggling with the Mormon imbroglio in Utah and the Reconstruction disorders in Louisiana. In this rather dismal business his tact and sound judgment were no less conspicuous than had before been his valor in the field. Now and then, circumstances made it proper for him (a rare chance for a soldier) to counter with his pen upon civilian schemers who sought to defy him to the public detriment. His deliverances here are notable specimens of English—rapier-thrusts of polished and stinging sarcasm at the pretensions of his adversaries. The point which, in quieter times, had so often pricked the negligent songsters of the Grand Opera to better work was now fleshed savagely in game of a different feather, the harpies that infest the body-politic.

De Trobriand, after retirement, enjoyed many pleasant years. He was much in New Orleans, much in New York, and especially happy in Paris and the picturesque Breton country in which he was born. Among his intimates were the best soldiers, artists, and *litterateurs*, both of the Old World and the New. He died in 1897, in his eighty-second year—a man naturally gifted and elegantly accomplished, clothed to the last with the best traits of the old *haute noblesse* of his birthland, and yet thoroughly an American who had sealed his faith with the manliest striving.

Mrs. Post has done her work in her father's memory with grace and skill. We hesitate to note as a blemish, the printing of many papers and letters in French without translation. These pages, lucid, and effervescent with the best Gallic *verve*, give fine and appropriate character to the record, and the reading of them will certainly not embarrass greatly the public to which the book appeals. We hope the fascinating story will be taken as convincing proof that in Régis de Trobriand we have for our history a proper companion figure to Lafayette.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Counterpart. By Hornor Cotes. New York: The Macaulay Co.

The civil war story has come to be a rather perfunctory affair of late. Those who, in one sense or other, assisted at the struggle seem to have pretty well exhausted their fund of anecdote and generalization; and the younger chronicler finds himself in a kind of doldrums between, as it were, two favorable "slants of wind." He is neither sufficiently contemporary nor sufficiently posterior to interpret the events of the fateful sixties with freedom. The author of "The Counterpart" has an exceptionally vivid sense of the atmosphere of war days—more than a touch of the warmth and vividness which belong to Mr. Cable's stories of that period. The history and the romance of it are more than commonly well-fused: neither seems to have been introduced for the sake of the other. An impatient reader might object to the Dromio idea upon which the action is founded. "The counterpart" is a young Union staff-officer who is able to act the spy successfully in Richmond at a critical moment through his close resemblance to a cousin who is in the Confederate army, and has been taken prisoner. Of course, he makes love to a beautiful and innocent Southern girl; of course, she scorns him (see cover) when she learns that he is not what he has seemed; and, of course, they are reconciled and united after the war is over, to the satisfaction of all concerned. But no discerning novel-reader to-day will complain that his novel of the moment has the same old plot. The invention of a new combination of circumstance is a cheap if amusing trick. What we really look for with eagerness is the story-teller who can breathe the breath of life into the old immortal matter. The author of "The Counterpart" is not a great story-teller; but he has evidently told this story because it interested him, and not because he thought it was about time he wrote a novel. For so much, and for something more, he deserves our thanks and good wishes.

The Top of the Morning. By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co.

This is a story of "Us," a little group

of writing, painting, modelling folk, who lead the life of private inspiration and social independence which has, one sometimes suspects, greater glamour in print than in reality. It would be only fair to offset Gissing against Du Maurier if one wished to judge of the studio life on literary evidence. However, though the present spectator sees her artists rosily, there is nothing fatuous in her regard for them. The band of intimates which calls itself "Us" includes a caricaturist, a short-story writer, a sculptor, an illustrator, two budding playwrights, and a boy, son of the illustrator. At her flat, every Sunday night, the group gathers; the central figure is Paul, the sculptor, whom they all adore and look up to. An implicit bond of sincerity in life and workmanship secures the little society. Several of them are tempted in one way or another to cut themselves off from the cherished association; but the group remains whole in spite of everything—even the marriage of Paul to an outsider. Charlotte, the illustrator and hostess, and Donna, the young story-writer, represent the modern type of comrade-woman. They enjoy the freest and most unconventional companionship with the members of the group who chance to be masculine. Everybody is My Dear to everybody else, and friendly hand clasps hand regardless of the accident of sex. This is understood to be a very admirable and comfortable state of things: one is glad to gather, as if from the reluctant admission of the author, that even in this happy family of Art, such human emotions as love and jealousy and suffering do eventually intrude. But the wholesomeness of these people, after all our weary experience of the studio bounder and the studio cat, is what we must be most grateful for. It is now more commonly admitted that flabbiness of will and shabbiness of personal habit are not the chosen handmaidens of Art, even as spelled with a capital.

The Screen. By Vincent Brown. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

If the Evangelicals seem to have been having it their own way in fiction of late years, that is because their methods are more popular, not to say sensational, than those of the conservative Churchman. But the Churchman has not been idle. Probably few Americans have read or heard of the seven or eight novels by the present writer, which have preceded "The Screen"—all of them breathing the atmosphere of the Established Church. The most grateful thing about the present narrative is its occasional Trollopean flavor. The Lerchester clericals are lineal descendants of the Barchester worthies. The stern and ambitious parson of "Crolly Magna," who becomes Bishop of Lerchester, has many of the traits of our old acquaintance Archdeacon Grantly, and the meek Vicar of St. Saviour's is strongly reminiscent of Warden Harding.

But there is an undeniably sensational element in the plot of "The Screen" from which Trollope would have shrunk. It is, to be sure, the most ancient of sensations. In youth, and before taking orders, the Bishop has betrayed and deserted a good girl. There is nothing disgraceful about her family or breeding, but she does not measure to the standard of his ambition. She bears a son, and is later married to a good man who understands and forgives everything. On her death-bed, she gives her son letters written by his father. Presently the father becomes Bishop of Lerchester. The tendency in his new see has been toward ritual and disestablishment. The Bishop is a Low Churchman, and one of his first acts is to order the removal of a crucifix from a choir screen in St. Saviour's which has been the dying gift of the woman he had wronged. This is too much for the long-suffering son, who, as editor of a local journal, has it in his power to publish the incriminating letters and ruin the Bishop's career. This he threatens to do if the screen is interfered with. Through the intervention of the good old vicar, this catastrophe is prevented. The screen is mutilated, but the Bishop's conscience is aroused, and he resigns his office. The son agrees that he cannot make public confession of his fault, on account of the harm it would do the Church—a position which only the dissenting mind would incline to challenge. The really disconcerting thing to the outsider is the blandness with which this clerical interpreter reports the unseemly squabbles of his clergymen among themselves—the slang and flippancy with which their discussion of Church matters is interlarded. Surely, the present writer exaggerates in representing his parsons shouting for the merits of High or Low Church observance with the gesture and accent of angry drummers.

Peggy the Daughter. By Katherine Tynan. New York: Cassell & Co.

This is a pretty, spinsterly tale of love and sacrifice, such as might have been written for a larger audience a generation ago. If its eighteenth-century speech is a trifle absurd, and its machinery a trifle obvious, it will fare none the worse with the particular constituency to which it is addressed—still a fairly large constituency even in this sophisticated day. Peggy is the daughter of a spendthrift nobleman, who adores the memory of Peggy's sainted mother, but abducts a comely Quakeress for her money. The Quakeress does not mind, having long cherished a hopeless passion for the gentleman. But her father does. Unfortunately, the nobleman shoots one of his pursuers, and what with the business of abducting and the business of shooting, is sent to prison by a harsh judge for twenty years or so. Peggy grows up, and falls in love unwittingly with the son of the harsh judge—a manifest impropriety. But there are ways out of such dilemmas for even the least adroit story-teller, which Miss Tynan is not. How Peggy releases her lover to another woman, how she becomes acquainted with the harsh judge and the other woman, how the other woman in her turn withdraws, and the harsh judge pardons Peggy's father and takes Peggy to his fatherly-in-law bosom—all this is related with a good deal of grace and some fervor. It is very ingenuous, unfeignedly sentimental—the right thing (from one point of view) for the young person—the safe thing for the matron who dreads the nerve-racking influence of the novel in which real life is approached from any point of view whatever.

BABYLONIA AND THE BIBLE.

Amurru, The Home of the Northern Semits. By Albert T. Clay. Philadelphia: Sunday-School Times Co.

There are some archæological problems, which, like the poor, are always with us. One of these is the relation of Babylonian culture to the religion and tradition of the Hebrews. At an early stage in the study of the cuneiform inscriptions, it was recognized that the material unearthed by excavations in Babylonia and Assyria would have important bearings on the myths and traditions of the Old Testament. The finding of creation and deluge stories among the clay tablets of the royal library of Nineveh which bore striking resemblances to the Biblical tales gave an impetus to a comparative study of the religious conceptions of Hebrews and Babylonians, with the result that, owing to the great antiquity of the Babylonian texts, the disposition of scholars was to make the Hebrews borrowers from the Babylonians. The problem, however, soon assumed more complicated aspects, when it became necessary to account for the equally important points of divergence between the Hebrew and Babylonian traditions. Whereas the Babylonian tales were clearly and unmistakably mythical—both the creation and deluge stories representing the conflict of the seasons—in the Old Testament, the general disposition was to minimize the mythical features and to bring the folk-lore of primitive culture into accord with advanced monotheistic conceptions of the government of the universe. The more cautious scholars recognized that since the process involved in thus transforming myths into illustrations of the ethical implications of the teachings of the Hebrew Prophets must have been one of long duration, the Hebrews must have received their folk-lore at a pe-

riod far earlier than the time when they could have come under the direct influence of the literary activity unfolded in the Euphrates Valley.

But while the efforts of this class of scholars are directed towards tracing the independent religious development among the Hebrews of traditions which, in a crude form, they once held in common with fellow-Semites, a vigorous school of investigators has sprung up, who boldly maintain that Babylonia at an early period developed a systematized scheme of cosmology and theology combined, which spread its influence throughout the ancient world, leaving its traces in Egypt, Greece, and even Rome. This school is disposed to attribute to Babylonian influences, not merely the myths and legends of Genesis, but most of the religious ideas of the Hebrews, including Monotheism, which we have been accustomed to regard as a distinctive product of Hebrew thought. The most extreme position is maintained by a group of scholars, chiefly in Germany, who have been dubbed "Pan-Babylonists," and who, like the party managers on the eve of an election, "claim" practically everything for Babylonia. The entire Babylonian religion is resolved into a species of hazy Astral-Theology, which, it is declared, colored the entire culture of the Euphrates Valley; and it is this Astral-Theology which the Pan-Babylonists detect in almost every page of the Old Testament and in many pages of the New, while traces of it are to be found in Greek and Roman religions and even in Islamism. The reaction against such a position was sure to come, and the significance of Professor Clay's new work lies in the fact that it is a symptom of this reaction. The author, whose publication of many volumes of cuneiform texts and researches connected therewith has placed him in the front rank of Assyriologists, reveals himself in this work as a keen and ingenious student of Biblical criticism and of Semitic origins. His main thesis is that, instead of assuming an exclusive influence of Babylonia on the Western and Northern Semites, the indications are that Babylonia at a very early period was strongly influenced by Semites who entered the land from the northwest, and whom, in a general way, he designates as Amorites.

The originality of Professor Clay's thesis cannot be denied, nor the fact that he has amassed a surprising amount of evidence against the current view, which assumes, *e. g.*, that the creation and the deluge stories of the Bible and such institutions as the Sabbath are of Babylonian origin; he also argues plausibly that there are elements in the Babylonian traditions, such as the figure of Timat—the Symbol of Chaos, overcome by Marduk, the God of Light and Order—that betray foreign influence. In regard to the Sabbath, he points out that, whereas the underlying stem of the word is very common in Hebrew, it is virtually unknown in Babylonian. It is actually applied, so far as the present evidence goes, only to the fifteenth day of the month, and does not appear to have had at any time a distinctive religious significance. In all this we are able to follow him, and there can be no doubt that Professor Clay's learned researches and clear discussions will have the result of calling a halt against extravagances on the part of many Assyriologists and of some Biblical critics.

A greater difficulty is felt when we come to the second part of the work, which deals with the evidence for Amoritish influence on the Babylonia-Assyrian pantheon. That the God Adad, whose worship as a storm deity goes back to the earliest period of Babylonian history, is identical with the West-Semitic deity of a similar name, but appearing also under other designations, has long been suspected; but Professor Clay goes much further, in his assertion that some of the chief deities of the Babylonian pantheon, such as Marduk, Shamash, and the deity whose name is conventionally read Ninib, are also of West-Semitic origin. He has, indeed, made out a strong case for one of the designations, the last-named god, as En-Mashter appears on Aramaic endorsements of cuneiform documents of the Persian period. He now identifies the second element as a variant form of Martu, but takes Mash as a designation of the West. The foreign character of this designation is further vouched for by the existence of a place in Palestine as early as the fourteenth century B. C. containing the name of this deity as one of its elements; but to conclude from this that the cult of Ninib, which is closely associated with one of the oldest "Sumerian" settlements in the Euphrates Valley is a foreign importation involves almost insuperable difficulties. The same holds good in regard to Professor Clay's observations on other gods, such as Marduk and Shamash. He proves that foreign influences may here have been at work, without proving that the deities were actually of Amoritish origin.

The chief deity of the Amorites was, according to Professor Clay, a deity of the name Urru, which appears in a number of variations, such as Eri, Urra, etc. The form of the name is allied to the name of the country, Amurru, and, if we understand the author aright, the result of this association of Urru with Amurru is also to be recognized in elements of proper names, like Amar, Mar, Mash.

Following out this thesis, Professor Clay finds traces of the Amoritish deity and of the name of the land Amurru in a large number of proper names, including a number of the so-called antediluvian patriarchs in the fifth chapter of Genesis. It is perhaps natural that a scholar in the first enthusiasm of an important discovery should be disposed to carry his theory too far, and Professor Clay, himself, recognizes that not all of these identifications are to be put on the same level. It is sufficient merit to have opened up new vistas of the ancient culture of the Northern and West Semites; and even if some of the points emphasized by Professor Clay, perhaps unduly, should not turn out to be supports for his theories, enough, and more than enough, remains to substantiate his main thesis that the Amorites entered Babylonia at an early period and brought the worship of certain gods and cosmological and other traditions with them, and that what we designate as Babylonian religion is the result of the mixture of these Amoritish elements with those indigenous to the Euphrates Valley.

We should have liked to see in Professor Clay's work a full discussion of the "Sumerian" question, for his main thesis bears directly upon this vexing problem. Many features in Babylonian culture which have been assumed to be Sumerian in origin or to betray Sumerian influences (such as the name and character of the hero of the Babylonian epic, Gilgamesh) are claimed by Professor Clay for his favorite Amorites. In order to establish his thesis, it would be necessary for him to take up the relationship of Amurru and the Sumerians, and to indicate more definitely the part taken by the Sumerians in the development of the language and script of Babylonia.

Professor Clay's treatment of a difficult and fascinating theme may safely be designated as of the first importance. It will prove stimulating to others and will provoke discussion which—next to the direct contribution to knowledge which Dr. Clay has made—is, after all, the most gratifying recognition that a scholar's work can receive.

Essays on Modern Novelists. By William Lyon Phelps. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

Professor Phelps is by no means a literary anthropophagus. The only person whom he has devoured in this book is a woman—Mrs. Humphry Ward—and that was perhaps to punish her for her recent libel on American life. In the eleven remaining essays he extends a hand of welcome to De Morgan, Thomas Hardy, Howells, Björnson, Mark Twain, Sienkiewicz, Sudermann, Alfred Ollivant, Stevenson, Kipling, and R. D. Blackmore. In general, he belongs to the philanthropic order of critics. If there were no better reason, he would still love the guild of authors for the cleverness they evoke from him; he ad-

mits freely enough that he derives a good deal of fun from the pessimism of Hardy. But a genuine desire to be entertained as well as entertaining underlies his cordiality. In an interesting appendix on "the teacher's attitude toward contemporary literature" he says that a good teacher's sympathies should be warm and keen "when a new planet swims into his ken." He would perhaps be willing to add that the function of criticism is rather to introduce writers than to dismiss them. To excite public interest in the life and works of a new or neglected genius is certainly a gracious activity, and Professor Phelps's engaging manner, brisk style, and pointed anecdote are eminent qualifications for the service. It must be remembered, moreover, that no matter how celebrated and weather-worn a genius may become, there is born every day a new and neglectful public which has never heard of Mark Twain or William Dean Howells.

For the rest of us this volume would have been more serviceable ten or fifteen years ago. Those who are acquainted with the novelists under discussion—and most of the "planets" have passed their meridian—may be diverted by the wit of these essays, but will find little occasion in them for readjusting their judgments. Professor Phelps, as we have suggested, takes neither himself nor his subjects with undue seriousness—Mark Twain possibly excepted. His critical procedure is of a rather happy-go-lucky variety. He is constantly discussing the conduct of fictitious personages as if art and life were all one to him. Endowed with mental alacrity but with little subtlety, he takes the obvious path to the obvious with the gayety of Taillefer advancing to the Battle of Hastings. Unfortunately, however, he shuns the brunt of battle. He announces an important proposition, as if he were about to do some hard thinking on it; a commonplace as if he were about to pluck out its heart of mystery—and then gambols off on another tack. Thus he offers the somewhat startling observation that Mr. Howells is moved by an "intense ethical earnestness"; but, instead of making good the assertion, he plunges at once into a four-page digression on the wickedness of European fiction—particularly the book that he read "last night." When he returns to Mr. Howells it is to declare that this author's artistic creed is realism, with which description he seems to be as well satisfied as if he had said, "Mr. Brown is a carpenter." Nevertheless, in the same breath he adds that Mr. Howells's artistic creed "is perhaps more open to criticism than his creed in ethics." "Agreed!" cries the reader, and waits expectantly for the demonstration. Not a word more on that topic from Professor Phelps. After swiftly dividing the novels into two periods—the first "more purely artistic," the second less so—he gives us an eight-page talk on the people in "A Modern Instance," and a three-page talk on the people in "The Kentons"; then he makes his bow. Such criticism leaves the judgment unsatisfied. It is particularly distressing in the case of writers like Sudermann. Those of us who have sat long in the arena are a little tired of seeing Professor Phelps's lions fed with gingerbread; we are ready for the gladiator to enter.

The Life of the Honourable Mrs. Norton. By Jane Gray Perkins. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $3.50 net.

The literature of feminism receives an agreeable accession in the shape of a careful analysis of the life and work of the beautiful Mrs. Norton, with special attention to her exertions in improving the legal condition of married women in England. It has long been known that George Meredith, whose "Diana" has many qualities and adventures in common with this lady, not only damaged his novel, but departed from the truth about Mrs. Norton in using the merely scandalous story of the betrayal of ministerial secrets to the *Times*. But for some years it has seemed that Mrs. Norton's best chance of immortality lay in the undying opportunity of the accurate to say to the vague in mind that the episode has no foundation. In laying a more positive basis for her memory, Miss Perkins has found occasion to produce a delightful book, lively, and well proportioned, which may easily prove to be the definitive treatment of the subject.

The facts of Mrs. Norton's unsuccessful married life, of her husband's attempt and complete failure to prove that Lord Melbourne was her lover, of their final separation, of her wonderful social influence, and of her indefatigable production of undistinguished literature, are familiar to all. The part of the story less well known is the immediate transformation in her mind of her own sorrows into indignant pity for the general case. She could not divorce her husband because she had condoned his offences. By the law of her day, as long as her marriage was undissolved the custody of her children belonged to their father, who exercised his right with great cruelty, refusing her access to them except under humiliating conditions and causing them to live at a distance from her, in the care of persons unfriendly to her. Her youngest child was accidentally injured, by the neglect, as she believed, of his guardians. Though she was sent for, she arrived only to find him dead. Her misery, not only at this crisis, but in the general situation, is artlessly and convincingly reflected in her letters. It was the law that injured her, and she attacked the law, beginning, naturally enough, with the use of her ready pen in the production of pamphlets, "Observations on the Natural Claims of a Mother to the Custody of her Young Children," and "The Case of the Honourable Mrs. Norton." By her efforts Serjeant Talfourd was brought to introduce his Infant Custody bill, which was passed by the Commons and thrown out by the Lords in 1838. The next year she wrote "A Plain Letter to the Lord Chancellor on the Law of Custody of Infants, by Pearce Stevenson, Esq.," of which Charles Sumner said:

> I think it is one of the most remarkable things from the pen of a woman. The world here does not suspect her, but supposes that her tract is the production of some grave barrister. It is one of the best discussions on a legislative matter I have ever read.

In 1839 the bill became law. While Lord Cramworth's bill to amend the Law of Divorce was under discussion in 1854-7, Mrs. Norton was active with tract and epigram. "With its really great reforms," says Miss Perkins, "the doing away with divorce by special Act of Parliament, and with the cumbrous old expensive machinery of Doctors' Commons, it would be absurd and untrue to say that Mrs. Norton had anything to do. This was indeed a measure so sharply demanded by the time that even a great war could not delay it. But the bill contained a whole cluster of lesser reforms. . . . With all these reforms it is quite fair to believe that Mrs. Norton had a great deal to do, to believe even that without her eager crusade of tongue and pen to advance them, the bill would have gone through without them, and the many women who have since benefited by them would have gone on, it may be for many years—for these reforms are slow in coming—suffering injustice without them."

Wanderings in the Roman Campagna. By Rodolfo Lanciani. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $5 net.

This volume is the latest of a series of five by the same author, which began as far back as 1886 with the publication of the elaborated Lowell Institute lectures on "Ancient Rome in the Light of Recent Discoveries." That was virtually the introduction of Comm. Lanciani to the English-speaking world. He brought what the intelligent republic of readers had not before enjoyed, the story of the modern achievements of archæological science in the capital of the world, told by an active worker in the field, who did not hesitate to say *quorum pars magna fui*, and told in lively and fluent English. The publishers wisely coöperated in the mission-work by contributing profuse and costly illustrations and excellent type and press-work to the printed form; and the suc-

cess of the undertaking and its continued appeal are attested by the repeated printings of the earlier volume, and by the addition at not too speedy intervals of new numbers to the series. This latest volume is not to be the last, for unless untimely fate forbids, the author will give us another on sites of the Campagna as yet unvisited under his literary guidance.

The present tour is, in successive chapter-stages, to the Land of Saturn, of Horace, of Hadrian, of Gregory the Great, of Cicero, of Pliny the Younger, and of Nero. The Land of Saturn is the Roman Campagna in general; that of Horace centres about Tivoli and the valley of the Anio above it; Hadrian's Land is that around his great Tiburtine villa; Gregory's (a less convincing appellation) is that of the villages of S. Gregorio, Casape, and Poli, between Tivoli and Palestrina, unrecognized of Baedeker; Cicero's is, of course, Frascati and Grotta Ferrata; and the Land of Pliny and Nero is the Latin coast, from Ostia to Antium. Around and about all this delectable region Lanciani lets his exuberant and vagrant fancy wander, and if that tricksome Puck chooses to divagate into distant quarters of the globe, his amiable master is at no pains to recall him. Hardly have we set foot in the Land of Saturn, when the allusion to Roman country-seats suggests travel, and in a twinkling we are snatched away from sunny Latium to the bleakness of the Alps to examine in detail the passage of the Great St. Bernard. A mention of Latian summer-resorts drags in its train an enumeration of various watering-places between Dan and Beersheba. The oracle at Praeneste is the text for a chapter, fresh from the classical dictionary, on various other oracles from the times of Dodona and Delphi onward to the present-day dream-book. Such meanderings weary the reader infinitely. It is worse than a Cook's tour, and much of the proffered information in these side-trips is not only disturbing, because heterogeneous and out of place, but it is not so well and accurately put as in the reference books where it belongs. The incoherence in this book is more marked than in that which preceded it, as it was there more marked than in the antepenultimate volume of the series.

But rhetorical structure is not the whole framework of a book of this sort. It is an historical work, and must be judged as an historical work. History ought certainly to be something far more lively than a museum-ossuary of naked facts. But the facts, even if not naked, ought to be facts. And Comm. Lanciani is altogether too often superbly disregardful of facts. He is blessed with "temperament," and "temperament" appears to be incompatible with commonplace precision. A few instances out of many must suffice for warning. "The Plinii," says Comm. Lanciani, "born as they were on the shores of the most beautiful sheet of water in Italy, had chosen a naval career." Who would imagine from this that we know only two Plinii of that family, him of the "Letters" (whom Comm. Lanciani concedes to have broken the family tradition) and his uncle of the "Natural History," whose "naval career" was much like that of the admiral in "Pinafore"? Our genial romancer tells us that Silius Italicus starved himself to death in an "ex-Ciceronian villa," which, he proceeds to argue, was none other than the famous *Tusculanum*. Unfortunately, the letter of Pliny that forms our only source of knowledge on the matter says that Silius died in his house near, or in, Naples; and there is no evidence that this particular estate ever belonged to Cicero. Even the inscription on which Comm. Lanciani builds his pretty imagination, in such total disregard of Pliny's statement, was said by De Rossi to have been found not near the spot where Comm. Lanciani (probably wrongly) places the *Tusculanum* (near Grotta Ferrata), but quite on the other side of Frascati. Comm. Lanciani tells us that Cleopatra and her husband visited Cæsar in Rome in 44 B. C., "where the dictator offered them hospitality in his own house on the Sacra Via. The result of this intimacy was the birth of a child to whom the tell-tale name of Cæsarion was given," etc. But the ancient authorities beg leave to differ. Cæsarion was born in 47, the visit was in 46 or 45, and the guests were quartered in Cæsar's gardens across the Tiber. But perhaps the most striking instance in which the author's imagination runs riot, through many pages, is the radiant discourse about Cynthia, Propertius's light-o'-love. Not only is the lady herself made into a solid historical character, but she is awarded a villa at Tibur, with Quintilius Varus next-door on the one side and Catullus on the other. Here she conducted a brilliant salon, frequented, of course, by her neighbors, Varus and Catullus, and by Virgil, Horace, Mæcenas, Tibullus ("who used to drive over from Pedum"), Ovid, Sulpicius Quirinius, Gallus ("conqueror of the Soudan," narrator—ah, poor Tartarin!—of his "exploits in the region of Khartoum"), and even, it is hinted, perhaps by Augustus himself. We are furthermore assured that "the well-known line of Horace [Sat. i, 5, 48] seems to refer to a scene actually enacted on the [tennis] court of the Tiburtine hostess," whither the author has transferred it, one need hardly remind the reader, from the Capua in which Horace himself ventured to place it. "Virgil and Horace," asserts Comm. Lanciani, "cannot have been brilliant companions. One suffered from *angina pectoris*, the other from eyes *lippi et defluentes*"; but we certainly could have overlooked their dulness in the interest of seeing Catullus and Ovid hobnob together in defiance of mere chronology. The House-boat on the Styx must be regarded as a poor substitute for "the cottage of Cynthia, located on the right bank of the river on the Quintiliolo road, near and under the suburban monastery of Sant' Antonio."

Fifty Years of New Japan. Compiled by Count Shigenobu Okuma. Edited by Marcus B. Huish. 2 vols, pp. 646+616. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $7.50 net.

An executive committee of four carried out the plans of fifty-five able men, who, incarnating the spirit of nationalism, made the new Japan. Okuma was not one of the four, but he has stood very near the front and well among the leaders of the Restoration of 1868. In length of service to his country, whether in or out of office, and as a potent influence in the growth of "the rejuvenated nation," he holds first place. He is the directing spirit of the Waseda University in Tokio, and of great educational, literary, and political movements, that are slowly but surely remaking the nation. By this monumental book, the fifty-six chapters of which have been contributed by almost as many authors, he signalizes the completion of a half century of the new national life, of which he has himself been a great part.

As the contributors wrote independently upon subjects which have, in most cases a common foundation, there was much overlapping in the original Japanese work, but the translators, supervised by the master, Capt. Frank Brinkley, have done their task with creditable skill. In the English edition repetition has been largely, but not wholly, eliminated.

In volume first, we have politics, finance, industry, and trade treated of in detail; in the second, religion, literature, culture and education, philosophy, medicine, philanthropy, art, social influences, and the progress of Yezo and Formosa are considered. Among the contributors Okuma, Ito, Yamagata, Keiki (the ex-shogun), Shibuzwa, and others of elder fame, are naturally more numerous in the first volume. The younger men of science and of Christianity and other religions, and the students who, gaining knowledge abroad, have applied this to administration and material development are noticeable in the second volume. The spirit of Count Okuma, however, informs the whole work, and his faults and virtues have been consciously or unconsciously imitated by his fellow penmen. There are certain things about which a foreigner wishes most to know, which Okuma will not touch with his little finger—for in-

stance, the elevation to citizenship of the social outcasts, which was in its way quite as remarkable as the emancipation of black slaves in America. He accepts the divine theory of Mikadoism and the nursery notions of chronology with a naïveté that would be delightful were it not so serious a matter. The Japanese will never be considered the intellectual equals of Westerners, until they realize how young their nation is and how utterly worthless as history are their traditions that antedate the fourth century. The Count, however, acknowledges the complexity of the ethnic composite. "Perhaps no other nation on the earth's surface," he says, "has incorporated a greater number of racial types than the Japanese."

The Count divides Japanese history into four parts, patriarchy, transition, feudalism, and modern constitutional government. As for the codes of law, the first, in A. D. 701, was for the nobles; the second, in 1232, for the knights, or samurai; and the third, in 1880, for the people.

One of the most striking papers is from Keiki, the ex-shogun, who, resigning office and power in 1868, still lives in hale old age in Tokio. In luminous manner he justifies his ancestors, declaring that much of the modern spirit of Nippon is but a development of what Iyeyasu formulated in the early seventeenth century. The discussion of "The Influence of the West Upon Japan," by Dr. Nitobe, is not only a superb piece of writing in English, but is rich in that polished satire in which this philosopher delights. Baron Tsuzuki, who has studied etiquette at many courts and nations, recapitulates the facts and declares that "neither difference of race, nor that of religion, nor of country constitutes any real obstacle to the future development of intimacy between ourselves and Westerners." The chapter on Socialism shows a considerable movement with an indigenous literature; with the extension of the limits of suffrage, this propaganda seems likely to become a powerful factor in Japanese politics. The various papers on the material aspects of modern Japan have been in a measure anticipated by the book edited by Mr. Stead a few years ago.

There is acknowledgment of the services of such Americans as Eldridge, Ashmead, James, Verbeck, Brown, Hepburn, and Veeder. Dr. "Bayley," to whom is credited the reform of the prisons in Japan, but about whose first training in Japan of women nurses nothing is said, is no other than Dr. John C. Berry of Worcester, Mass. Commodore Perry's expedition is described as "a peaceful mission of international fraternity," his treaty of twelve articles "having not even a covert reference to trade." His "simplicity was the key to success," and his policy was "as adroit as magnanimous." Townsend Harris, who obtained trade and residence for aliens, advised the Japanese against opium to their eternal gratitude. Two great factors in Japan's advance have been the help of the United States and British sympathy. With map and index, the text presents a marvellous picture of progress in a nation which is in a large sense the epitome of both Orient and Occident, and is endowed with a unique and apparently inexhaustible genius for selection of what it wants from the world's storehouse.

The Spirit of America. By Henry van Dyke. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

This volume is made up of the more important lectures which Dr. van Dyke delivered last year, at the Sorbonne, on the Hyde Foundation. It is the first time, we believe, that Dr. van Dyke has written specifically for export, and the result is that a genial and popular writer appears in an oddly unfamiliar guise. It is as if he had studied the French academic manner, its lucidity, its avoidance of emphasis, its tendency to dryness, with the intention of showing the Parisian student that the American professor knows the scholastic game. Of course, there can have been no such conscious intention, merely the insidious hypnosis of intellectual Paris, but the result is odd. A naïve devotee of Dr. van Dyke's customary manner might have a misgiving that this time he is translating from the French.

With this general reservation, the book contains much that is keen and sensible. Self-reliance, a sense of fair play, and democracy, an exceptional will power, a desire for common order and coöperation, zeal for education, a strong religious spirit—these are selected as the chief ingredients of the American soul. Dr. van Dyke is aware of the paradoxes involved in some of these affirmations. In a foreign cathedra, he naturally minimizes the disorder that prevails within the order which he describes. For that patriotic course no one can blame him, but that policy leaves notable gaps in his analysis. The maladjustment of intellection—of criticism in the broader sense—to will power, our eminently British habit of muddling strenuously, is barely hinted at in the text. More surprising is the failure to emphasize our peculiar versatility and temperamental resiliency. This is not comprised in energy, but in a mobile and imaginative habit of thought. It is the positive and attractive side of what Henry James deplored as our "formlessness."

On the whole Dr. van Dyke's plea *pro domo* is rather amiable and reassuring than able. It may help to offset the impression of such journalism as Paul Bourget's and Jules Huret's. It will show that Mr. Kipling's grotesque caricature is not to be taken at its face value. But as usual, the cartoonist catches essential traits in a more racy spirit than is vouchsafed to the judicious observer. The final essay on self-expression and literature is so thin and cataloguish that one must regret it was reprinted. On the lecture platform, it may have served its turn acceptably.

Notes.

E. P. Dutton & Co. announce the publication of fifty-three new volumes in Everyman's Library.

Houghton Mifflin Company will publish early in the autumn a new life of John Brown of Harper's Ferry, by Oswald Garrison Villard. Mr. Villard has used original documents, contemporary letters, and the testimony of living witnesses and has drawn from such sources much new and significant matter bearing upon this subject.

"Land and Labor: Lessons from Belgium," by B. S. Rowntree, the author of "Poverty: a Study of Town Life," will soon be published by the Macmillans. The book will describe in detail the Belgian system of land tenure, the industrial conditions of that country, and the reasons for the prevalence of low wages; agriculture and the relative value of large farms and small holdings; market gardening, technical education, coöperation, agricultural credit, and other subjects.

The spring publications of L. C. Page & Co. include the following: "In Unfamiliar England," by Thomas D. Murphy; "Susan in Sicily," by Josephine Tozier; "The Boston Museum of Fine Arts," by Julia de Wolf Addison; "Kilmeny of the Orchard," by L. M. Montgomery; "Commencement Days," by Virginia Church; "My Heart and Stephanie," by Reginald Wright Kauffman; "A Cavalier of Virginia," by G. E. Theodore Roberts.

The Frederick A. Stokes Company announces the following publications for spring and summer: "The Spiritual Unrest," by Ray Stannard Baker; "The Religion of the Future," by Charles W. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard University; "The Enchanted Island," by Alfred Noyes; "How to Study the Stars," by L. Rudaux; "Thurston of Orchard Valley," by Harold Bindloss; "Cab No. 44," by R. F. Foster; "The Living Mummy," by Ambrose Pratt; "A Disciple of Chance," by Sarah Dean; "Rosamond the Second," by Mary Mears; "The Gold Trail," by Harold Bindloss; "The Fresh Air Book," by J. P. Müller; "My College Days, a Record," "My School Days, a Record," designed to be complete and worthy records of all that occurs during college and school life respectively; the Twentieth Century Science Series—"Telepathic Hallucinations," by Frank Podmore, M. A.; "Races of Man and Their Distribution," by A. C. Haddon, Sc.D., F.R.S.; "Physiology, the Function of the Human Body," by Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., etc.; "Evolution from Nebula to Man," by Joseph McCabe; "Geology," by George Hickling; "Prehistoric Man," by Joseph McCabe; "Masterpieces in Color," edited

by T. Leman Hare; "The Child's English Literature," by H. E. Marshall.

The Dent-Putnam series of Classiques Français is enriched by the first volume of the "Fables de La Fontaine"—a charming edition. In his preface the editor, Jules Ciarctie, agrees with those who think that La Fontaine is one of the authors given to children to learn at too early an age. Yet he adds immediately that memories grow sweeter with the years, and "La Fontaine est l'auteur favori des hommes qui ont vécu leur vie. Il les rajeunit en leur rappelant ces heures enfuies où ils épelaient 'leur fable' pour la fête des grands parents ou la récitaient comme un devoir devant leur professeur." After all, is not one of the proper tasks of youth just to lay up such memories for the transmuting power of the alchemistic years?

The single section of the "New English Dictionary," from Romanity to Roundness, edited by W. A. Craigie, is comparatively free from those sapless Latin polysyllables which make portions of the best of dictionaries oppressive reading. Impressionistically speaking, it exhales an odor of "roses" and "romance." For instance, there is the plant vulgarly known as sundew, but christened by the early botanists "rosa solis," a name worthy of the first nomenclator; there is "Rosary," the title of a mediæval treatise on alchemy, by Arnoldus de Villa Nova, cited by Chaucer as "Arnold of the new town"; and there is the mystery-fraught "Rosicrucian," supposedly from Christian Rosenkreuz, reputed founder of a fifteenth century society first mentioned in 1614. And then there is "rosemary" for remembrance and Elizabethan feasts and bridals and funerals, and also for a trap to the popular etymologist—a word at once suggesting the rose and the Virgin, but historically connected with neither, being derived from *ros marinus*, sea-dew. Finally, there is the fragrant phrase "under the rose," which one would like to relate to the "Romante of the Rose," and the sworn secrecy of the mediæval lover or to the *multa in rosa* of Horace; but, says the lexicographer, the expression probably originated in Germany, the first recorded appearance in English is in the State Papers of 1546, and in 1730 Fielding gives it an unromantic Teutonic interpretation: "The rose is ever understood over the drinking-room and the glass is the surest turnkey to the lips." Of recent and interesting origin is "roué" from *rouer*, to break on the wheel; "the name was first given to the profligate companions of the Duke of Orleans (c. 1720), to suggest that they deserved this punishment." It is surprising to find how long before the battle of San Juan Hill the "rough rider" had been put to picturesque uses: thus Emerson in the "Conduct of Life" has "these rough riders—legislators in shirt-sleeves"—one had almost substituted "Khaki"; and Peter Pindar in 1791 writes: "That every Subject ought to wear a Saddle O'er which those great Rough-Riders, Kings may straddle." In Andrew Clark's edition of the "Sbirburn Ballads" (p. 274), we note an example of the nautical "round-house" some twenty-five years older (c. 1601) than the first example in the "Dictionary," and with somewhat different meaning. We also note the omission of the word "ropalic," a curious kind of verse to which Sir Thomas Browne gives a few pages in "Certain Miscellany Tracts."

From a literary point of view the most important article in the section should be that on "romantic"; for the history of the development of taste during two centuries might be epitomized in a carefully written semasiological account of this single word. We, therefore, regret to say that the article is disproportionately short—little over a column—and otherwise disappointing; the illustrations are inadequate in number and uninstructively arranged, and some of the definitions are almost imperceptibly differentiated. Without going farther afield than the familiar textbooks one can easily improve upon this scanty outline. For example, T. S. Perry long ago pointed out in his "English Literature in the Eighteenth Century," a case of "romantic" in Evelyn's "Diary," 1654, five years older than the first case in this article and fifty-one years older than the first case cited under the appropriate definition. In Temple's essay, "On Ancient and Modern Learning," 1690, there is a striking passage in which a Spaniard attributes the ruin of Spain to the decay of "Romantick Honour and Love," caused by "Don Quixote"; this anticipates the passage here quoted from Rowe by ten years. Again, Professor Phelps cites Pope in a letter of 1716: "The more I examine my own mind, the more romantic I find myself . . . let them say I am romantic; so is every one said to be that either admires a fine thing or praises one" ("English Rom.-Movement," p. 18). This astonishing utterance does not exactly come under any of the definitions. Throughout the greater part of the eighteenth century the word develops parallel with "enthusiastic"; it contains a personal judgment as well as a meaning; and even with the context the judgment implied may be doubtful unless the author is known. That is, what appears to a Warton romantic and therefore adorable, may appear to a Johnson romantic and therefore detestable. This aspect of the matter receives little illumination from the "Dictionary." Furthermore, the treatment of later formations, such as "romanticism" and "romanticist" is likewise unsatisfactory. The first case of "romanticist" given is from "Blackwoods," 1830. Carlyle's article on the "State of German Literature," published in the *Edinburgh Review* three years earlier, contains the following: "Their grand controversy, so hotly urged, between the *Classicists* and *Romanticists* . . . ."

The well-known Italian journalist, G. Piccini, who writes over the pseudonym "Jarro," has recently produced "Memorie di una prima Attrice" (Florence: Bemporad). The leading actress is Laura Bon, contemporary and kinswoman of Ristori, of whom the survivors of the older generation still speak with great enthusiasm. She was, indeed, a tragédienne of remarkable talents, who seemed destined to reach the summit of her profession. But unfortunately, when she was only twenty-three, her great beauty and charm attracted Victor Emanuel, who became her protector and for several years would not permit her to act. Subsequently, being displaced in his favor by Rosina, she returned to the stage, where she continued to enjoy great popularity. But her spirit was broken, and she failed to win the highest honors in her art. The last twenty years she spent in neglect and poverty, dying in 1904 on the verge of four score. Piccini's volume has more interest for the historian than for the student of the drama, because he describes in detail the political influence which Laura Bon exerted during the days when she was the royal favorite. Long after Victor Emanuel broke off his relations with her, he used her on secret political missions: notably in 1864, when he sent her to Verona and Vienna to see what chance there was for the Italians to recover Venetia. She went and acted in those cities; interviewed even Marshal Benedek himself; got the desired information, but excited no suspicion. As portrayed by Piccini, she was a woman of rare native nobility, blasted by royal favor which she tried to escape.

To students of mediæval agricultural and legal conditions the word of the Corpus Professor of Jurisprudence at Oxford has come to be recognized as authoritative. Professor Vinogradoff, in a readable and untechnical little volume of only 135 pages, has written an excellent sketch of "Roman Law in Mediæval Europe" (Harper's new Library of Living Thought). The book grew out of a course of lectures delivered in the spring of 1909 to an advanced class in the University of London. The author traces, in a couple of chapters, the decay of Roman law and the revival of jurisprudence, then, in three chapters, discusses the extent to which Roman law was "received" in France, England, and Germany. Contrary to the older view of the disappearance of Roman law in the so-called Dark Ages after Justinian, the author agrees with those who maintain that there was a constant, though thin, stream of legal learning running through the darkest centuries, that is, from the fifth to the tenth. The existence of organized law schools is not proved, nor can there be any talk of a very active development of individual thought. But transcripts and abstracts from the fragmentary materials bequeathed by antiquity were made and studied in the scriptoria of monasteries and the classrooms of teachers of the arts. Especially interesting and new to many will be the author's description of the recently discovered summary of the Justinian Code known as *Lo Codi*. This was compiled about 1149 in Provençal for the use of judges in Provence; it is the earliest treatise on Roman law written in a native dialect. The Provençal text is soon to be published by Professor Suchier of Halle. Vinogradoff discusses Azo's influence on Bracton, and thinks that "the infusion of Roman doctrine made the legal treatment of villainage harder than might have been the case otherwise." This may possibly be true for England, but hardly so for Germany to any extent before the end of the sixteenth century. Perhaps the most interesting thing about the history of Roman law in the Middle Ages is the strong testimony it affords of the latent vigor and organizing power of ideas in the midst of shifting surroundings. Professor Vinogradoff has done a really valuable service in sketching the outline of a fascinating and important subject. He has not, of course, attempted to trace the history of Roman law in all its details or even

in all its stages, hut merely to eharaeterize tho principal epoehs in its development. Heretofore there has been nothing up-to-date of this kind in English; for Sohm's "Institutes of the Roman Law," while fulier in the treatment of the Italan schools, has nothing to say of Franee and England.

A small book of great interest to students of polities and government is one entitled "Indian Speeches" (Maemillan), by Viscount Morley. These speeehes, delivered during the years 1907-1909 hy the British Secretary of Stato for India, are especially timely in view of the perplexities in the Indian situation and the efforts now made to introduce real reforms. Thc limited public that is following Indian affairs with intelligent attention will find much of value in "this small sheaf of speeches," which, with no rhetorical pretensions, eontains some of the prudent and necessary eonsiderations that have guided the recent reform movement. In addition to the speeehes, three cardinal State papers have been appended which mark at successive stages, for three generations, the spirit of British rule in India.

"Lotus-Buds," hy Amy Wilson-Carmiehael (A. C. Armstrong & Son), is the poetie but apt designation of the Hindu ehildren deseribed in this hook. The writer is at the head of a nursery established by an English missionary society, where are plaeed ehildren who have been in danger of heing sold into depraved service in the temple—for it is impossible to rescue them when once they are in the temple house. To draw attention to the evil (which, it should he said, is a travesty of religion revolting to every high-minded Hindu) in order that some means may he found to eradicate it, she wisely begins by awakening the interest of her readers in the babies under her charge. This she does in a series of delightful word pictures of them and their deeply affectionate and fascinating ways. Though only from two to four years of age, they show a remarkable intelligenee and wonderful grasp of Bihle stories and preepts far in advanee of most Western ehildren of the same age. In her deseriptions of the little ones she sometimes tells the story of their rescue from a threatened evil life. Word comes, for instance, that a hahy in a distant village is in danger of being sold. Immediately there is sent to the place a native Christian woman who strives to induee the parents to put the child in the nursery. Often she is unsueessful and again she may have to wait for months before a final deeision is reaehed. Information in regard to the "secret traffie," its nature and extent, drawn largely from hlue hooks and testimony published in the Indian papers, is given in the closing chapters. They show also very clearly the difficulties in the way of repressing it, as it has become a vital part of sacred praetice of the Southern Indian, and the government maintains a striet neutrality in all religious matters. The attraetiveness of the hook is greatly increased hy fifty photogravures, mostly of the children deseribed in the text.

A journey in that "enchanted garden men call Java" is described hy Henry G. Bryant in the *National Geographie Magazine* for Fehruary. Especially interesting are the accounts of the wonderful temple ruins, one of which is "probahly the largest Buddhistie edifice in the world," with 988 bas-reliefs in a good state of preservation, illustrating the life story of Buddha, and 441 images of the god each within a smail dagoha or shrine of its own. Entirely different and of far greater antiquity is the Hittite capital in Asia Minor of which Prof. Isabel F. Dodd of Constantinople gives a description. Among the sculptures reeently diseovered, three or four thousand years old, are the star and eresecnt and the douhle-headed eagle. B. Willis, delegate from this country at the international eonferenee held in London last November to agree upon details of the standard map of the world, gives the conclusions reached hy the delegates. For Europe all the data for making a one-millionth, or sixteen miles to the ineh, map are complete, and it prohably will soon he published, hut it may be ten years hefore the map of this eountry will he eompleted. The difficulty in regard to the names of places is illustrated by the fact that nearly all Hungarian towns have two names, one Hungarian and the other German, and some of them have as many as five names, all of which are eurrently used hy the distinct elements of the population.

Born of an Irish peasant family, the hero of "From the Bottom Up: the Life Story of Alexander Irvine" (Douhleday, Page & Co.), has been successively British marine, emigrant, elevator man, theological student, clergyman in several denominations, author, investigator of convict camps, trade unionist, and finally Socialist. In every eapacity he has been the ardent evangelist, living among the people with whom he worked, in lodging houses, riverside hovels, or mining camps. His religion has heen deeply tested. There was a moment when, in despair of a Beneficent Order, he attempted suicide. He has worked superbly in many eauses, and has stuck to none. At forty-seven, in robust health, he has set up a farm, which is also a Socialist settlement, and presumably is meditating his next move. This remarkahle story, the variety of which we have merely hinted at, evidently does not lend itself to literary criticism. When we have said that it is written with simplicity, humor, and also with a Celtic sense of the effective, our critieal duty is pretty well absolved. This is not a hook, hut a man, and a man in his prime. The reeord is not elosed, and formal judgment would be futile. Of the apostolic zeal of Mr. Irvine there is no doubt. Working in or out of eeclesiastical harness, he has heen all things to all men. Such evangelism is a thing apart from pulpit oratory, organized revivalism, and the like. It takes us hack to elementary and apostolie eonditions. We think of a St. Francis, a St. Bernardino, a Whitfield. Such work is the very knight errantry of faith. It is, perhaps, a fair question to ask why this valiant and eontinued effort has had no greater effeet in organization. Mr. Irvine would possibly reply that his task has been preeisely to give leads which others may or may not follow up. There seems to us, however, an irreducible individualism about the man, on his own showing, whieh is the hasis of his power and his weakness. Apparently, the prophetie quality in him easily obseures his good sense. The church trustees who voted to leave eternal punishment in the ereed, "beeause it had never done them any harm," certainly lacked a sense of humor, but were not wholly eontemptible as interpreters of average public opinion. An incorrigible intelleetual restlessness seems to take Mr. Irvine out of the traditional communion of saints. On the way to Socialism he dabbles with "new thought." He seems unlikely to work out in any routine way, the peaceahle fruits of righteousness. For so militant an individualist, Socialism seems likely to he not a eulmination but a stage. Meanwhile this record of a life lavishly shared with others is of great interest. It will make for social compassion, and will afford poignant individual instances of sufferings which we are apt to gloze with disereet generalities.

"Christian Reunion: A Plea for the Restoration of 'the Ecclesia of God'" (Hodder & Stoughton), hy Frank Spenee, a man of husiness, not a theologian, is a curious attempt to set forth in detail the constitution and laws of a united church to he eonstructed on the principles of democraey instead of the episeopaey or the sacraments. The author even goes so far as to print an elahorate set of hy-laws for the government of his church, dealing with the most trivial details of organization and activity. His programme has one great advantage over most proposals for ehureh unity, that it stands not for the reunion of the church at large, but only for a working unity or federation of the local bodies of Christians in eaeh particular community. This is a more feasible task and one much better worth while, quite apart from the elaborate Scriptural hasis which the author feels it ineumhent upon him to eite in its support.

Northumberland is unknown eountry to the average tourist, exeept so far as he eateches tantalizing glimpses of it from the Edinhurgh express. Yet there is no eounty of England so rich in historie assoeiations and scenie variety. Here are the Cheviots, Bamhurgh Castle, Flodden Field, Otterhurn, and Preston Pans. Here was the last retreat of British chivalry, the home of great-hearted rehels from Hotspur to ohscure followers of Prince Charlie. To see the North Country aright one should he young, afoot, and carry a "Marmion" and a hallad hook in one's knapsaek. A fair substitute for this, fireside travellers will find in A. G. Bradley's "The Romance of Northumherland" (A. C. McClurg & Co.). It is spiritedly done, well laeed with poetry and balladry, and in sixteen eolor illustrations after Frank Southgate's sketehes eontains an harmonious graphic eommentary.

Seholars, hearing in mind a past experienee, will not be disposed to aeeept without question Professor Hilprecht's asserion that he has found the "oldest" version of the Babylonian deluge story. The new tablet—a mere fragment of twelve broken lines—is not dated. Granted that it belongs, as claimed, to the Hammurabi period, there is not the slightest reason for helieving that it is older than the tablet found by Scheil, at Sippar, and now in the Morgan library in New York. That specimen is dated in a way which proves that it belongs to the Hammurabi period, and it ean be assigned to the year *e.* 1825 B. C., or, aeeording to another ehronological system for the Hammurabi period, to *e.* 1973 B. C. Unless, however, on closer examination the

new fragment shows the definite ear-marks of tablets of the Hammurahi period, its date may have to be brought down as much as 500 years. Such things happen in Assyriology. A number of years ago an inscription was published and confidently dated at c. 4,000 B. C., only to be shown that it was nearer to c. 2500 B. C.—a trifling difference of fifteen hundred years. Professor Hilprecht's translation of the fragment consists chiefly of bracketed portions, which represent his restorations. If we remove the bracketed portions, there remain less than twenty words, and these add nothing to what was previously known to scholars from the fragments in Ashurbanapal's library. Nor do they throw any further light on the Biblical story.

Morris Hicky Morgan, professor of classical philology at Harvard since 1899, died on March 16, at the age of fifty-one. He graduated at Harvard in 1881, became a tutor there in 1888, and was made assistant professor of Latin and Greek in 1891. His publications include: "De Ignis Eliciendi Modis Apud Antiquos," "Dictionary to Xenophon's Anabasis," translation of Xenophon's "The Art of Horsemanship," "Bibliography of Persius," "The Phormio of Terence," "Eight Orations of Lysias," "The Minor Works of Tacitus," and "The Language of Vitruvius."

Orville James Victor died recently at his home in Hohokus, N. J., at the age of eighty-two. He was born at Sandusky, O., was editor of the *Cosmopolitan Art Journal*, in New York, from 1856 to 1861, and of various other journals and reference publications, and had published "History of the Southern Rebellion," in four volumes; "Incidents and Anecdotes of the War," "History of American Conspiracies," and biographies of John Paul Jones, Israel Putnam, Anthony Wayne, Ethan Allen, Winfield Scott, and Garibaldi.

Jeanne-Marie-Françoise Marnière, the French novelist, who wrote under the pseudonym. J. Marni, died recently at her villa near Cannes, at the age of fifty-five. She was for a time an actress. Her publications include "La femme de Silva," "Amour coupable," and "Le Livre d'une amoureuse"; and she also wrote—alone or in collaboration—several comedies.

Science.

A Book of Precious Stones. By Julius Wodiska. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

Julius Wodiska is a practical jeweller, and his work appeals to all who have to do with precious stones. The main facts regarding the principal precious and semi-precious stones, as well as the pearl and the coral, are briefly presented in a way that renders them plain to the untechnical reader. In addition, there is given a full and satisfactory description of the processes employed to secure diamonds from the South African mines. An interesting feature of the book is the use and explanation of a number of terms, not generally familiar, which are in common use in the jewelry business to describe the different classes, qualities, and colors of precious stones. There is also an excellent account of the growth of the trade union among the diamond cutters, and of the establishment, in 1903, of the Universal Diamond Workers' Alliance, an organization now having a membership of fifteen thousand, representing the diamond workers of Holland, Belgium, France, Switzerland, England, and the United States. A chapter is devoted to jewelry in the arts and crafts movement, and there is a brief glossary of technical terms, as well as a bibliography of works on precious stones.

The historical portion of the work is less satisfactory than the descriptive; it is brief and contains several errors. For instance, on page 56, the Excelsior and Jubilee diamonds are described as one stone. The diamond known as the Excelsior weighed 971 carats, and was taken from Jagersfontein in 1893, as described in the text; two years later, the crystal from which the Jubilee diamond was cut was found in the same locality, the rough stone weighing 640 carats, and the cut diamond 239. The Excelsior crystal, however, was divided, in 1904, into ten diamonds weighing from 13½ to 68 carats. On page 75, the Pelegrina pearl is confused with the Zosima pearl; the former belonged to Philip II of Spain and weighed 134 grains, while the latter weighed 111½ grains. It is not known in whose hands the Zosima pearl is at present, but the Pelegrina is said to be in St. Petersburg, in the possession of the Princess Youssoupoff. The statement, on page 73, that "the first jewel mentioned in the most ancient decipherable and translatable writing extant is the pearl," is contradicted by the fact that neither in the Egyptian hieroglyphics nor in the Babylonian cuneiform has the name of the pearl been deciphered with any degree of certainty, although the names of several stones appear. The amethyst "Signet ring of Cleopatra" (p. 96), according to the lines in the Greek Anthology, bore the figure of Methe, the genius of intoxication, not that of Mithra. The derivation of the name nephrite is correctly given on page 144, but this name is comparatively modern, and there is no evidence that the ancient Greeks laid especial stress upon the curative powers of the stone in kidney diseases. This belief also finds expression in the name jade, derived from the Spanish *piedra de hijada*, "stone of the flank," and appears to have been first proclaimed, it is stated, by Monardes, 1565, who brought jade from the New World to Spain. The mention of the Septuagint of Revelation, on page 231, is probably a slip of the pen, for "Greek text," as the Septuagint only covers the books of the Old Testament. Of the diamond said to have been engraved, in 1500, by Ambrosio Foppa, called Caradosso, for Pope Julius II, we are informed by Garzoni ("Piazza Universale," p. 550) that it bore the figure of a Father of the Church, not a friar (p. 240).

The illustrations are, in the main, well selected, and add to the attractiveness of the book, but the frontispiece figures a specimen of cinnabar, which is not a gem stone.

Prof. C. Philippi of the chair of geology at Jena University, who was geologist of the Gauss Antarctic Expedition in 1901-'03, died recently in Egypt.

The Rev. Carr Waller Pritchett died in Kansas City, Mo., last Friday, at the age of eighty-six. He was one of the founders of Central College, at Fayette, Mo., and was its president on two occasions; organized Pritchett College, at Glasgow, Mo., in 1866, and was its president for seven years, and for several years was in charge of the Morrison Astronomical Observatory of that institution. He was elected a fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society for discoveries concerning the planet Jupiter.

The Rev. Hugh J. Carney, formerly professor of economics at Manhattan College and an eminent mathematician, died last Sunday of blood poisoning at St. Vincent's Hospital, in New York, after an illness of several years. He joined the Christian Brotherhood at Montreal in 1855, as Brother James. He was in Rock Hill College, Baltimore, when the civil war began, and from there was transferred to Manhattan College under Brother Paulian, and then went to Waterford, Ireland, where he held the chair of mathematics for six years, at the Normal College in that city. On his return to America in 1896, he was appointed professor of economics at Manhattan College, which post he retained until ill-health forced him to retire.

Drama.

The recent production of Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus," in the Garden Theatre, by the Ben Greet players, was a dramatic incident of more than common interest. This was the first serious attempt ever made to act the piece in this country, although it has been the subject of occasional amateur experiment. The Elizabethan Society of London gave a performance of it, with some success, in 1896, but, with this exception it has been virtually an unknown work to playgoers of this or the preceding generation on either side of the Atlantic. For modern theatrical purposes it is obviously unfit on account of its invertebrate, episodic character, its total lack of feminine interest, its exceedingly primitive humor, and the clumsiness of its supernatural which is founded on the grossest mediæval superstition. In many passages, such, for instance, as those introducing the seven deadly sins and the minor imps, the play descends to the intellectual level of some of the dullest of the old moralities. It is only in the intercourse of Faustus with Mephistopheles, in the soliloquies

of the former, in his magnificent apostrophe to Helen, and in the frantic supplications of his closing hour, that the true imaginative power of the poet and his mastery of the "mighty line" are revealed. But as a specimen of early Elizabethan drama the production was highly curious and valuable, and there is no reason to doubt that the performance was characteristic of the period. If the scenic accessories were not precisely Elizabethan in design or effect they were as nearly Elizabethan as it was possible, under the circumstances, to make them. The spirit, at least, was right. The manifest artlessness of some of the players helped to maintain the illusion of a veritably antique representation. The crude vigor with which they attacked the comic scenes was entirely appropriate. The conventional attitudes of the good and evil angels were happily conceived, as was the device of making them chant their messages. As is almost always the case in Mr. Greet's representations the blank verse was spoken with sonority and clearness, with some respect for both sense and rhythm. The parts of Faustus and Mephistopheles were played with comprehension if not with brilliancy. Mr. Greet exhibited discretion in the necessary pruning of the text, especially in his excision of the Roman scenes.

Prof. H. A. Rennert's study of "The Spanish Stage in the Time of Lope de Vega" (New York: Hispanic Society of America) is a work of solid and interesting research. Professor Rennert has naturally followed the Spanish antiquarians and archivists who have brought to light within recent years so much information bearing on the stage of Spain, in its first crude beginnings and through the period of its great flowering and subsequent decay; but he has also added not a little of his own, and has put into instructive comparison much knowledge of the contemporary theatre in France and in England. The result is a work packed with curious and verified details relating to every aspect of the subject. We have an account of the earliest *corrales* in Madrid and in Seville, where the representations of *comedias* and *autos* and *loas* began; together with statistics showing the attendance, the price of admission, the salaries paid to actors, and the royalties given to playwrights, as well as a great deal of matter concerning the actual production of plays—the costumes, the scenery, the theatrical devices, etc. All told, Professor Rennert has given us a real storehouse of information about the Spanish stage, from the fifteenth century to the middle of the seventeenth, to which the *aficionado* may be sent with confidence. The book leaves something to be desired in its printing of Spanish, but is a comely and most readable volume.

"Allison's Lad" is the first of half a dozen one-act plays, in prose and blank verse, by Beulah Marie Dix, and gives the title to the volume containing them (Holt & Co.). They are all episodes of war, dated at different times, and located in England, Ireland, France, and Germany. All of them have a certain theatrical value and are well adapted for stage representation, but they are sensational in character, conventional both in design and personification, and too dependent upon convenient coincidence to have much real dramatic value. Nevertheless they are vigorously written, show a lively appreciation of effective incident and situation, possess atmosphere, and do not actually transgress the limits of possibility. The reason for the adoption of blank verse in some of the plays is not obvious, as the measured lines, although they run smoothly enough, do not reveal any notable poetic faculty, whereas the author's prose is often robust and significant. Perhaps the best pieces are "The Hundredth Trick," of which the scene is laid in Ireland in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and "The Captain of the Gate," supposed to occur in the same country in the time of Cromwell. Both of these are quick in action and vivid in color, while the latter has an ingenious dash of the supernatural. But the whole series may be commended to the attention of any manager in need of a good curtain-raiser. Miss Dix, it will be remembered, was one of the joint authors of "The Road to Yesterday."

Music.

Franz Liszt. Von Julius Kapp. Berlin: Schuster & Loeffler.

Twenty-seven pages of this volume are taken up with a list of the books and articles written on the life and works of Liszt, yet the author is right in saying that all of these are mere material for a real biography of the man who was not only the greatest pianist of all time but who, as a composer, exerted an influence on the second half of the nineteenth century almost equal to that of Wagner. Lina Ramann's three volumes are invaluable, so far as they go; Liszt himself supplied considerable material for them; but they carry the story of his life only to the year 1847, after which there is little beside elaborate analyses of his works. Herr Kapp pursues the opposite course. While introducing separate short chapters on the pianoforte pieces, the orchestral works, the songs, the literary essays, and the ecclesiastic compositions, he devotes most of his space to telling the story of Liszt's life; he does it with commendable frankness, and without the least attempt to gloss over faults of character. He is also much more judicious in his estimate of the works, justly holding that such indiscriminate praise as Ramann and others have bestowed does more harm than good. Liszt needs no partisan clamor. His works have stood the test of time. Kapp even endorses the assertion of the Princess Wittgenstein that he "shot his arrow farther into the future than Wagner."

It cannot be said that Herr Kapp has adduced any important new facts relating to the boyhood and youth of Liszt, or to his meteoric career as a pianist, to which he himself put a sudden stop nearly forty years before the end of his life. But on his relations with the Countess d'Agoult and the Princess Wittgenstein, he throws many new side lights. All previous biographers accepted the legend that the Countess (Liszt's companion for several years and the mother of Cosima Wagner), on hearing that he desired her to change her religion in order that he might marry her, exclaimed: "La comtesse d'Agoult ne sera jamais Madame Liszt." But Kapp cites Liszt's comments on this: "There could not be a more idiotic invention than the story that I offered to marry Mme. d'Agoult, that she proudly refused, and that I wanted her to become a Protestant." The Lola Montez and Janina episodes are frankly discussed, and on page 469 the author indulges in plain talk on Liszt's multitudinous love affairs. He doubts whether he ever was really in love with any woman, and comments on his predilection for princesses and countesses.

As regards the Princess Wittgenstein, who played so important a part in Liszt's life, Kapp denies that it was she who was responsible for his becoming a composer. It was largely owing to her, however, that he gave up his concert tours at so early a stage in his career, thus securing time to compose. In the D'Agoult years he could not have done this, as she had a mania for squandering, her expenditures amounting to some 300,000 francs a year. The Princess, on the other hand, did the world but a poor service when she made additions of her own to Liszt's literary essays and books. In the volume on Chopin her knowledge of life in Poland proved an advantage, but in all other cases her interpolations, which are not marked as such, are verbose and dull. She had the audacity to add, without consulting him, fifty pages of her own to his volume on the Gypsies in Hungary; and these pages included comments on the Jewish question which made no end of trouble for him. The Princess's mania for writing was as remarkable as that of the Countess for squandering money. In the last years of her life she had a press of her own in Rome to print her books; among these was a treatise entitled "Causes intérieures de la faiblesse extérieure de l'Eglise," in twenty-four volumes!

Julius Kapp is the author of a book the subject of which is the friendship between Liszt and Wagner. In the present volume, also, this friendship plays a great rôle. There were breaks in it, one of which occurred when Wagner married Liszt's daughter, Cosima, the first wife of Hans von Bülow, who subsequently (and perhaps consequently) deserted the Wagner camp and became a Brahmsite. Another break was caused by the Princess, who insisted on sharing all of Liszt's letters and secrets. Wagner, to whom his friend was a sort of confessor, resented this, and the correspondence came to an end. The Princess liked "Lohengrin," but for the later

and greater music dramas of Wagner she lacked all appreciation; and she quite lost patience with Liszt because of his zeal for Bayreuth. Kapp gives (pp. 414-16) the best account so far published of what led to Liszt's becoming an abbé. The Princess hoped he would advance gradually till he reached the rank of cardinal, but his own ambition did not lie in that direction. It was owing to her that he devoted much time to writing ecclesiastic music with a view to reforming the Catholic church service; but he soon found that Rome was not ready for a musical reformation. Pope Pius IX was ready to listen to his plans, but the cardinals were opposed, the public indifferent or hostile, and Liszt returned to Germany while the Princess remained in Rome.

Of Liszt's activity as a teacher at Weimar, Kapp gives a less vivid picture than others have done, notably Amy Fay, but the causes which led him to give up the conductorship of the opera in that city—where new composers were always sure of a welcome—are lucidly set forth. Liszt's life was more troubled than the world at large suspects. That it was on the whole a tragedy one feels more strongly than ever after reading this volume. The frank details given regarding his faults at the same time detract little from the impression as to the essential nobility of his character.

Six American singers—Louise Homer, Lillia Snelling, Riccardo Martin, Clarence Whitehill, Glenn Hall, and Herbert Witherspoon—took part in the performance of Converse's "Pipe of Desire" last Friday. It was the first opera by an American composer produced at the Metropolitan Opera House during the twenty-seven years of its existence, and it was sung in English. It may be said at once, however, that this did not prove to be an advantage. Distinct enunciation is a virtue of few opera singers, and it was only now and then that a few words of the text were intelligible, owing also, in part, to the vast auditorium, in which it is difficult to follow even spoken dialogue. Those who had hoped that this occasion would prove the desirability of having all operas sung in English were, therefore, grievously disappointed. It is safe to predict that for the next decade or two all operas will continue to be sung in this city in Italian, German, and French, unless an American composer appears whose song and declamation are as inseparably associated with the English idiom as Wagner's are with the German.

It cannot be said that this is the case in Professor Converse's opera. His attempts to write music to the words before him are on the whole infelicitous and often distinctly awkward. Nor did he manifest true operatic instinct in choosing for his text a poem by George Edward Barton, which, by reason of its symbolism and lack of action, is better suited to the reading room than the stage. A young man named Iolan, who is on his way to claim his bride, Naoia, comes across a bevy of elves, gnomes, and other fairy folk in the forest; their king has a pipe, by blowing which he can make his own subjects as well as Iolan dance. But when Iolan blows into it, heedless of warning, he brings a vision of his betrothed and then the girl herself to his side. His pipe of desire had compelled her, though ill, to arise, to ford icy streams, and, when she arrives, she dies in his arms.

On this slender thread Professor Converse has strung music lasting an hour and ten minutes. The choral parts of this music, accompanying the antics of the elves, are interesting, though not specially elfish. Better still is the orchestral score, which throughout is well constructed and appropriately colored. The composer had evidently imbued himself thoroughly with the spirit of Wagner, whose music dramas are frequently suggested. He uses four or five reminiscent motives, but they are not sufficiently individual to arrest the attention at once. The performance, under the zealous direction of Alfred Hertz, was excellent in almost every detail (apart from the diction), and it seemed as if the management, which has been distinctly hostile to American singers for the last two years, tried to atone for this by doing all that lay in its power, scenically and otherwise, to launch this first American opera successfully.

Debussy has completed a new orchestral work, entitled "Images." It is a suite in three parts, "Gigue triste," "Iberia," and "Rondes de Printemps." The second part was played detached from the others, at a recent Colonne concert under Pierné. It begins with a lively Spanish dance movement, and the colors throughout are laid on more thickly than in his other works. There are bells and muted horns, vigorous march movement and attempts at real melody.

Giovanni Lamperti, the singing teacher (a son of Francesco Lamperti, who died in 1892), died in Berlin last Friday at the age of seventy. He had taught in Milan, Paris, and Dresden, and was the instructor of Mme. Sembrich.

Prof. Karl Reinecke, the well-known German composer and conductor, died recently at Munich, at the age of eighty-five. He conducted the famous Gewandthaus concerts in Leipzig from 1860 to 1895, and had taught in the conservatory there. He was especially noted as an interpreter of Mozart. His more famous pupils have included Sullivan, Max Bruch, Grieg, and Weingartner.

Art.

THE HOENTSCHEL COLLECTION.

On March 14 was opened what is modestly designated as Wing F, at the Metropolitan Museum. It is really a small but completely representative museum of the decorative art of Europe, and the British-American colonies from the beginning of the Middle Ages to the early years of the century just past. The growth and installation of this collection are so remarkable as to require a brief explanation. In 1906, J. P. Morgan bought the famous Hoentschel collection, and planned to make it available for American designers. The eighteenth century portion, on the whole the finest, he gave to the Metropolitan Museum, offering to place the earlier portion on indefinite loan. The museum wisely determined to use this as the nucleus of a department of the decorative art of Europe, asked the late C. F. McKim to build a suitable extension for such use, and appointed Dr. Valentiner, then Dr. Bode's secretary at Berlin, to serve as curator of decorative art. It was the single instance in the history of the museum in which the galleries were built expressly for the collections to be contained in them, and the requisite science and taste were provided in advance to insure the symmetrical growth and installation of a great collection. The result is so eminently successful that the precedent will not remain a solitary one. Meanwhile the collection was growing through other gifts and loans by the donor, including such remarkable objects as the Mazarin tapestry and the late Gothic tombs from Château Biron. Only a few months ago Mrs. Russell Sage gave the Bolles collection of colonial furniture and antiquities, thus providing a valuable annex to the main European display.

The keeping of wood carving and fixtures from abroad requires peculiar precautions. Our dry summer heat and frequent changes of temperature tend to warp and rack such objects disastrously. Accordingly the Hoentschel wing is cut off by swinging doors from the Museum generally, and is furnished with a climate of its own combining equability with considerable humidity. This ventilating system was contrived by the late Alfred R. Wolff, the Museum's engineer, and in the seven months since last August, the galleries have not varied more than a point or two from 64 Fahrenheit and 65 per cent. of humidity. If this system meets its apparent promise, it will be widely imitated.

The following account of the new galleries draws heavily upon the special *Bulletin*, which the Museum has issued to mark the opening. The large central hall is chiefly devoted to European sculpture of the Renaissance and earlier. A fine marble ciborium of Roman type and twelfth-century date is the most prominent object. It is flanked by late Gothic choir stalls, with figure decoration. Near-by, at the entrance, are Renaissance stalls of carved wood. Cases of the most brilliant Italian Majolica, loaned by Everit V. Macy, repeat on the floor and more emphatically the colors of Renaissance tapestries which adorn the upper walls. Virtually all the sculpture of this period and earlier was intended for a frontal view, so, nation by nation, the statues are set against massive screens or against the walls. The collection is young, but it already includes nameless fine specimens of the Romanesque and Gothic periods, besides impor-

tant examples of Andrea and Giovanni della Robbia, the masters of polychrome glazes, Verrocchio, and Antonio Rossellino. We wish we could say as confidently Agostino di Duccio, who appears on the list in a very dubious marble relief. More representative is naturally the collection of plaquettes and other small bronzes which show the development of Italian sculpture from Donatello to Giovanni da Bologna. Donatello is not represented, but we are very near the style of the great reforms in some of the plaquettes, and in a bronze Hercules attributed to his successor Bertoldo.

The smaller galleries that surround the great hall in two ranges are treated quite simply and as mere receptacles for the exhibits. Here the architect has effaced himself. Each hall is hung in tints that recall the period and set off the collections. It was a fine tact that isolated the most important sculptures, the Biron tombs, to a small chapel-like hall, where one sees them in dim light and realizes their solemnity. The largest Gothic hall is hung in dark blue, which, while displaying the exhibited objects, also fuses them as Gothic architecture and decoration always loved to unify its complicated ingredients. The Renaissance room, on the contrary, is in a bright buff. This art loved definition—a few objects keenly projected from a background. In the seven galleries, devoted to the art of France from Louis XIV to the Revolution, the exhibits themselves almost cover the walls. Complete doorways, chimney pieces, panels, large cabinets, furniture of all degrees, meet the visitor's eye. And the workmanship is of the best. Here is a suite of panels carved by the great Salembier. Chiselled metal ornaments, either still in place or detached, by Boulle, Gamcri, Gouthière, Riesener, represent the glorious culmination of historic ornament before its swift decline.

In a general way the pride of the collection is the tapestries, which run from the late Gothic period to the end of the eighteenth century. Mr. Morgan's tapestry, Christ as Judge, which was owned by Mazarin, is world-famous. As a combination of fine design—Matsys's influence is apparent in it—and harmony of bright colors and gold, it is unique. Of an equal gorgeousness, but somewhat later date, are the two Brussels tapestries made by Pannemaker and loaned by George Blumenthal. The largest Gothic room contains two magnificent gates in gilded wrought iron of the thirteenth century. The bold scrolls terminate in grotesque dragons' heads. We hardly know where a parallel for this work could be found. It is an epitome of vigorous Gothic design. In the same room are admirable tapestries, stained glass, and sculptures of a peculiar spirituality in stone and wood. Many will find this the most attractive of the galleries.

From the administrative point of view, the establishment of a museum within a museum raises certain delicate considerations. What is decorative art? What is fine art? Everything of a very beautiful sort is likely to be both. We have in the New Wing a classification which at one point or another crosses or repeats that of every other department dealing with European art. For example, the picture gallery possesses five painted fronts of Florentine bride chests. Surely, these are decorative art, but the galleries will hardly give them up. At many points competition between departments may arise because of the ambiguity of the word decorative. At Berlin, for instance, Dr. Bode is prone to claim for the Museum of Fine Arts a whole class of beautiful objects which are desired by the Museum of Decorative Art. On the other hand, such competition may have a generally stimulating effect, and the evil to the public is slight when, after all, the disputable objects are kept under a single roof. Students lose time through such cross-classifications, but this is probably outweighed by the public advantage. In such a department as the Hoentschel wing one may breathe with delight the air of past ages, enjoy in harmonious surroundings their choicest products, compare at leisure, nation by nation, one artistic achievement with another. M.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.

As one enters the Fine Arts building, Mr. Waugh's Buccaneers shouts a welcome from the remote depths of the Vanderbilt Gallery. It looks less good on nearer approach, though it is a swaggering thing. The gory villains, grinning horribly the while, swarm over the rail. They have a winning look in their savage eyes, but are singularly frozen in their murderous attitudes. Don't fear them; these be studio pirates, and will do no harm. Between this desperate strife and a ship flying a large "Jolly Roger" heave several of Mr. Waugh's sleekly powerful waves. Our bow is made to the picture of the show and to the winner of the Thomas B. Clarke prize.

There are two ways of painting an acceptable picture. One is to have a distinctive and personal vision. This is very difficult and not to be got by taking thought. The other is to ally yourself with a sound tradition. Where the sound tradition exists, originality is most likely to thrive. So one must welcome and approve such learned and competent landscapes on the bright modern scale as Redfield's, Scofield's, Bruce Crane's, Gardner Symons's—to mention only salient figures in the exhibition. Ernest Lawson brings unusual energy to the ruling conception of landscape. More interesting, if frequently less able, are certain exhibitors whose method is less forthright and dynamic. It is instructive, for example, to see how A Breezy Day, by Worthington Whittredge, former president of the Academy and recently deceased, holds its own with far cleverer things. It is just a point of rocks jutting out beyond a sandy road into a ruffled sea. It carries none too well, and is not very luminous; but the eye is singularly at peace in it. One has here not merely a painstaking transcript of an attractive bit of nature, but that more indefinable thing, a sense of place. With slender technical resources, it captures something that eludes more strenuous painters. This mild persistent quality we expect in Ben Foster's painting. A blithe meadow scene with a river is full of his subdued raciness; a yellow sunset with dancing figures reveals him in an oddly fantastic vein, with fuller impastes—something other than the self we have come to value.

Only two pictures were absolutely thrilling to the present writer, and still cause a commotion after twenty-four hours of absence. These were Emil Carlsen's Moonlight Cattegat and George Bellows's Floating Ice. Carlsen's nocturne is woven in a strangely beautiful blue-gray—a texture subtly brightened to mean the edges of clouds moving in upon a lunar interspace lightly veiled by nearer mists, or darkened to fill the hollow backs of slow tidal undulations. The expanse of the strait goes up endlessly under the moon. Everything is spacious and endued with lunar glamour, yet definite and verifiable. It is a very fine achievement—a classic thing for all its modernness. In it is no trace of the impetuosity of the impressionists, nor yet of the mere deft syncopations of many of the Whistler moonlights. By no means reminiscent, to match its large tranquillity one must go back to Claude. George Bellows's view of snow-covered hills beyond a sparkling river is at once the most nervous and restful picture of the show. Here we have just the indispensable indications of a vast scene—the green translucence of the nearer shallows, and the deep blue of the channel where the ice gleams. Beyond, the snow-covered hills heave up. Chosen accents—a quarry gash, a factory chimney, an occasional bare tree—give assurance of solidity and distance. Nothing could be more impetuous than the workmanship or more discreetly controlled. Every touch is quite literally an indication; there is no inert passage. Such work fairly rivals the synthetic miracles of the Far Eastern painters, remaining, however, naturalistic. What makes the picture is not ability of hand—in that Mr. Bellows has many competitors—but extraordinary fineness and intensity of vision.

Portraits, what shall one say of them? Here they are hand-made in quantities, and with a certain ability. Mr. Blumenschien's German Tragedian has character and *naiveté*, but like much of his work, lacks arrangement and looks like an illustration writ large. One of the most haunting things is John da Costa's Petite Marquise, for no very good reason apparently, except that he has really caught the character of an awkward little girl uneasily got up in Trianon costume. Otherwise, it is rather hard, but one doesn't forget it. Mr. Tanner's portrait of himself makes no pretensions to *maîtrise*, and is full of blood; quite one of the refreshing things in its class. Robert Henri's most engaging head of a baby girl has been relegated to the outer glare of the Academy room. Ellen Emmet's two full-length portraits are well made and placed, particularly that of two gently-bred boys who have all the wistful charm of adolescence. That very uneven and experimental painter, Alden Weir, has rarely done anything more completely captivating than The Pet Bird. A girl looks lovingly at the paroquet which, perched on her left hand, is a vivid note of green in a surface of striated gray and rose. The picture has the essential qualities of solidity and envelopment, and a very special grace to boot.

Sculpture plays its usual modest incidental rôle. Courtenay Pollock's portrait heads are vivacious. Robert Aitken's have at once a subtler and severer accent, and are the most satisfactory of the exhibits. Chester Beach and J. Scott Hartley are well represented. The most ambitious contribution in sculpture is Gertrude V. Whitney's marble group, Paganism Immortal. It is delicately modelled after the fashion that Rodin has taught, and the nude pagans evidently yearn for each other—again a Rodinesque proclivity. The pose is *guindé* and the mood tragic. It is a creditable performance, but the artist apparently entertains severely orthodox ideas concerning what the hymn calls the "heathen in their darkness."

The National Academy as an exhibiting body is much in the position of the proverbial man who, falling from a scaffold, and being asked how he was, replied, "Very well, so long as this lasts." Now the Academy exhibitions cannot last on the present basis. This is the eighty-fifth; the hundredth will hardly be reached unless a miracle be performed meanwhile. An exhibition of art must serve either the purposes of pleasurable display or those of a mart. This does neither. It attracts few visitors and fewer buyers. In the life of the city it is an episode without importance. Yet pilgrims and even patrons frequent the show of the Pennsylvania Academy, which is made up in large part of the work of New York artists. The difficulty, as has been said some thousand times, is the lack of proper exhibition galleries. If shows are to be given by the artist societies, the display must be of a scale and impressiveness to attract the public. As things are to-day few people will visit the crowded galleries in Fifty-seventh Street, except from a sublime sense of duty. Not that the show itself is worse than the run, but simply that it is no money's worth, in the sense that a Royal Academy or a Salon is. If one is patriotic enough to affect the painting of his own land, he can see it much more fully and agreeably at the dealers' or at Philadelphia, including many painters of talent who from choice or necessity do not darken the Academy doors. The Academy waits in the hope of a Maecenas. May he be provided, and promptly. Unless the Academy gets its change of air soon even *aurum potabile* will have been administered too late. M.

Franz Hals's Family Group, which includes portraits of the painter, his second wife, Lysbeth Reniers, his son and daughter, his negro servant, and a pet dog, has recently become the property of Otto H. Kahn, of New York, and is now on exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The figures appear on a landscape background (one of the few that Hals ever painted), with a glimpse of the old Dutch city of Haarlem in one corner. William Bristow of London was the first recorded owner of the canvas (which is 79 by 112 inches); it was acquired in about the year 1759 by his nephew, John Ward, in whose family it had remained until it was sold last summer by Colonel Warde (who had added the "e" to the family name) of Westerham, Kent, to Duveen Brothers, the English art dealers, from whom it was bought by Mr. Kahn.

Fuller details have been received with regard to Professor Garstang's recent discoveries at Meroe, in Egypt, mentioned in the *Nation* of February 17. They include a high altar of the great Temple of Ammon, with two terra-cotta tables of offering lying on the ground before it, where they must have been placed just before the destruction of the city. An inscribed tablet, containing prayers for protection from injury, was found near by. The altar, four feet high and four feet broad, is of black stone, and the sides are sculptured with reliefs of Horus and Thoth Anubis, the Nile deities, the Queen and King. The King is kneeling, with the High Priest standing in front of him, offering an oblation. The altar could be seen on entering the eastern pylon. A secret chamber was discovered a hundred yards distant behind the sanctuary, in which probably the oracle was worked.

Edmond-Charles Yon, a French landscape painter, died recently at Versailles, at the age of forty-eight. He had been a regular exhibitor at the Salon, and one of his pictures, Le Pont Valentré, à Cahors, is in the Luxembourg.

Denis-Pierre Bergeret, the French painter, who had exhibited pictures of flowers, fruit, and still life at the Salon since 1870, died recently at the age of sixty-six.

Finance.

AN "IMPORT EXCESS."

Figures of foreign trade are such dry statistics that the ordinary reader is apt to turn with dismay from an exposition of them. Dickens, with his inimitable art of extracting humor from a social bore, has pictured that delightful conversation between Mr. Baps the dancing master and Sir Barnet Skettles, at Dr. Blimber's party, as to "what you were to do with your raw materials when they came into your ports in return for your drain of gold." The innocent Mr. Toots had already suggested, "Cook 'em" —which Mr. Baps thought would not do:

> Sir Barnet Skettles had much to say upon the question, and said it; but it did not appear to solve the question, for Mr. Baps retorted, Yes, but supposing Russia stepped in with her tallows—which struck Sir Barnet almost dumb, for he could only shake his head after that, and say, Why, then you must fall back on your cottons, he supposed.

The hit at the ordinary colloquy on trade, and at the genial outside public's attitude towards such colloquies, is palpable. Occasionally, however, there occurs an incident, or a general movement, in the foreign trade of a great nation, of so dramatic a character that the matter at once becomes a topic of vigorous discussion, even by the plain man in the street. Of such a character, for instance, was the extraordinary rise in what was called our "foreign trade balance," during 1900 and 1901.

The economist, the Bureau of Statistics, and the Stock Exchange had long been discussing the increase in a single year, in the country's export trade, to $200,000,000 more than the previous annual maximum, and the rise in the 1900 excess of exports over imports to $648,000,000, where $300,000,000 had been the greatest export excess in our history, up to three years before. The outside public began to join in the discussion when Wall Street echoed with the story of our enormous credit balance on the foreign money markets, and when an Austrian statesman, in a public speech, urged industrial Europe to "stand shoulder to shoulder to resist the American invasion."

In many respects, what the monthly trade statements are reporting now is the reverse picture to that of 1901. Last week's report on February's foreign trade not only shows no portentous heaping up of foreign credits, through rising excess of merchandise exports over imports, but the export excess for the eight months ending in February is actually the smallest by nearly one hundred millions of any corresponding period since 1896, and February itself shows an excess of merchandise imports over exports, the first that has occurred in that month since 1895.

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In other words, so far as regards our "foreign trade balance," we are back where we were before the great industrial revival. Europe no longer talks of the "American invasion"; discussion converges now on the extraordinary American import trade, which in the past eight months was twice as great as in the same months of 1901, whereas exports increased only 20 per cent. Nor are the foreign financial markets debating now the next move which New York is likely to make with its accumulated European credit balance. The most-mooted question of the hour is, how the American market can raise in Europe, through sale or pledge of American securities, credits enough to balance the international account and prevent an outflow of gold.

The man in the street, who does not follow closely the developments in such fields at the less dramatic intervening periods, is likely to ask what has happened. The resultant general situation, as regards our international position, is plain to any one; but it is not plain, any more than it was when the opposite conditions were unfolding on the eve of 1901, what the altered situation really means.

There are several possible answers. It is replied, first, that our enormous import trade is a sign of unprecedented home prosperity and consuming power. If it is asked why exports do not increase proportionately, it is pointed out in some quarters that we are reaching the limit of production in certain great lines of export, and in others that our home consumption has expanded so enormously that even immensely enhanced production, industrial and agricultural, cannot supply the home demand and still leave an old-fashioned surplus for the export market. But there is yet another group of observers who insist that we have forced up prices of commodities so high, in the United States, that foreign markets not only will not buy our goods on the former scale, but find it profitable to sell their own export surplus in America.

The strength of the first of these theories lies in the current reports of unusually large production, traffic, and bank exchanges; its weakness, in the fact that nobody alleges the present prosperity, and the present demand for home consumption, to be equal to such a year as 1906, yet that our import trade since the middle of 1909 has been greater by $220,000,000 than in that year. The weak side of the last of the theories recited is that even the foreign "index numbers" show extraordinarily rapid rise in commodity prices; its strongest argument lies in the fact that the rise in prices, during the past twelve months has notoriously been greater in the United States than anywhere else in the world, and in the equally notorious fact that prices, even of our staple export commodities, are in some important instances higher in America than in Europe. Somewhat to the point is the conclusion, long ago established as a matter of economic history, that our immense "foreign trade balance" of 1901, and the "American invasion," were direct and logical consequences of an era of low prices in this country, when we had learned to make our goods so much cheaper than Europe, and at the same time so much better, that Europe had to take them.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alldridge, T. J. A. Transformed Colony: Sierra Leone. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $3.50 net.

Bailey, L. H. Manual of Gardening. Macmillan. $2 net.

Barrie, J. M. Neither Dorking nor the Abbey. A Tribute to Meredith. Chicago: Browne's Bookstore.

Financial. | Financial.

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Bentwich, N. Philo-Judæus of Alexandria. Philadelphia: Jewish Pub. Society of America.
Blanchet, A. Inventaire des Mosaïques de la Gaule.—Fasc. II, Lugdunaise, Belgique et Germanie. Paris: Ernest Leroux.
Brainerd, E. H. The Personal Conduct of Belinda. Doubleday, Page. $1.20.
Brewster, E. T. Swimming. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
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Published by L. C. PAGE & COMPANY Boston Mass.

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 31, 1910.

The Week.

Hearty congratulations will go to Mr. Taft from all over the country on his success in bringing about a tariff agreement with Canada. If there is anything a trifle more barbaric than tariffs themselves it is tariff wars. The interests of Canada and the United States are so interwoven that tariff hostility must have done incalculable harm on both sides of the border. In just such negotiations as this Mr. Taft is at his best. His personal charm, his tact, his amiability, his natural bent toward compromise, all stand him in good stead, and in this case serve the country as well. In no field of diplomacy has our record been marred by such gross stupidity as in our negotiations during many decades with Canada.

By the sudden death of Justice David J. Brewer the Supreme Court of the United States loses an able jurist, and the country a sincere patriot and wise councillor. For the twenty years spent as a member of our highest tribunal, Judge Brewer worthily upheld the traditions of that bench upon which his uncle, Stephen J. Field, was also sitting when Judge Brewer took the oath of office. His appointment he had earned by his years of service as Chief Justice of Kansas and as a judge of the Circuit Court of the United States. As a jurist his learning was of the most solid kind, his decisions invariably commanding the respect of the bar. Hard-working, of clear understanding and unflinching courage, Judge Brewer was essentially a democrat and a representative of the best type of American citizenship, of the ever-sound heart of the nation. Thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the founders of our institutions and keenly devoted to the principles upon which our government was based, he never hesitated to stem the current of popular opinion whenever he dissented from it. For a man of this kind and of this ability to disappear from any part of our public life is an occasion for genuine mourning.

Of late years Judge Brewer had more and more appeared in public as a lay preacher of rare power and usefulness. Thus he frequently presided over gatherings of lawyers and jurists because of his desire to dignify and uplift his profession. On his seventieth birthday we pointed out that his "appeals to the bar of the country for nobler ideals, for steadfast opposition to the demoralizing commercial tendencies of the present day, and for a higher code of professional ethics will be as gratefully remembered as his clear and able decisions on vital American policies." Upon the Philippine question his voice was heard with no uncertain note. In the Porto Rican and Philippine decisions he helped to destroy the absurd governmental fiction that our insular possessions could be considered part of the United States at one time and not at another. An ardent woman-suffragist, his democracy made him also resent bitterly the exclusion of the Chinese, against which he publicly protested. His broad humanitarianism naturally made him a warm advocate of an international court to pass upon all differences between nations. These are but a few of the great public services he rendered, but they should illustrate clearly the sound Americanism of a man the country can ill afford to lose. How much his death weakens the Supreme Court we can to-day hardly venture to estimate.

"Personally," says Arch-Insurgent Poindexter of Washington, "I can't see a great deal of difference between a Rules Committee run by Speaker Cannon and a Rules Committee run by Speaker Cannon's friends." There are many people to whom the difference between the Rules Committee of two weeks ago and the Rules Committee of to-day will be more apparent. There are many people even who could detect a difference between a Rules Committee run by Speaker Cannon two weeks ago and a Rules Committee run by Speaker Cannon to-day. It would be denying the Speaker his undeniable share of shrewdness to suppose that he does not recognize the significance of the great three days' battle in the House. The Speaker knows that he holds his place by sufferance and that any attempt at reviving old methods will bring the sword down once and for all. Hence it is a morally chastened band of Cannonites that now sit on the Rules Committee. Their position is not unlike that of poor Abdul Hamid II, whom his former subjects keep for the sake of the good they can still get out of him—in the form of fat and frequent subsidies. The Cannon lieutenants remain at the throttle because their experience cannot be dispensed with for the time being. But like the heroic young engine-driver of our boyhood days, the Cannon engineers are doing their duty with a couple of insurgent road-agents' pistols at their heads.

To the maker of political cartoons, the decline and somewhat mitigated fall of "Uncle Joe" Cannon will come as a heaven-sent boon. It is not often that such a delightfully fresh bit of material falls to the lot of the newspaper artist. That trade, in accordance with the laws of its own being, must deal with unchanging ideas. Mr. Roosevelt, once he is born as a Rough Rider with prominent teeth and eye-glasses, is always that. Mr. Taft is naturally destined to go down into pictured history as stout and good-natured. The future can only bring variations on the theme. Mr. Cannon, in the same way, had impressed himself on the country as a vigorous septuagenarian with a cigar, who ruled over Congress and did and said what he pleased. Fixed in his character, he was only susceptible to minor daily variation at the hand of the newspaper artist—to-day, he did this to suit himself; yesterday he did that to suit himself; and that was about all. But an Uncle Joe Cannon who is not a czar, but a beaten man, an Uncle Joe whose cigar does not tip defiantly upward like an oriflamme, but droops sorrowfully downward, like a closed umbrella, is something so novel, so refreshing, that every newspaper artist in the land will hail it with delight.

Not in years has anything occurred in New York to hearten honest men like the conviction of Jotham P. Allds, State Senator from Chenango. For of all the attempts to punish corrupt legislators this is the first in which the Legislature or one of its Houses has found a member guilty of a criminal act. Throughout

decades decent men with some pride in the good name of New York State have hung their heads with shame. The traffic in laws and legislators was, if not open, notorious; the price paid at times a matter of definite rumor. Nevertheless, honest Governors, honest officials, honest reformers, and the honest press were alike baffled. It was all a little too indefinite; the libel laws made the printing of specific charges without corroborative evidence almost impossible of attainment. The corrupt traffic seemed beyond attack, for the bipartisan political machine which shared the profits protected its men. Hence the startling character of the charges, made by Senator Conger, published in the *Evening Post*. They were the flash of lightning that revealed the exact workings of the system of corruption before which decent citizens had been powerless—which even Governor Hughes in the insurance investigation was unable to lay bare. The conviction of Allds himself was of minor consequence save that the accused man had just become, thanks to unworthy machine bosses, leader of his party in the State Senate. The whole guilty crew of political pirates—masquerading under the name of one party or the other, but closely bound together by the cohesive power of political plunder—stand condemned today with Allds the pirate captain. They are the men who have thwarted the most unselfish and the most high-minded Governor New York has ever known in his efforts to redeem the reputation of the Empire State. Upon his measures have they fleshed their knives and used the pistols in their belts, with their black flag flying over their heads. They are now face to face with a day of reckoning.

Once more the attempt to obtain a ship subsidy has failed in Congress—this time because Representative Steenerson charged that improper influences were at work. There is to be an investigation into this charge forthwith, and it may be that something specific will develop. But no one should forget that there are always improper influences behind this bill, masked under patriotic appeals to "show the flag in all the ports of the world." It is a proposal that the United States shall take from its Treasury the cash sufficient to make unprofitable enterprises profitable. Ship subsidies mean that a new class of favored business men shall be created by the United States consenting to become a partner in the business—the kind of partner who puts a lot of money in and takes mighty little out. They mean another form of special privilege at a moment when the whole country is in revolt against every form of special privilege. Finally, they mean that the old law of trade that men shall buy where the goods are cheapest is again to be interfered with by statute. Americans buy the use of foreign tonnage because it is cheaper than American, just as they buy some German goods because they are cheaper than any available in America.

The story of fire insurance brigandage at Albany brings out one truth upon which the *Nation* has laid stress before this. Those business men and corporations who have been the victims of "strike" and "hold-up" bills have themselves largely to blame. If, instead of tamely submitting to blackmail, they had invested the blood-money in the hire of legitimate counsel and publicity, if instead of becoming a party to a crime they had carried the fight to the blackmailers, they would have done well by themselves and by the State. This is not theory, but fact. It is fact established by the very experience of the bribers themselves. When the exactions of the Albany gang became intolerable and the threatened interests, in very desperation, refused to be bled any longer, the gang held its peace. For this one thing is to be kept in mind: It may be hard to fix the charge of bribery on the "hold-up" practitioner; but these gentry dislike, just the same, to have the charge made. After all, there is a public opinion to which they must make some concessions, and a constituency that might ask embarrassing questions. A business man with his back to the wall and threatening exposure is something which the most redoubtable gangsman respects.

By the organic act of July 1, 1902, Congress prescribed that no one person should purchase more than forty acres of land in the Philippines, and no corporation more than twenty-five hundred. Ever since, there has been wailing and gnashing of teeth among the Americans in the archipelago who are there merely for exploitation purposes, and corporations have been loud in their statements that no large business enterprise can be made to pay in the Philippines under the present restrictions. These enactments have been the one bulwark of the Filipinos against the fortune-seeking American, whether of the respectable class or of the kind that disgraces us in Chinese and Japanese ports. Now, there is a scheme up in Congress, sanctioned by the Administration, to upset virtually this whole policy by putting on the market in large lots the 400,000 acres of land purchased from the Friars by the United States—these comprising some of the richest lands in the islands. Attorney-General Wickersham has ruled that these lands do not come under the organic act. If they do not, it is of the utmost importance that they should be brought within it. It would be a lasting shame to the United States if this misappropriation of public lands, which ought to be held in trust for the common people of the Philippine Islands, should be diverted to the uses of the Sugar Trust or similar concerns, or be made the bait for luring large capital to the islands.

The suggestion has been made that all the problems connected with the patent rights of the Wright brothers should be solved at a stroke by acquiring the rights for the free use of the public through a process of condemnation. The inventor's right to the exclusive use of his invention does not stand on the same footing as the right of property in general; the law recognizes this fact in the limitation of the right to an arbitrary term of years. Now, the choice of this particular method of rewarding the inventor is based upon specific considerations of expediency, and not upon any broad or fundamental principle. There is no reason in the nature of things why the term should be seventeen years rather than seven or seventy; there is no reason why exclusive possession for a term of years should be the form which the right should take at all. Doubtless it is the best form in general; and probably the duration now provided by the law is what it should be. But if any wise method could be devised for permitting the alternative of extinction of the patent by public purchase in cer-

tain cases, a great deal might be said in favor of such a plan. The stimulus to invention which it is the purpose of the patent system to provide would be amply supplied. One of the possible consequences of such a provision might be the checking of monopolies which do not consist in, but are greatly fortified by, patent rights. But the practical difficulties in the way of any such scheme are unquestionably great.

An unexpectedly cheerful turn has been given to the Princeton situation. Personal contact between President Wilson and Mr. Procter, in the course of the annual meeting of the Western Association of Princeton Clubs, has led to what looks like a good understanding between the head of the university and the man whose offer of a gift for its graduate school gave rise to a commotion so extraordinary. It is pretty safe to assume, in all such cases, that whatever real differences of view may exist, the apparent differences become vastly greater in the course of a heated controversy; and while it is unquestionable that Dr. Wilson's position has represented a distinct and aggressive opposition to certain tendencies at Princeton, the incidental acerbities of the dispute were what gave it its apparently unmanageable character. The present outlook seems to be that the fundamentals for which President Wilson stood will be thoroughly safeguarded, and at the same time that those on the other side will be satisfied that the conditions of the original offer were rejected in no spirit of mere contentiousness.

The Manchester *Guardian* is one of a number of Liberal newspapers utterly out of patience with the truckling of the Asquith Administration to the big-navy mania. The ship-building programme of this year gives England a predominance over Germany more than 50 per cent. higher than Mr. Asquith demanded a year ago, on a statement of alleged facts as to Germany since proved to have been wrong. Mr. McKenna's speech of March 14, in presenting the navy estimates, the *Guardian* says, was addressed largely to the Conservatives as if it were "more important to have their approval of the Estimates than that of his own side." As the *Guardian* points out, on this issue the Liberals should seem to be entitled to greater consideration from a Government of their own than the Opposition. Thousands of Liberals are deeply exercised over estimates of $200,000,000 in which they see "a prospect of further increase next year, a serious menace to the free-trade finance which the recent budget, it was hoped, had made secure for a time."

Let every jingo and every military officer who thinks that a nation's fate depends solely on permitting army men to manage its affairs betake himself to Greece. There militarism has run its course and reached its logical conclusion. The soldier does not there have to stultify himself by going to the Parliament or Congress to ask for those means of defending the country which he *knows* to be absolutely necessary if the land is not to meet the most ignoble of fates. He orders the King to do his bidding. This he has accomplished through the agency of a Military League with no nonsense to it. Here are its latest demands, sent to the Prime Minister, with the quiet intimation that if they are not granted he will have to search for a new occupation, and that the King, too, may find himself homeless:

> The dismissal of all the higher officials in the public service, the more competent of whom may possibly be reappointed; the dismissal of the fifty-eight professors of the university, some of whom may be reappointed; a series of changes in the electoral law, among them being the restoration of small electoral districts, in which it is thought non-party delegates could be more easily returned; the expropriation of the landlords in Thessaly, and the establishment of peasant proprietors in their place; the removal of the royal stables from the centre of Athens; and the establishment of a Ministry of Agriculture.

Besides this, the League announces that it will "purify the army" by a secret committee, which will retain or expel officers as it sees fit. No room for the mollycoddle there; none for the peace-at-any-price man or the craven.

From Russia comes a useful differentiation between two terms that are generally used as synonymous. In assuming the office of President of the Duma to which he had just been elected, the Octobrist leader, Guchkoff, took pains to lay it down in so many words that Russia to-day has a constitutional, but not a parliamentary, form of government. In other words, what is left now of the representative assembly of four years ago which fought for the establishment of ministerial responsibility and even had hopes of resolving itself into a constituent convention, is only a very large advisory council whose advice the monarch is *a priori* prejudiced against, as emanating from a body elected by a more or less popular vote. Germany and Japan do not recognize the principle of ministerial responsibility; but in both countries this only means that the monarch reserves the right to pick out the men who shall help him govern in conformity with the will of Parliament. In Russia, the very powers of the elected representatives of the people are virtually dependent on the Imperial sufferance. The Czar's decree may nullify the Duma's decision or enact into law anything the Duma has refused to sanction. The Duma has been only a mockery of a Parliament, and the Government has rendered the world a service by refusing any longer to keep up the pretence.

The usually well informed and responsible Shanghai correspondent of the London *Times* sends to that newspaper some rather startling statements concerning the present status of the vernacular press of China.

> Concisely stated, the change which has overtaken the native press is that it has passed under the control of the Chinese official. At the present moment there is hardly a newspaper worthy of the name in China which is not owned or subsidized by the Mandarins, and the result, as shown in their columns, is that the outspoken criticism of two years ago is generally replaced by a spirit of comfortable acquiescence in the established order of things.

This ominous change has been brought about, we are told, through the enforcement of arbitrary postal and registration regulations quietly introduced under the authority of the Central Government, and by means of which "the existence of any journal in Chinese hands can be made to depend upon its attitude toward the officials." In Shanghai alone "a list of the owners of the leading newspapers, which provide ideas and information for a very wide circle of readers, includes the Shanghai Taotai, the Governor of Manchuria, the Viceroys of Chihli and Kiangsu, and a certain high official interested in the sale of anti-opium pills." Under such conditions the awakening of China is likely to be a slower and more painful process than has been expected.

THE JUDGE IN THE PRESIDENCY.

Mr. Taft is the first President who received his chief training for public usefulness on the bench. Chase and Davis aspired in vain to a nomination for the Presidency, Parker made a campaign and was defeated. Hence the experiment of placing in the highest executive chair a man with the judicial habit dominant is a novelty to the American people. The man himself had from the start many misgivings; but a large body of his fellow-citizens felicitated themselves that the country was now to have a chance to catch its breath after nearly eight years of strenuous leaps and bounds. Even the retiring President paid his successor the unique compliment of saying: "Taft will give you a better administration than mine, for he will be able to build deliberately where I have had to play the pioneer and clear the ground."

The expectations aroused by Mr. Taft's candidacy were due largely to an appreciation of that difference between the man with the judicial habit and the man without it, which rests on the difference between impulse and law as motive powers. It was felt that after seven years of Roosevelt the development of the Presidency for a while in the serene atmosphere of a Federal Circuit Court would be a good thing for the government. Besides, much weight was naturally attached to Mr. Taft's experience in administration as Governor of the Philippines, and afterwards as Secretary of War. Not enough allowance was made for the fact that his mission to the Philippines was rather in the character of a benevolent magistrate, with a gift for healing ruptures in the family circle and straightening out tangles in the social fabric, than as an executive head for a government in working order. A like purpose animated his acceptance of the war portfolio; for that kept him in touch with the dependent people who had so trusted him, while its ordinary administrative responsibilities could be shifted to other shoulders.

That neither President nor country has enjoyed the restful year so cheeringly prophesied must be confessed; and it now seems profitable to inquire whether Mr. Taft's activities as President have not been hurt rather than helped by that judicial habit from which so much was hoped. Take the two incidents which have done most to rouse factional feeling in the Administration's own party—the tariff fiasco and the Ballinger-Pinchot convulsion: how do they lend themselves to this view? In the latter case, the President's duty was obvious from the beginning. No leader of a great forward movement can tolerate a quarrel between his lieutenants which imperils the efficiency of the organization. They are where they are for the purpose not of pulling apart, but of pulling together; and it is the business of their chief to say to them: "Gentlemen, you must either settle your differences at once, or he who insists on fighting must resign and conduct his further hostilities from outside of the service." That is the fashion of the executive officer who realizes that the task committed to him is the accomplishment of certain large results, not the arbitration of personal disputes. Instead, Mr. Taft laid a hand on the shoulder of each combatant, gave both his friendly counsel, and thus nursed their controversy along instead of chopping it short with a single blow. The effect of his forbearance was to protract the feud, intensify its bitterness, and project its most dramatic episode into the midst of a session of Congress—a consummation always avoided by executive officers of experience.

The tariff incident involved the same principle. Mr. Taft was elected on a platform which, as he was fully conscious, pledged him to a definite course as far as the President's prerogative could be extended in a matter ostensibly legislative. The man with strong executive instincts would have stated quietly but clearly where he stood and what he was willing to approve, and, failing that, he would have marked his protest by vetoing or pocketing the unsatisfactory measure. But Mr. Taft wasted good energy in weighing drachms and scruples of sophistry offered by the Congressional oligarchy to excuse their betrayal of the people's confidence, just as he had been accustomed from the bench to give the accused person the benefit of every possible plea in defence or mitigation.

So far as the American voting public were seeking a change of methods in the White House, they wished to replace haste with deliberation. But the experience through which the nation is now going points to the moral that there are other differences between the judicial and the executive habit besides a difference as to deliberation. Singleness of aim and directness of action are as truly of the essence of good executive work as studied equipoise and impartiality of interest are of the highest judicial excellence. And this contrast suggests that the drafting of an admirable judge for executive duty is likely to unfit him for a return to his old domain. Granted that he gets no moral taint whatever from his contact with the sordid side of politics, he is still exposed to hostile criticism. Just as we find a strong public sentiment averse to judges' submitting themselves as eager candidates for elective office, so we meet thousands of citizens of fair intelligence who refuse to believe that a man transferred from a political to a judicial position does not carry with him the prejudices acquired in combat with the opposition forces, and the aggresssve—perhaps the domineering—spirit which he has had to call into action now and then in pressing an important administrative measure.

It should, of course, always be borne in mind that the Presidential candidacy of Mr. Taft was of an entirely different kind from that of the judge on the bench seeking political office. He had long been engaged in important administrative tasks; and, when his name first began to be mentioned for the Presidency, he was not only not anxious for that office, but was known greatly to prefer a seat on the Supreme Court bench. His Administration has still all manner of possibilities before it; but if it should prove in the end as disappointing as there is now reason to fear that it may, this result, in the case of a man with his broader experience, will stand in the future as a warning against selecting for the Presidency men whose claims to it—unlike those of Mr. Taft—rest solely on the ability they have shown in judicial office.

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.

The astounding Democratic victory in the election of a successor to the late Congressman Lovering of the Fourteenth Massachusetts District must make even President Taft realize how the country feels about the Payne-Aldrich tariff. Rarely is the meaning of an election written so clearly on the face of the returns. Ten thousand men who in 1908 voted the Republican ticket, have now, only a year and a half later,

voted for the Democratic candidate. More than that, they cast their ballots for a man who only recently deserted the Republican party because he could not endure the tariff iniquity. Mr. Foss made his campaign on the tariff and the high cost of living, and took pains that every voter in his district should understand his attitude. It is idle to say that the lack of popularity of his opponent had anything to do with the outcome. Mr. Lovering obtained in 1908 a majority of 14,250; the present reverse is certainly due to deep-seated popular dissatisfaction with the present Administration in Washington. One must go back to 1890 to find parallels to it. Even then it would be difficult to do so, for this particular district never before elected a Democrat to Congress. The handwriting is on the wall.

This becomes still plainer if one studies the district: The Fourteenth stretches south of Boston to the edge of Cape Cod. It includes three important manufacturing cities, Taunton, Brockton, the home of the shoe industry, and Attleboro, famed for its jewelry manufactures. Within its confines are a number of smaller towns from which commuters travel daily to Boston, while many summer residents, who live in Boston in the winter, maintain their voting residence in such home-towns as Scituate, Duxbury, Plymouth, and Norwell. In addition, this district includes long stretches of farming lands. It would not be easy to find anywhere a district of more diversified character, or more representative of American life. But farmers and manufacturers, small shopkeepers, metropolitan business men, and shoe-factory employees voted alike, throwing off with equal ease the thralldom of a party with which most have voted all their lives. Scituate, for instance, gives Foss 153, and Buchanan 82; in 1908, Lovering received 214, and the Democratic candidate 71. In Norwell, in 1908, there were but 46 Democratic votes to 147 Republican; now only 45 Republicans vote for their party. What could be clearer? What more convincing?

If there are any doubters, we would recall to them the Democratic landslide in the late Congressman De Armond's district in January, and refer them to the fresh reports of Democratic successes in local elections throughout New York State. No wonder Mr. Taft feels that a Democratic House is inevitable. As it appears today, nothing but the Democrats themselves can prevent a political overturn. Will they again come to the rescue of their political opponents? That is the question hundreds of thousands of voters asked themselves when they read the news from Massachusetts. It is extraordinary, the number of Republicans on all sides who feel that they have been "buncoed" by the tariff bill; who are dissatisfied with the Taft Administration. They are as eager and as ready to vote for Democrats as the old-line Democrats who have been driven out of their party are eager to return to the fold. So wonderful an opportunity has not been presented to the Democracy since the blight of Bryanism descended upon it. On all sides the Republican ranks are broken by party dissensions. There are now two kinds of Republicans—those who desire to see the party's alliance with special privilege continue, and those who would have it severed, and severed promptly. Where the West has taken its stand the upsetting of Cannonism in the House bears testimony. How the East is prepared to act Mr. Foss has demonstrated by his brief campaign of only two weeks.

Will the Democracy rise to the opportunity before it? There are gratifying evidences that it is coming to its senses. Behind Mr. Foss stood some of the best of the "William E. Russell Democrats" in the Bay State. Their return to leadership is in itself as hopeful a sign as the activities of the Democratic League in New York State. But most encouraging of all is the way the Democratic minority bore itself in the crisis in Congress. It stood shoulder to shoulder without dissensions, without any such desertions to the Republican ranks as marred its record of years. Congressman Burleson may have blundered tactically in forcing his resolution to oust Cannon, but it was sincerely meant and was in pursuance of the ordinary duty of an opposition to capture the positions held by its enemy. Despite the pro-Cannon vote, the Democrats are bound to obtain great credit throughout the country for their stand. In the West, particularly, people are certain to feel that the Democracy showed its trustworthiness by aiding in a reform of the House.

It is not without significance that the new Democratic opportunity comes in connection with the party's old winning issue, the tariff. If it had but had a Grant to lead it through the Wilderness of the last fourteen years, with the demand that its cohorts should fling themselves upon the tariff breastworks of the enemy, wherever found and however concealed, the Republican Richmond would have fallen ere this. Now, the Democrats enter the campaign handicapped by their votes in the last disgraceful scramble for tariff favors when they, too, yielded to the temptation to put money into their constituents' pockets. But the country in its present temper is certain to be lenient if the Democratic leadership in the coming elections be but bold and straightforward and sincere. Better now than in 1890 and 1892 do men understand the real nature of the tariff and how poisonous is its influence upon all forms of our industrial and political life. Thousands besides the shoemakers of Brockton have seen through the absurdity that it is essential to the welfare of the American workingman, and have penetrated the myth that high prices make for happiness and comfort or that cheap goods make cheap men. Altogether the situation is such as to cause every Democrat to take heart and the country to rejoice at the promised restoration to influence and efficiency of that Opposition it so sorely needs.

THE BUDGET TANGLE IN ENGLAND.

The reports of the British Exchequer on the Government's current tax receipts illustrate in an interesting way the situation created by the hold-up of the budget. Some of the schedules and rates in the English tax system continue automatically from one year to another, in accordance with previous Parliamentary grants to that effect. Others require an annual vote before their collection can be insisted on. The income tax falls into the second of these categories. Since the Lords refused concurrence in last April's budget, and since the Commons have not reënacted that or any other tax bill, the income tax has been gathered, so to speak, only on sufferance.

From a summary of the fiscal situation, prepared by the London *Economist*, it appears that certain new customs duties prescribed by the held-up budget

are being collected in full, and that the same thing is true of the tea tax. This, one may suppose, is because the Government has power to insist on payment of these taxes, and is reckoning in any case on the validation of these taxes whenever a budget is enacted. But neither the liquor license tax of the budget of 1909, nor its new stamp taxes, have been exacted or paid at all. As for the income tax, which is always in the nature of a yearly grant of supplies, the *Economist* thus describes the situation:

(1.) The old duties on earned incomes, graduated up to £2,000 a year, are not being generally paid, because the demand notes have not been sent out. Some district commissioners have sent out, and a certain amount of the tax has been received.

(2.) The enhanced duty of 1s. 2d. in the pound sterling on unearned incomes is still being deducted by the bankers, in spite of the fact that there is no legal authority for its payment. Some bankers have paid, others have not. Companies have deducted their income-tax, but practically none of them have paid.

(3.) The super tax on incomes of more than £5,000 a year is not being paid, and those who have been asked to provide the materials for their assessment for this tax have in many cases stoutly declined to provide any information in the absence of an act of Parliament.

Whether or not the Government, in accordance with its past practice, has been deducting the income tax from its quarterly payments of interest on the public debt, does not appear; supposedly, the tax has not been deducted. But taking the actual collections as they stand, the latest British Government revenue statement received by post, covering operations for the first week of March, shows only £363,000 collected on property and income tax in the United Kingdom, against £2,538,000 for the same week last year. Since April 1, 1909—the beginning of the fiscal year—£12,420,000 revenue has been received from that service, as compared with £27,881,000 in the same period a year ago. The entire public revenue, during these eleven months, has fallen £14,000,000 short of the preceding fiscal year, and this in the face of £8,000,000 increase in public expenditure.

A deficit of nearly $100,000,000 has thus been created up to the present date; and to meet it the British Government has already borrowed heavily, and must borrow more. But the most anomalous fact in the case is that, while the Exchequer is borrowing to make good the growing shortage, money set aside by citizens for taxation purposes is accumulating in the English banks. This money will not be paid until a budget is definitely passed; but since no one can surely know at what moment that event may happen, the banks are necessarily cautious as to lending out such deposits except on very short time.

Almost the only quarter in which exactly this employment of the deposits is possible is on the Stock Exchange. The perfectly natural result, therefore, has been a superabundance of money placed at the temporary disposal of borrowers for speculative purposes; and here we have one of the most interesting explanations of the outburst of speculation in shares of mines and oil companies and rubber companies, which has already become a sensational incident in the London market. When one reflects that the termination of this extraordinary dilemma rests wholly on the policies which, for purposes of political strategy, may be adopted by the factions in the House of Commons, it will be seen how unusual a situation has arisen.

It is to be supposed that some way out of this tangle will be found by Parliament, other than the continuance of such expedients as the sale of $105,000,000 five-year Exchequer bonds, to make good this absolutely artificial deficit. On general principles, we should certainly suppose that the mere spectacle of such chaotic conditions in the British public finances would lead to some early settlement, at least of the budget legislation. The Asquith Ministry itself must be aware that responsibility for prolongation of such conditions will be placed on the shoulders of the Government, and this quite regardlessly of the dispute as to who was primarily at fault for the failure of the budget of 1909.

There is much force in the argument, set forth by sober political organs in Great Britain, that whatever is said of the general policies of a Ministry, its first and imperative duty is to carry on the government and provide the requisite supplies. A Ministry which does not or cannot do this thereby confesses its inability to govern, in accordance with all Parliamentary tradition. But whether considerations that are conclusive in normal times will have anything like their customary effect at a time of such Constitutional ferment as is now going on in England, is something that at the moment baffles prediction.

THE RETURN.

It would be a ridiculous error to say that forty centuries look down from Egypt's monuments upon the leader of the Smithsonian African Expedition. It is inconceivable that anything in nature or proceeding from the hands of man should look down upon Col. Roosevelt. On the contrary, if the special correspondents on the banks of the Nile are at all to be believed, things have been looking up in Egypt ever since the ancient land has come into touch with that buoyant, compelling vitality. Khartum has listened to a commencement sermon on the advantages of education. Luxor has been refreshed with a few thoughts on the proper sphere of woman. Thebes has looked on while the Colonel raced his mount over the sands against three competitors, and beat them all. The last incident, we must confess, stamps itself upon the mind as peculiarly characteristic, appropriate, and beautiful. The ordinary soul may be hushed into reverent silence by the mystery and the majesty of this tremendous Past. It is for the extraordinary spirit to be always and everywhere itself, strenuously equestrian at Thebes, taking a hand at tennis, perhaps, on the site of Babylon, punching the bag a little at Damascus, defiant alike of the Past and the temperature.

A good number of things have happened in the last ten years that have proved Mr. Rudyard Kipling a very poor prophet. The latest of his vaticinations to go by the board is that East is East and West is West and never the two shall meet. The two have met in their most essential, in their most historic, form, when Mr. Roosevelt stands in the shadows of the temple at Karnak. In degree of contrast, the meeting between East and West at Marathon, or when cross and crescent battled under the walls of Vienna, is insignificant. Two years ago, these States were torn with uncertainty as to what was to be done with Mr. Roosevelt after March 4, 1909. The imagination of man exhausted itself in putting him into the most incongruous places. It pictured him as discovering the North Pole, or turning the Sahara into a garden by means of irrigation and dry farming, or establishing peace by force of arms in troubled South America. No one thought of Mr. Roosevelt in conjunction with Egypt. And how could one? The problem was

to find something for him to combat that was as strenuous as himself. The terrors of the Arctic would do reasonably well. The perils and horror of the desert might do. But Egypt, the dead; Egypt that rests indifferent to the rival claims of the virtuous man and the malefactor, the dynamic man and the mollycoddle, the small producer and the Trust; this Egypt was impossible.

And so they stand now face to face, the West and the East, the new and the old, Mr. Roosevelt and the Sphinx. What the Sphinx thinks of Mr. Roosevelt we shall probably never know. What our ex-President's views are concerning the Sphinx we shall know very soon. The riddle of the ages will at last be answered. Many obscure points in Egyptian chronology will be cleared up. The Pharaohs, with their dynasties, their queens, and their high priests, will be put in their proper place. We shall know now the Pyramids were built. We shall get the final word on just how the Israelites succeeded in making bricks without straw and how the fording of the Red Sea was effected. Every problem will be studied, we are sure, with insight, with fairness, and with complete knowledge, though it is too much to expect that all will be treated with sympathy. For it is natural that there should be much in the land of the Nile that will displease and even anger Mr. Roosevelt. He will chafe at the unparalleled amount of nature-faking on the monuments. The dog-headed god Anubis, the cow-headed Isis, Horus, Osiris, and Ra in their various zoölogical manifestations, will be treated as they deserve to be, gently perhaps, but firmly.

The Smithsonian African Expedition's sojourn in Egypt has not been a very prolonged one. At the present writing, Mr. Roosevelt is in Cairo or near there, on his way to lecture before the students of the University of Berlin in German, the students of the Sorbonne in French, not to speak of the University of Oxford in English. What will be the final effect upon Egypt of his brief visit? Will Mr. Roosevelt do what the Roman legions failed to accomplish, and rouse the East from its age-old slumbers? Or will the East prove the stronger of the two, and, after a little while, forget its distinguished vistor, forget the newspaper correspondents, and the tourists from Iowa and South Dakota, who, in the shadow of the temples at Philæ, unanimously renominated Mr. Roosevelt for President in 1912, and go back to its own ways? The future will show. But if Egypt does refuse to awake, we should once for all abandon our empty boast about the superiority of our own civilization to that of the East. If two such tremendous products of Western civilization as the Assuan dam and Mr. Roosevelt fail to make an impression on the drowsy Orient, nothing ever will.

A SUCCESSOR TO CHATEAUBRIAND.

The death of Viscount Marie-Eugène-Melchior de Vogüé last week marked the passing of a picturesque figure in French intellectual life. To describe him in a word more precisely is difficult. Novelist, essayist, literary critic, historian, moralist, prophet—all of these he was, and more. Indeed, any one who is at all acquainted with his writings is impelled at this time to ask not so much what he was as what he might have been. For, like many another author, he was the victim of his versatility. If only he could have been just one of the many things he was, or, at any rate, one of them at a time, there is no telling to what a height he might have risen.

His development is easy to follow. He was born in 1848; fought in the Franco-Prussian war, which fired him with a rampant patriotism, and in the next dozen years was attached to the French embassies, successively at Constantinople, Cairo, and St. Petersburg. To the splendor and mystery of the Orient he responded sympathetically in such essays as "Syrie," "Palestine," "Histoires orientales." More important than the Orient, however, in formative power, were the seven years spent in Russia, during which by various sketches he stirred his countrymen to an enthusiasm for Russian life and literature. The extent to which he strengthened in this way the bonds of friendship between the two countries was largely responsible, no doubt, for his election, at the age of forty, to the French Academy.

In any case, he owed to Russia his spiritual awakening. Specifically, this came from the novels of Turgenieff, Dostoyevsky, and Tolstoy. In the pictures there presented of toiling, patient, heroic peasants, he seemed to find not only a superior sort of realism, but a new, abiding gospel. He says, in the preface to "Le Roman russe," which appeared in 1886, "The new art tries to imitate nature in its unconsciousness, its moral indifference. It expresses the triumph of the masses over the individual, of the crowd over the solitary hero." This was an ingenious quirk given to an old idea. Horace, among others, had smiled sadly at the sum total of man's endeavors compared to the relentless march of time; but it was the joyful acceptance of this principle and the poetic glory which M. de Vogüé cast over its workings that appeared for the moment new, even revolutionary. Far from depressing the masses, he held out to them hope and enthusiasm, presenting to them visions in which man, though but a particle of dust, made nevertheless with his fellows that great highway of the race which emerges from a limitless past and stretches to a brave future. Democracy he called this; it was an adjustment of art to the ruling spirit of the age. Such remained the outlook of M. de Vogüé to the end.

More than anything else, it was this outlook, this stand, which gave to him among his contemporaries a certain distinction. It led him, in an age when art for art's sake was so much the talk, to insist that literature should embody a moral, capable of being understood by the many, and to hold that the writer's mission is to act as a guide to the average human soul. It gave him also a religious faith at a time when science was diffusing the spirit of skepticism. What his actual creed was he could, to be sure, never quite say. "Croyons!" was his watchword. In what? In the vision he had seen, in the past, in the future—in a great cosmic sweep. This attitude, which substituted general religious sentiment for a definite belief, has been termed Neo-Christianity. His position led him likewise into a strange sort of mysticism. For ears properly attuned there are, he thought, voices from the beyond; not quite music of the spheres, rather voices nearer at hand, which connect things visible with those unseeen and strengthen one's sense of the solidarity of the universe. We hear, almost see, such voices in "Les Morts qui parlent," written in 1899, voices of the dead guiding the living; we find them somewhat better explained in the essay, "Regards historiques et littéraires," of 1892.

The eyes of his age were upon him,

looking for some strict system of thought and conduct, but were soon doomed to disappointment. The mind of M. de Vogüé was too alert, too impatient, to rest long upon one object; it was sufficient for him to glimpse hidden meanings and to attempt to phrase them off-hand into eternal verities; to be forever reaching out towards a larger environment. It was said, with some truth, that he could not write four lines without lapsing into universals. Enthusiasm for his ideas he did at times inspire, especially in the minds of the students who grouped themselves about him, and called him prophet. And indeed, such ideas as his, brilliant in impulse but often inchoate, are just the sort that startle and inspire listening youth, but that make quite a different impression when scrutinized in book form. M. de Vogüé belonged to no school and never succeeded in founding one himself. An exile he has been called, because of the loneliness of his position. He fancied he had seen a great light, yet never could tell quite convincingly what it was.

Of a piece with his general habit of thought were his methods in pure literature—a brilliant, misguided versatility. He was too fluent a preacher to be a novelist. In "Les Morts qui parlent" and in "Le Maître de la mer" the moralizing gives to the stories both their point and direction, turning at the same time the characters into puppets. Undoubtedly, however, he will be remembered for pages here and there, especially for certain descriptions of nature which, like those of his master, Chateaubriand, are written in poetic prose, touched by a tender, quickening symbolism. Whether it be a winter-scene in Russia, the gleam of the Orient, or the "twilight meadows" of France, he shows a caressing touch, a happy buoyancy, an insinuating fancy.

THE SPECIALIZED UNIVERSITY.

Lord Rosebery has recently suggested that the university might solve the increasingly difficult problem of the multiplicity of subjects by what he calls co-operation. Each university, that is, shall leave to the community the vexed question of the relative importance of different studies, and concentrate its efforts frankly on whatever group of subjects it feels itself most qualified to teach. Thus instead of many little trees of knowledge we shall have one large tree, of which each university (the name can be retained only by courtesy) will be a highly developed branch. It is not meant, of course, that the differentiation should be carried to all possible lengths. It would not be necessary to journey from New York to California, or even from Leeds to Manchester, in order to pass from a course on mineralogy to a course on palæontology. There would be, let us suppose, three great types of university—the classical, the scientific, and the historico-economic. In each of these, subjects not directly related to the particular function of the institution might still be pursued to a certain point; but they would hold a subordinate place without reference to any estimate of their final utility.

Now, this seems at first glance a sufficiently reasonable proposal. We are ready to grant that there would result a large economy of effort, and that each great institution would attain results in its chosen specialty that are now beyond its reach. If the aim of university education were simply and solely to increase the sum of human knowledge, there would be no more to be said. The case would be parallel to that of the industrial world, and we all know what specialization has accomplished there. But to those of us who look to universities not so much for the advancement of knowledge as for the advancement of learning (the distinction is by no means fanciful), the proposed "coöperation" has very much the look of disintegration. To us it seems fully worth while that a considerable amount of efficiency, of measurable attainment, should be sacrificed in order that the catholic temper of university life may be preserved.

Specialization has already been carried very far in the freedom of choice allowed to the individual; but at least the student mind maintains something of the old tradition of a liberal education. No one scholar is in danger of thinking his own particular field of interest a cosmos. There is a constant incitement in the direction of a philosophic attitude toward knowledge. The scientists have a wholesome fear of mere empiricism; the classicists of pedantry; the metaphysicians of sophistry. But if the scheme of specialization among universities were carried out, all this would inevitably be changed. That fine humility in the face of the vast field of intellectual endeavor which it is one of the great functions of a university to instil, could never be developed under such a system. Every one would know, of course, when he stopped to think about it, that his intellectual vista was only the foreground of a great estate, but his normal habit of mind would be quite unaffected by this consideration. The men produced by the system would be among those of whom Newman wrote, "They see the tapestry of human life, as it were, on the wrong side, and it tells no story. . . . Nothing has a drift or relation; nothing has a history or a promise. Everything stands by itself, and comes and goes in its turn, like the shifting scenes of a show, which leaves the spectator where he was."

Above all, if Latin and Greek are to be preserved—and it is largely on the ground that they will thus be saved that Lord Rosebery makes his suggestion—it will not be by isolation. The sciences might appear to prosper by the separation, though they would certainly become cold and hard at heart. But the classics would indeed dry up and wither. They would be preserved—as pressed flowers are preserved—but the free air of the world would no longer be scented with their fragrance. If they are to take anything like their former position, it will be rather from a common reëstimation of their value at the heart of education than from any such artificial separation.

A GREAT FRENCH PHILOSOPHER AT HARVARD.

The Hyde lectureship, which has year after year brought to Harvard some splendid object-lesson of the way in which popular lectures may best be given, has never till this year taken a philosopher as its example-setter. This year we have been having Prof. Emile Boutroux, and the occasion seems to me so well worthy of commemoration that I venture to set down a brief account of it for the *Nation's* readers.

The whole enterprise of international exchange of professors is still in its tentative infancy, and one may hear as many arguments against it as reasons for it. The Hyde foundation requires all lectures to be in the French tongue, and the first thing that has been disclosed is the appalling rarity of ability to understand spoken French, even in a centre of learning like Cambridge.

M. Boutroux's auditors this year

should preëminently have been our students of philosophy; but, victims of the deplorable manner in which they have been taught foreign languages, hardly half a dozen of them have shown their faces. Few, even of our instructors, follow a French lecture easily—though many more can follow German—and what with "other engagements," and the terrors of the title, "Contingence et Liberté," of M. Boutroux's course, their number proved so small that the bulk of the audience consisted of world's people from Boston and elsewhere, including a good number of French visitors attracted, I am sure, less by the particular subject, than by the rare pleasure of hearing any intelligible discourse whatever in the language of the far-off native country.

It is obvious that the institution of professorial exchange needs overhauling. It ought to be a means of vital stimulation, of making our somewhat torpid youth aware of the presence of a wider world about them, human and social as well as intellectual. So far it has missed fire in this respect. Our young fogies in the graduate schools continue working for their Ph.D. examinations by moving, like Faust's Wagner, "von Buch zu Buch," "von Blatt zu Blatt," and remain for the most part quite unconscious that an opportunity has been lost to them.

M. Boutroux is one of the veterans of his country in the sphere of philosophy, and an extraordinarily influential personage in all academic lines of activity. Almost every philosopher of the younger generation has been his pupil; one finds him sitting as a judge at every *soutenance de thèse* for the doctorate in philosophy; he attends congresses; has been since its foundation *directeur* of the Institut Thiers, and is president this year of the Academie des Sciences Morales et Politiques, where he will shortly have to welcome Mr. Roosevelt as an *associé étranger*. He is a somewhat ascetic looking figure, with a very French and rather military physiognomy, but with the kindliest of manners, a power of extraordinarily clear statement, and, above all, a great air of simplicity and sincerity while lecturing.

M. Boutroux, like almost all his compatriots, thinks it no praise to say of a lecturer that "he talks like a book." German and Anglo-Saxon lecturers may talk like books, but the idea of a public lecture in France is different. It ought not to furnish information of details as a book does. It ought rather to confine itself to tracing perspectives, defining tendencies, bringing out contrasts, and summing up results. It ought, above all, to generalize and simplify, and it ought to avoid technicality of language. Needless to say that, for this task, complete mastery of the subject is an indispensable condition, and only the great masters have succeeded greatly as popular expositors. M. Boutroux's single lectures on Pascal and on Comte showed the breadth and simplicity which result from absolute mastery of a subject.

His continuous course, entitled "Contingence et Liberté," consisted of eight lectures, and the high originality of his position here is what, in my eyes, entitles his visit to notice beyond the immediate circle of his listeners. M. Boutroux is, by virtue of priority, the leader *de jure* of the reaction against the abstract, and in favor of the concrete point of view in philosophy, which in the last few years has got under full headway in all countries. The leader *de jure*, I say, meaning the historic leader or precursor, for the leadership in loudness has passed in England and this country to more strident voices, and in France to those more radically revolutionary in tone. Boutroux is above all a liberal, grants cheerfully to the opposing side what it can fairly claim, harbors no enmities, and makes no enemies, so that many a convert to "pragmatism" or to "Bergsonism" has remained ignorant that the ball was set rolling by his first publication, "La Contingence des lois de la nature," away back in 1867. His freedom from polemic virulence, his indisposition to flourish a party flag, have kept his name more in the shade than has been just. The most important features of "pragmatism" and "Bergsonism" find clear expression in that early work. And the *Weltanschauung* of that work, matured and reinforced, but in no wise altered, was what this course of lectures reaffirmed. Deemed paradoxical when it first appeared, that *Weltanschauung* is now recognized as possibly discussable, to say the very least, and is evidently about to enter on a powerful career.

I can only sketch the essence of it briefly, without following the lecturer's own order, or going into any detail. The quickest way to get at the character of anything is to know what to contrast it with. The best term with which to contrast M. Boutroux's way of looking at the world is the "scholastic" way of taking it. When I say "scholastic," I don't use the word historically, but as common-sense uses it when it makes of it a reproach. In this sense scholasticism is found in science as well as in philosophy. It means the pretension to conceive things so vigorously that your definitions shall contain all that need be known about their objects. It means the belief that there is but one set of thoughts which absolutely tell the truth about reality, and it means the claim to possess those thoughts, or the more essential part of them. If the word "scholastic" be objected to, let the word "classic" be employed. M. Boutroux's bugbear would then be the classic spirit, and he might be treated as a "romantic" in philosophy.

H. Taine has attributed the misfortunes of France in the revolutionary and Napoleonic periods to the rule of the classic spirit, with its trust in immutable principles and rigorously logical applications; but Taine himself, so far as his general view of man and nature went, cherished classic ideals. If we look back to his time, we find a different idea of the meaning of "Science" from that which the best investigators have now come to believe in. Taine, Berthelot, Renan, and the other great influencers of public opinion during the Second Empire, thought of science as an absolute dissipator of the mysteries of nature. It stripped reality naked of disguise, revealed its intimate structure, was destined to found a new morality and to replace religion. Its votaries were to be the high priests of the future, and the destinies of our planet were to be committed to their keeping. John Fiske's favorite word "de-anthropomorphization" serves as a good summary of this whole way of thinking.

Carried away by the triumphs of chemistry, physics, and mathematics, these men imagined that the frame of things was eternally and literally mechanical, and that truth was reached by abstracting from it everything connected with personality. Personal life is a mere by-product, it was said, and its categories, though we have to live in them practically, have no theoretic validity. At the present day, however, concepts like mass, force, inertia, atom, energy, are themselves regarded rather as symbolic instruments, like coördinates, curves, and the like, for simplifying our map of nature and guiding us through its jungle. But the whole undivided jungle, with our personal life and all, is the reality immediately given; and though it is given only in small bits at a time to any one, yet the whole content and quality of it is more completely real than that of any of those conceptual substitutes.

This was the central thesis of Professor Boutroux's lectures. Whereas the classic and scholastic tradition is that reality is above all the abstracted, simplified, and reduced, the inalterable and self-identical, the fatal and eternal, Boutroux took the diametrically opposite view. It is the element we wholly live in, it is what Plutarch's and Shakespeare's pages give us, it is the superabounding, growing, ever-varying and novelty-producing. Its real shape is biography and history, and its "categories," far from sterilizing our world for all purposes of living reason, keep fertilizing it infinitely. "Reason" is a term which Professor Boutroux rescues from its purely classic use of tracing identities, concealed or patent. It is for him the faculty of judgment in its widest sense, using sentiments and willingnesses, as well as concepts, as its

premises, and abounding in power, as everything else does, the more abundantly it is exercised.

The practical gist of his whole contention was that reality means novelty, elementary and genuine, and not merely apparent. For the classic rationalism, elementary novelty would be synonymous with Absolute Chance at the heart of things, and that is inadmissible. "Pure irrationalism and sentimentalism" would then be the verdict on Professor Boutroux's *Weltanschauung*. But Boutroux is above all things a liberal and mediating mind, and loves not harsh oppositions. If novelties came abruptly "out of whole cloth" and juxtaposed themselves to the existent, like dominoes against dominoes in a game, the world would be as bad a field of rattling bones as the "irreducible" categories and concepts of classical philosophy make it. Not chance, therefore, but "contingency," is the idea which Professor Boutroux prefers to work with; and by contingency he means the element of spontaneity which characterizes concrete human life—where the consciousness of the present is ever of *many* future possibilities, and contains always enough causality for either of them, when realized, to be regarded as its natural effect. Which *shall* be realized is meanwhile uncertain until our living reason makes its choice. Ever something new, but never anything entirely new. No literal imitation like that which is postulated as the "uniformity of nature," yet always imitation in the midst of the variation; and an "order" unlike that "logical" order, where the same comes only from the same, and which is all that mathematical science can imagine—an order satisfying other kinds of demand, and yet not disappointing the intellectual demand that the effect shall in *some* way grow out of and continue all that went before it.

In this sense the entities of science, the molecules or energies, and the equations that express their laws, are previous in reality only in the way in which "grams" and "metres" are, or only as a statue is previous in its rock. The creative touch of human reason was needed in each case for the extrication; and that those particular creations resulted rather than a hundred others just as possible, is one of those selective interactions between living minds and their environment which can be "understood" when once it has occurred, but which no acquaintance with the previous conditions can show to an outsider that it was the sole thing possible. Theories result from psychological variations, just as Roosevelts and Rockefellers result from biological variations. Both variations are adapted partly, and partly non-adapted. They change the world-situation and are changed by the world-situation; but the resultant new situation is always a unique one, and none but the agents of its production are in a position vitally to understand why or how it comes into being.

With such a view it would seem natural to interpret the non-human environment as enjoying also an interior life. Panpsychism of some kind, although the lecturer did not enter into that consequence, would seem, in other words, to be a rightful part of his system.

The great originality of M. Boutroux throughout all these years has been his firm grasp of the principle of interpreting the whole of nature in the light of that part of it with which we are most fully acquainted, namely, our own personal experience. The filling in of the picture will require endless research of detail, but the working direction, once given, cannot be easily forgotten; and it seems not unlikely that at a future not remote the whole earlier efforts to substitute a logical skeleton of as few "immutable" principles and relations as we can dissect out cleanly for the abounding richness and fertility of the reality we live in, and to call this skeleton the deeper truth, will seem an aberration. It is essentially a view of things from the outside, and knows nothing of how they *happen*. M. Boutroux has steadily called his generation to take the inside view of how things really happen.

Even less than I expected, have I followed his own order or language, but it is too late to re-write. Those readers who know something of present-day philosophy will recognize in my account the same call to return to the fulness of concrete experience, with which the names of Peirce, Dewey, Schiller, Höffding, Bergson, and of many minor lights are associated. It is the real empiricism, the real evolutionism, the real pluralism; and Boutroux (after Renouvier) was its earliest, as he is now its latest, prophet. It keeps us on cordial terms with natural life, and refuses to divorce our "philosophy" of men from the world of our bosoms and our business.

WILLIAM JAMES.

Harvard University.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In the *Nation* for May 9, 1909, the first part of the "Trial Bibliography of Colonial Virginia," by William Clayton-Torrence, published by the Virginia State Library, was noted. That first part ended with 1754, the latter part of the manuscript having been destroyed in a fire in the printing shop. The second part, coming down to 1776, has now been printed. Just 250 imprints are included. Except in a very few cases where copies of the books could not be located, lined titles are given, libraries possessing copies are indicated, and often some note as to the author, the contents of the book or tract, and its historical importance is added. Of especial interest are the several tracts relating to the so-called Walpole grant on the Ohio River, a business in which Franklin was interested; also the series of medical treatises, mostly in Latin by the Virginia graduates of the University of Edinburgh; and the tracts by Landon Carter, Richard Bland, and John Camm on the "Two-Penny Act" passed by the Virginia Assembly in 1758. Session Laws, Assembly Journals, and Almanacs supply many entries, as do also the issues of the *Virginia Gazette*, which are entered annually and the files of which, so far as known, are located.

The first New Hampshire Register, "Civil, Military, and Ecclesiastical Register of the Province of New Hampshire," Portsmouth, 1772, a little pamphlet of sixteen pages, giving a list of the Province and county officers, clergymen, officers of Dartmouth College, etc., brought $525 at the Stickney sale at C. F. Libbie & Co.'s in Boston, on March 23. Four copies are known, one imperfect. Mr. Manson's copy uncut, sold in the same auction room in 1899 for $33. Perhaps on account of the war no second Register was issued until 1787. Stickney's copy of this issue brought $9. The third Register, for 1788, the earliest seen by Sabin, brought only $6.50.

A number of interesting and valuable American books and pamphlets are included in the collection (partly from the library of Henry Clay), which the Merwin-Clayton Co. will sell on April 5 and 6. The first printed collection of the Laws of Kentucky (Lexington, John Bradford, 1799) and the earliest extant American printed Laws of Virginia (Williamsburg, William Parks, 1733) are perhaps the two most notable items. This latter book is not quite "the earliest surviving evidence of printing done in Virginia," as the catalogue states, though it may be the earliest procurable in the market by the present generation. The John Carter Brown Library possesses the only known copy of the earliest known Virginia imprint, "Typographia. An Ode on Printing," by John Markland, Printed at Williamsburg by William Parks in 1730; and several other pieces are extant printed there before 1733. There is evidence also that printing was actually carried on many years earlier. On February 21, 1682, John Buckner was called before Lord Culpeper and his council for printing the laws of 1680, and he and the printer, one William Nuthead, were put under bond of £100 "not to print anything hereafter, until his majesty's pleasure shall be known." Of this earliest printing in Virginia we have no further knowledge. We may once more reprint Gov. Sir William Berkeley's famous statement made in 1671: "I thank God we have not free schools nor printing; and I hope we shall not have these hundred years. For learning has brought disobedience and heresy and sects into the world; and printing has divulged them and libels against the government. God keep us from both."

When the new printing press was established at Williamsburg in 1730 by Parks it seems to have been largely through the assistance of William Gooch, Governor of Virginia, and the pamphlet "Typographia" mentioned above was, as the author states in his dedication to the Governor, "occa-

sioned by the setting up a Printing-Press in Williamsburg." William Parks had carried on a printing office in Annapolis. On February 1, 1728, he made proposals to print a collection of the Laws of Virginia, but the volume did not appear until 1732. It is a copy of this which is to be sold at auction next week. Clayton-Torrence notes nine other copies. Gilbert's copy sold in 1873 for $32.50 and Brinley's in March, 1880, for $20.50.

Books and pamphlets on the Stamp Act and the Revolution; books on Masonry and Anti-Masonry; a collection of manuscripts relating to the Republic of Texas; Burk's "History of Virginia" (1804-16), with the scarce fourth volume; and an autograph letter signed of Daniel Boone are other lots included in this sale.

Correspondence.

THE CARNEGIE FOUNDATION DEFENDED.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have watched with great interest the discussions in your columns and elsewhere of the recent changes in regard to the award of pensions by the Carnegie Foundation, but I have looked in vain for any defence whatsoever of those changes. That there should have been *some* adverse criticism was inevitable, but that all enlightened criticism should have been hostile is astounding when one dispassionately considers the situation.

Certainly no one can doubt that it was the sincere wish of Mr. Carnegie to further the cause of higher education in this country. Some tentative plan for the distribution of the funds had to be mapped out, but to expect any plan to have anticipated from the start all unseen difficulties and dangers is certainly requiring too much of limited human powers. This the framers of the plan in their wisdom understood, and the right was reserved to make *any* changes that experience might prove necessary or desirable. This reservation was clearly stated at the outset, and any ignoring of it by teachers is inexcusable.

Now, after four years' trial, it appears that the plan as originally undertaken cannot be carried out. The pension list has suddenly grown enormously, owing to causes that one would least expect. If institutions are inclined to take advantage of the situation and to try to divert the gift from its original purpose to the solving of local difficulties of administration, if teachers individually are inclined to follow the letter of the rules without any regard to the spirit and to claim a share of the spoils, the Foundation is in honor bound to stop such procedure straightway in order to safeguard its high purpose. This it has now attempted to do by removing the cause inherent in Rule II. If the pension list must be kept within fixed bounds, if curtailment must come, the directors have undoubtedly thrown the burden where it can best be borne; that is, upon the younger and more able-bodied members of the teaching profession.

One hears much of the ethical question involved in the sudden change. Some even go so far as to declare that there has been a breach of faith on the part of the directors of the Foundation. It is quite possible that some teachers have made plans on the basis of the old rule, but since the Foundation has again reserved the right to deal with individual cases, we may rest assured that all worthy claimants will meet with justice. It was stated by the directors in the beginning that pensions were to be awarded only to professors in colleges on the accepted list, again with the reservation of the right to deal with worthy cases elsewhere. According to the last report of the President, more than one-third of the professors now drawing pensions are from colleges *not* on the accepted list. No one, however, seems to have raised the ethical question here. To be sure, I do not recall having seen anywhere a word of praise for this admirable generosity, but I assume that silence has not been due to disapproval. In case the directors had seen fit to change Rule II merely by substituting fifteen years for twenty-five years' service, would the ethical aspect have been emphasized by the critics?

Another criticism often seen is that the Foundation shows a tendency to meddle with college affairs and that it is not safe for such large powers of coercion to be vested in an outside body. To me this power of control seems destined to bring great pressure for good upon our present loose educational system. The Foundation evidently from the first recognized that the best and most lasting results could be obtained by starting with institutions themselves. The lack of any general supervision over our higher education has led to shameful abuse, and to our national disgrace "colleges" and "universities" have been allowed to spring up everywhere with full authority for conferring academic and professional degrees. If the Carnegie Foundation will continue boldly to point out what a true college standard of scholarship shall be, if by its efforts some institutions shall be induced to raise their present low standards and others be forced to unmask their blatant hypocrisy, if this much alone shall be accomplished by the Foundation, its efforts in the cause of education will not be in vain. We have long needed some fearless, disinterested body to point out abuses in our present system, and this has been done in an effective manner for four years by the Foundation. The President has not hesitated to comment on any unseemly practice, whether it be political corruption at the University of Oklahoma or vulgar advertising at Harvard. The annual reports summarize in masterly fashion the actual condition of things, and sound advice is there given by a skilled educator for the remedying of flagrant abuses. It is hard to see wherein the danger to true education lies, so long as the Foundation is supervised by such a body as the present directors.

G. C. Scoggin.

University of Missouri, March 21.

A TEST OF ORTHODOXY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Let me contribute to the discussion of sectarianism in colleges the enclosed list of theological test-questions recently submitted to a professor of ancient languages in one of the oldest denominational colleges in Pennsylvania. The orthodoxy alone of this particular teacher (who is not a clergyman) had been called into question, and upon affirmative answers to these questions his further connection with the college was made to depend.

Morgan Barnes.

Ojai Valley, Cal., March 12.

Dear Professor X——:

You are asked to give categorical answers to the following questions:

(1.) Do you accept as scriptural the doctrine concerning God as taught in the answers to the fifth and sixth questions of the Shorter Catechism?

(a) "There is but one only, the living and true God."

(b) "There are three persons in the Godhead, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; and these three are one God, the same in substance, equal in power and glory."

(2.) Do you accept the testimony as to Christ's preëxistence and oneness with God, as set forth in the Gospel according to John, and in Paul's letter to the Philippians? John 1:1-8; Phil. 2:5-10.

(3.) Do you accept as historical the record concerning Christ's human birth, as given in Matthew 1:18-25; Luke, 1:26-35; Luke 2:1-20?

(4). Do you see in Jesus Christ not only the supreme revelation of God as through the highest and holiest of men, but view Him as God, "manifest in the flesh," as "the image of the invisible God," and "the effulgence of His Glory, and the very image of his substance," as set forth in the following Scriptures: 1 Timothy 3:16; Colossians 1:15-17; Hebrews 1:1-3?

(5.) Do you see in the life and death and resurrection and heavenly ministry of Christ God's method of redeeming humanity, and behold in the death of Christ the supreme sacrifice of love needed to bear away sin, and reconcile an estranged race unto God? 2 Cor. 5:18-21; Romans, 5:8-10.

(6.) Do you believe in the return to this earth of the exalted and glorified Saviour, who, according to His promise, will judge the living and the dead? Matthew 24:30-31; Matthew 25: 31-33.

ETYMOLOGY OF SLANG.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The volumes which have recently been added to the Century Dictionary contain (if the specimen sheets may be trusted) the following definition of the slang term *fan:*

[Said by some to be short for *fanatic*, but this implies a popular pronunciation fan'a-tic. Others associate the word with *fan*[1], which has various slang uses.] One who is very enthusiastic on the subject of athletic sports, especially baseball; one who haunts baseball grounds and baseball games; a baseball "fiend." [Slang.]

In what is here said about the implied popular pronunciation of *fanatic*, the etymologist seems to assume the following general principle; In the formation of a slang term by abbreviation, the first syllable of the original word will be selected only in case such syllable is accented. I venture to question the validity of this principle, and offer as evidence the following list, mainly drawn from the student vocabulary:

Original.	*Slang.*
gymnasium	gym
fraternity	frat
preparatory	prep
psychology	psych
semester	sem
condition	con
professor	prof
harharian	harb
οἱ πολλοί	poll
political economy	poly ec
plebeian	plebe
professional	pro
lieutenant	lieut
repuhlicans	reps

I may add as collateral evidence, "Die"

for Diana, as in Die Vernon. "Con" and "Prof" may have arisen from the written forms, but this cannot be true of all of the terms cited.

FRED NEWTON SCOTT.

Ann Arbor, Mich., March 21.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To describe Jane Austen in her own style, may it not be said that her preeminent qualities are reality and rectitude? Not long since I was impressed by the fact that the author's name seemed to express these or related qualities with surprising definiteness. It is well known that in daily life generalization commonly proceeds upon an unconscious basis. So I endeavored to find the source of the suggestion. It occurred to me that it lies in the similarity of the name to the word "austere," of which Austen might be regarded as a sort of softened, feminine form.

The question naturally followed, how far are we thus influenced, consciously or unconsciously, by the names of authors? That the name, at any rate, often contains the right suggestion is evidenced by the quizzical style of "Q.," the studiousness of Browning, the sombreness of Gray, the mildness of Lamb, the youthfulness of Suckling, the modesty of Lyly, the solidity of Dryden, the curiosity of Pepys, the subtle wit of Swift, the irony of Sterne, the madness of Chatterton, the commonsense of Johnson, the dictatorial mien of Pope, the rusticity of Cowper, the engaging style of Reade, the cumbrous weight of Drayton, the belligerency of Warburton, and the dreadful works of Strype.

ALBERT SCHUMAKER.

Leipzig, Germany, March 3.

GIBBON'S LIBRARY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Edward Gibbon, according to his literary executor, Lord Sheffield, had the "damned, parson-minded idea of leaving his books to be sold." Beckford, the author of "Vathek," purchased them for £950—"to have something to read when I passed through Lausanne," he says. "I shut myself up for six weeks from early in the morning, until night, only now and then taking a ride. The people thought me mad. I read myself nearly blind. I made a present of the library to my physician" (Dr. Schöll). According to a note in the appendix to George Birkbeck Hill's edition of Gibbon's "Memoirs," p. 339, Dr. Schöll sold half of it to an Englishman named Halliday, living in Switzerland, who, in 1876, gave it to a gentleman in Geneva. "The other half," according to Mr. Hill, "was dispersed by sale, 500 volumes going to an American University."

Can any reader inform me what American university is referred to? If Gibbon made marginal comments like Macaulay, it would be interesting to ascertain his observations.

JAMES WESTFALL THOMPSON.

University of Chicago, March 23.

Literature.

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

The Cambridge Modern History. Planned by the late Lord Acton, LL.D. Edited by A. W. Ward, Litt.D.; G. W. Prothero, Litt.D.; Stanley Leathes, M.A. Volume VI. The Eighteenth Century. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4 net.

The volume of this great work which now lies before us appears as the last but one of the whole series, and covers, broadly speaking, the period from the Peace of Utrecht to the outbreak of the French Revolution. It overlaps Vol. V a little in respect of India, the story of which it takes up from the days of Bábar, as well as in respect of some of the minor European countries. There are in it twenty-four chapters, the composition of twenty-four writers, some of whom, however, contribute more than one chapter, while some contribute only a part of a chapter, so that it is not a case of a different writer for each chapter. Six writers belong to the European Continent—Professors Daniels, Michael, and Hötzsch, who are Germans; Professors Schöllenberger and Hubert, who are Swiss, and M. Lemoine, who is French. Several appear in the series for the first time. The best known to the historical world of the United States are Sir Alfred Lyall, Dr. Adolphus W. Ward, Messrs. Armstrong and A. L. Smith of Oxford University, the late Mr. R. Nisbet Bain of the British Museum Library, and Mr. Dunlop, whose long-continued labors in the melancholy field of Irish history have had less general recognition than they deserve. All the chapters are done in the same thorough and business-like way to which we have become accustomed in previous volumes of the series; and in all there is the usual, or perhaps an even greater, abstention from any decorative embellishment of the plain unvarnished facts. Some of these chapters, however, along with the merit of a lucid and carefully exact narrative, present a philosophic appreciation of the forces at work and a discriminating judgment of the characters of the principal historical figures which make them interesting reading. We have nowhere met with a better account, in a concise form, of the policy and personal traits of the Empress Catherine the Second of Russia, than that given here by Professor Hötzsch.

No part of the volume is better done than the few pages in which Sir Alfred Lyall sketches the history of the Moghul Empire in India, singling out its conspicuous features and touching on the characters of the Emperors Bábar and Akbar, with a graphic terseness which makes us wish that he had written a history of this remarkable Asiatic dominion, instead of only one section in a chapter. The experiment made in allotting the career of the elder William Pitt (Lord Chatham), to a German professor, is justified by the intelligent grasp which Dr. Wolfgang Michaels shows both of Pitt's character and of the political situation in England as well as of the state of Europe generally, in the middle of the eighteenth century. The remainder of the chapter, which carries English political history down to 1793, although done with care, seems to want breadth in its presentation of the main currents, for the general features are lost in detailing ministerial changes and party intrigues.

But the most interesting parts of the volume are those which bring on the scene the three leading figures—so far as general European politics are concerned—of the eighteenth century, viz., Frederick II of Prussia, the Emperor Joseph II, and the Empress Catherine II of Russia. Each has a type of character so far from usual in monarchs that it may be described as being among the most striking features of the eighteenth century. These sovereigns were all reformers, in some directions even zealous reformers, ahead of their time; and for that reason just the persons whom the time needed. Each of them had able ministers, but each was abler than any of those ministers, and far more enlightened than the nobility which surrounded their thrones. How much reform there was in the atmosphere of that time appears in the fact that one discovers the propensity even in second or third-rate monarchs, such as Leopold of Tuscany, afterwards the Emperor Leopold the Second, in Stanislas Poniatovski of Poland, and in Christian VI of Denmark, not to mention the far more remarkable Gustavus the Third of Sweden. All these rulers, and notably the last, as well as the first three, were heartily autocratic. With reforms looking towards a more popular government, tney had no sort of sympathy. If they had needed any justification for their despotic attitude, they could have found it in the fact that political liberty would, in the first instance at least, have retarded reforms of the administrative and economic order. The nobility was everywhere hostile to any curtailment of its privileges; the masses of the people were unprepared for power, though already becoming restless, and showing by insurrections here and there throughout Europe their growing discontent.

To one who reviews the century as a whole, down to 1789, three things stand out, as giving it a character of its own. The first is the decay of that ancient organization of society, both legal and economic, which had come down comparatively little changed from the Middle Ages. The old privileges of the nobles, the old serfdom among the masses, the old systems of local government in cities and rural areas, were antiquat-

ed, but continued to stand because, though intelligent men felt them to be obsolete, there was no constructive force to put something else in their place. They would, doubtless, have crumbled away sooner, had not the preoccupation of men's minds with religious passions down to near the end of the seventeenth century helped to turn thought away from them. When religious strife ended, the defects of the old and outworn structure both of society and of the state itself began to be perceived.

The second feature was the emergence of an interest in economic progress, coupled with that revival of economic prosperity which the advent of a period of greater peace had brought. There were, indeed, almost incessant wars in Continental Europe during the century, yet none comparable for ruinous effect on internal prosperity to the Wars of Religion in France or to the Thirty Years War in Germany. The minds of men were now turned towards economic questions. Colonies and trade began to be deemed objects worth negotiating or fighting for, and legislation occupied itself, often, no doubt, in an ignorant and short-sighted way, with commercial questions.

The third was that attitude or tendency which the Germans call the Aufklärung, "a clearing up," which was also a "clearing off" of so many of the beliefs, theories, established doctrines, prejudices, and superstitions which had come down from the Middle Ages and covered the sky of theology, philosophy, politics, and economics. The spirit of free inquiry, and the critical methods which that spirit began to use, acted as a solvent on the whole preëxisting scheme of thought, and on the respect for existing institutions; even those institutions which did not visibly crumble away, were largely undermined, and ready to fall at the first shock. The age of such reforming monarchs as Frederick, Joseph, and Catherine was also the age of Voltaire, Bolingbroke, Montesquieu, Hume, Rousseau, Adam Smith, and the French Encyclopædists. The march of thought as it appeared in the writings of these and other leading intellectual forces kept pace with and sometimes ran beyond the process of disintegration in institutions and the unrest of the masses of the people. There were, of course, great differences between the speed with which one or other change moved onward in different countries. In England, the constitutional changes of the preceding century anticipated the political troubles which might otherwise have arisen, and it was only in Ireland and the North American Colonies of England that the spirit of unrest became formidable. In Spain and Italy the power of the church had maintained a torpid acquiescence in existing conditions. But everywhere else the materials for trouble could be discerned. In the Belgian provinces of the Hapsburgs from one cause, and in their kingdom of Hungary from another, such troubles broke out. In France, externally less disturbed than some of the other countries, the solvent forces of opinion had been working on the largest scale, and it was in France that when the moment for an explosion came, the explosion was most terrible, shaking and rending the whole European Continent. So we may call the eighteenth century the Century of Preparation, as the nineteenth has been that of Destruction and Reconstruction, that in which the political changes towards which Europe had been long slowly ripening were carried through. The influence of the revolt of the American colonies was, it need hardly be said, profoundly important, not only in accelerating the revolution in France, but in its influence on opinion everywhere.

Reverting to the men of the eighteenth century, it is a noteworthy fact that among them we discover, except in America in the person of George Washington, no figure that can be called heroic. The seventeenth century presents not a few striking and impressive persons, some of whom, like Gustavus Adolphus and Oliver Cromwell, have certain heroic attributes. These are not wholly wanting in Henry IV of France and John Sobieski, to whom might perhaps be added Wallenstein. So the nineteenth century has had some men unquestionably of heroic mould. But the temper and spirit of the eighteenth did not breed heroes. With all his splendid gifts of intelligence and will, Frederick II of Prussia is an unattractive, almost a repellent, personality. Perfidious and cold-hearted, it is only in the nation which he raised to a place in the front rank that his talents can secure pardon for his faults. For a hero, even in the Carlylean sense, he offers material hardly better than does Voltaire. The vices of the German-born Catherine of Russia were dissimilar, but even more ignoble. The evidence of her complicity in her husband's death is, no doubt, almost as strong against Mary Stuart of Scotland as is the evidence against Catherine of her privity to the murder of Peter III, and Darnley was not, like Peter, on the point of murdering or divorcing the wife who anticipated him. Yet Mary has still admirers who deem her a heroine. She had a winning grace and a dignity which will make her, with her misfortunes, forever a child of romance. Catherine had no such charms and no one will make a romantic heroine of her. Gheat abilities and a resolute purpose prevented her defects from ruining, but not from degrading, her career.

The Emperor Joseph the Second, though intellectually inferior to the two last-named rulers, was a man of great talent and of better natural impulses than either of them. He was not so faithless: he had a heart. He loved truth and light. He was a friend, if not of civil liberty, yet of equal civil rights and of religious toleration. His failure through overhaste and want of judgment in the choice of means, to carry out the reforms he had projected, makes him one of the most pathetic among royal figures, and with one exception the only interesting person in the long line of the later Hapsburgs. That exception is his mother. Maria Theresa had something of the heroic in her. Without shining abilities, she had a fresh, strong, genial nature which won for her the devotion of her subjects and makes her still a living creature to us, redeeming the dulness of Vienna by a sort of loftiness and a sense of honor which the other monarchs of her time wanted. When one thinks of those monarchs, of the unscrupulousness of Frederick and Catherine, of the selfish profligacy of Louis XV, of such lethargic or sordid creatures as Anne and Elizabeth of Russia, Christian VI of Denmark, Philip V of Spain, and the first two English Georges, one is less surprised at the popularity which George III obtained during his earlier years in England. Compared to the other kings of his time, and of the time just before, he seemed an exemplary head of his nation.

We have little space left in which to refer to the last chapters of the volume which present a survey of the field of thought and literature. Chapter xxiii, on English political thought, takes up the subject with Hobbes, and carries it down to Bentham and Edmund Burke. There are many clever remarks, but the treatment is unsatisfying. Nor can English thought be dealt with apart from such great writers of the European Continent as Vico, Leibnitz, and Montesquieu. It is particularly strange that we find no treatment of the author of the "Esprit des Lois," whose work was for the field of critical and philosophic history possibly more significant than that of any other serious writer of the century, except Kant. Though himself uncritical in his way of accepting and using data, Montesquieu is, in a sense, one of the founders of the modern scientific method of handling historical and social materials. He marks a new departure.

The last chapter deals with the Romantic movement in Europe. In beginning far back, with Thomson's "Seasons," it does well: there was an undercurrent of feeling for nature and the natural even under the sway of Pope. It is, however, hardly possible to cover in fifteen pages this immense subject within the range of which fall so many splendid and powerful writers, among whom Goethe, Schiller, Wordsworth, Burns, Scott, Coleridge, Rous-

seau, and Chateaubriand are only the most famous. The central point of the movement is placed in Rousseau. The subject, moreover, is too subtle, too full of varying and interlacing currents of thought and feeling, to be adequately treated by an enumeration of the contributions of different poets or thinkers. Nevertheless, this enumeration has its value. It sets the reader thinking, and makes him look in places where he hardly expected them for streams tributary to the great current of influence which was carrying men's minds and tastes in one sense back to earlier times, but in another and more important sense into a new world, equally unlike the Middle Ages and the centuries that had followed them.

CURRENT FICTION.

A Modern Chronicle. By Winston Churchill. New York: The Macmillan Co.

It was nearly two years ago that the *Nation* welcomed, in "Mr. Crewe's Career," a marked advance in the mood and the art of a writer whose early novels had seemed to owe their great popularity to the fact that they showed little literary achievement or even promise. We noted that his style was still "without distinction, and often slovenly." But we noted also the absence of his early crudeness and pretentiousness, and the presence of a "ripened and admirable humor." In "A Modern Chronicle" (is the initial C an accident or a fetich with this author?) a still further development is apparent. Mr. Churchill's style can no longer be accused of slovenliness. These five hundred pages are clear of the blundering syntax to which, hitherto, the novelist has seemed cheerfully indifferent. Perhaps he has found an editor; but the supposition seems hardly necessary in view of other indications of Mr. Churchill's steady growth in power both of conception and of execution. "A Modern Chronicle" falls little short of distinction in either respect.

Its theme is that which has so anxiously engaged the attention of the novel-writing public during the past decade—the American marriage. Mr. Herrick, Mrs. Wharton, Mrs. Ward, Mr. Phillips—how assiduous they have been in turning the fateful exhibit this way and that, displaying it in all lights, and in quite all shadows, that we might not deceive ourselves as to its form and vesture. Mr. Churchill's present heroine, Honora Leffingwell, conforms pretty closely to the accepted type. She represents, that is, the sort of woman whom our contemporary chroniclers incline to accept as representative. Honora's Southern blood endows her with an air, but her face is set toward New York from the cradle: she is the feminine seeker for the centre of the whirlpool, where she fancies happiness is to be found coincident with the extremes of wealth and fashion. Her father has been a worthless snob and parasite, and an inherited tendency to calf-worship sets her in the wrong path. The right path and the right happiness await her in a quiet St. Louis home, but she does not see them. She marries the first New Yorker who proposes himself, an inherently vulgar person who cannot even give her the life of wealth and fashion she has expected. However, a man of the exclusive set is presently attracted by her, and through him she attains the social goal. Of course, he makes love to her in due course, but it is to another man of similar type that she eventually succumbs. This Hugh Chiltern is rather the least real person in the story—too much the dark villain-hero of conventional romance. Honora gets a Western divorce, so that she may give herself to him, and finds herself cut by "society," which chances to apply a spasmodic scruple to the special instance. Hence much humiliation for the pair, and a beginning of estrangement, destined to be unfulfilled by the lucky accident—or semi-suicide—which cuts him off. Honora becomes a refugee in Paris, and it is not till some years later that she is found and brought to life by the man she should have married in the first place.

By no means a startling plot; but handled with a touch so quiet and firm, a humor so unforced and pervading, as to assure the reader of a satisfaction rarely experienced in the somewhat turbulent field of the American social novel. Mr. Churchill is still a young man. He does not give in to the temptation of over-production, and each of his recent books has shown an increased maturity and power: we shall expect better and better things of him in the future.

The Shoulder-Knot. By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. New York: Cassell & Co.

A story based upon a fairly effective idea of the Jekyll-Hyde order, but hopelessly injured by its affectation of manner. The author seems determined to say nothing naturally. One cannot reasonably be taken aback that the heroine is pictured as "that rare thing—a perfectly lovely woman"; rarity in that kind is stranger in truth than in fiction. But when, a few moments after our introduction to her, we overhear her announcing to a maiden aunt: "I would mate with a mountain, or with the sea in storm; nothing calmer could hold me for long," we perceive that we have to deal with no ordinary Helen. On the heels of this announcement the predestined stranger appears. "The new-comer struck seriousness into the tinkling day; he infused drama, he was eloquent of weariness, desire, and struggle. He came from cities, from violence of living; he held no part with the good-tempered hills, with the little, lightly breaking waves, with the bells of silly sheep, and the song of June birds all afire with nesting-time." In short, he will serve: though not a mountain or a sea in storm, he has his advantages—being a poet with a familiar small devil that perches upon his shoulder and is half-visible at times to all observers. The perfectly lovely one has misgivings, but accepts him as her mate. The familiar thereafter increases his power. He turns out to represent an habitual "Sin of Sight"—an obsession which causes the poet to see foul images in all things visible, and which drives him to describe them in his verses. At length even the features of his wife and child seem repulsive to him, and he is halted on the verge of murder and suicide only by a lucky stroke of lightning which blinds and frees him. The conception is not without force of its grewsome kind—a kind which demands, however, the utmost simplicity and sincerity of treatment.

Thurston of Orchard Valley. By Harold Bindloss. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Fiction of the Canadian "bush," a comparatively new product, has followed pretty closely thus far the traditions of the British colonial novel. It has been content to deal, with due allowance for local conditions and "color," with the old material. The hero is almost invariably the fine young Englishman, the younger son or the disinherited, who comes to conquer the new life by virtue of blood and breeding. Heroically he takes the axe or crowbar in hand—that hand which becomes so piteously hardened and roughened to the eye of the spectator from home. Dauntlessly, with his own legs, he threads the pathless wild on his predestined way to wealth and the Finest Girl in the Northwest.

Mr. Bindloss is here, not for the first time, satisfied with the rehearsal of this simple but effective parable. His hero is the reigning "Thurston of Crosbie Ghyll" in the old North Country—"like his grandfather, roughed out of the old hard whinstane he is," according to the testimony of his tenants and hereditary subjects. He comes of a race of fighting, drinking, cattle-reiving squires. His acres go to pay for unprofitable mining ventures on the estate; and he makes for Canada, after being jilted by the mercenary maiden of his choice. He has studied engineering, but finds no use for his knowledge in the Northwest, and passes through a rough apprenticeship in logging camps and on the road. At last he stumbles upon a little contract which paves the way for his success as an engineer. The Canadian girl for whom, when once he has glimpsed her, his labors are, is understood to be uncommonly beautiful and virtuous,

though to the casual eye she appears remarkably like a vixen. At all events, young Thurston is pleased with her, and in the end carries her off with complacency. The narrative is adorned with the familiar gloss of treason and stratagem on the part of predestined adversaries in love and affairs.

The House of Mystery. By Will Irwin. New York: The Century Co.

We are not quite convinced by the character of Mr. Norcross, the railway magnate, who from his office window gazes down sentimentally upon a grave in the churchyard of old Trinity, and who is the easy victim of a clairvoyant in matters sentimental and financial. Nor does Mr. Bulger, his young friend, seem to be quite consistently drawn. Perhaps, too, Rosalie Le Grange, the humble medium, talks too much, while she is rescuing the heroine from the toils of the greater medium, and incidentally also freeing the railway magnate. Apart from these blemishes the story that centres in Mr. Irwin's mysterious house is captivatingly ingenious. High finance, spookish revelations, a fading heroine, a bold lover, a specious rascal, an honest charlatan, all surrounded by an atmosphere highly charged with what New York is coming to signify in fiction—what more could be desired of a novel meant for quick reading?

THE POETICS.

Aristotle on the Art of Poetry: A Revised Text with Critical Introduction, Translation, and Commentary. By Ingram Bywater, Honorary Fellow of Exeter and Queen's Colleges, Oxford. New York: Henry Frowde. $5.25 net.

Mr. Bywater's eagerly awaited edition of the "Poetics" is what was to be expected from the critical and austere scholarship of the editor of Heraclitus. Its strength lies in the constitution of the text, the illustration of usage, and the criticism of single passages rather than in the broad literary interpretation of the whole. A translation, to be sure, is grudgingly added "in conformity to a custom perhaps better honored in the breach"; there are conscientious notes on all debated points of æsthetic or literary theory, and an appendix quotes fifty-seven definitions of *catharsis* in chronological sequence from 1527 to 1899. But the editor's heart is not in these things. He "cannot repress a suspicion that if Aristotle could come back to life again, he would be surprised to find how large a meaning we are able to read into some of his more incidental utterances." And we cannot suppress a suspicion that Aristotle's editor feels more interest in discussing "the relation between the MS. known as Ac and the Renaissance MSS, and the value of the Greek readings which are, or are believed to be, recoverable from the Arabic version." In these discussions Mr. Bywater displays a profound knowledge of the history of the Aristotelian text and of the work of the older commentators, Italian, French, English, and German. He does not seem to have studied with equal care the literature of the past decade. He is apparently unacquainted with Finsler's "Platon und die aristotelische Poetik." He does not refer to Knoke's "Begriff der Tragoedie nach Aristoteles," and he has little to say of the problems with regard to the history of the drama suggested by chapters iii to v of the "Poetics." But, taken all in all, he has produced the most valuable commentary with which we are acquainted, and the English student who can afford to own both this book and Butcher's "Aristotle's Theory of Poetry and Fine Art" may spare himself the study of the voluminous German literature on the subject.

Into the detail of the commentary it is clearly impossible to enter. A comparison of the two translations would be very instructive. They differ only in points where divergence of opinion is permissible, the chief errors in Butcher's first version having been eliminated in succeeding editions. There is space only to compare their renderings of the famous definition of tragedy. Butcher's version runs:

> Tragedy, then, is an imitation of an action that is serious, complete, and of a certain magnitude; in language embellished with each kind of artistic ornament, the several parts being found in separate parts of the play; in the form of action, not of narrative, through pity and fear, effecting the proper purgation of these emotions.

Mr. Bywater translates:

> Tragedy, then, is the imitation of an action that is serious, and also *as having magnitude* complete in itself; in language with pleasurable accessories, each kind brought in separately in the parts of the work; in a dramatic, not a narrative form; with incidents arousing fear and pity, wherewith to accomplish *its* catharsis of such emotions.

On both the points which we have italicized, we think that Professor Butcher is more nearly right. In σπουδαίας καὶ τελείας μέγεθος ἐχούσης, the participle does not explain τελείας, but adds another item. In 1450 b 24-5, and still more clearly ib. 35-6, Aristotle explicitly tells us that completeness, wholeness, order, may exist without the magnitude essential to æsthetic impressiveness. For the possessive use of τήν (its), Mr. Bywater cites Kühner's grammar. But obviously, where a defining or specifying genitive follows, the article presumably refers to that. And Mr. Bywater offers nothing to defeat this presumption except his belief that τήν is intended to remind us of other forms of purgation mentioned in the "Politics." We do not need this interpretation in order to reach his sound conclusion that "such emotions" need not, on the one hand, be limited to fear and pity, or, on the other, be extended to include all emotions. That "such" may mean the "aforesaid" in Greek is no proof that it must always have that meaning. Aristotle probably used "such" because he did not wish to limit himself to pity and fear, but intended to include, more or less vaguely, associated and cognate feelings.

In the interpretation of *catharsis*, Mr. Bywater, as was to be expected, insists on the rigor of the philological game. Medical purgation is meant, and the genitive relates to the thing purged away, and not to the purified residuum. And if this were a subject for that kind of precision, he would undoubtedly be right. But it is not and never will be possible to express in a formula the total emotional effect of tragedy. And even the author of a vigorous and rigorous theory of the matter may lapse from consistency, as his commentators invariably will, unless they are mere philologists. "Purgation" is, in fact, "purification," and the two ideas are combined in Plato's use of *catharsis*. In the "Politics," Aristotle undoubtedly emphasizes the mere relief, or alleviating discharge; but we need not assume that he wrote the "Poetics" with that page of the "Politics" open before him, or that he ever worked the theory out in a complete and consistent statement either in the last part of the eighth book of the "Politics," as Finsler thinks, or in the lost second book of the "Poetics," as Mr. Bywater assumes. As a matter of fact, music and poetry both relieve and purify or exalt feeling. The equivocal word *catharsis* may express both meanings, and it is neither possible nor necessary to decide how far they were blended and confused in Aristotle's mind as he wrote this sentence. We may only be sure that no philologian will ever succeed in forcing the rigid and exclusive meaning upon poetic and literary students of Aristotle. Even if they begin with mere purgation, they will always slip back into Browning's interpretation:

> . . . . Small rebuked by large,
> We felt our puny hates refine to air,
> Our poor prides sink, prevent the humbling hand,
> Our petty passions purify their tide.

Sir Philip Sidney. By Percy Addleshaw. New York: G. P. Putnam's sons. $3.50 net.

An extraordinary book. The first impression is that it is the work of a mere amateur. Paragraphs without number are to be found which violate all rules as to unity and sequence, while the repetitions are so constant and so manifestly due to ignorance of composition as to exasperate the reader. Thus,

for instance, Sidney's manner of writing the "Arcadia" is described on page 342 and again at page 351, and of the two the last passage should precede, if both must be retained; Sidney's opinion of his novel is given on page 342 and repeated on page 350, etc., etc. There are many literary illustrations and parallels, often dragged in, as it seems, to impress one with the extent of the author's reading, and with about the same relation to the subject as epic similes to the main action. For example, while talking about Sidney's sister, the author suddenly introduces a two-page paragraph about Horace Walpole, giving some account of Walpole's life, his relations to Gray and Garrick, the apparent object being merely to refer to Walpole's opinion of Sidney. The climax of the absurdity is that this opinion does not refer to the Countess of Pembroke or the "Arcadia" at all.

Unfortunately, this impression that the author is seriously defective in scholarly knowledge, suggested as it is by his style, is deepened by a closer examination of the material. The treatment of Sidney's literary work and of his relations to other men of letters is far from satisfactory. He takes for granted a liaison with Lady Rich, and shows bad taste in the manner in which he writes about it. Even more unsatisfactory is the treatment of the "Defense of Poesy." He repeats that he sees no connection between it and Gosson's "School of Abuse," that the quarrel "will never be understood"; that Spenser's reference to Gosson's dedication ("was for his labour scorned") is not to be comprehended; that the whole quarrel is "abysmally unintelligible." Yet a careful reading of Gregory Smith's introduction to his "Elizabethan Critical Essays," of Professor Cook's edition of the "Defense," or a knowledge of the attack of the Puritans on poetry and romances, or some familiarity with the conventional Elizabethan "complaint" as to the "low state of poetry" as shown in Spenser's "Teares of the Muses" and in dozens of other places, would have rendered the matter anything but "abysmally unintelligible." Wholly absurd, too, is the suggestion (page 360) that Gosson dedicated his work to Sidney as a huge and insulting joke because Sidney was a known patron of the arts. Of course, it was nothing of the sort. Sidney was more or less identified with Puritanism; Gosson represented a phase of the Puritan attack on poetry; and mistakenly thought that by such a dedication he would please Sidney for his zeal and would gain social standing for his cause.

But if the occasion which gave rise to the "Defense" is "abysmally unintelligible" and a matter which "will never be understood," Mr. Addleshaw possesses a fund of information about the Areopagus that will excite keenest envy in the hearts of those who wish that the problems presented by this organization, if organization it were, could be settled. He speaks frequently of its meetings, seemingly as though it were a college literary society; it was at "the meetings of the Areopagus," we are told, that Philip and Spenser "became really intimate"; a rival society was started, and the members of the two societies "abused one another with hearty good will"; Spenser was churlish to object to Ireland, since there he had as good talk "as that afforded at meetings of the Areopagus."

About Spenser, too, he has much to say. The prose tract on the state of Ireland calls forth his righteous indignation; he reiterates his opinion that it is "one of the nastiest contributions ever made to English literature." On this, of course, Mr. Addleshaw has a right to his opinion; indeed, his view, unfortunately, as we think, is the conventional one. Yet Spenser's tract merely expresses a theory of government common in the Elizabethan period; it is no worse than that other much misunderstood document, Machiavelli's "Il Principe"; it only stresses what was the truth, that if Ireland had to be subdued, it were more merciful to the unfortunate people to do the job thoroughly and once for all and so clear the way for constructive policies; and it phrases the conception of the relation of the government to a rebellious colony always maintained by the English, even to the modern days of Indian problems and the Boer war, and maintained by the American Government in the last campaigns of the civil war and in the reduction of the Philippines. Why, then, this hue and cry about Spenser's essay on statesmanship, so expressive of the genius of the race? But to Mr. Addleshaw, this tract damns Spenser forever. "Beautiful as were his dreams and his verses, his life was querulous and not at all beautiful"; yet, "apart from his merits as a poet, he appears to have been a worthy man"; this notwithstanding that his tract on Ireland is "one of the nastiest contributions to English literature"; while the conclusion of the whole matter is that "there is really little to admire in Spenser as a man." After a school-boy blunder by which he confuses the Rosalinde of the "Shepheards Calender" and the Elizabeth of the "Amoretti" (page 269), he speaks of the "Epithalamium" as a poem "of great beauty" and continues, with utter inconsequence, "One cannot help thinking that Spenser was a difficult and even unpleasant man to deal with."

There are many errors in proof-reading, the most noticeable among them being peculiarly unfortunate in that they are proper names. Thus he speaks of James's rage at the allusions to his mother under the pseudonym "Dunessa" (page 270); "Bastia" occurs for "Bestia" in the title to Bruno's satire (page 199); Spenser is said to have lived at "Kilcoltman castle" (page 268); and we also find "Yorrick" (page 160), and "Eupheses" (Euphues) (page 163).

In a word, the book is badly arranged, inaccurate, viciously padded, and the best comment on it is to be found in the words which Mr. Addleshaw applies to Sidney: "He might indeed have thought more and written less with advantage." We have dealt with it at length because it is an example, although exaggerated in its faults, of a whole class of British writers who are inundating the market with amateurish biographies.

The Last King of Poland. By R. Nisbet Bain. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3 net.

Probably no Englishman had a better knowledge of the history of Northeastern Europe than the late assistant librarian of the British Museum, R. Nisbet Bain. He was well equipped in his knowledge of the Slavic and Scandinavian languages, active in scholarly research, and possessed of lively historical imagination. His posthumous volume on Poland is as sound as his previous works on Russia and Sweden. It is more than a biography of Stanislaus Poniatowski. It is a history of Poland in the eighteenth century and an analysis of the causes of her fall. Nowhere else in English can there be found a better description of the helplessness of the old Polish Diet, the violence and extravagance of the old Polish nobility, and the poverty and apathy of the peasantry.

This account of the First Partition is valuable, because heretofore the commonly accepted authorities (Beer, Sorel, Koser, and the volume in the Russian Sbornik) are from the diplomatic point of view of Poland's neighbors. Poor Poniatowski has hitherto flitted as a mere ghost behind the diplomatic network, but Mr. Bain makes him a man of real flesh and blood. Both before and after the First Partition he sincerely wanted real reforms in Poland which should check the increasing anarchy and save the republic from the designs of Frederick II and Catherine II. He desired to abolish the *liberum veto* and the right of "confederation" which was equivalent to the right to proclaim civil war. He wanted adequate taxes to support an organized army. And he did not wish to put the Dissenters, as Catherine insisted he should, on an equal footing with the Roman Catholics. For, as he wrote to his adored Madame Geoffrin, if this were done, "I can see nothing but a St. Bartholomew's Eve for the Dissenters and a harvest of Ravaillacs for myself. The Empress would make of my royal mantle a robe of

Nessus." That he could have completely succeeded in his attempts at reform is perhaps doubtful, in view of the fact that, six months before his election as King of Poland, Catherine and Frederick had cynically and selfishly signed a solemn secret treaty *not* to allow any of the needed reforms to be made. The treaty of April, 1764, the terms of which as far as they affected Poland were mainly dictated by Catherine and not by Frederick, is the real starting point and ultimate cause of the First Partition eight years later. If Poniatowski, even with such odds against him, had stood firm for reform, he might, so Mr. Bain thinks, have secured some improvements in Poland and possibly even averted the partition. But it was his weakness of character, and Catherine's knowledge of that weakness, which made it possible for her to pursue that reckless policy of interference which led to the partition and eventually to the extinction of Poland. He had not the courage to oppose her vigorously either in diplomacy or by force of arms when she made him her political catspaw in the interests of Russia. Nor was he willing to abdicate. His incurable optimism led him to fancy that, somehow, everything would come right in the end. After the disaster of the First Partition he made sporadic attempts to secure reforms in the constitution and be worthy the name of king, but he achieved no real and permanent successes. The best that can be said of him is that he "meant well," but like so many weak persons who mean well, he could, as Mr. Bain says, "always produce a thousand excellent reasons for going to the devil." He trod too lightly the primrose path of dalliance at a period when Poland needed a great leader to save her from the greed of her neighbors and the folly of her own magnates.

Romanticism, and the Romantic School in Germany. By Robert M. Wernaer. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2 net.

The frequent and just reproach that literary studies, whether historical or purely critical, lack fundamental brainwork cannot be brought against Dr. Wernaer's book on the German romantics. His pages are steeped in reflection, and though his thinking is not always entirely clear or pertinent in detail, he has firm hold of a central purpose. That purpose is to portray the character and illustrate the failure of pure romanticism, but to plead for it as a constant element in the humanistic art, not only of the past, but of the future.

In this undertaking, Dr. Wernaer is hampered both by the choice of his illustrative material and by the limitations which he has imposed upon himself. He sternly excludes from his survey Hoffmann and Kleist, Uhland and Heine; for these were only followers of the original school, mere *Epigonen* of the pure doctrine of the *Frühromantik!* As a matter of historical fact, this view has, no doubt, an element of truth. But for Dr. Wernaer's thesis, the resultant method is unfortunate, since it wholly neglects the element of personality. A given doctrine depends not only for its effectiveness, but even, in a sense, for its truth, upon the quality of the men whose minds it conquers. Hence to judge the romantic movement by Wackenroder or Tieck or even Novalis is to do it but rude justice. For these writers, interesting enough in their degree, possessed no commanding gifts of either reflection or creation, and to compare them, as Dr. Wernaer does, to Shelley and Keats and Byron, is to play somewhat recklessly with literary values. The German romantics strove after the expression of universal ideas and universal values, the English romantics, at their best, achieved it.

But we do not hold a brief for romanticism. The pure pageantry of dreams has lost its charm, and seems to us, often enough, meaningless and tawdry. The great romantics all transcended it. Those who, like Hugo and Swinburne, did not, live on only as masters of an exquisite but cloying music. And therefore, Dr. Wernaer is right in pointing toward an art in which romanticism is to be but one element. This art—which he calls humanistic—shall be romantic in its richness, freedom, and variety; classic in its sanity, severity, and restraint.

In this prophetic description of the art of the future, Dr. Wernaer neglects the most potent literary force since the rise of romance. Nor is it easy to account for this neglect. For in romanticism itself lay the seeds of realism and naturalism. It is the romantic, not the classic, artist for whom "the visible world exists," and to whom that visible world ends by assuming a painful, but resistless fascination; it is romantic art that discarded, in every modern literature, the typical, generalizing adjective, and, seeking to express the specific quality, the unique aspect, forged the vocabulary of naturalism. The founders of modern realism were all children of the romantic movement. Flaubert wrote not only "Mme. Bovary," but "Salammbo"; Ibsen prophesied in "Peer Gynt," before he preached in "The Pillars of Society"; Zola bewailed the irrepressible romanticism in his own heart. It is because he ignores the ruling literary passion of half-a-century that Dr. Wernaer fails to formulate a sounder doctrine, a more illuminating hope. Not in any vague "obedience to the laws of human life" lies the coming humanistic art, but in the wringing of a new and spiritual beauty from that unflinching honesty of observation which the practice of the great naturalists has revealed.

It is quite clear, however, from what has been said, that Dr. Wernaer's book stimulates the reader to close reflection upon the essentials of literature. And this admirable quality leads one to look forward with interest to other studies from the same hand. But it is to be hoped that in these he will still further revise his text and purge his pages of the many unfortunate Teutonisms which still disfigure them.

Notes.

"The Undesirable Governess," the last of the three novels, by Marion Crawford, left unpublished at the time of his death, is announced by the Macmillans for early in April.

"The Political Theories of Martin Luther," by Luther Hess Waring, is announced by the Putnams.

The annual report of Henry Marcel, director of the Bibliothèque Nationale, published in the *Journal Officiel*, records additions during the past year of 6,079 books and pamphlets, 152,000 periodicals and newspapers, and 7,316 pieces of music; besides 9,547 foreign books, 71,000 foreign reviews and newspapers, 5,500 gift volumes, 347 manuscripts, 529 Greek and Roman coins, 457 engraved gems (the bequest of J. C. Séguin), and 7,980 prints.

"Everything means something, and that something involves our work and destiny," says F. C. Hubbard in the preface to his "Through Library Windows" (Broadway Publishing Co.); and so, in all probability, this book has some latent significance. One emerges at the last page intellectually untroubled, but drenched as with a soft rain of amiable emotion precipitated over "nature, literature, art, and experience." The author tells us what he possesses: a Colonial mansion midway between Boston and New York; a large collection of books and pictures selected and arranged with exquisite taste; a lot 200x400 feet in dimensions containing a river and a wilderness of trees, flowers, and birds; a ripe culture and "a conscious sense of the beautiful." "From the first," he says, "I was keenly susceptible to rich emotions and ecstasies and tears." He writes of all these things very joyously in a mood of staccato revery, sometimes naming his poetical delights with an almost Whitmanian accuracy, sometimes falling into curious grammatical and rhetorical faults—on the whole, suggesting a rather unhappy stylistic medium between that of Richard Jefferies and that of Horace Traubel. Probably the book will make the right kind of reader feel very good and very happy.

"George Meredith, A Primer to the Novels," is the ambiguous compliment in 403 pages, paid by James Moffatt (Hodder & Stoughton) to the so-called Browning of prose fiction. The busy, indolent, or unathletic mind may now master the plots of all the stories without reading any of them. Why those competent to go beyond the primer should need to begin with it is not easy to understand, unless it be intended, like the Lambs' "Tales from Shakespeare," for the very young. Certainly, to have given any occasion for a "primer" re-

flects terribly upon a novelist, who, we are assured, was an "artist to the finger-tips." The necessity of such a book granted, however, Mr. Moffatt's offering is entirely praiseworthy. His long critical introduction is generally well-balanced, appreciative, and well-written. It is also a pleasure to note that he has apparently read Thomas Love Peacock, an advantage not enjoyed by every critic of Meredith. He presents the plot of each novel clearly and succinctly, and supplies brief, useful annotations on dates, sources, parallels, purple passages, and the like. As a further grace, the book is admirably printed at the Edinburgh Press, on excellent paper with wide margins; it opens readily as a book should; and it is of a most agreeable physical lightness.

In his "Roger Williams: a Study of the Life, Times, and Character of a Political Pioneer" (Grafton Press), Edmund J. Carpenter shows himself a man of candid spirit, broad culture, and well versed in the lore of the period with which he deals. While doing full justice to the virtues and services of his hero, he sets down fairly the limitations of his character and the shortcomings of his long and active career. The estimate of Roger Williams is eminently just; each point, whether of blame or praise, is satisfactorily illustrated from the documents. The defect of the book is a certain absence in parts of good proportion. Such reprobates as Sir Christopher Gardiner, Thomas Morton, and Philip Ratcliffe surely deserve no extended mention in such a sketch; and, on the other hand, the friendship of Roger Williams with Henry Vane, fruitful as it was of good to Rhode Island, and, indeed, in a marked way, of good to humanity in general, should certainly have received more extended treatment. In view of the brief and cursory way in which Mr. Carpenter considers the relations of Roger Williams and Vane, it is fortunate that we have in the same year the special discussion of that memorable intimacy in the "Roger Williams and Sir Henry Vane" of the Rev. Dr. H. M. King. The latter book is a useful supplement to Mr. Carpenter's volume, which, though open to stricture in the way indicated, is nevertheless a work entitled to high praise.

The security of Britain and her oversea dominions has been engaging attention for some years. Public concern, at least in the British Empire, in the question is increasing, and at the Imperial Conferences held in London during the past summer it was much discussed. A volume of special interest in this connection is the recent work of P. A. Silburn, entitled "The Colonies and Imperial Defence" (Longmans.) Mr. Silburn, a member of the Legislative Assembly of Natal, is a colonial who is thoroughly familiar with the views and feelings of the citizens of one of Britain's important self-governing dominions, and hence his contribution to the general discussion of Imperial defence merits consideration. A few of the more significant chapter titles are: The Navy and the Colonies, The Empire—The Army, The Political Element in Defence, The Eastern Factor, An Imperial Council of Defence, and, Wanted—An Imperial Defence Policy. The author, after briefly outlining the territorial and political expansion of the British Empire, devotes a chapter to The Component Parts of Empire, in which, in addition to other facts, he summarizes the defence resources of each individual dependency. Apropos of the problem of defence is his treatment of the thorny question respecting colonial contributions to the British navy. He mentions the increasing popularity in the colonies of the axiom that "a navy of present or future strength is the requisite of England alone, be she the possessor of colonies or not; and, therefore, the colonies should no more be called upon to contribute to this navy than they should contribute to the London County Council." The policy favoring independent colonial navies, assiduously advocated by many colonial statesmen, is finding support in certain quarters in the United Kingdom. Mr. Silburn, therefore, would give a more literal rendering to the prefix "Royal" as applied to England's Navy, and would have it entirely controlled, as "a homogeneous body," from the British Isles. On the other hand, he would add the prefix "Imperial" to the Army of Britain and would have it in reality of empire significance. The volume is well stocked with facts and tables of statistics, and will form an excellent reference book. Some care, however, should be exercised in accepting all the opinions and generalizations of the author, a few of which are somewhat inclined to be partisan.

The Academy of Pacific Coast History, Berkeley, Cal., publishes as the second and third numbers of its first volume "The Official Account and the Diary of the Portolá of 1769-1770," the earliest report by white men of the discovery of the Bay of San Francisco. This will be followed by other documents relating the Spanish occupation and survey of that important harbor and region. The Spanish text is given with an English translation and an adequate introduction. The California Promotion Committee publishes also (San Francisco, 1909) an account of the March of Portolá by Z. S. Eldredge, accompanied by documents and handsome illustrations, the most valuable a photograph of the earliest map of San Francisco Bay. The Spaniards have been displaced and have almost vanished. They are "the other men" who labored. We have entered into their labors, and it behooves us to preserve with care the records of these half-forgotten forerunners.

Except for the pleasure it may have given G. Grinnell-Milne to prepare it, we see no good reason for the existence of his volume, "Tales from Tasso and Other Poems and Translations" (London: David Nutt). His purpose is to furnish a prose epitome of "La Gerusalemme Liberata," interpolating from time to time metrical translations of passages that please him. The translations are neither close to the original nor within hailing distance of even third-rate poetry. His own poem, "Ginevra," has all the attributes of stilted prose, and if it were not printed as blank verse, the reader might not suspect it was intended for that. By using paper as thick as grocer's wrapping paper, the publisher has produced a volume nearly two inches thick. One wonders how much longer the British public will put up with book-making of this sort. In America, where the pressure on shelf space in our libraries is becoming acute, publishers aim at proper compactness.

"The Economics of Railway Transport," by Sydney Charles Williams (Macmillan & Co.), is an attempt to emphasize the bearings of economic principles upon the practical business operations of railways. The writer's familiarity with economic theory was obtained largely at Cambridge under Prof. Alfred Marshall, while his knowledge of the actual working of railways has been derived both from a study of the standard works on the subject and as a consequence of his duties as secretary to the agent of the East Indian Railway. The major portion of the volume is divided into two parts, dealing, respectively, with the construction, equipment, and operation of railways, and with the distribution and consumption of "the commodity of transport." As an introduction, however, to the main questions under consideration, there is given a brief historical survey of the evolution of both land and water transportation, and an account of the relation of transportation to the various processes of production, distribution, and consumption. It is somewhat difficult to discover, in Book I, anything of importance which may be characterized as new, for the various chapters deal, in a cursory fashion, with such questions as gauge, alignment, curvature, gradients, size of cars and trains, fluctuations in and classification of freight traffic; all of which subjects are more or less familiar questions even to subordinate officials in the mechanical or operating departments of railways. In Book II, however, the subject-matter is more of an economic than of a mechanical character, and the discussions centre around the very important and highly intricate questions of freight rates and passenger fares. In connection with these, the bearing of economic doctrines upon price determination is well presented. From what already has been said concerning the author, it would be but natural to expect that the illustrations of those principles which are set forth in the text should be taken largely from British and Indian railways, and such is the case. One can scarcely refrain from criticising the writer in his frequent use of foreign words and phrases which, to the great mass of present-day readers of works within the field of transportation, are little more than meaningless. It is also to be regretted that, in many instances, the references have been contained in the text rather than set apart in footnotes.

"Modes and Manners of the Nineteenth Century as Represented in the Pictures and Engravings of the Times" (3 vols., Dutton) is translated from an unspecified original, presumably German, by M. Edwardes. These volumes, covered with gold dotted percale, and provided with numerous color prints, are intended for an honorable place on drawing room tables, and well deserve that dignity. The text, however, is readable and accurate beyond the wont of such compilations, and since not merely pictures—the selection is admirable—and more or less fanciful prints but also actual fashion-plates are generously reproduced, the illustration has documentary worth. These books would neatly beguile a wait for one's hostess, or serve the more serious purpose of suggesting a fancy dress for a costume party.

"The Two Empires, the Church and the

World" (Macmillan) contains lectures given by the late Dr. Brooke Foss Westcott while professor of divinity in Cambridge. They deal principally with the conflict between the church and the empire until the victory of Christianity under Constantine. The concluding chapters set forth in considerable detail Constantine's relation to the church and the work of the Council of Nicæa. The lectures, which were written many years ago, contain little that is novel, and are of no special importance to the historical student, but they are marked throughout by the learning and sound judgment for which the late Bishop of Durham was justly famed, and they will be found interesting and profitable by many readers.

The notable success of the "Dictionary of the Bible" edited by the Rev. James Hastings, and the "Encyclopædia Biblica" of Canon Cheyne, has led to the issue of several smaller works, differing somewhat in point of view. The most recent is "The Temple Dictionary of the Bible" (Dutton), edited by the Rev. W. Ewing, M.A., and the Rev. J. E. H. Thomson, D.D., clergymen who have had the benefit of residence in Palestine. In a large, heavy volume of above 1,000 pages the usual titles in such works are treated succinctly, but with careful scholarship and in good proportion. The writers are conservative, and their purpose is evidently to counteract the influence toward critical positions exercised by the larger dictionaries. Advanced views are stated, but always with argument on the other side. The illustrations, which are numerous, are excellent and convey needed information. On subjects which do not require critical judgment this dictionary is valuable, but for historical study, based on literary appreciation of the documents, it is misleading.

Two volumes of ten hundred and thirty-two pages, nine hundred and five subjects, with two hundred and forty illustrations, and a bibliography equivalent to a small volume, constitute the external features of Dr. S. Seligman's "Der böse Blick" (Berlin: Hermann Barsdorff), a scholarly history of "The Evil Eye," resulting, the distinguished ophthalmologist tells us, from his attempt, twenty years ago in a German high school, to hold forth on "Hypnotism and Mesmerism," when both *Schüler* and manuscript were summarily shown to the door. Not a period in the record of man, or a nook or corner of the globe where darkness has contended with light, appears to have been passed over. Northern, Middle, and Southern America, as well as troubled New England, receive attention that seems adequate, unless it be a mistake to present the Indian, and also the negro in Africa, as believers in the evil effects of vision, and to omit the black man in the United States. The bibliography is effectively divided into seventy-one pages of authorities—a very formidable array—alphabetically arranged, and a special list of authors is quoted after each chapter. The main catalogue includes, among other American writings, the well-known memoir on serpents by Benjamin Smith Barton, so long rightly or wrongly credited with being the first American to graduate from a German university, and who, because of his early residence in Hanover, long ago became known to German scientists.

David Josiah Brewer, an associate justice of the United States Supreme Court, died of apoplexy at his home, in Washington, on Monday night, at the age of seventy-two. He was born in Smyrna, Asia Minor, was graduated at Yale in 1856, and at the Albany Law School in 1858, and began to practise at Leavenworth, Kansas, in the following year. He was a United States commissioner in 1861-62, judge of the probate and criminal courts of Leavenworth County in 1863-64, judge of the district court in 1865-69, county attorney in 1869-70, a justic of the Supreme Court of Kansas in 1870-84, and a judge of the United States Circuit Court in 1884-89, in which year he was appointed an associate of the United States Supreme Court. In 1896 he was a member of the Venezuelan Boundary Commission, and, in 1899, of the British Venezuelan Arbitration Tribunal. His publications include "The Pew to the Pulpit," "The Twentieth Century from Another View Point," "American Citizenship," "The United States a Christian Nation."

Charles Sprague Smith, director of the People's Institute of this city, died early yesterday morning, after a week's illness of pneumonia, at the age of fifty-six. He was born in Andover, Mass., was educated at Amherst College, and also studied at Berlin, Paris, Oxford, and elsewhere in Europe. He was professor of modern languages and foreign literature at Columbia in 1880-91, and a lecturer there after 1887. He organized and became president of the Comparative Literature Society in 1895, and in 1897 had a prominent part in founding the People's Institute, of which he became, and had since been, managing director. He had published "Barbizon Days" and "Working with the People."

Prof. J. P. Shorter of Wilberforce University, a widely known negro educator, died last Friday at Xenia, O.

Kathinka Schücking Sutro, widow of Emil Sutro, died on March 24 at the Hotel San Remo, in New York, at the age of seventy-five. She was born at Osnabruck. She wrote many novels, two of which are: "In Two Hemispheres" and "Dr. Zernowitz." Her novel "Dr. Zernowitz" won a prize offered by the Cincinnati *Volksblatt*. Her father was a judge of the Supreme Court in Germany, and one of her brothers was the poet, Levin Schücking.

Sir Thomas Drew, president of the Royal Institute of Architects of Ireland in 1891-1901, and of the Royal Society of Antiquaries in 1895-97, died recently, at the age of seventy-one. He had done important work in the restoration of the cathedrals of Armagh, Christ Church, and St. Patrick.

James O'Connor, the Nationalist member of Parliament for West Wicklow, an associate of O'Donovan Rossa in the publication of the *Irish People* in 1863, and a participant in the "Fenian Conspiracy" (for which he was sentenced to penal servitude for seven years), died last week at Kingstown, County Dublin, Ireland, at the age of seventy-four.

Dr. Walter A. Copinger, professor and dean of the faculty of law in the Victoria University of Manchester since 1892, died last week at the age of sixty-two. His publications include "Index to Precedents," "An Essay on the Abolition of Capital Punishment," and "Law of Copyright."

Félix Bouvier, the French historian, died recently at the age of fifty-seven. His principal work was entitled "Bonaparte en Italie: 1796."

Baron Joseph Alexander von Helfert, the historian of the Austrian Revolution of 1848, died last week in Vienna at the age of eighty-nine. He is believed to have been the last surviving witness of the ascension of the Emperor Francis Joseph, and was one of the few remaining members of the Diet of that year. He had a prominent part in the political happenings which followed the downfall of the Bach system in 1859, and was conspicuous in conservative Bohemian politics until 1880. He wrote much about various phases of the Austrian revolutionary movement, his more important works including "Geschichte Österreichs vom Ausgang des Wiener Oktoberaufstandes 1848," and "Der Prager Juniaufstand 1848."

Ernst Holzer, an authority on Nietzsche and the poet Schubart, died recently in Vienna at the age of fifty-four.

Oskar Jäger, the German historian and educator, died recently at the age of seventy-nine. He became professor of pedagogics at the University of Bonn in 1901. His many publications include histories of Greece and Rome, and of the Punic Wars; "Wycliffe und seine Bedeutung"; "Weltgeschichte," in four volumes, and a "History of Germany," which was published just before his death.

Adolf Tobler, for forty-two years professor of Romance philology at the University of Berlin, died last week, at the age of seventy-four. He was a native of Hirzel, Canton Zürich, Switzerland, took his doctor's degree at the university there, and then began the study of the Italian and French languages, and in 1867 was appointed to the recently established chair of Romance philology at Berlin. At the time of his death he was preparing a lexicon of Old French. His many publications include "Mitteilungen aus altfranzösischen Handschriften," "Vom französischen Versbau alter und neuer Zeit," and "Vermischte Beiträge zur französischen Grammatik."

Science.

Exercise in Education and Medicine. By R. Tait McKenzie, A.B., M.D., Professor of Physical Education, and Director of the Department, University of Pennsylvania. 8vo. 406 pages. 346 illustrations. Philadelphia: W. B. Saunders Co. $3.50 net.

The author of this attractive volume makes his appeal to a large public—to teachers and physicians, as well as to those professionally concerned with physical training. He takes the ground that the merits of systematized exercise have been obscured by the variety of systems and the one-sided advocacy of them, and particularly by the failure of the medical profession to recognize its true import. The effort to correct all this is not altogether successful because many of his statements, particularly in the first part which deals with healthy persons, lack precision and justification.

In the earlier chapters on the physiol-

ogy of exercise and on massage and passive motion, while much is admirable, there is a good deal of doubtful matter, and the explanation of methods and results is not always sufficient or clear. Too much reliance is placed on the experiments and conclusions of others, taken often at second hand, and these are not noted with sufficient fulness to give the reader a really good foundation. The rest of this part is much better done and is decidedly interesting. Here we have a moderately full but rather uncritical description of exercise by apparatus, and a good account of the systems of physical training which are commonly known as German and Swedish. The incidental sketch of Jahn hardly does justice to his erratic and varied career. Certain other systems are held to be of less importance. The Japanese *jiudo* (or *jiu jitsu*) McKenzie considers to have no permanent influence on training; the methods based on a doctrine of concentration (Sandow and others) have a "tabloid" character of some value but lack the fundamental principle of coördination, and also involve undesirable strains; the Delsarte system has been of service in developing the gospel of relaxation, some of whose advocates, particularly Miss Call, are designated as making real contributions to physical education.

The chapters on playgrounds and municipal gymnasiums, with much text and many pictures, are very suggestive, and those on physical training in schools and colleges are valuable, although rather didactic and not always quite clear; also very interesting are the accounts of what may be done for the blind, the deaf-mute, and the mentally or morally defective in the way of gymnastic exercises.

The second part of the book deals with the application of exercise to pathological conditions. What is said about flat-foot, scoliosis, and obesity is pretty good, and the treatment of the diseases of the circulation is fairly good. Less satisfactory is the consideration of gout, diabetes, and other diseases of nutrition, and the section on hernia is unconvincing. The final chapters on the treatment of nervous diseases, and especially of locomotor ataxia, go also almost too far afield and seem likely to tempt the physical trainer to magnify his office yet more and to undertake too much where often he ought not to interfere at all.

As was to be expected, Dr. McKenzie shows a keen interest in the æsthetics of exercise. Not only is his book very well, even handsomely, printed and remarkably free from misprints, but he has filled it with good illustrations of apparatus, methods, and conditions, of which only a few are perhaps superfluous; but he also reproduces his own figure of the ideal college athlete, unfortunately a little too vaguely printed, and the four faces he has modelled to show types of exertion, fatigue, or exhaustion. The first of these is said to represent violent effort as seen in hammer-throwing, sprinting, or in the spurt of a long race. This apparently needs some qualification, for nearly if not quite the same expression may be seen in much less violent exercise; we have seen it on the serving line in a very ordinary game of tennis played by very ordinary players where the effort was hardly of this class. Evidently individual peculiarities are quite as much in play.

"Air and Health" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), by R. C. Macfie, is a recent volume of the well-known series of popular treatises on medical subjects. Only a small part of the book is given up to the physiology of the respiratory processes. On the whole this is pretty well done, although the writer glides lightly over the essential difficulties of tissue respiration. The rest of the book treats of more purely practical matters in an attractive and instructive way. There are excellent sections on moisture, dust and other impurities of the air, ventilation, and climate, and the discussion of all these subjects is not only fresh, but happily free from dogmatism. The story of the discovery of the composition of the atmosphere from Mayow, here without explanation called Mayou, down to Ramsey is rapidly but well told, and another final chapter presents briefly but clearly the claim of the open-air treatment of consumption and the yet newer claims of the open-air school.

Lieut. Sir Ernest Henry Shackleton, the British Antarctic explorer, who is visiting this country, was awarded a medal by the American Geographical Society, in this city, on Monday evening.

An American experiment station for agricultural research is about to be established at the foot of Mt. Carmel in Palestine, seven miles from Haifa. The aim of its founders, philanthropic Jews of this country, is to put the Jewish colonists and farmers of Palestine in a position to carry on agriculture in a rational and progressive manner. The director, Aaron Aaronsohn, is especially adapted for the position, having spent fourteen years in agricultural and botanical explorations throughout that region, during which he has become deeply impressed with the remarkably close agricultural resemblance between California and Palestine. This new research institution will go far, says David Fairchild of the Department of Agriculture, "towards introducing American methods in the study of agricultural problems throughout the whole Mediterranean region and facilitate the exchange of plant industries between that region and the United States."

Alexander Agassiz, the eminent naturalist and president of the Calumet and Hecla Mining Company, died last Sunday, at the age of seventy-four, on the steamship Adriatic, bound from Southampton for New York. He had been heard from frequently since he went abroad about New Year's, and, so far as his intimates knew, he was in the best of health. He was born in the little city of Neuchâtel, in the Jura Mountains, Switzerland. His father was Louis Agassiz, the naturalist and scientist, and his mother Cécile Braun, sister of Alexander Braun, the famous botanist and philosopher. The young Agassiz's early education was had in Europe; he graduated at Harvard in 1855, and at the Lawrence Scientific School there in 1857, after which he spent three years in the chemical department. He became associated with the United States Coast Survey, in California, in 1859, and in the winter of 1859-60 collected specimens in Panama and Acapulco for the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy at Cambridge. He then studied zoölogy and geology in the Lawrence Scientific School, of which he was appointed assistant in zoölogy. In 1865 he became connected with the Calumet mine, and in 1869 was made president of the Calumet and Hecla Mining Company. He was assistant curator of the museum at Cambridge from 1869 until his father died in 1874, when he became curator. It is estimated that he had given to Harvard more than $1,000,000, mostly in the way of collections and improved equipment, much of which he quietly caused to be installed, and then paid for without mentioning the matter. His publications include "Seaside Studies in Natural History" (with Mrs. Agassiz), "Marine Animals of Massachusetts Bay," "Explorations of Lake Titicaca," "Coral Reefs of Florida," etc.

Prof. J. Rayner Edmands, who for twenty-five years was associated with the observatory staff of Harvard University, died last Saturday at the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, at the age of sixty.

James Campbell Brown, professor of chemistry at Liverpool University, died last week at the age of seventy. He took a prominent part in the founding of Liverpool University College, and became professor of chemistry in Liverpool University when that institution was founded. He had published many works on chemistry and chemical research.

Commodore Andreas Peter Hovgaard, the Danish Arctic explorer, died last week at the age of fifty-six. He was a member of Nordenskiöld's expedition of 1878, and in 1882 commanded an expedition bound for the North Pole, and also to search for the Jeannette, but was obliged to winter in the Kara Sea.

Dr. Hans Landolt, professor of chemistry at the University of Berlin from 1891 to 1905, died recently at the age of seventy-eight. Since his twentieth year Dr. Landolt had been engaged in chemical research, especially in the domain of physical chemistry, a branch of science which he did much to develop. Besides many monographs he had published (with Börnstein) "Physikalisch-chemische Tabellen."

Drama.

The production of "The Winter's Tale" in the New Theatre on Monday evening proved to be by far the best Shakespearean performance yet given in that house. In many respects it was the most satisfactory histrionic achievement yet accomplished by the organization. This was due partly to the fact that the piece was given in the so-called Elizabethan fashion, which

permitted most of the text to be spoken in its proper order, making the story more intelligible and maintaining an unbroken interest, but mainly because the acting was generally of a superior character. If none of the male actors was especially brilliant, nearly all were competent, while the principal female parts were in uncommonly strong hands. Miss Edith Wynne Matthison, indeed, as Hermione, and Miss Rose Coghlan as Paulina, easily divided all the chief honors of the evening between them. No finer impersonation of the wronged queen of Leontes than that presented by Miss Matthison has been seen since the days of Helen Faucit. The actress offered a superb picture of outraged womanhood, high courage, lofty scorn, and pathetic endurance, and, at the last, when the death of Mamillius followed the defiance of the oracle, of stony despair. In the statue scene her acting was replete with grace, tenderness, and spiritual beauty. Her diction, as always, was admirable. Miss Coghlan, one of the most accomplished of living actresses, found her great opportunity, of course, in the tirades of Paulina, which she delivered with a steadily increasing vehemence of passion, though never degenerating into rant. No male actor approached either of these ladies in excellence, or in Shakespearean spirit, but Mr. Bruning played Autolycus with abundant vitality, if no very deep insight, and Ferdinand Gottschalk, who appears to have a special faculty for the interpretation of Shakespearean humor, furnished a clever sketch of the country clown. The allegation of the programme that the piece was presented in the manner of Shakespeare's time must not be taken literally. The stage was approximately Shakespearean in design and form, having an inner and outer area, gallery, etc., but in spaciousness and general convenience was far in advance of any Elizabethan structure. Many of the groupings, indeed, with the handsome arras in the background, were pictorial in a high degree. But this only added to the attractiveness of a remarkable performance, which showed, among other things, that spectacular scenery, instead of being beneficial to Shakespeare, is much more likely to be a detrimental incumbrance.

The revival, by Mrs. Fiske, in the Lyceum Theatre, of Ibsen's "The Pillars of Society," will prove interesting, doubtless, to students of the Norwegian dramatist—as a specimen of his work during his transitional period—but can scarcely be regarded now as an event of much dramatic importance. The piece has more of ordinary human feeling and impulse in it, than most of his later social plays, and is not lacking in effective theatrical situation, but it is not a good specimen of his constructive skill, is much over-burdened with insignificant talk and improbable detail, and already begins to show the marks of age very clearly. Its philosophy, founded upon restricted observation, was never profound or universal in its application, while its conclusion is too purely fanciful and theatrical to be impressive. The present representation is of respectable but in no way remarkable quality. Mrs. Fiske is better suited in the part of Lona Hessel than in some others in which she has been seen lately, and Holbrook Blinn plays Bernick with comprehension and force. Sheldon Lewis furnishes a clever character study of the ship carpenter, Aune. Concerning the other players individual comment is unnecessary.

"The Stage History of Shakespeare's King Richard the Third," by Alice I. P. Wood, Ph.D. (Columbia University Press), is a careful compilation of existing material on the subject of the play. Its six chapters treat "Richard the Third in its Relation to Contemporary Plays," "Richard the Third on the Elizabethan Stage," "Richard the Third and the Drama of the Restoration," "The Cibber Version of Richard the Third," "From Garrick to Irving, 1741-1897," and "Richard the Third in America." To these chapters is added a bibliography. Dr. Wood writes intelligently of her material, but hardly makes her own contribution in the discussion as salient as is desirable. Perhaps the most interesting point established by her is the persistent success in the English-speaking world of Colley Cibber's version of the play. It seems a pity that Dr. Wood could not have added to her consideration of the changes in the text made by each of the great actors a larger number of citations shewing the differences in interpretations of the leading part by them. Even as it is, however, the book, for its careful compiling and the many valuable references provided by the copious footnotes, must be useful.

"The White Flame," in four acts, by Luke North (The Golden Press, Los Angeles), is a drama of reincarnation, in which Egyptian mysticism, Buddhism, Brahminism, Pythagoreanism, and modern theosophy are strangely blended. Dealing in semi-serious, idealistic fashion with the fascinating subject of the immortality of the soul, or spirit, it is cleverly written, although it does not suggest any intimate familiarity with ancient speculation on the subject or any special originality of imagination. It does, however, make ingenious use of common ideas and tells an interesting fable. The main thesis seems to be that for each male spirit there is a supplementary female affinity; that these kindred souls—after various reincarnations of disciplinary experience—ultimately may reach a state of spiritual perfection, free from all taint of fleshly grossness, after which they are mutually absorbed into one sexless, immortal, angelic individuality. This is what is supposed to happen in the case of the hero and heroine, who are first introduced as lovers and pupils of a mystical adept in the early days of Egyptian civilization, and then again as guests in a modern mansion, where they recognize each other and renew their former relations, with a supreme indifference to the matrimonial and other obligations incurred before their pre-ordained reunion. Then they part again to die and, in the closing allegorical scene, the shade of their old Egyptian teacher appears to set the seal, as it were, upon the final amalgamation of their now purified souls. This, of course, is a piece of wildly fantastic symbolism, but the play in intent and idea is poetic and inspiring. The affinity of which it treats is intellectual, moral and predestinate. But the author, like many other dreamers, overlooks the fact that in practical operation it would result in the destruction of the present social fabric, unless the pre-ordained affinities were carefully sorted out from the beginning.

Music.

Studies in Musical Education, History, and Æsthetics. Fourth Series. Published by the Music Teachers' National Association. $1.60.

The papers and proceedings of the Music Teachers' National Association at its thirty-first annual meeting, which was held in Evanston, Ill., are presented to the public in this volume of 252 pages. The editor is Waldo S. Pratt of Hartford, Conn., from whom copies may be obtained. As usual, there is a great variety of topics, some theoretical, others practical. The president of the association, Rossetter G. Cole, in discoursing on musicians and musicianship, remarks that one can hardly say whether Wagner's pure musicianship was greater or finer than Beethoven's and Mozart's; but his outlook upon the whole world of art and literary culture was vastly more comprehensive and varied, and this increased his ability to use music as an adequate and effective means of expression. Peter Christian Lutkin calls attention to the great possibilities of sound music-teaching. He is convinced that for every really fine singing voice there are hundreds of other voices which would have been equally fine had the opportunity for development been given them. "The great majority of the human race could sing, and sing well, if proper attention were given at the proper period." Edward Bailey Birge preaches sound doctrine regarding school music. If the children of a school building, from the youngest up, have opportunities often enough of hearing good music well played, we need have no worry, he thinks, about their musical taste later. "The prime requisite in this work is to *listen*, listen again and again, and leave the meaning and form of music to take care of itself." Nine schools in Indianapolis have supplied themselves with "piano-players," in which Mr. Birge has much confidence. Twice a week a recital is given, the titles of the pieces being written on the board. Memory tests are made once a month by playing parts of pieces and letting the pupils write the titles and the names of the composers on paper; and this test they enjoy hugely.

Ernest R. Kroeger gives an amusing account of the diverse "methods" of music-teachers and the uses they make of them to allure students. Arthur Foote descants on the litter of rubbish in books on counterpoint and harmony that has been bequeathed to us from past days, and which we are just begin-

ning to rid ourselves of. He notes that in modern music chords of the ninth are coming to be used with the freedom of sevenths; but real chords of the eleventh and the thirteenth are not easy to find, nor does he think that "we are yet clear in our minds about them." Some musical treasures of the Newberry Library in Chicago are described by William N. C. Carlton, and Albert A. Stanley gives an account of last year's international musical congress in Vienna. Other papers relate to the present status of music in our colleges, while Waldo S. Pratt contributes notes about Practical Church Music, in which, among other things, he considers the three purposes of such music. This ought to interest all church-goers. Opera-goers will be cheered by Karlton Hackett's paper on the Possibilities of Opera in America. The present musical life in Germany forms the subject of a valuable contribution by Adolf Weidig, formerly of the Spiering Quartet. When he was a student, an eminent professor told him that Mendelssohn's music would outlive Wagner's, and in the conservatories even Brahms was tabooed as being too modern. To-day, everybody does honor to Richard Strauss, although, as Mr. Weidig wittily remarks, "his achievements in the field of opera are much more admired for their impossibilities than for their possibilities." Berlin is at present the centre of the musical universe. The number of concerts given there in one season exceeds nine hundred, and there are over ninety newspapers which print musical criticisms. It is for these criticisms that hundreds of young musicians give concerts which cost them much money—usually earned by teaching. Yet the tiny bit of fame thus secured "lasts just about as long as that one edition of the papers in which the criticisms of the concert appear."

In our review of "American Primitive Music" (*Nation*, February 24), we should have corrected the author's assertion that Dr. Theodore Baker is a German. He is an American, and was born in New York.

The latest novelty at the Brussels Opera is a lyric drama in three acts by Pierre de Bréville, a pupil of César Franck, who had previously written incidental music to two plays by Maeterlinck. The name of the new opera is "Eros Vainqueur."

Two hundred years had elapsed on March 12 since the birth of Thomas Augustine Arne. Of him it has been said that he was the most thoroughly national of all English song writers, and that his songs "formed an era in English music." Yet he is now known by a bare handful of tunes, as the London *Times* laments.

Jean Paul ("Harry") Prendiville, a prolific composer and arranger of band and orchestral music, died last Thursday at his home in Worcester, Mass., at the age of sixty-two.

Dr. David Duffie Wood, the blind organist of St. Stephen's Protestant Episcopal Church in Philadelphia, died last Sunday in that city at the age of seventy-two. He had been totally blind since he was three years old. He graduated at the Pennsylvania Institute for the Blind in 1856. His compositions comprised chiefly songs and anthems.

Leopold Demuth, the German baritone singer, died recently at the age of forty-eight. He was a member of the Vienna Hof-opera company, and sang at Bayreuth in 1899.

Art.

PICTURE FRAUDS.

Irrespective of the outcome of the Clausen trial in New York, the plaintiff has done a public service. Believing that false pictures had been sold him, Mr. W. T. Evans appealed to the courts for redress. If collectors generally would follow his example a base traffic would soon be checked. That this kind of courage is exceptional the testimony in the trial shows. Ordinarily, the most that a victimized amateur will do is to demand restitution of his money, sending the fraudulent pictures back to be sold to somebody else. There are a number of dealers who frequently redeem the worse than rubbish they have sold. They can well afford to do so, since for one collector whose suspicions are aroused a hundred remain in complacent possession of their bargains. The result is that thousands of picture forgeries of the ancient schools, and of the French and American schools of the last century, have been distributed. They crowd our collections of the middle class, are bequeathed to widows and children as valuable assets, some even get into public museums.

Such is the result of tolerating the tricky picture-dealer. Meanwhile, the situation is well known. Constantly collections that come into our better auction-rooms are rejected or weeded out for this reason. Whole galleries accepted as collateral have been condemned by experts. Certain dealers frequently take back pictures without challenge or even perfunctory attempt at authentication. These things are notorious. They are talked over where men meet, the names of the dishonest dealers are known, their stalking horses, sometimes men high in financial and artistic circles, operate unrebuked. There seems to be a general assumption of the grotesquely immoral position that a picture dealer may make any misrepresentation or practise downright swindling if only he agrees to pay up whenever he is caught. A gambling hell could not long be run upon those principles, and yet some of our best citizens acquiesce in such systematic and unblushing fraud. Let us for a moment imagine this tolerance extended to any other business—to dry goods, building materials; and we shall not fail to see its preposterousness. Why, the law protects our stomachs, and says that chalk shall not be sold for flour. Do not our eyes deserve an equal consideration? Will decent men in any other business relations admit that sheer swindling calls for no penalty save annulment of the transaction?

We must insist that the evil has grown so great through a deplorable lack of courage on the part of those most nearly concerned. A narrow vanity keeps some lips closed. Mere laziness holds others inactive. A profound selfishness is manifest everywhere. "My money has come back," seems to be the argument, "why should I put myself out to save other men from the thimble-riggers?" That this is poltroonery need not be argued. The decent attitude of a man who has unearthed a den of thieves is not self-congratulation that he may frighten them into giving back his watch, but one of vigilance for the community. Moral indignation should outweigh personal enterprise. An elementary duty, in such a case, is to call for the police and have the gang arrested. To do otherwise would be virtual collusion in thievery. Yet scores of self-respecting and highly esteemed citizens have taken this supine attitude towards flagrant swindling in the picture trade.

What we need is a little elementary moral sense and civic courage. What these picture rogues fear above all things is exposure. In the light of day their traffic cannot live. We honestly believe that a handful of public-spirited collectors could drive the conspicuously fraudulent dealers and intermediaries out of our market. At least the power of the system could be broken and its product degraded to anonymity and the cheap auction-rooms. At present the system does a maximum of harm. Generally speaking, the wealthy collector escapes—to cheat him, or at least to cheat him too often and outrageously, is obviously impolitic. As for the little bargain-hunter, his stake is small; he usually buys without guarantee actual or implied, and is fully able to take care of himself. The burden of dishonest picture-selling falls upon persons of artistic taste and restricted means. Many collectors of this type must keep investment values in view. The auctioneers and the honest picture dealers could tell many a story of sore disappointment when widows or orphans have learned that what was supposed to represent a little competence was actually worthless.

An issue of taste comes to reinforce that of common honesty. It is these collections of middling estate that are setting the artistic standards of the country. From such sources the smaller museums are replenished. Here æsthetic and moral confusion go hand in hand. We know of a collection that was left to a city on condition that a museum should be built to contain it. On ex-

pert scrutiny its renowned examples of the Barbizon school turned out to be specious forgeries. The executor, on learning the truth, merely remarked that to publish it would make trouble, and that in any case the city would get the museum building. Here is the nub of the matter. So long as collectors are willing to stand for false pretences, and to tolerate merchants whose obliquity is notorious, just so long worthless fabrications will mask as masterpieces. The moment our amateurs will deal manfashion with this evil and hale the swindlers to the bar, the whole base traffic will assume its normal artistic and commercial insignificance.

It was the intention of the late Charles T. Yerkes to leave his house and art collection to New York city. Through certain embarrassing conditions of the bequest and subsequent business complications affecting the estate, what was intended for the city is to be dispersed at auction. During the present week the rugs and pictures are being shown at the galleries of the American Art Association. The sale is next week. Mr. Yerkes's old masters are the most important lot that has ever come into an American auction room. In spite of such merely hopeful attributions as Holbein, Dürer, Memling, Luini, Gerard David, Murillo, Ghirlandaio, Botticelli, Verrocchio, the general average is high. Some of the questionable pictures are intrinsically meritorious. The most remarkable groups of individual artists are four Turners, including an exquisite marine in white and darkling blue. Rockets and Blue-lights; four Frans Halses, including a magisterial portrait of an old lady, of his best period, and four Rembrandts, of which the most attractive are an early and highly dramatic Resurrection of Lazarus, and a late and mysterious interior, Philemon and Baucis. In general the representation of the little masters of Holland is strong. Two of the Metsus are superb, Jan Steen's The Siesta is of the finest water, Terborch's The Glass of Lemonade, a characteristic gallant scene, falls by ever so little short of his best. Hobbema and Goyen are well represented. Ruysdael's name is signed—or added?—to an impressive valley scene, which, but for the signature, one would unhesitatingly declare a fine Koninck. There are four interesting Potters, two being sketches, five Ostades, and three De Hoochs, of which one is excellent. The Flemish list begins with several primitive panels intrinsically meritorious, but over-attributed. The Adoration of the Kings by Dirck Bouts alone seems of the first importance. A little Madonna ascribed to Memling is a charming bit of color. A strange History of St. Augustine, attributed to Gerard David, a thinly painted composition with many figures, is closely related to the enigmatic Fountain of Life in the Prado, and like it is probably a Spanish reflection of Flemish art. Four miniature proverbs by old Brueghel illustrate the transitional style of Flanders. Its culmination is shown in Rubens's big mythology, Ixion and Hera, in two Apostles by his hand, and in four Teniers. The Italian pictures are a casually assorted lot. A Madonna with the Young St. John, which bears the great name of Raphael, is closely allied to the Madonna of the Pearl, and is executed with a beautiful preciosity. It is quite as fine as many of the famous Raphaels of European galleries, and, like them, comes from a period when the master was too busy to paint his own pictures. It surely came from his studio, and may have been executed by the talented Penni. A florid but quite magnificent Adoration of the Shepherds, by Baldassare Peruzzi, is a fine specimen of the big altar pieces of the high Renaissance. It should go to a museum. Other Italian pictures of note are an early Andrea Solario, The Annunciation, signed and dated 1506, and a resplendent Coronation of the Virgin, by Andrea Bartoli. The catalogue, in spite of the signature, erroneously ascribes it to Taddeo Bartoli. The panel is a magnificent example of Sienese tempera painting, and obviously a museum piece.

Three miniature portraits on green ground of the Clouet school lead the French contingent. One is ascribed to Holbein against all probability. Then after two centuries come an exquisite Watteau, The Garden Party, and a good Boucher, The Toilet of Venus. Delacroix, the men of 1830, the painters of the Institute follow in the fashion consecrated by a thousand auction sales. We can note only that the pictures are generally of the best, and may specify a finely bleak Rousseau, a Diaz landscape, almost a masterpiece; a Millet nude of the most impressive sort, and his drastic composition, The Pig Killers, a particular favorite of the artist. Corot and Daubigny are represented at their best. A crowded Alma-Tadema, Spring, and two unfinished canvases, very gracious things, by Burne-Jones, for a series illustrating St. George and the Dragon, must close this brief enumeration.

The Yerkes rugs are even more important than the pictures, if rarity be made the measure. There are half a dozen of the so-called Polish-Persian fabrics which, in spite of their excessive scarceness and the beauty of their faded tints, seem inferior to the standard products of the Persian looms. Of these there are about twenty-five of all sizes and degrees of textile fineness. Every one is extraordinary. A tomb rug, otherwise unattractive to the present writer, has no less than seven hundred and fifty hand-tied knots to the square inch. A patchwork of fourteenth and fifteenth century fragments, No. 205, is perhaps the most beautiful and desirable exhibit. A silk rug with floral designs crisply drawn in pale green upon a crimson field is the most gorgeous of them all. A large fragment from a contemporary duplicate of the famous Ardebil carpet, now at the South Kensington Museum, is perhaps the most important number. The greater part of this replica was used to patch out the London example. What is left represents magnificently the force, vitality, and preciousness of decorative draughtsmanship in Persia in its golden age. The catalogue of rugs was prepared by the expert John Kimberly Mumford. His learned and sympathetic work is in rather striking contrast to the careless cataloguing of the pictures. We have no space to dwell upon the miscellaneous objects of art included in this sale. Græco-Roman marbles, and sculpture by Houdon, Falconnet, Rodin, and Macmonnies are perhaps the most striking items.

As an erstwhile enthusiast for the notorious Tiara of Saiterphernes, Salomon Reinach must have taken a peculiar satisfaction in writing the history of the wax bust bought as a Leonardo da Vinci by the Museum of Berlin. The article "Léonard ou Lucas?" is published in the *Revue Archéologique*, 1909, 11, p. 416, and has been reprinted in a pamphlet published by Ernest Leroux, Paris. To the studio of the sculptor Richard Cockle Lucas, according to the testimony of his surviving son, the picture dealer William Buchanan, in 1846 or thereabouts, brought a Leonardesque painting, a Flora, and commissioned Lucas to make a wax figure after that model. To this end young Lucas copied the painting, and the work proceeded, only to be refused by Buchanan. Lucas set it up in his studio, where happily it was photographed about the year 1860. At last it was placed in the porch of a summer house, constructed by Lucas. With the house it was sold. In 1894 our Flora reached the auction room at Southampton, where she constituted the gem of a small collection of busts which was knocked down at five shillings. At a somewhat higher figure Walter Long, of Southampton, bought her, and after several years of vain attempt to realize on his bargain sold her for a song to Messrs. Spink, the well-known London dealers. Here her fame began. Murray Marks recognized her as a Leonardo and acquired her, published her as such, and finally was induced to sell her to Dr. Bode for a matter of £8,000. At this point, A. D. Lucas, who had helped make the bust, and two or three former owners or vendors, who knew its history, communicated their reminiscences to the press. Dr. Bode took refuge in the theory that there had been two busts, one Leonardo's original, which his enterprise had secured for Berlin, another a copy by Lucas which the various witnesses had seen in his studio and elsewhere. Against this hypothesis tells fatally the fact that the photograph of the bust, which was in Lucas's studio in 1860, and whose subsequent history is fully known, agrees in every particular, including the lesions of time, with the bust now in the Kaiser-friedrich Museum. The finding of early Victorian rags and newspapers inside the bust merely confirms the documentary evidence. It should, however, be said in fairness that, in the face of the apparently demonstrative evidence that the Berlin bust is the handiwork of Lucas, certain critics still maintain that it is of the Renaissance and that there has been a substitution which escapes the records. Such impressionistic affirmations seem to us to have no weight against the testimony of Lucas's son, and all the more that we have little authenticated wax sculpture of the Renaissance, by which to substantiate such a faith.

At a meeting of the British School at Athens in February, M. S. Thompson gave an interesting account of the excavation of a prehistoric site near Lianokladhi, in the valley of the Spercheios, in Northern Greece, which he and A. J. B. Ware had examined last summer, and of which no details had yet been published. Three clearly marked strata could be distinguished in the deposit, which probably indicate three distinct settlements, perhaps by peoples of quite different races. The lowest stratum contained neolithic hand-made pottery, with decoration in red on a white ground. This is similar to, though not identical with, pottery found in Thessaly,

Phocis, and Northern Bœotia. The motives of the ornamentation are clearly local, and the technique is peculiar. Apparently, the whole of the vase was first covered with a thick white slip, over which a coat of bright red paint was applied; then the red paint was scraped away with a sharp instrument in broad stripes or zig-zag pattern, so that the white slip appeared below. The second stratum contained pottery, likewise hand-made, entirely covered with a slightly lustrous black or dark-brown paint. A similar fabric has been found in the lowest layers at Orchomenos and in the bottom stratum at Tiryns. Its occurrence as far north as the Spercheios Valley is of great interest. In the third, or uppermost, stratum the excavators found a kind of pottery hitherto unknown, with peculiar geometric designs in black paint. This, too, is handmade. At the same level a prehistoric house of irregular shape was uncovered, with six clay πίθοι still in position. No metal objects were found on the site, but flint implements were found in all three strata.

Tom Browne, the English artist, best known as a comic draughtsman and the editor of *Tom Browne's Annual*, though he had done much creditable work of a serious character in water-color, died last week, at the age of thirty-eight.

Johannes Schilling, the German sculptor, died last week at the age of eighty-one. He was perhaps best known as the sculptor of the national monument, Germania, at Niederwald, though examples of his work are to be found in many German cities, including a colossal group for the façade of the Court Theatre at Dresden. He became blind a few years ago.

Finance.

AN HISTORIC PARALLEL.

On the ninth of the present month, an urgent petition was circulated by members of the London Stock Exchange, asking an extra holiday on Easter Saturday, for the avowed purpose of giving rest to a physically exhausted membership. The Stock Exchange committee granted the petition. The reason for this action was concisely stated in a London financial newspaper, the day after the petition had been presented:

> After the boom in the market, particularly of the last few weeks, four clear days' holiday at Easter would be particularly welcome; indeed, in certain offices closely associated with the "Rubber boom," a holiday threatens soon to become a necessity.

Why should this have been so? During the somewhat prolonged period of inactivity and depression on the New York stock market, the speculative fever in London, described in this column five weeks ago, has raged with increasing violence. This was especially remarkable for two incidental facts—one, that the Bank of England has in the meantime advanced its discount rate because of the weakening of London bank reserves; the other, that the very bank deposits, lent to the Stock Exchange for this speculation, are sure to be called upon peremptorily for other purposes, the moment a budget of taxation passes Parliament and the arrears of taxes, uncollected during the long dispute between the Commons and the Lords, begin to be gathered. To these two considerations, which most people would class as supremely important in an extended speculation, the London speculators have paid no attention. Just what is happening, in the culminating stages of the extraordinary "rubber-share boom" on that market, is thus set forth in the London *Economist* of March 19:

> On Wednesday morning at half-past seven, a jobber lay in his office peacefully snoring, thankful to snatch half an hour's sleep before breakfast after his all-night work, and there he was found by a broker who had been toiling, also through the night, at preparing transfers and casting page after page of accounts in jobbers' ledgers. On the night of the account day itself, of all others, when the over-tired brain begged for rest, in one firm of brokers all the partners had to stay until well past one o'clock in order to reduce the chaos of huge transfer details to manageable proportions. At the Inland Revenue office, in Austin Friars, where transfers are stamped and distributed, such scenes of pressure have never before been witnessed. Long queues of clerks and messengers stretched down the office, and for a hundred yards into the street, waiting for attention.
>
> Queer things happened. One jobber fell momentarily asleep as he stood by the rubber market. Money has been wanted on all sides. Men known to be of considerable wealth have eagerly offered 10 per cent. for contango accommodation. "It isn't enough," commented one dealer to another as the latter bid 10 per cent. on a list of shares he wanted to carry over. . . . A broker had to deliver some six or seven thousand shares in a well-known oil company. For this lot he received more than seventy different names, each representing a different buyer. Among this batch of names was one for a thousand shares; the rest were split up into small lots, averaging less than a hundred shares apiece, the buyers being scattered over all four countries of the British Isles.

To London, this extraordinary spectacle will revive recollections chiefly of the great boom of 1895 in South African mine shares, under circumstances very similar to those of to-day, when values of "Kaffirs" doubled, trebled, and quadrupled in a couple of months, only to be brought to earth again with exceptional violence in the early autumn. But it will not be strange if the description also awakens reminiscence in Wall Street, and the reminiscence is of an occasion which at the time was described as necessarily peculiar to the American markets. It was on April 30, 1901, that 3,200,000 shares were dealt in on the New York Stock Exchange, for the first and only time in the history of that institution. That day had been preceded by five or six days with trading of 2,500,000 or more, and it was followed by three days of 2,800,000 shares each.

The cause of the Stock Exchange demonstration, in the New York of 1901 as in the London of 1910, was a sudden and generally unexpected flaring-up of the most violent speculative excitement on the part of the general public, stimulated by such enormous quantities of capital offered for use to Wall Street borrowers, that the ventures, even of professional speculators, reached a pitch of recklessness. The tales of fortunes suddenly won by waiters, dressmakers, and barbers whipped this public excitement to a frenzy.

As April 1 of that remarkable season drew to a close, it became common talk that the pressure of buying orders for instantaneous execution was such that the Stock Exchange membership could scarcely execute the commissions. Floor brokers on the Stock Exchange were on the verge of nervous prostration, but so were the partners and clerks who had to post the entries. All the rooms at downtown hotels were taken for employees who had to work up to 2 and 3 A. M., and get back to business again at nine. People came downtown to see the tall Wall Street office buildings lighted up on every floor at midnight. Restaurants kept open, and, at the last, cots were spread in the offices for clerks who could not get hotel room, and restaurants were improvised in the customers' rooms.

But this is not the only parallel reminiscence. As London this month asked for an extra holiday for rest, so did Wall Street in 1901. On Monday, May 6, the Stock Exchange members petitioned the governing committee for a full holiday on the following Saturday. On Wednesday, May 8, the governors granted the petition, avowedly to make possible the clearing up of accumulated business, but also to give a rest to shattered nerves. On Thursday, May 9, the structure of stock speculation came down in a memorable crash. But the Stock Exchange had its holiday on Saturday.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 7, 1910.

The Week.

The oratorical campaign to be undertaken on behalf of the Administration will begin on Saturday with a tremendous outburst of speaking. Mr. Taft is to lead off in Washington, and Mr. Wickersham in Chicago. It is to be words, not deeds, from now on to drown the muck-rakers and malcontents, for the Administration has discovered that these criticisms are making headway. So a lot of facts about the favorable working of the Payne-Aldrich tariff are to be shaken out of elaborate sleeves, and an "aggressive note will be sounded." It has even been hinted that the Cabinet will be strengthened by the resignation of Mr. MacVeagh, his successor to be a real Republican and skilful politician, who will direct the war-fare. This sounds promising. But as the public is talked at to accept the Taft Administration at its own valuation, will not the question naturally arise whether this sudden flurry of self-defence is not a confession of weakness, and whether it is not in some way connected with the arrival in Europe of the ex-President of the United States?

The *Commoner* congratulates the country and itself on the growing popularity of Democratic dinners, and begs to recommend the festal meal as the most appropriate way of honoring the memory of Jefferson next week. "At this moment," it says, "when the principles of Jefferson are boldly assailed by the dominant party, it would be well if in every precinct throughout this country men could gather, not merely for the purpose of paying tribute to an individual named Jefferson, but for the more important business of holding aloft the banners upon which are inscribed the principles to which this nation owes its birth and to which it will owe its preservation." Holding aloft the banner between the oysters and the soup may appear, at first sight, a rather tedious performance; but in the long winter of discontent that has surrounded the Democracy, it needs a little solid food to keep up the thinnest amount of courage. Shut out for so long from the public crib, the Democracy has had the hard choice of starving or of paying for its own dinner. It is by no means a valueless habit in a great political party to practise paying one's way as one goes along. Let us hope that when the Democracy does finally win its way towards the public fleshpots, it will come, not ravening for all it may devour, but faithful to the habit of self-support it has acquired in the lean years.

We are glad to record Mr. Taft's manly stand before representatives of union labor and his good word for non-union labor—that is, for the inalienable right of the American workingman to accept employment where he pleases, when he pleases, and at what wages he sees fit to take. America's worst enemy could wish her nothing more crippling than that the trade unions should absolutely dominate the labor market. They have virtually been doing that for years in England, and more than one student of her present industrial difficulties attributes them in considerable degree to this fact. Mr. Taft, like many another, recognizes clearly that labor unions have achieved much that is good; that they have their praiseworthy sides. He thinks them absolutely necessary, too, in order to combat capitalistic organizations. But to turn over to them the destinies of every worker and every industry—that, if we properly read his words, is something unthinkable. We are only sorry that when he had the trainmen before him he did not dwell upon the evil resulting to railways and the public safety from many of their present rules and regulations and from their assumption of authority. Probably Mr. Taft has been too busy of late to read the "Confessions of a Railway Signalman," wherein some of these facts are set forth by a union man.

"Dr. Eliot's dream" is one characterization of the plan urged upon President Taft at the White House last week by Dr. Charles W. Eliot of placing all postal employees in fourth-class offices under the civil-service rules. Well, wilder dreams than this were dreamed by the original civil-service reformers, and all came true. To-day, these fourth-class postmasters are a source of endless political strife; they are the links in many an important machine to defeat the will of the people. Upon this sort of patronage many a politician waxes powerful. Congressmen are overburdened with this sort of office-broking, and that the President should have to appoint each one is an absurdity. Good business and sound political reasons dictate the change, and President Taft should jump at the chance. He ought to do something to make his Administration distinguished—it needs plenty of bolstering up. Every President of late years has advanced the cause of civil-service reform. If he takes the advice of the Civil-Service Reform Association, he will merit the gratitude of the country; that he will thereby weaken the political machine which forced his nomination upon the country, is merely another reason for the proposed reform.

We cannot feel too grateful to Theodore Roosevelt for his thoughtfulness in advising the American people how to think about this dreadful catastrophe in Rome. There would have been Orange riots in the streets of New York to-day and the burning of a Catholic church or two in Kansas, if this calm, manly, high-minded telegram from Rome had not appeared simultaneously with the shocking news that the Pope and Mr. Roosevelt will not meet. But we are sorry for the Pope. He will miss the grasp of the mighty hunter's hand and the assurance from his own lips that he *did* visit every Catholic mission within reach just as he visited the Protestant missions; that, on the one hand, he loves his Catholic fellow-citizens, and, on the other, he loves the Protestant and Hebrew fellow-citizens just as much. Later on, we are sure, when the Pope reads this magnanimous telegram, he will repent in sackcloth and ashes. As for the American public, it will never forget that Mr. Roosevelt prevented an outraged Protestant country from rising in its wrath and beginning a religious warfare. All our people will to-day speak kindly to their Catholic friends, as he wishes, and put their revolvers back into their holsters.

The Federal Government's "raid" on

the bucket-shops, though based apparently on the fact that the enterprises attacked had been doing business in the District of Columbia, is part of an effort by the public authorities generally to stamp out a peculiarly noxious abuse. What, by some peculiar and not wholly obvious analogy of thought, our people call a bucket-shop, is not only a gambling establishment pure and simple, but is in most cases a gambling establishment which pretends to be something else. The purchases or sales of stocks, made by customers of these concerns, profess to be transactions on a margin, conducted in part with borrowed money, like operations on the Stock Exchange. The Stock Exchange requires that its members actually execute such buying or selling orders on the exchange, and severely punishes brokers who fail to do so. The bucket-shop makes no legitimate sale or purchase whatever. Not only so, but, in the language of Wall Street, it frequently "coppers" its customers by secret transactions of its own. If those customers happen to have guessed rightly in their attempts at speculation, the bucket-shop has been known to trade in a large way on the Stock Exchange, on its own account, with a view to forcing the movement of prices against its patrons. Its activities are, therefore, not merely fraudulent in character, but are of the nature of conspiracy against the people whose money and patronage it has solicited. It is on this ground that the Government is acting for the protection of its citizens.

It is the irony of fate that public dissatisfaction with Republican policies should be visited on the innocent or the comparatively innocent. Indiana, Iowa, and Minnesota are hotbeds of "insurgency," and their representatives in Congress have assailed the tariff iniquity as sharply as any Democrat. Yet it is insurgents like Beveridge of Indiana who are now threatened by the very anti-tariff sentiment which they share. Were the issue of Beveridge's reëlection to the Senate one to be decided within the Republican party there would be no doubt as to its outcome. But, unfortunately, in the autumn elections for the Indiana Legislature, the campaign will be fought out as between Democrats and Republicans without regard to stand-pat and insurgent variations among the latter, and Beveridge may have to pay for a tariff bill which he voted against, but which his party nevertheless saddled upon the country. To endorse or not to endorse, that is the question which the framers of Republican State platforms are now bound to take up with regard to the tariff; and the choice is a difficult one at best. Standing by the tariff may mean the loss of an election. Evading or condemning the tariff will be interpreted only as a confession of Republican guilt, and lead to the same result. It is a situation distinctly encouraging to Democrats.

Representative Slayden has acted promptly on one military abuse—the flagrant violation of the Constitution by three United States officers detailed to the Cuban army. The Constitution says that "no person holding any office of profit or trust under them [the United States] shall without the consent of the Congress accept of any present, emolument, office, or title, of any kind whatever, from any king, prince, or foreign State." Yet Capts. Frank Parker, Eleventh Cavalry; G. G. Gatley, Third Field Artillery, and P. S. Golderman of the Coast Artillery are receiving pay from the Cuban Government, as well as from their own. That the War Department admits the impropriety of this appears from Secretary Dickinson's annual report. It further concedes the illegality of the situation, because a rider has been attached to the Military Academy bill, authorizing the lending of officers to Cuba and Panama on the request of the Presidents of those republics. In other words, it asks approval for a wanton violation of the Constitution which has been going on openly for about a year. Why should American officers get double pay for serving in Cuba? That is the real question. The Army of Occupation, under Gen. Barry, did not receive double pay. This is what makes the army think the whole business merely a piece of favoritism.

Pittsburgh's indicted bribe-takers and bribe-givers are fighting desperately after the manner of their kind. In their behalf counsel moved last Monday for a quashing of the charges on the ground that one of the grand jurors concerned in framing the indictment was a non-resident of Allegheny County. And again counsel asked for a change of venue, on the ground that public sentiment was inflamed against his clients, and he read from newspapers in support of his contention. At bottom, there is no question here of the accused desiring justice. It is a question of escaping punishment by hook or crook. It is to be hoped that the Pittsburgh courts will see fit to proceed with the trial at once. The plea for a change of venue is frequently made and seldom granted nowadays. Judges have been ready to recognize that under modern conditions of publicity it is ridiculous to expect that the public shall remain quiet where the situation calls for strong feeling. It is as absurd as that other popular method of picking out jurymen who have neither read nor discussed the sensation that the very children in the cradle are prattling about. A jury of men possessed with a deep horror of graft is not at all a bad jury to sit in a graft trial.

One aspect of such revelations of widespread corruption as are now filling the newspapers is little thought of, and yet it is perhaps, in its material effects, the most important of all. Take the Pittsburgh case. Here we have city councilmen, or former city councilmen, coming in, by droves, to confess that they have taken bribes. One has taken money for a street ordinance, one for a bank ordinance, and so on. No doubt the moral aspect of this state of things is the most serious and the most intolerable. But consider also what paralysis of the true functions of a Legislature or a city council it signifies! Can the man whose eye is on the chance to make a hundred dollars here and five hundred there by selling his vote have his mind on the public interests? If American cities and States have been flagrantly improvident and neglectful, if they have allowed the superiority of our situation to that of the Old World to count for so little, if they have let Hamburg and Berlin do things that Philadelphia and New York might have done ten times more readily, but have not done —how much of this is due to the fact that our city and State legislation has been in the hands of grafters or semi-grafters? The cost of the graft system in the way of direct harm by illegitimate means is as nothing in comparison with these indirect results.

It will be with a sense of personal loss that the news of Myra Kelly's death will be heard by many thousands whom she has delighted and touched by her unique stories of the East Side. In that remarkable output of short stories of high merit and distinctive quality which, for a series of years, formed so notable a feature in our magazine literature, the work of Myra Kelly was clearly differentiated from that of any other writer. Underneath the tricks of East Side Jewish English, and underneath the sustained grotesqueness of character or sentiment or thought displayed by the leading figures in the stories, there ran, all along, a genuine human quality that gave to the whole a place quite other than that which a first glance at the stories would suggest. Not only did Miss Kelly convey a tender sympathy with the little people she portrayed; she made us share with her a feeling for their high qualities of loyalty and aspiration that could have in it nothing of condescension or patronage. By what simple but subtle art she contrived to make such a feeling compatible with whole-hearted laughter at the surprising incongruities and absurdities she was constantly picturing, or even caricaturing, it would be difficult to say; but the effect was there. And the tenderness of feeling she inspired for her little protégés overflowed in her own favor; and many a heart that has been moved by her tales of "Teacher's" adoring pupils will be saddened by the thought that her own fresh young voice is silent.

As though every nation under the sun were not supplied with more than a sufficient quota of war maniacs—jingo politicians, jingo editors, patriotic powder and ammunition salesmen, preachers of race hatred, and ordinary fools whose habit is to cry out aloud for battleships, God, and country—it must needs go searching for additional aid and comfort among the most eminent foreign specialists in blood and thunder. France, as a nation rich in high-powered speculators on world-politics, has been peculiarly active in foreseeing war between the United States and Japan. The latest prophet from Paris is Vice-Admiral Fournier, whose new book fairly palpitates with horror at the imminent danger of a terrible conflict between the two peoples, who are now "actually face to face in the Pacific." Admiral Fournier is a fellow-countryman of the expert who some time ago had a number of Japanese torpedo-boats make a dash from Yokohama and destroy the American battleship fleet off the coast of Brazil. He recalls, too, that other expert, a German, who represents an American army as landing at Corpus Christi, Texas, in order to take in flank a Japanese army encamped in the neighborhood of Butte, Montana. We greatly fear that if Admiral Fournier, who sees the Japanese and Americans face to face across twelve thousand miles of the Pacific, were to be landed in New York, he would be sauntering out from his hotel the next morning to look for the famous *Peaux-Rouges* who hunt the buffalo in the borough of the Bronx.

If Berlin continues to grow at the present rate it will have 6,450,000 inhabitants in 1950 and 10,000,000 in 2000. Some years ago the local architects looked the situation squarely in the face and concluded that it was sheer folly to let the city keep on growing at random, by the mechanical process of adding one street to another. There should be some general plan, they insisted, in accordance with which the city should be enlarged, a plan which would take into consideration hygienic problems, rapidity and convenience of transportation, and the preservation, as far as possible, of scenic features. Several prizes of from 15,000 to 25,000 marks for the best plans were accordingly offered, and the winners were Professors Genzmer, Brix, and Möhring, and the architect Hermann Jansen. Their suggestions for the Greater Berlin of the future being submitted in printed volumes, with many plans, cannot but prove suggestive in other cities which have an eye to the future. To provide for the needs of the population in the year 2000 is, after all, as one of the prize-winners remarks, to look forward only two generations and not three, as would have been the case not many years ago, when the progress in sanitation had not yet increased the average duration of a lifetime. When will our American cities plan for 1950, to say nothing of 2000?

The recently announced agreement between Russia and Austria in the matter of the Balkans appears to have been no formal agreement upon any definite programme, but a mere resumption of more or less cordial relations after the frigid year and a half that followed Austria's *coup d'état* in Bosnia and Herzegovina. Both Powers have suddenly recalled that an arrangement for harmonious action in the Balkans, concluded in 1897, is still in force. Whereupon Austria, with a fine touch of humor, has remarked that she had promised to stand by the *status quo* in 1897 and she would stand by the *status quo* in 1910, omitting to mention, however, that between 1897 and 1910 the *status quo* in the Balkans had been greatly changed in circumstances more or less within her control. Russia has consented to make the best of a bad bargain, swallow her resentment, and join hands for the maintenance of the new régime in Turkey and the raising of the Balkan peoples.

The Military League in Greece, which has been in virtual control of public affairs since last summer, has at last carried its main point with the convocation of a National Assembly by royal decree. The tiny kingdom under its military oligarchy has presented a curiously mingled spectacle of the serious and the comic. The motives behind the military uprising were laudable enough. Domestic Greek politics have been, since time immemorial, pitifully corrupt. The rotation system of party-government, by which each party took its turn at the public crib with the consent of the other, was as rife there as it was in its classic home, Portugal. With its slender military resources the country was in no condition to pursue an active foreign policy. The revolution in Turkey acted as a spur on Greek military patriotism. On the one hand, here was the hereditary enemy apparently risen to renewed life and power, and hence a menace to be feared more than ever. On the other hand, the example of Turkey showed what a resolute and patriotic army might do in the way of drastic national housecleaning. The final impulse came when Greece, in the face of Turkish threats, was compelled to surrender or postpone her ambitions with regard to Crete. Last summer's military uprising at Athens was the consequence, and was followed in turn by a succession of ministerial crises, a comic-opera revolt like the recent one of Lieut. Tibaldos, and now the summoning of a constituent assembly.

NULLIFICATION IN MARYLAND.

The action of the Maryland Legislature in relation to negro disfranchisement is of a character so extraordinary that the country has not yet waked up to its significance. It does not stand in the same class with the disfranchising Constitutions or Constitutional amendments that have heretofore been adopted by Southern States. These amendments were, indeed, substantially nullifications of the Fifteenth Amendment; but the nullification was covered, in point of form, by the device of the "grandfather clause." By these, men were not disfranchised ostensibly on the ground of "race, color, or previous condition of servitude"; the property and education tests applied to all men alike, but the "grandfather clause" admitted persons to the franchise without submission to those tests, and, of course, the benefit of the "grandfather clause" was accessible virtually to white men only. While this was evidently, in substance if not in form, a violation of the Fifteenth Amendment, the Supreme Court has found it possible to avoid making any decision either sustaining or annulling these State enactments. Every case that has been brought before it has been disposed of on some technical or subsidiary point, leaving the merits of the real issue untouched.

The bills that were hurried through both houses of the Maryland Legislature in the closing days of last week bring on a situation in which no such attitude on the part of the Supreme Court will be possible. If the Court did not spontaneously feel that it must stand forth and assert itself when the Constitution of the United States was challenged by undisguised nullification, the force of public sentiment would irresistibly compel it to take cognizance of the issue. These bills, disfranchising the negro as such, are expressly based on the assertion that the Fifteenth Amendment is not valid, or at least is not binding on the State of Maryland. Thus the issue presented is one that transcends any question either of law or of policy affecting simply the rights of the negro. The indifference that has been shown in the North over the denial to the Southern negro of the rights guaranteed to him by the Fifteenth Amendment has been due to the spread of the feeling that the South should be left to solve its own problems. The inaction of the Supreme Court has reflected that feeling. But now quite a different note has been struck by the anti-negro fanatics of Maryland, and when the country shall have fully realized what that note is, the Maryland leaders may rest assured that the country will be heard from on the subject. The people of the North have not grown so callous or so indifferent that they will permit a precedent like this to be established in silence. They will not submit without a protest to the barefaced nullification of that which was written into the Constitution as a result of the civil war. There can be no doubt that the issue created by the Maryland Democrats will be brought to an actual decision by the Supreme Court, and few men of sense can doubt what that decision will be.

Of course, all this is predicated on the assumption that Gov. Crothers will not withhold his assent from the bills, which were forced through the Legislature by a strict party vote, after their adoption by the Democratic caucus. The Governor himself is in full sympathy with the anti-negro movement, and there is therefore little to hope for in that quarter. And yet there is matter enough to give him pause. So far as we have observed, the entire daily press of Baltimore is opposed to the foolhardy scheme, and many conservative Democrats in that city have protested against it. A resolution denouncing it was adopted by the Methodist ministers at their meeting a few days ago. Far more significant, a number of leading Southern Senators and Representatives have expressed their keen regret at the move, and some of them had previously urged the managers of the Maryland project to drop it. As a legal experiment, it is a wild scheme, doomed to certain failure; as a matter of national politics it is the ugliest manifestation of an anti-national and anti-liberal spirit that has come to the front in many years. The wanton act of the Maryland Democrats promises to lead to a revival of race and sectional antagonisms such as have long been absent from the national stage.

The whole story of the Maryland disfranchising agitation is one that reflects peculiar discredit on the dominant party in that State. Prior to 1895, the government of the State, and of the city of Baltimore, had been held, for more than twenty years, firmly in the grip of one of the most unscrupulous, as it was one of the most powerful, political rings in the country. In that year, by an alliance between the Republicans and a strong body of independent Democrats, the ring was overthrown. From the possession of the State and city governments by the Republicans in 1896, as the result of the decisive victory of November, 1895, dates the improvement of governmental standards and governmental conditions both at Annapolis and Baltimore. Fair elections had been the cry of the Republicans and independents in 1895; and ideally fair elections were established by the Republicans when they came into power. Yet no sooner had the Democrats regained control than they began to introduce every possible sort of contrivance, in the way of election tricks, to make their tenure unshakable. The negro vote is only one-fifth of the total, but the issue of "white supremacy" has nevertheless been worked in the most frantic manner by the Democratic organization; and this without the possibility of pointing to any evil that has come of the negro vote either in the State government or in that of Baltimore city. In certain counties it must be admitted that there have been complaints, but no sincere and genuine attempt has been made to grapple with any such trouble. Wholesale disfranchising schemes, on the model of the Southern Constitutions, have twice been decisively voted down by the people. And now, instead of accepting this twice-rendered verdict, the successors of the Gorman-Rasin ring, aided by a few sincere but visionary lawyers who may be animated by the spirit of Calhoun, are resorting to this wild scheme. It is not a pretty story, and the only consolation is that this latest chapter looks as if it might be the last.

TARIFF PEACE WITH CANADA.

Besides averting a tariff war, the settlement with Canada now bears the pleasing character of a possible prelude to establishing reciprocal trade relations between the United States and that country. In paving the way toward so desirable a result, Mr. Taft has performed a notable service. The letters exchanged between Secretary Knox and Finance Minister Fielding, immediately after the adoption of the agreement,

show how strong is the disposition on both sides toward a liberal trade policy in the future. "The agreement," says Mr. Knox, "encourages the hope that the future trade relations of the countries will become even more intimate and expanded, and will be regulated in a spirit of cordial reciprocation and interdependence." And Mr. Fielding, in reply, declares that the Canadian Government "very heartily reciprocate" this sentiment, and "will gladly avail themselves" of the President's invitation to take up, at such time as may be mutually satisfactory, the consideration of a readjustment of the trade relations between the two countries "upon the broader and more liberal lines which should obtain" between them. All this is matter for sincere congratulation, and is very different indeed from what, for a while, seemed the possible outcome.

If the concessions actually obtained from the Canadians are of insignificant magnitude, that fact must be ascribed to the weakness of the position in which we were placed by the maximum-and-minimum feature of the Payne-Aldrich law. It was felt by the Canadians that the threat of the maximum was one that we should not dare to carry out, on account of the injury which such an increase of duties on Canadian products would inflict on our own people. They regarded it as a bluff; and, if they did not actually call the bluff, they came as near doing so as could be done without putting us in a position where we might have been compelled, for the sake of saving our face, to plunge into a tariff war, however little we liked to do so. In replying to questions in the Dominion Parliament, Mr. Fielding stated the case with great frankness. "If we had stood pat, it is possible we might have in some way obtained the minimum American tariff," said Mr. Fielding. But good relations with the United States, he continued, were better than a spectacular triumph. "If we could avoid a tariff war by granting some, and from our point of view not very important, concessions, it was far better in the interest of Canada for the present and the future that we should make the concessions rather than to triumph over the United States on terms which would have left soreness and ill-feeling and created friction in future negotiations." A remark made by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Canadian Premier, is also highly interesting. While appreciating the strong sentiment in this country adverse to a tariff war with Canada, he also recognized the fact that there is in the United States a high protectionist group, which is willing and anxious to push the President into such a contest. "The Canadian Government did not feel," said the Premier, "that it should give its aid to further the ends of this group by making impossible conditions for the President."

It is unnecessary here to enter minutely into the actual concessions that were sought, and the concessions that were made. They bring up the old story of the "most favored nation" question. On a certain list of articles, France had secured from Canada reductions of from 2½ to 5 per cent., in return for equivalent concessions on her own part; and these concessions were automatically extended to thirteen other nations under the most-favored-nation clause in their treaties. We had made no treaty concessions to Canada, and the concessions to France were not, therefore, regarded by Mr. Taft as constituting "undue discrimination" against the United States; but the same concessions, extended to other countries entitled, under their treaties, to most-favored-nation treatment, did seem to him to justify the charge of discrimination against us. The logic or metaphysics of this position is ticklish; but the knot was cut by the homely process of splitting the difference. The difference, to be sure, does not seem to have been split anywhere near the middle; we get the "intermediate" rate on thirteen items, out of the forty originally in question. The quantity of our exports to Canada affected by this reduction of 2½ per cent. ad valorem is about $5,000,000 out of a total of about $180,000,000. But it is stated that these articles on which the concession is granted comprise virtually all the commodities in which there is competition between the United States and the favored nations; and on this principle the selection was made.

Satisfactory as it is to have the difficulty decently settled, and gratifying as is the fact that what started as a wrangle has ended in a prospect of liberal relations between the two countries, one cannot avoid feeling the pettiness of these higglings between two enlightened and large-minded peoples. The matters involved are undoubtedly important to particular business interests, and it is to the credit of either government that painstaking care is bestowed on the safeguarding of those interests, so far as they are legitimate; but, after all, it is right that we should take also a broader view. Think of all the higgling, and all the diplomacy, and all the anxiety over political and commercial consequences; and then consider that what we have got out of it is two and a half per cent. on five million dollars in the total amount of duty to be paid on imports into Canada from the United States—a reduction of $125,000 a year! The want of perspective that is so characteristic in the whole domain of foreign trade is nowhere more in evidence than in these tariff wrangles. The exaggeration of their importance, the factitious dignity and consequence they are by common consent allowed to assume, are of a piece with the readiness which people show, the world over, to accept at their own valuation the inflated claims of commercial jingoes as to the momentous importance of this or that bit of foreign trade, the world-shaking significance of this or that petty obstacle to its development. If an instinctive questioning of the magnitude of the matters involved were to become habitual, most tariff wars would be laughed out of court, and most threats of war by flood and field for the sake of commerce would be treated with the contempt they deserve.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL STRUGGLE IN ENGLAND.

The debate on the question of the Lords in the House of Commons has confirmed the feeling that a contest of great depth and intensity is before the people of England. Mr. Asquith, in his opening speech, seems to have made no concession to that sentiment of conservatism to which Lord Rosebery's resolutions, almost unanimously adopted by the House of Lords, make their appeal. The position laid down in the Premier's motion and supported by his speech was aggressively challenged by the leader of the Opposition. A notable utterance of Mr. Balfour's was that in which he declared the existence of the House of Lords more than ever necessary now, when "modern radicalism has revolutionary ideals and aims upon

which the people should be consulted before their final adoption." Between this position and that asserted by Mr. Asquith, when he said that the "absolute veto" of the Lords must be abolished in order that the road may be cleared for the advent of "a full-grown and unfettered democracy," lies the antithesis upon which the vital thought of the country must be centred.

If the question thus presented were bound up with the House of Lords as at present constituted, there could be little doubt of the result; but it is not on this line that the issue is being joined. Not only from the standpoint of democracy, but from the standpoint of efficacy for its own function of conservatism, the House of Lords has at last reached the point where its inappropriateness and shortcomings are universally recognized as calling for far-reaching reforms. The democratic sentiment of the time will not much longer endure the possession by a purely hereditary body of power so substantial as that which the peers now exercise; and, on the other hand, it is seen that a body whose tenure of power rests on so uncertain a basis, a body so subject to subversive agitation, cannot exercise its function with réal independence; except in cases of the most extreme kind, it is ready to sacrifice its judgment rather than run the risk of a collision. In this situation, two proposals of opposite character are presented to the consideration of the people. On the part of the Liberals, the country is asked to leave the composition of the House of Lords—at least for the present—unaltered, but to reduce its power to something approaching insignificance; whereas the Conservatives propose to improve the composition of the body by some as yet undefined method which abandons the unqualified principle of heredity, and thereby to make it a more vigorous and more potent Second Chamber. If this plan should be matured in a wise and far-seeing manner, it will make a strong appeal to the conservative instincts of the people of England. As between a reformed and strengthened House of Lords, exercising the function of a check on the House of Commons without being overwhelmingly representative of the landed interests and of one political party, and a House of Lords unreformed but almost impotent, no one can say how many thoughtful Liberals may choose the former alternative.

To Americans, Mr. Asquith's appeal to the idea of a "full-grown and unfettered democracy" may seem to be essentially a call to England to adopt the system obtaining in our own country. But to give the House of Commons almost unchecked predominance, as Mr. Asquith's resolutions propose, would be to introduce a system profoundly different from that in America. Nor is it the existence of the Senate in which that difference lies, for the Senate is, after all, in the main, only a more slowly moving body of representatives; any strong popular movement, sustained for the space of two or three years, is capable of sweeping the Senate, as well as the House and the Presidency, along with it. It is our written Constitution, with its Supreme Court endowed by the Constitution with unparalleled powers in the annulling of legislation, and with its division of authority between the States and the Federal Government, that stands in this country as the great check upon a "full-grown and unfettered democracy." If, indeed, the House of Lords had in practice the "absolute veto" which it has theoretically, and which Mr. Asquith declares it his purpose to abolish, it would, of course, be a more effective barrier against an unrestrained democracy than is our written Constitution; but the unwritten Constitution of England has long reduced the function of the House of Lords to the staying of legislation until the will of the people has been uttered with what all men feel to be unmistakable authority. That, to be sure, is a very great power; but it is not in any true sense an "absolute veto," and it is in many directions not as substantial a barrier to radical change as is our own Constitution. The example of America cannot, therefore, be cited in favor of the emasculation, though it may be invoked in favor of the better lodgment, of the functions of the Second Chamber.

With so fundamental an issue at stake, it must be deplored by all right-minded men, whatever their standpoint, that the parliamentary system offers no guarantee that the question will come before the people for a clear decision on its merits. An inestimable service would be rendered to the cause of parliamentary government if leaders on both sides were to forego all the other questions between the parties and stake the coming election on this great question alone. It has no connection whatsoever with that other great question, of free trade against protection, which was probably the leading factor in the recent electoral contest; and as for Irish Home Rule, that will take care of itself, because the Irish will vote virtually as a unit against the House of Lords, whether Home Rule is or is not explicitly brought into the canvass. If an understanding could be established that the new House of Commons would not deal with the free-trade question, and that the verdict of the people, whichever way it went, would not be regarded as signifying any preference on this head, a contest could be carried on whose character was worthy of the great question at issue, and whose result might be looked forward to as the true judgment of the nation.

CORPORATIONS AND CONSCIENCE.

Of the making of many problems nowadays there is no end. And of the magnifying of those problems that we have ready-made there is an abundance. In the leading article of the current number of the *Political Science Quarterly*, Mr. Joseph B. Ross discusses seriously and learnedly "The Attitude of Private Conscience Toward Corporate Right." With the natural instinct of the specialist he endeavors by delving far beneath the surface to find the explanation of certain familiar experiences. "The cause," he tells us, "of the misunderstanding and of the consequent antagonism between the industrial or commercial corporation and the public lies very largely in a failure to realize what the corporation actually is." And again: "It seems rather anomalous and difficult of comprehension that a form of industrial organization which universally commends itself to the business world should yet be visited with marked popular opprobrium." Mr. Ross ascribes to the average man a feeling of mystification due to legal elements in the status of the corporation which he knows to be something in the nature of privilege, but of which he can clearly make out neither the basis nor the nature. Of such elements Mr. Ross enumerates many: for instance, "the State has made it possible for the corporation to repudiate its debts by pleading its limited capital stock and the statutory lia-

bility of its stockholders." And in conclusion he declares that "undoubtedly the causes of the misapprehension and of the deep-seated antagonism between American laymen and the private corporation, its directors and its stockholders, lie in the enigmatical personality of the corporation—a personality certainly existing, but not yet arrived at a maturity of its powers nor aware of its profound social obligations."

But, after all is said and done, we do not seem to have got much further than the plain man gets when he harks back to that old dictum of Lord Thurlow's, that a corporation has neither a body to be kicked nor a soul to be damned. And indeed not so far. For, since Lord Thurlow's time, we have advanced a long distance toward the kicking of corporations; and, at the same time, the vast spread of the system over the industrial and commercial world has resulted not in strengthening but in greatly weakening animosity against corporations as such. While there may be a certain mild recognition of the difference in responsibility and responsiveness between a corporation and an individual or a firm, it is doubtful whether one man in a hundred is perceptibly influenced by it either in his sentiment or in his conduct. It is not corporations in general, but two special kinds of corporations against which popular prejudice is arrayed and towards which many individuals feel themselves absolved from the ordinary obligations of conscience. These are public service corporations and corporations which are or are supposed to be of a monopolistic character. And in these cases the reasons for this hostile, or even this unscrupulous, attitude are not far to seek. In the matter of monopoly, the thing speaks for itself; in the case of the public service corporations, we have, in addition to the anti-monopoly sentiment, the feeling, whether well-founded or not, that by illegitimate means they have obtained privileges burdensome to the public. To see how little the idea of the corporation in itself has to do with the matter, one has only to imagine the street railways of New York to have always belonged to Mr. Belmont personally, or the Standard Oil to have been created and owned by Mr. John D. Rockefeller alone. Does any one suppose that public feeling towards either of these establishments would have been more gentle, or that people would harbor any greater sense of obligation to treat them with scrupulous regard for their legal rights?

Of course, the impersonality—partly real and partly apparent—of the corporation does make a great difference in the strictly human side of many relations with it; but this difference is inevitable from the nature of the case, and we shall never by taking thought get rid of it. It is quite as important to avoid exaggeration of the effect of this circumstance as it is to recognize its existence. Against a corporation as such, a corporation not identified either with the idea of oppressive monopolistic practices or with that of special privileges, the average man neither entertains hatred nor exercises unfairness. Almost every instance of such conduct towards corporations cited by Mr. Ross could easily be matched in parallel cases where the party concerned was an individual and not a corporation. Even such an example as the eager rush for railway passes—in the days before the recent anti-pass legislation—is much more readily explained by a simple weakness of human nature or a defect in common honesty than by any peculiar state of mind arising out of the mysterious nature of the corporate entity. No one ever heard of people being shy about getting theatre passes, even before the days of the Theatre Trust; the automatic instinct for getting, or seeming to get, something for nothing is amusingly illustrated in the rush for ice cream and salads at every social gathering; and as for deception, it is only necessary to ask any unincorporated doctor how many otherwise respectable persons resort to queer devices in order to get medical services for little or nothing.

Finally, as to the necessity that the corporation shall become "aware of its profound social obligations" as a condition precedent to receiving fair and decent treatment from the average man. In regard to all this class of considerations, we are both more and less sanguine than those who constantly hold up to our view these high and distant ideals. It will be long before the recognition of "profound social obligations" becomes the dominant factor in the conduct of either corporations or individuals—unless, indeed, by profound social obligations is meant those profoundest obligations of all, which are as old as civilized history. The homely but faithful performance of the plain duty not to steal, not to lie, not to cheat; the recognition of the simple claims of human beings to that ordinary consideration which stays the hand of the strong from merciless destruction of the weak—these obligations, indeed, it is the immediate duty of corporations to observe. Many corporations have always observed them; the number of those that do not is, we are sure, destined rapidly to grow less since the public conscience has become awakened. Let us demand of them that simple righteousness which all men recognize as duty, and the absence of which all men recognize as wickedness. Then, for the beautiful state of the future we can afford to wait with patience.

GREAT BRITAIN IN EGYPT.

The protest issued by the Young Egypt Committee at Geneva against Mr. Roosevelt's pro-English address before the students of the University of Cairo fell into serious error. That distinguished traveller was actuated in his remarks by no desire to please his official hosts. It is doing him a wrong to imagine that he would sacrifice his convictions to curry favor with anybody. In the present instance it was almost inevitable that he should have assumed the position he did. He found in Egypt a people on a somewhat backward cultural plane, ruled by a handful of strong white men. He saw there the far-famed efficiency of British administration brought to probably its highest pitch. The British rulers in Egypt are men who do things and get results. Under them the country has made unquestioned material progress. Here, then, was the white man's burden carried along strenuously, successfully, and, on the whole, quietly too, if it were not for the clamor of a few malcontents who would have self-government, and Egypt for the Egyptians, and a good many other wild things. Could these so-called Nationalist agitators promise Egypt as efficient a government as England has given her these last twenty-five years and more? No. Then the question was settled for Mr. Roosevelt. On the same grounds that he lauded the British rule in India when he was still President, he bestowed his approval upon British rule in Egypt.

And in India and Egypt both, the British have been facing the same problem ever since the Russo-Japanese war gave birth to new hopes among the subject races. Great Britain, like many a conquering people before her, finds it hard to understand why the nations to whom she has brought peace and material well-being should chafe under her rule. It is well enough for the island-born Englishman to insist on taking care of himself, even if he does it badly, rather than have things carefully smoothed out for him from above. It is absurd for the Bengali or the Egyptian Nationalist to assume the same attitude; first, because, in his case, it has been demonstrated that he is unfit to take care of himself, and secondly—and the argument is legitimate enough—failure in his case would also spell trouble and worse for Great Britain herself, and for the world at large. In India, for instance, the British assert that they have brought order and stability where formerly there was civil war and oppression. Let Great Britain withdraw, and India would become a cockpit for its own hostile races and religions and a prey to Russian or Japanese or German ambition—who knows? Can a handful of Babu lawyers hold together an empire of 300,000,000 people?

But as between Egypt and India there are certain important differences which give the former country much the stronger case against Great Britain. And this in spite of the fact that Egypt, unlike India, cannot deny that British rule has brought prosperity to the country. Egypt has no devastating plagues and famines to complain of. Her population has nearly doubled since 1882, and the national wealth has more than kept pace with the population. The primary reason for discontent is, therefore, apparently absent, until we recall that it is comparative prosperity, and not helpless destitution, that nourishes political unrest. The very fact that Egypt is prosperous offers a powerful reason why England cannot hope to keep it permanently in subjection. But more important still is the absence in Egypt of those racial and religious divergences in which England finds the chief need for her presence in India. Of Egypt's nearly 12,000,000 people, less than a million are Christian and Jewish. Over 92 per cent. of the population is Mohammedan, the very class which England regards as constituting the most peaceful, the most industrious, and altogether the most promising element in India. In Egypt, therefore, there can be no question of racial or religious warfare. The population is homogeneous, compact, and not so numerous as to make self-government the momentous task it must be in India.

The reasons for Egyptian Nationalism are, clearly, far from negligible. England's presence in Egypt cannot be explained as due to the people's incapacity for self-government. It was not civil war or any other form of popular misdemeanor that first brought England into the land, but the insane financial extravagances of a Khedive who virtually delivered his country into the hands of his foreign creditors. The revolt of Arabi Pasha in 1882 was a protest against foreign domination, and England's subsequent intervention was dictated solely by her interests as part holder of the foreign debt and as owner of the Suez Canal. If the temporary British occupation has become permanent, it is not primarily because the welfare of the country required it, but because British Imperial policy demanded it. The fact that the Khedives Ismail and Tewfik brought Egypt under foreign domination does not prove that the people itself is unfit to be entrusted with a large measure of self-government. That is what the Egyptian Nationalists maintain, and they have the recent experience of Turkey to hearten them.

CONFESSIONS OF A PROFESSOR.

While our colleges of liberal arts are groaning with their regrets, their misgivings, and their sins, Prof. Grant Showerman has seen and stepped into an opportunity. In a book of essays, entitled "With the Professor," he attempts, with a limpidity of style and a gentle temperance recalling the Elia of Cambridge, Mass., to relieve the stuffed bosom of higher education by ingenuously revealing to the world the present sensitive and uneasy state of the professorial mind, its inner conflicts, and its discordant environment. For a confessional medium he has created, after the fashion of one of Anatole France's innocent sages, a bald-headed teacher of the classics with an aspiring wife and six children. (That "six" is a rather unrealistic touch.) In the course of his lucubrations this very typical academic gentleman pretty nearly exhausts the stock topics of academic society: salaries, receptions, cost of living, merits of teachers, research, and educational policy. Readers in university communities, East and West, will find themselves testifying to his representativeness by exclaiming "That's our college through and through," "That's I" or "me"—according to their grammatical faith.

But to represent things from certain points of view is to satirize them; by virtue of his humanistic standpoint "the Professor" is a satirist. In these days of universal elective franchise no one knows the object of education; the object of educators, however, or, more accurately speaking, of their wives and daughters—is "getting on." The driving power is not the desire to learn and teach, but a desperate ambition to gain and maintain a footing on a $2,000 salary in a society where the average income is three or four times as great. The rising young instructor, therefore, is compelled to be a hypocrite. He must devote his energy to doing things in which he does not believe—writing articles on "Terminations in T" and "Suffixes in S"—in order to win the hollow approbation of the learned, which leads to promotion. "The Professor" entertains a rather undignified conception of the function of the various scientific and philological journals. He is so cynical as to suggest that contributors should be obliged to pay regular advertising rates. One does not like to think that there is any occasion for such stringent measures. Yet of a piece with this insinuation of commercialism in the studious cloister is the satirical rogue's description of an elaborate university social function, in preparing for, going through, and getting over which some ten hours are consumed by the instructor and his wife, with a net result of ten minutes of social intercourse. This agony, too, like the barren sweat of "research," is a propitiatory offering to the God of Getting On. The cure for these evils is easy to prescribe and "pleasant to take"—$15,000 a year.

Behind the satirist, however, is a dismayed and bewildered believer in humane culture—the pensive and melancholy Ossian of contemporary education. He stands by the graves of Homer and Virgil, and mourns for the

bygone days. Since the great educational revolution and the irruption into the colleges of the Third Estate, he has witnessed the defeat, demoralization, and dispersal of the intellectual nobility. A new and alien order of mechanics, engineers, business men, farmers, linguistic cranks, and scientific pedants possesses the field. Their means are not his means, nor their ends his ends. He is among them but not of them; he moves with them, but keeps step to another drummer. He is something of a sentimentalist: he expresses his dissent with the sound of a harp, when the crisis calls for a trumpet. In his ability to excite sympathy with his ideals and in his inability to suggest or institute practical reforms—in his quite resourceless idealism—Professor Showerman's "Professor" fairly symbolizes the faculty of liberal arts in a large university.

"The Professor," like many contemporary humanists, imagines that his melancholy arises from his recollection of the old régime. As a matter of fact, it arises from his ignorance of the history of education. Hearing him talk, one would be led to suspect that in the good old times before President Eliot students were fired with an inhuman love of liberal culture for its own sake. As a matter of fact, Ascham and Peacham and Milton and Locke and Chesterfield advocated a liberal education primarily because it was the most valuable and practical training for a liberal career. The scholar-gentleman contemplated in the aristocratic classical curriculum was destined for activities calling constantly into play both gentlemanliness and scholarship. He was destined for a part in good society and a part in public life; for these definite ends he was supplied with ancient and modern languages, ancient and modern history, philosophy, logic, rhetoric, etiquette, and the graces. There was a clearly shaped educational policy, because there was a clearly conceived educational object. "The Professor" is in despair, because he feels a hopeless and entirely untraditional desire to transform all students into scholars and gentlemen—a desire which Burke would have told him is at war with nature.

"The Professor" has a very pretty chapter in which he rejoices that the pursuit of culture is his means of livelihood. To put it in brutal English—he needs languages, literatures, history, philosophy, rhetoric, etiquette, and the graces *in his business*. But the teacher of classics is not unique in needing these things. They are needed also by men of letters and teachers and critics of literature, by historians and philosophers and teachers of philosophy and history, by editors, publishers, clergymen, college presidents, diplomats, and statesmen. For these classes, at least, a liberal culture is the most definite kind of training for "success in life." In this age of intolerance for purposeless and indolent Goodness and Beauty, perhaps the hope of future usefulness for the college of liberal arts lies in frank competition with its rivals not for the women and weaker brethren, but for the young men of ambition and promise, desiring to qualify themselves for the careers—more numerous now than ever before—open to liberal scholars and gentlemen. If it would but condescend to inscribe over its portals, "We, too, train for life," it could reduce the chaos of election, form an educational policy, give what is now demanded of every college, and at the same time gain what it privately desires.

THE GREEK GIFT TO CIVILIZATION.

I.

The Greeks meant one thing to men of the early Renaissance, another thing to Pope and Addison, another thing to Germans of the nineteenth century. Every generation has taken its Greek in its own way. And the present generation, heir of all the ages, is taking its Greek in nearly every way—except one. It is *not* taking its Greek for granted. An expositor of Hellenism to-day is almost obliged to become an apologist. He must "show us." Even as seasoned a Grecian as Professor Mahaffy,* who surely is entitled, if any one is, to be at his ease in Hellas, does not resist this compulsion. The quiet and still air of his delightful studies is stirred with argument, about Greek in the college curriculum, about the neglect of Aristotelian logic by American youth, about, on the one hand, Greek *versus* "Science," and, on the other hand, the truly "scientific" temper of Greek thought. Throughout he seems to feel that the Greeks need to be vindicated; and their vindication, throughout, is that they are "modern."

This seems to mean that they are free from mysticism and obscurantism, those sins of the Middle Ages; and Professor Mahaffy is the more inclined to praise Greek clear-sightedness in virtue of his own long-standing feud with mediævalism. There is a fine old-fashioned flavor, as of some clergyman in Thomas Love Peacock—a Ffolliott, a Portpipe, an Opimian—in the valiant no-Popery flings of our author against the church and against the theological prepossessions of mediæval science and philosophy. The modern contentiousness about Greek here receives a temperamental reinforcement.

All good things being Greek, and all bad things non-Greek, the Middle Ages were non-Greek; and the Renaissance, which put an end to them, was Greek. Such seems to be the latent reasoning at the bottom of Professor Mahaffy's view—and we admit it to be the popular view—that by means of a resurgence of Greek art, literature, and philosophy, the Renaissance superseded the Middle Ages, and that the Renaissance was in spirit and accomplishment truly Greek, truly classical. The naïve assumption of the humanists that they had emerged from a "thick Gothic night," Professor Mahaffy would modify by substituting "Latin" for "Gothic"; and, having thus given a bad name to the Scholastic Philosophy, to Romanesque and Gothic architecture, to the "Dies Iræ" and to the *chansons de geste*, he would contentedly hang them all. Now, he believes, upon the thick Latin night up rose Greek, and up rose the sun: the classical Renaissance and the "modern spirit" were a twin birth of the revival of Greek studies (pp. 18-19). This view seems to us erroneous; and, as the conceptions underlying it determine Professor Mahaffy's treatment of his subject, we shall examine it at some length. Waiving all questions of chronology, disregarding therefore all mediæval anticipations of the Renaissance or of the "modern spirit," granting that the light did not dawn till Greek began to reappear, and then dawned decisively, we believe it would not be difficult to show that the Renaissance itself was not essentially Hellenic.

II.

The literature of the Renaissance, both in and out of Italy, is four-fifths of it Latinistic—Virgilian, Ciceronian, Senecan, occasionally Horatian, very heavily Ovidian. It springs not immediately, often not mediately, from Homer, Demosthenes, Pindar, Æschylus, Sophocles, or even Euripides. The other fifth, which does draw nourishment from Greek literature, draws it from the Greek literature not of the golden but of the silver and the pinchbeck ages. Boccaccio, Professor Mahaffy points out (p. 95n), is indebted to Greek prose fiction; but what he does not point out is that Boccaccio's debt

*"What Have the Greeks Done for Modern Civilisation?" The Lowell Lectures of 1908-09. By John Pentland Mahaffy, C.V.O., D.C.L. (Oxon.), etc., of Trinity College, Dublin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

runs mostly to very late Byzantine romances now lost. Lyly draws from Plutarch on Education. Sannazaro breaks from the Virgilian pastoral tradition to return to Theocritus. Tasso's "Aminta," as is well known, gets what is probably its most famous passage from the late prose romance of Achilles Tatius. As is not so well known, the "Jerusalem Delivered," too, professedly a restoration of the classical—that is, the Virgilian—epic, in reprobation of the composite romance-epic of Pulci, Boiardo, and Ariosto, is itself full of the conceits of late Greek rhetoric. The "Pastor Fido" is based upon a story in Pausanias. It seems well within the truth to say that where Renaissance literature is Greek at all, it is almost certain to be in the Alexandrianized, Romanized, Byzantinized, and Orientalized vein that we call Greek only because we have no better name for it.

The art and the philosophy of the Renaissance, like its literature, do not draw from pure Hellenic fountains. Botticelli, Raphael, and Titian are not inspired by Greek statuary of the best period, very little of which had been unearthed; Greek painting was probably unknown to them, and, at any rate, Greek painting, as far as it has survived at all, is of the Campanian, the Alexandrian style—distinctly post-classical. The *putti* of the Renaissance may, indeed, it is thought, be traced to the "Egyptian plague of Loves"—those Cupids, which, whether attendant upon the amorous adventures of the gods, or nesting in trees, or wreathing garlands, or exposed in cages for sale, "flutter through the Pompeian pictures." And where the great painters of the Renaissance thought of themselves as illustrators of "literary" themes (we are just rediscovering how decidedly they did so think of themselves—to the confusion of "Art for Art's sake"), they looked for their themes not in Homer, or the tragedians, or the myths of Plato, but in Ovid, or Apuleius, or Philostratus, or Lucian. Raphael's frescoes in the Farnesina got their Olympians not from Hesiod but from Apuleius. Botticelli's Calunnia, as Professor Mahaffy mentions elsewhere, is derived from Lucian's description of the Διαβολή of Apelles. Mantegna Titian, Raphael, Giulio Romano, and others deliberately retranslated into color and visual form the verbal descriptions by Philostratus of paintings in a supposed picture-gallery.

As for the Platonism of the Renaissance, that too was composite, with its leaning toward pseudo-Dionysian hierarchies and toward elaborate theories of love. It was the Platonism of Plotinus, rather, after the school of Alexandria; for, in spite of Ficino's translation, the Platonism of Athens was to them unknown—or, when known, too purely Attic to be assimilated. There was, indeed, an echo of pre-Socratic Greek thought in the animistic philosophies of Southern Italy; but these Professor Mahaffy does not mention, despite their influence upon Bacon by way of Telesio and Campanella.

In general, Renaissance taste is distinctly unclassical. It runs to digression and irrelevancy; to inserted descriptions and episodes; to huge verbosity. It revels in the "word-paintings" (ἐκφράσεις) which were a specialty of the late sophists and rhetoricians; it never tires of their speechmaking. It favors whole bookfuls of orations invented as patterns of the kind of thing that might be said upon a given occasion by persons imaginary, mythological, or historical. These ἠθοποιεῖαι and μελέται bulk large in the Anthology, and reappear in collections like "Silvayn's Orator"—to mention, perhaps, the most familiar name among many. The prose of the Renaissance, again, like late Greek prose, tends, without resistance, to the most exaggerated conceits and antitheses, each country in Europe developing its own particular brands of bad taste—Euphuism, Gongorism, Marinism, and the rest—upon a common basis of Ciceronian and late Greek rhetoric. In imitation, too, of the *tours de force* of degenerate Greek and Roman rhetoricians, the versifiers of the Renaissance often chose the most trivial themes, and embellished them with all the graces of *double entendre*. To match the antique disquisitions Of Long Hair, and In Praise of Baldness, we have the *capitoli* of Berni and his school on Figs, Beans, Sausages, Bakers' Ovens, Hard-Boiled Eggs, Chestnuts, Paint-Brushes, Bells, Needles, Going Without Hats, and Lying Late Abed. It is a far cry from this sort of thing to Homer or to the Periclean age. Indeed, if by Greek we mean "classic," the Renaissance was not Greek. Not until the late eighteenth century, after the way had been cleared by those "pedants," German and other, to whom this work alludes so slightingly, was the true Renaissance of classic Greek accomplished; only then may the modern world be said to have entered fully upon its Greek heritage. What the Renaissance of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries achieved was rather a Pan-Latinistic revival, which attended especially to the process of recasting and enriching the vernacular tongues, mostly by means of Latin or post-classical Greek models, into vehicles of a modern *Eloquentia* that might rival the antique. Its degenerate models, together with its own taste in choosing them, made it not pure, reposeful, imaginative, but composite, unquiet, fantastic, rhetorical, loquacious—all that is suggested when we say "Alexandrian."

III.

One cannot help feeling that Professor Mahaffy's taste in these matters has been "subdued to what it works in" by his extensive studies of post-classical Greek. This bias appears in the estimate of Aristotle's "Poetics" and the dicta about Wordsworth, Tennyson, and others. The "Poetics" is treated as if it were merely a collection of judgments upon individual works in Greek literature: if these judgments are erroneous, the work is a failure, of course. It is not perceived, apparently, that the "Poetics" is an exposition of basic principles, the principles of poetry and of art in general; and that, in its justification of poetry as an imaginative embodiment of the *universal* (a view which Plato, for all his poetry, completely missed), and in its promulgation of the law of unity, it laid sure foundations for the criticism of all time, and established an unassailable canon of classic or ideal art. All this apart from the historical importance of the "Poetics" misunderstood—apart from the pseudo-classic of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, apart from the controversies about "imitation," *catharsis*, and the "three unities." Of this really fundamental book Professor Mahaffy says (p. 62): "I know of no poorer and more jejune exposition of a great subject"; and on the next page he cavalierly dismisses it upon the plea of lack of time. The same want of appreciation of the universal in Hellenism is responsible for some of the opinions here expressed upon the Greek in modern English poetry. Of the "galaxy that illumined the early nineteenth century," Wordsworth is considered to be "the least Greek" (pp. 56-7); and this because of his failure to distinguish prose diction from poetical, and because of the inordinate length of the "Excursion." Keats, however, had caught the Greek spirit, though at second or third hand (p. 46); in Shelley, "we have that perfect combination of romantic imagination with Greek culture" which makes him the greatest of this group (p. 56); and Tennyson is "the most classical of our modern lyric poets" (p. 59).

Read in view of the critic's Alexandrian bias and of the quotations which illustrate his criticism, these dicta become plain. Keats is Greek in being a master of isolated sensuous images, chaste or voluptuous—not in virtue of his delicacy in selection or his passion for beauty; certainly not in virtue of that architectonic which he never possessed. Shelley's "clouds and sunsets" and spirits and flower-bells and pavilions—the imagery of romanticism—are at the service of his revolt and of his love of Greece and liberty. What matter that Shelley hardly touched human experience, hardly touched the general life of man? The case is still clearer when we come to Wordsworth and Tennyson. Of Wordsworth's purity and wisdom—of his *universality*, and of his

"plain and noble" style—of all that makes him a true classic, a true Greek despite his recurrent prosiness—there is not a word; though, of course, the specific Platonism in Wordsworth's wonderful Ode (misquoted at p. 243) is recognized. But what of "Laodameia"?—

. . . For the gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul.

What of "Dion"?—

So were the hopeless troubles, that involved
The soul of Dion, instantly dissolved.
. . . . . .
Him, only him, the shield of Jove defends,
Whose means are fair and spotless as his ends.

Or—to take Wordsworth not on classical ground, and in a vein not sententious—what can be more Greek than those autochthonous figures of the Leech-Gatherer, and of Michael at the unfinished sheepfold?—

. . . 'Tis believed by all
That many and many a day he thither went,
And never lifted up a single stone;

or this about Michael's wife:

Whose heart was in her house: two wheels she had
Of antique form, this large for spinning wool,
That small for flax; and if one wheel had rest,
It was because the other was at work.

—lines of which Homer would not need to be ashamed. One might as well say that Millet's Sower is not Greek, or that Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg is not Greek—Greek as Simonides! Finally the Hellenism of Tennyson is here supposed to be shown by the "Lotos Eaters" and the Theocritean "Come down, O maid," and that well-nigh intolerable piece of oxymoron and antithesis,

His honor rooted in dishonor stood,
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.

So much of Tennyson's work is Greek in a very pure sense that it seems a pity to try to prove him Hellenic by what at best can prove him only Alexandrian.

IV.

While professing to deal with Hellenism in the modern world, the present volume gives much space to an examination of its remote origins, under the various aspects of race, poetry, prose, philosophy, and the like. To us this seems irrelevant; what we ought to be concerned with here is issues, not origins. We have already adverted, perhaps more than enough, to the treatment of the Greek decadence as if that were the essentially Greek. Both ways attention is too much drawn from the centre to the ends, and not fixed, as in so short a work it ought to be fixed, upon that definite period during which the Greeks were most themselves. We want a focus; and we have here a penumbra. Are we demanding too narrow a canon of Hellenism? We think not; for it is only a strict sense of what the Greeks stood for that gives weight and value to assertions about their influence. That which they really contributed to modern civilization is obfuscated by inquiries into their origins, hardly less than by the inclusion of their decadence upon the same footing with their prime.

But one begins to realize after a while that the author is scarcely appreciative of the characteristic *universality* of the Greeks; that what appeals to him is rather their rhetoric than their idealism, rather their fancy than their imagination, rather their cleverness than their genius. He himself steadfastly declines to generalize—and who could more safely generalize than he?—about the nature of the Greek gift to civilization. He refuses to grasp *this* universal. Surely he sees it; he presents abundant material for the induction; why will he not, for the real illumination of his readers, tell them what he sees? He will make no synthesis. He resides in detail, detail which, as has been seen, too often concerns irrelevant beginnings or degenerate endings; and he yields now and again to the temptation to digress and to argue, like any Alexandrian of them all. In a word, this book about the Greeks is not written in the spirit of the Greeks.

Some merits it undoubtedly possesses. Its dedication, its close, are noble in feeling. Its chapter on politics is vital with modern instances: the abdication of power by an aristocracy, exemplified by Ireland; the conflict of centralizing with decentralizing forces in a federation, exemplified by the United States. And as Professor Mahaffy's venerable experience justifies him in coming to us to admonish and to warn, he speaks, in the same chapter, words of weight upon the failure of intellectual refinement to guard against political decadence, and upon the decay of the middle classes through limitation of the size of the family as a result of heightened cost of living — troubles which threatened Athens no less than they threaten us today. Here Professor Mahaffy might say with Whistler: "I am not arguing; I am telling you." In passages of such "timely" purport, intensified as they often are by the author's personal feelings and experience, this book is at its best. Compared with the works of other writers in the same field, it seems to us inferior, say, to Professor Butcher's "Some Aspects of the Greek Genius" and "Harvard Lectures on Greek Subjects," and to Mr. Lowes Dickinson's "The Greek View of Life"; the first two full of safe generalizations amply supported by specific facts, the last, by its admirable coherence and exquisite employment of transition recalling the prose of Plato himself. Yet, despite these, and despite Professor Sandys's "History of Classical Scholarship," the true history of the Greek element in modern civilization—of its varying acceptance by different peoples and ages, of its varying combinations with national spirit and with *Zeitgeist*, and of the varying outcome—remains still to be written: *valde desideranda*.

May we, without attempting any part of such a history, be permitted to suggest the generalization that this book withholds?

V.

The Greeks, more than all other peoples before or since, believed in the power of mind, and practised their belief. Applying mind to the raw material of sensation, they turned experience into wisdom, fact into truth, the Many into the One, chaos into law, the particular and provincial into the ideal and the universal. But they were not content to rest in this supersensible region: they reëmbodied their ideals in noble sensuous and intellectual forms, which they chose from amid a welter of forms possible but ignoble or insignificant, and which therefore have appealed to mankind *semper, ubique*. So that, whether in the subtle curves of a building, or in the proportions of a statue, or in the shape of a vase, or in the notes of the musical scale, or in finding how the human mind, out of an infinite number of ways in which it can work, actually does work towards truth; whether in art, or letters, or logic, or science, or a hundred other departments of human activity, we still perceive that they have performed for mankind, once for all, the labor of *selection*. It is impossible to overestimate this accomplishment in the racial economy, just as it is impossible to overestimate the specific nobility and loftiness of the ideal heritage they have left to the race.

Those who follow the Greek ways, and, without limiting themselves to old experience, fearlessly, and with confidence in the power of mind, push into the new data of modern life along the path that has proved possible—these are the pioneers; these are subduing chaos and bringing it province by province under the rule of spirit. Those who, refusing to profit by the Greek economy, try old failures again in ignorance or from choice, throw away their heritage. It is only by accident that they may happen upon some worthy thing. Their aberration, generally speaking, takes either or both of two forms, according as they fail to value one or another phase of the Greek accomplishment. Either they deny the validity of the results achieved by selection, and still fancy that "the world is all before them where to choose"; or they deny the right of mind to work selectively at all upon the data of experience, insist that all things are of equal value except as weeded out by

natural selection, and enslave themselves to the crude fact. The first error is the error of modern art, the second that of modern politics—at least, so far as both have been evolved under democratic institutions. The art of democracy is supposed to demand that no forms be rejected as ignoble. The politics of democracy, theoretically allowing free play to the conflicting wills of individuals, each striving for the ends indicated by his "enlightened self-interest," fails to provide for right leadership, for a chosen *mind* to control the welter, and so falls into the gripe of wrong leadership. For a mind of some sort is sure to gain control, soon or late. Modern science has escaped the second error, by selecting from the method of Bacon that part which is Greek in spirit. The Baconian induction, just in so far as it enslaved itself to fact, and disallowed hypothesis, and denied the rights of mind—just in so far as it was un-Greek—was a failure; and just in so far as it "married mind with matter"—to use Bacon's own similitude—was, and is, a success. We are not to be, says Bacon again, like the ant, which gathers and stores up her hoard untransformed by aught that she does; nor yet like the spider, which spins her subtle thread all from within; but rather like the bee, which both gathers from without and transforms from within that which she gathers. Only thus shall we get "sweetness and light."

The Hellenist still believes that, things being given, ideas shall prevail. And so, instead of *fighting* things out, or letting the stress of competing forces among things work out its wasteful end, as Nature does, at dreadful expense of pain, at dire expense of spirit and of life, he endeavors to *think* things out. He may, by international arbitration, substitute the sanction of ideas for the sanction of arms. Or, upon a broad basis of facts, he may build a luminous hypothesis or rise to a law. He may be designing a subway or a city, and planning it so that the work will not have to be done over after the lapse of years. He may raise wages or share his profits not under the compulsion of a strike, but again under the compulsion of an idea—his own idea of equitable distribution. In many ways his mind, dealing with fact, will draw wisdom out of life; in many ways he will reëmbody that wisdom in chosen forms of beauty, and with whatever materials life gives him will make of himself a poet, and of life an art. We leave the subject with a question for those of an inquiring mind: Is our "modern" way of life favorable to tempers of this kind? Do *we* believe in the supremacy of spirit? And would it have been a merit in the Greeks had they been like us?

SAMUEL LEE WOLFF.

FRENCH BOOKS IN LITERATURE AND HISTORY.

PARIS, March 25.

"La Vie et les œuvres de Honoré d'Urfé" (Plon, 5 francs), by Canon O. C. Reure, professor at the Catholic faculty of letters in Lyons, belongs to the generally interesting class of university studies, while setting forth all that trained erudition can tell us of an epoch-making writer in the classic literature of France. Honoré d'Urfé, who fought with the League, and whose grandfather was preceptor of the children of Henry II, was in his life a link between the Renaissance and Richelieu's prelude to the reign of Louis XIV. His "Astrée," in which "by several histories and under persons of shepherds and others are deduced the divers effects of honest friendship," in its 5,000 pages of prose mingled with snatches of verse uttered the French romantic ideals current until Rousseau came to replace it with his "Nouvelle Héloïse." After fifty years, La Fontaine, who was the next mouthpiece of his race's inmost thought, was as much in love with "Astrée" as were its contemporaries.

Agrippa d'Aubigné, the Juvenal of that age according to Sainte-Beuve, was the exact contrary of D'Urfé; he forms the subject of the latest volume, by S. Rocheblave, in the series of Great Writers of France (Hachette, 2 francs). He was a son of the first generation that followed Calvin, studied under Theodore Beza, fought under Henry of Navarre, was three times condemned to death in France without harm to himself, but, after his Universal History "from 1550 to 1601" had really been delivered to the flames (1620), retired to Geneva, where he found means to have his Calvinist brethren condemn him a fourth time to death "for his honor and pleasure." He answered by marrying a second time under their noses. His granddaughter, Madame de Maintenon, did her utmost, which was not little, to drive all Calvinists from France. Agrippa himself had never returned, but died in Geneva in his bed in 1630. His many works, little known, have their "complex unity, their exceptional grandeur" in the man—"for in him all was character."

The second volume, dealing with the seventeenth century, of the "Manuel bibliographique de la littérature française moderne—1500-1900" (Hachette, 4 francs), by Gustave Lanson, professor at the Sorbonne, has just appeared. The work is to comprise four handy volumes, one for each century.

"Alfred de Vigny: sa vie et son œuvre" (Armand Colin, 4 francs), is by Emile Lauvrière, who is already favorably known to American readers from his immensely complete work on Poe. The present book, while based on equal erudition, aims at general exposition and criticism of a poet whose life was as significant as his work. Alfred de Vigny was of that generation of the smaller French aristocracy born in full Revolution; and he was brought up on the old ideas in a world which had changed utterly. He was not, as Alfred de Musset explains of himself, begotten in the interval of Imperial campaigns; but he came to manhood and followed the military career of his ancestors under restored Bourbons who had forgotten what made their greatness in the irrecoverable past and had learned little of the world's present needs. After fourteen years of what he explained eloquently and at length in his "Military Servitude and Grandeur," he found his way as a poet, and, with all his classic form, led the Romantic Revolution at the side of his younger *bourgeois* friend, Victor Hugo. Bonaparte and Byron had equally their spirit transfused into these souls. Vigny had the advantage, not only of knowing English from childhood, but—more doubtfully—that of an English wife. After a few years of renown in poetry, play, and prose writing, which left him a French classic, he retired for thirty years more into his tower of ivory. Sainte-Beuve, who knew him young, accredited the legend of decline. Our author, examining in the light of time which has sifted reputations and brought into relief the poet's person amid his age, treats it as a "glorious decline." He justifies that "prestige of genius which even then imposed itself on poets differing most among themselves—rivals such as Lamartine, Hugo, Musset—as well as on disciples like Leconte de Lisle and Baudelaire, Coppée and Sully-Prudhomme. . . . In his full right he enters into the austere family of Lucretius and Leopardi, of Marcus Aurelius and Pascal; beyond his country's bounds he speaks to the select few, if not to the crowd, of all peoples and every age, his beneficent message of Stoicism tender and proud:

"J'aime la majesté des souffrances humaines."

"John Keats: sa vie et son œuvre" (Hachette, 10 francs), by Lucien Wolff, has the splendid look of a thesis for the doctorate of letters. Naturally it is complete; and it puts in French form much criticism of poetry which Keats has indeed inspired, but which might not occur to English readers of less philosophy. It is accompanied by "An Essay on Keats's treatment of the heroic rhythm and blank verse," in English.

The two remaining volumes of "Etudes critiques sur la vie de Christophe Colomb avant ses découvertes," by Henry Vignaud, are in the hands of the printer and should appear in April. They form two rather stout volumes, which, the author informs us, "is a great deal, but I could not do otherwise. Part of the chapter on Beatriz Enriquez

(mother of Fernando, son and historian of Columbus), which was very long, had to be taken out": this was read at the Société des Américanistes of Paris, January 4, 1910, and doubtless will be published separately. In fact, the question of the legitimacy of the discoverer's union with Beatriz has stood permanently in the way of any serious attempt at introducing the process of his canonization at Rome; here, it may safely be said, Mr. Vignaud's work is exhaustive. A question more important in history, though not in popular feeling, is that of the pilot from whom Columbus had indications of the existence and whereabouts of the New World. It is to be expected that not all students of the history of Columbus will agree with all the conclusions of Mr. Vignaud; but it is certain that no history worthy of the name can henceforth be written without due attention to his complete analysis of all the documentary evidence existing and to his critical examination of it. These studies have been the labor of the leisure hours of the industrious author during his forty years or so as secretary of legation or embassy for the United States in Paris. They suppose a degree of erudition not common in the diplomatic career, but associated rather with independent students like the late Henry Charles Lea. They have involved the patient and costly collection of a large library of Americana, perhaps unique in its line. They are an honor to American scholarship, for Henry Vignaud comes from one of our oldest "native American" families of Louisiana, found there with Bienville two hundred years ago.

"Les Grands Ports de France" (Armand Colin, 3.50 francs), by Paul de Rousiers, is from an author favorably known by his early economic studies of the United States, and by later works on England and Germany. The present book treats in order a subject of vital importance to the maritime prosperity of France: the economic rôle of each of the great ports—Dunkerque, Havre, Rouen, Nantes, La Rochelle-Pallice, Bordeaux, and Marseille—in relation with the surrounding region, with industry and commerce. The general lines of study are explained in forty pages of introduction and may be applied usefully to other countries. The various chapters give valuable information, not easily found elsewhere, on important seaports.

"La Question polonaise" (Armand Colin, 4 francs), by R. Dmowski, with a preface by Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu, presents to the Western world the international claims of the Polish land and race as made by its chief representative in the Russian Duma. Taking up the situation of Poland, after the ineffectual insurrection of 1864, and the progressive transformation of the Poles in Russia, Austria, and Germany, the author formulates the present historic crisis of the Polish question:

The chief danger which threatens the national existence of Poland dwells in the disproportioned growth of German power under the direction of Prussia and in the progress eastward of pacific German conquest. The Polish nation alone is capable of turning aside the danger and staying the onward march of the German tide. But this it will succeed in doing only by intensive labor in all the realms of human activity; it has to develop its national forces so that they may be able to meet the forces of Germanism. The natural ground of such development and labor is the Kingdom of Poland. Now, in the Kingdom of Poland itself, they are made impossible by Russian policy. This policy is but an inexpert imitation of the anti-Polish policy of Prussia; there is nothing to justify it in the interests of Russia herself nor in the designs which she intends pursuing in Poland. Its only result is to benefit Germany and to prepare for German domination in all Eastern Europe.

To upset this system in Russian politics, to bring about a radical change in the relations of Russia with the Poles, is therefore not only the interest of the Polish nation; it is also that of all the peoples threatened by the progress of German conquest, and therefore the interest of Russia as well.

"L'Argentine au XXe siècle" (Armand Colin, 5 francs), by Albert B. Martinez and Maurice Lewandoski, with a preface of twenty-two pages by the veteran statistician Emile Levasseur and an introduction of nineteen pages by the former Argentine President, C. Pellegrini, was crowned by the French Academy at its first appearance. It is now brought up to date and constitutes a handy and complete exposition of the Argentine Republic, economical, agricultural (inventoried at $4,000,000,000), commercial, industrial, and financial.

S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

An important discovery of documents that throw some light on American colonial and revolutionary history, has recently been made known through the publication of the latest report of the Historical Manuscripts Commission of Great Britain. These are the Knox and the Cornwallis manuscripts, now in private hands, but very fully calendared in the report of the Commission. William Knox was for a time provost marshal of Georgia, member of the council there, a landowner who afterward received compensation as a Loyalist, and an agent for Georgia in England. More important still, he was under secretary of state for the colonies, serving under Hillsborough, Dartmouth, and Lord George Germain, a frequent writer on American affairs, and a close friend of men in political life. Few officials in England were more familiar with conditions in America than he, and he was frequently called upon by his chiefs to furnish information, to draft dispatches and letters, and to communicate with other secretaries and departments. Dartmouth left much of the secretarial work to him, and Lord George, though occasionally making alterations in his drafts, seems generally to have accepted his statements without demur. How far Knox and Pownall, his colleague, influenced governmental policy would be an interesting subject for inquiry, and a comparison of this correspondence with the colonial secretary's letter-books would probably throw light on that matter. Knox was intimate with Grenville, North, and Thurlow, wrote frequently to Govs. Lyttleton and Ellis, and carried on an extensive correspondence with George Cressener, the British agent who negotiated the employment of the German auxiliaries on the Continent. The calendar here printed fills more than 200 pages. Admiral Cornwallis was a younger brother of Lord Cornwallis, and served as captain in the navy in American and West Indian waters during the early years of the revolutionary war. He shared in some of Rodney's victories in the West Indies. His correspondence is chiefly of a personal character, the most important letters here calendared being those from his brother, written during 1777-1779, and supplementing in a small way the Cornwallis manuscripts in the Public Record Office.

Two collections of manuscripts of even greater moment for American history than the Knox Papers are to be sold at Sotheby's April 25. They are the property of Lord Polwarth, a descendant of the Lord Chancellor of Scotland, and of Robert Winter Blathwayt, Esq., of Dyrham Park, Gloucestershire, a descendant of William Blathwayt, auditor-general of the plantations, 1680-1717. Both collections are of the highest significance for our colonial history. The Blathwayt Papers alone contain eight hundred letters relating to the original continental colonies and supplement in a remarkable manner the recently discovered Blathwayt Journal, a transcript of which is now in the Library of Congress. Of the entire series only the Randolph letters have been printed. The remainder is composed of correspondence with colonial secretaries and governors of New England, New York, Maryland, Pennsylvania, and Virginia—Allyn, Dudley, Andros, Increase Mather, Phips, Stoughton, Penn, Dongan, Fletcher, Bellomont, Cranston, Calvert, Nicholson, Bacon, Byrd, Culpeper, and others; and among official documents there is the original draft of the grant of Pennsylvania to William Penn, bearing many additions and corrections on the margin. These papers, together with a rich collection of entry books, maps, and miscellaneous documents relating to the colonies, constitute the most important material for our history that has been thrown upon the market for many years. Though some of the Polwarth Papers are manifestly copies, the originals of which exist elsewhere, others of them are no less valuable than are those in the Blathwayt series, while among them may be found a very important collection of pamphlets relating chiefly to trade, dating back to 1674. When it is further stated that the Blathwayt Papers contain above a thousand documents relating to the West Indies, 1683-1710, three large folio volumes of copies of letters patent concerning trade, discoveries, and the plantations to 1706, and other manuscripts throwing light on Newfoundland, the fisheries, relations with the Dutch, 1664-1674, the Admiralty Court, and discoveries in South America, some idea will

be given of the rare and unique opportunity thus held out to purchasers. It is hoped that the British Museum and the Library of Congress will not be found wanting in their duty, as a dispersal of such collections would be a misfortune to our historians.

The collection of engravings (mostly American) formed by the late Edwin B. Holden of New York, will be sold at auction at the American Art Galleries, the sale beginning April 21 and lasting with sessions day and evening for more than two weeks. Mr. Holden had been a collector of books in various departments, autographs, prints, china, medals, etc., for a long time, and his was one of the notable private collections formed within the last thirty years. At the time of his death, in 1906, he was president of the Grolier Club. The portions of the collection now to be sold are the prints, including the most important collections of portraits of Washington and Franklin ever offered at auction, and an extensive series of engraved views of New York city; also the autographs, and the printed books, broadsides, and newspapers relating to American Colonial history and the Revolution. A more extended notice will be given next week.

On April 11 the Anderson Auction Co. will sell part vii of the library of an old New York collector, including a long series of Pickering's Early English Classics, 50 vols.; the Oxford Classics edition of Bacon's works; a complete set of the Darley Cooper, 32 vols.; Crowe and Cavalcaselle's "History of Painting," and other important works.

The Merwin-Clayton Co.'s sale of April 12, 13, and 14 will include a large collection of pamphlets from the library of the late Edward Everett Hale; books on the Revolution, Canada, the Indians, etc.

On April 21 and 22 C. F. Libbie & Co. will sell the library of the late E. P. Jewel of Laconia, N. H., comprising a long series of first editions of the books of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, as well as first editions of other American authors; town histories, genealogies, Confederate publications, etc. The most valuable single item is the manuscript log-book of the American ship of war The Ranger, from August 24, 1778 to May 10, 1780. Paul Jones commanded the ship for a time, but this cruise begins after he had turned over the command to Lieut. Simpson. The volume contains 240 pages.

Correspondence.

AN EDITORIAL INJUSTICE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: May I ask the courtesy of your columns to call attention to an example of extraordinary editorial ethics to which I have recently fallen a victim? The only organ in Great Britain devoted to the ancient civilizations of the Hither Orient, or Western Asia and Egypt, is the Proceedings of the Society of Biblical Archæology of London, now under the editorship of Dr. Walter L. Nash, a retired physician. In this journal the correctness of a number of essential observations of fact in the temple of Wadi Halfa, contained in my report of the work of the University of Chicago Expedition at this temple, was called in question by Mr. Scott-Moncrieff of the British Museum. I thereupon submitted to the editor photographic prints of the reliefs and inscriptions in question, proving the accuracy of my report, and accompanied them by a text and further photographs (all of which were published in the Proceedings), showing that Mr. Scott-Moncrieff's own examination of the temple was so incredibly careless and incorrect that, besides mistakes and omissions in every line of inscription that he attempted to reproduce, he overlooked whole walls bearing the most important evidence. For example, Mr. Scott-Moncrieff reports that "all traces of the reliefs on the outer northern wall have been removed by the action of wind-blown sand"; whereas this wall is covered throughout its entire length with well-preserved reliefs, of all of which I have submitted photographs to the editor of the Proceedings.

Replying to this exposé in a rejoinder which betrays great irritation and contains highly discourteous personalities, not suppressed by the editor of the Proceedings, Mr. Scott-Moncrieff is unable to introduce any evidence in rebuttal concerning the subject under discussion. Leaving the temple of Wadi Halfa, therefore, the only subject under discussion between us, Mr. Scott-Moncrieff introduces an irrelevant attack upon the translation of the Annals of Thutmose III in my "Ancient Records of Egypt." He accuses me of having inadvertently omitted in five separate places in this translation a total of not less than nineteen words "in five consecutive lines at the opening of one of the most important historical inscriptions there is!" (The exclamation point is Mr. Scott-Moncrieff's and is not intended to call attention to his felicitous English). He adds that plenty of similar omissions in my translation of the Annals can be found by any reader who will compare it with the edition of the original text by Professor Sethe. Having thus produced on the readers of the Proceedings the desired impression of wholesale inaccuracy on my part, Mr Scott-Moncrieff closes with a jaunty reference to "glass houses," etc., etc.

The actual facts will seem incredible to the reader. All of the "omissions" in my translation of the Annals listed by Mr. Scott-Moncrieff as inadvertent errors on my part are carefully indicated to the reader by me in the translation. Each such "omission" in the translation represents a complete gap in the original hieroglyphic document, due to mutilation at the hands of Time, Wear, or Vandalism. Professor Sethe, endeavoring to fill these gaps, in his edition of the text, has inserted editorial restorations—restorations carefully indicated by him as such by means of enclosing brackets. Not a trace of the restored words so inserted by Sethe exists on the original wall, but they are *in toto* conjectural insertions by him. It is the "omission" of these bracketed restorations inserted by Sethe in his text, which Mr. Scott-Moncrieff gravely lays to my charge! Furthermore, Professor Sethe's admirable text of the Annals appeared more than a year after my translation was published, so that it would have been impossible to include his restorations, had I so desired.

Comment on Mr. Scott-Moncrieff's character, or on his experience as an Orientalist, is needless; but what shall we say of the ethical standards of an editor who peremptorily refuses to allow the victim of such misrepresentation any space in his journal for a brief statement of the actual facts? I sent the editor at once a rejoinder which was confined to the facts and contained no personalities. He refused to publish it. I then sent him a very brief statement of the facts of Mr. Scott-Moncrieff's misrepresentations—a statement here reproduced in the preceding paragraph of this letter. He curtly refused to publish it. He edits the sole journal in Great Britain occupying the field of the Hither Orient, and it is well that scholars should know of the treatment which a foreign colleague has received at his hands. It goes without saying that our English colleagues at large are not represented by this standard of editorial ethics; and I have already received voluntary assurance of regret from one English scholar, who wrote as soon as he saw the misrepresentations in the Proceedings.

James Henry Breasted.

The University of Chicago, March 27.

TRAINING IN THE ARMY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: To any one who will give the subject a little consideration it must be evident that there is something wrong with our regular army. The present authorized force is, I believe, about 75,000 men. This is not a large number relatively to our population, yet there is often much difficulty in keeping the companies filled, and in many cases the recruiting officers are compelled to accept the waifs and strays of humanity; men who, in the battle of life, have failed or are discouraged—and of these they make soldiers. A man once enlisted is provided for very carefully. Everything that ingenuity can suggest is done to amuse him and keep him contented; but, in spite of all this effort, the service is riddled with desertions, and the pursuit of the escaped soldier is a regular part of the business.

An enlisted man, for the term of his service, has every material need supplied. He does not have to exercise his initiative in any way towards the solution of life's first problem, viz., the earning of his daily bread; he is taught absolutely nothing of the arts of peace, and acquires nothing of self-reliance, with the result that he comes to the day of his discharge even more dependent and helpless than when he enlisted, and with the additional handicap of having lost several years of his flexible youth.

To an outsider who watches the strut and parade of an army post it seems as though two hours a day should be ample to teach the men all that is necessary or that they now are taught of war. Is it not practicable to utilize the six hours remaining of a working day to teach them something useful?

The 75,000 men in the army have an average earning power of, say, $400 per year. This foots up to the snug total of $30,000,000. Instead of reducing the earning capacity of these men by a term of army service, and making them less desirable citizens, is it not possible to increase their value to themselves and to society? Here is a suggestion: Establish at every army post a first-class school or college, and employ the five or six hours per day of waste time in the life of the soldier to give him some-

thing of an education in the arts of peace. These schools might be manual training high schools, agricultural colleges, or even technical schools of a higher grade, as found desirable to fit any special locality or condition.

It would immediately be objected that the cost of such a scheme would be prohibitive, but this is not the fact. The operation of such schools need not add a dollar to the present cost of the army service. The common soldier now receives, in money, about $200 per year. If he had the opportunity to get an education on the lines indicated above, his pay could be cut in two and he would still be getting greater compensation than he receives at the present time. One hundred dollars per year saved in the wages of each man would mean, for a post of four companies, the sum of $40,000 per year, an amount more than sufficient to furnish elementary or even advanced education.

With such a system in effect, enlistment could be made a matter of competitive examination, and there would be more applicants than could possibly be accommodated. The canteen question and several other questions would dispose of themselves, and at the end of twelve or fifteen years an army of graduates would be scattered through the country that would make even the Kaiser tremble. Past experience does not indicate that actual war would interfere to any appreciable extent with the working of such a plan, and there would be no difficulty in putting it into effect gradually. AARON M. BURT.

Jamestown, N. D., March 25.

FOR A PARCELS-POST.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I know of no better evidence of the urgent need of a parcels-post system in the United States than the experience of an institution like the Wisconsin Historical Society with the express companies of this country. Once or twice each year we make a shipment of about 1,000 packages of books—Proceedings, Collections, or other publications of the society. For many reasons we should prefer to patronize the post office, but two obstacles confront us: First, in order to attract patronage, the express rate is purposely made somewhat lower than the postal rate, and we naturally desire to economize; secondly, the Post Office Department declines to receive packages weighing above four pounds, and our parcels are likely to exceed that.

The express companies are commonly supposed to be models of efficient business administration. But the supreme test of efficiency on the part of a high-priced transportation agency, is the getting of the package into the hands of the consignee. Herein, the postal department, now upon the grill for laxity of business methods, rises far superior to its rival; its officials certainly do "deliver the goods," and spare neither pains nor ingenuity in doing so.

On the other hand, the express companies (they are all alike in this respect) resort to slipshod methods, apparently employ as delivery messengers the most incompetent service possible, and after a single trial "give it up," should there be the slightest difficulty in the way. Then comes into play an elaborate and doubtless costly system of notifications through whole series of officials and sub-officials, until finally the consignor is informed by the local agent that his correspondent "cannot be found." This model business machine then rests complacently until the consignor ingeniously suggests that perhaps No. 445 had best be tried, seeing that No. 443 is under repairs and closed; that Hon. R. F. Smith of Podunk should probably read Hon. R. T. Smith; or that "The Historical Society, Wilmington, Del.," should read "The Historical Society of Delaware, Wilmington, Del.," the latter an actual case in point, the correspondence relating to which lies on my desk at this writing.

I do not think that any large shipment of packages of this character ever went forth from our institution, but some thirty or forty cases, at least, came up, wherein nothing but rank stupidity on the part of express company employees could account for the trouble; for in nearly every case, our consignees are either individuals of considerable local prominence, or learned institutions that might readily be found by the newest arrival in town. Once, we were curtly notified that "Hon. Seth Low, New York city," "could not be found," and yet at that moment he doubtless was sitting in the mayor's chair at City Hall.

Performances of this character, persisted in year by year, are far from creditable to great corporations which perniciously and persistently throttle proposed reforms looking to a parcels-post. If they would but seek to rival the Post Office Department in efficiency, more might be said in favor of their contention.

R. G. THWAITES.

Madison, Wis., March 28.

LOUIS NAPOLEON AND THE TEACHING CLERGY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I recently had occasion to discuss for an American review F. A. Simpson's new volume, entitled "The Rise of Louis Napoleon." The book makes passing mention of a letter written by that enterprising public character to the provincial French newspaper *Le Progrès du Pas-de-Calais* from his prison at Ham in 1843, concerning the educational work of the Catholic Church in France. The remarkably shrewd and just observations of the young emperor-to-be on a question that, just as he foresaw, is now dividing France (and incidentally endangering the national integrity of Spain), are worthy of serious consideration by all friends of the church and of good government as well. An English translation of the letter appeared in Louis Napoleon's collected works (first English edition, 1852), and, with the help of some additional information kindly furnished me by the brilliant young Englishman to whom we owe the new book, I am able to outline a most interesting discussion.

It will be remembered that Louis had spent a large part of his youth in Augsburg, which gives him the authority of one who speaks with full knowledge, not merely of the dangers of the French system, but of the merits of the German method, which he approves.

It is right, he says, that the clergy should teach Christianity to the children, and it is right that they should do so under government protection; for disestablishment would leave the church schools to live by their wits, and would encourage interested trafficking in sacred things. On the other hand, it is necessary that public instruction, with all other branches of public activity, be pursued under the direction of the secular government. But the church cannot remain free to teach the rising generation hatred of liberty, as that organization is inclined to do in France. How is this to be prevented? By giving the clergy the proper education; they must be made to "study science as of old, and to be with and of the people, by drawing their education from the same source as they." That this measure will result in substantial harmony of views between the church and the secular government is shown (I am reporting Napoleon) by conditions in the South German States, where the future priests study theology in the universities along with the candidates for other professions, and so "learn to be citizens before they are priests."

Louis says of the German priests:

> There are no sacrifices from which they would shrink for the cause of liberty and the fatherland. In their eyes to be a priest is to teach morality and charity; it is to make common cause with the oppressed; it is to preach justice and toleration; it is to preach the reign of equality; it is to teach men that the political redemption should follow the religious redemption.

If this state of affairs could be brought about in France, a truly ideal condition would follow the application of Christ's own teaching:

> The sublime doctrine which destroyed slavery, which taught men that they were equal, and that God had implanted in their breasts a faith to believe in good and a love to be extended to one another.

Barring the somewhat enthusiastic conclusion—which is interesting, but scarcely in tune with Napoleon's own practice or uniformly with that of the German clergy—have we not here an astonishingly true presentation of the real difficulty and the best solution? However unconvincing a comparison may be between countries so differently governed as Germany and France, is it not certain that atheism or piety, republicanism or monarchism, is very largely, perhaps principally, a result of the education received during the formative period?

ROY TEMPLE HOUSE.

Weatherford, Okla., March 21.

MEDIÆVAL MEDICAL SCIENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I cannot understand how anybody can deny, after the works of Spengel, Haeser, Pagel, and others, that the medical science of the Middle Ages was beneath contempt. Pagel says that it represents "the highest degree of sterility," at least in western Europe; the Byzantines and the Arabs knew a little more, because they had preserved something of the Greek tradition. "Monastic Medicine," writes Pagel, "is a document of the decadence of knowledge in its most distressing form." The fact that there were hospitals and doctors during the Middle Ages is no proof of the existence of a science worthy of that name. The School of Salerno owed its superiority to the fact that Greek influences had been kept alive in that south Italian town, and also to the lay character of the professors; but even there not one positive progress was made.

The medical science of the scholastic period depends entirely upon Arabic and Jewish learning, which, after all, was of Byzantine origin, and, as far as it was not absurd, purely Greek. The "Speculum Naturale" of Vincentius Bellovacensis (1290) gives an idea of the ignorance of the age. To conclude with a quotation from Pagel: "There is no doubt that the sixteenth century found the study of medicine, and particularly that of anatomy and physiology, exactly in the same condition where it had been left in the third century." Mondino de' Liucci (†1326) was the first Christian who dared to dissect a human body—ten centuries after the triumph of the Christian church over paganism! No amount of reasoning or of sophistry can prevail against that stubborn fact. Not only were the Middle Ages times of darkness and ignorance, but of filth, disease, and untold misery. There is still a good deal of mediævalism lurking in the world, and where some of that poison remains, misery, filth, and disease are endemic, not to speak of some evils of an even worse kind, such as indifference to truth and hatred of reason. SALOMON REINACH.

Paris, March 22.

THE HERALD IN "HENRY V."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Professor Bruce points out in your issue of March 10 that Professor Wallace is mistaken in saying that Shakespeare "also honors his host (Christopher Mountjoy) by raising him in the play ('Henry V') to the dignity of a French herald under his own name of Montjoy." Professor Bruce proceeds to say that "Mountjoy" or "Montjoie" was already the name of the Herald in Holinshed's "Chronicle," which was Shakespeare's source for this play. Your correspondent, like Professor Wallace, evidently considers Mountjoy as a personal name. It was, in fact, the designation of an office, that of Chief of the Heralds. From the thirteenth century this officer was called in France "Montjoie roi d'armes."

Those who are interested in such matters may find an illustration of the practice of giving names to the heralds which has lasted in England from the Middle Ages to the present day. In the London *Times*, weekly edition, February 25, 1910, in the account of the opening of Parliament, occurs the following passage:

> The Royal Procession entered the Chamber a few minutes past two o'clock. The Pursuivants and Heralds came first, pacing slowly in their gold and crimson Tabards. Bluemantle and Rouge Croix walked side by side, and Rouge Dragon followed with Portcullis.

R. W. SHANNON.

Saskatoon, Sask., March 21.

SELF-GOVERNMENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: According to press reports Col. Roosevelt told the Egyptian Nationalists that they were not at present fitted for self-government, but that possibly they might be in time. This view of the situation seems to have surprised and disgusted them, as might have been expected, suckled, as they are, in a creed outworn; but the really surprising part of the whole affair is that so much of the American press takes the colonel's views as a trite commonplace, an axiom needing no proof. The ex-President may not have made a serious contribution to political science in proclaiming that all men are not equally fitted for self-government; but the incident may well be taken as marking one of the milestones in the road towards political sanity, as he undoubtedly represents the average intelligent opinion. The Filipino we believe to be incapable of decent self-government; the Porto Rican has yet to show us that he is fit; we have our suspicions of the Cuban, and it is an open secret that we regret giving the ballot to the negro without qualifications. We know that the colored brother is virtually disfranchised in many parts of the South, and we acquiesce, or at least we do not exhibit that hot indignation we should have shown half a century ago. Time-honored political shibboleths are challenged and comprehensive social formulas are doubted. "Fraternity" we still embrace —platonically; "liberty" we view askance; but "equality" we repudiate outright. From the point of view of political evolution Roosevelt's Egyptian campaign is highly significant. E. L. C. MORSE.

Chicago, April 1.

Literature.

EAST AFRICA.

The Land of the Lion. By W. S. Rainsford. Illustrated from photographs. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $3.80 net.

Hunting in British East Africa. By Percy C. Madeira. With a foreword by Frederick Courteney Selous, and 129 illustrations from photographs by the author. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $5 net.

In the Grip of the Nyika. By Lieut.-Col. J. H. Patterson, D.S.O. With illustrations. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

In Wildest Africa: The Record of a Hunting and Exploration Trip in East Africa and a Description of the Various Native Tribes. By Peter MacQueen. Illustrated. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $3.

Through Uganda to Mount Elgon. By J. B. Purvis. With a map and 42 illustrations. New York: American Tract Society. $1.50.

Native Life in East Africa. By Dr. Karl Weule. Translated by Alice Werner. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $4.50 net.

East Africa is attracting attention today as never before; principally, of course, because it is the great hunting-ground of the world. In no other country can one travel by rail for hundreds of miles through what is practically a zoölogical garden; where a train can be stopped by an inquisitive giraffe breaking the headlight of an engine, and a lion can take its prey from a sleeper. But this is not the only cause of the present interest. Every sportsman and traveller is emphasizing the fact that nowhere else are there such vast tracts of rich but undeveloped land, capable of raising not only all tropical products, but those also of the temperate zone, and easily accessible to the world-markets. Considering the extensive plantations already established, one is justified in the belief that as a field for sportsmen its days are numbered, and that as a cotton-growing region alone it will probably in the not very distant future outrank every other country. Then an inexhaustible source of interest is found in the natives, ranging as they do from the forest pigmy, nearest the brute, to the civilized Baganda. From this diversity they present perplexing governmental and educational problems to their German and English rulers. These the German Government is zealously endeavoring to solve, by experimental stations for tropical culture and cattle-raising, industrial training schools, the construction of roads and railways, and by sending scientific expeditions for the exploration of the colony and the study of the inhabitants. Things are different in the neighboring territory, if we may trust the evidence of the *Star*, one of the three weeklies of Nairobi, the capital. Some time ago it published a supplement consisting of a pamphlet of sixty-four pages, on the outside of which was printed in large type the words, "What the British Government is doing for East Africa." Upon opening the pamphlet the other pages were found to be blank.

The natural result of this awakened interest is the great increase of literature, both magazine and book, with a wide range from the stories of hunters' exploits to reports of the work of explorers, ethnographers, and missionaries.

The most noteworthy of these recent books in many respects is the "Land of the Lion," by Dr. W. S. Rainsford, former rector of St. George's Church in New York. It is the narrative of a trip in British East Africa made in 1908, during which Dr. Rainsford walked and rode more than 5,000 miles—his aim being, not killing, but hunting. To the account of each day's experiences, written generally in camp and so having a vivid freshness, there is joined much valuable information for those intending to follow him and Mr. Roosevelt, whether man or woman. For women hunters are to be found there now, enduring the strain and braving the dangers of the big-game quest. Dr. Rainsford gives most precise directions in regard to the necessary preparations for the make-up of the "safari" (as these hunting parties are called), and useful hints as to the safest way to hunt the various animals. In a chapter entitled a "Plea for the Native" he characterizes those untouched by civilization as "simple, truthful, and most lovable peo-

ples." In thirteen months' daily marching among a band that generally numbered a hundred men he knew of only one serious quarrel. What they need most is instruction in the simplest religious truths, industrial education, and to be "firmly, lovingly *forced to work*." (The italics are his.) The lack of a well-considered policy on the part of their English rulers is emphasized, and the granting of large concessions of land to what are virtually speculators is condemned. The immigrant Boer he calls "an unmixed nuisance," and of the Indian he says that "economically he may be a convenience, but morally he is a curse. The account of his hunting adventures occupies, of course, the main part of the book, and, notwithstanding the similarity of conditions and incidents, will prove of unfailing interest at least to the keen sportsman. As a lion-hunter he ranks high, having shot "four lions in three days, seven shots to the four, not so bad." The most difficult trophy to get, and, in his opinion, the finest of all, is the buffalo head.

Percy C. Madeira's "Hunting in British Africa" is the story of another sportsman's experiences told in a modest and entertaining way. In a trip of only three months, he was able to obtain specimens of thirty-five different animals, including all the big game, except the elephant, for the shooting of which he could not get a permit. Useful information is given in regard to the outfit of a "safari" and the safest way of tracking the game. The constant dangers to which the hunter is exposed are very clearly shown. One never knows, he says, "from one moment to another what the next bush, shadow, or tree may hide. The innocent-looking rock lying in the grass twenty or thirty yards from you may become a pugnacious rhinoceros; the silently stalking buffalo that has watched your approach, unseen by you, may suddenly charge out from the shadow of a tree; a lion may start up from the cover of a bunch of grass or a bush just ahead of you—all of which render it a matter of keyed-up attention that is not, I imagine, approached in any other country." With him, it may be added, as with Dr. Rainsford, "the charm lies in the fascination and excitement of the chase, with the killing alone to be regretted." There are many interesting descriptions of the country passed through, and of the natives. The loyalty of his followers to him, and especially to his wife, who accompanied him, was such that he was "sure they would have given their lives to protect her; and she had the same confidence in them." Referring to the custom of perforating the ears and stretching the holes in the lobes, he says that he has seen natives "take the lobe of one ear over the top of the head and loop it under the ear on the other side." Among his specimens, whose mounted heads are shown in the frontispiece, was the dikdik, the smallest of all the antelopes, standing only fourteen inches high at the shoulder, and weighing about seven pounds, which burrows underneath the deep grass and creeps and crawls along like a rabbit.

Another evidence of the fascination exerted by this hunter's paradise is the title which Col. J. H. Patterson, author of the well-known "Man-Eaters of Tsavo," has chosen for his new work. This is the story of his trials and adventures during two recent expeditions in the *nyika* or wilderness, the one for hunting simply, the other primarily for determining the eastern boundary of the Northern Game Reserve. In each his party included a woman hunter, whose success in securing big game was remarkable. As the husband of one of these women was killed during the second expedition, and the author himself was stricken with fever and wrote his book while still suffering from its effects, a minor key naturally runs through the narrative. In the main, however, it possesses interest on account of the exciting adventures recorded, among which was an encounter with a rogue elephant and a thrilling night spent in a bush-shelter besieged by lions. "The weirdest sight," he could ever wish to see, to use his words, was sixteen rhinos "all roaring at each other and struggling and fighting in their efforts to get at a water-hole." The boundary work carried him into a virtually unknown region, where the natives were a constant source of danger. It is for this reason that a tract some thirty-eight thousand square miles in extent has been made a reserve, because as yet there is no "effective control" over the inhabitants. They are largely Masai, and in his description of them he tells of one the lobes of whose ears "hung down in two long tassels over his shoulder. When they got in his way too much, he used calmly to take hold of the two ends and tie them up in a knot!"

There is a wider range in the Rev. Peter MacQueen's "In Wildest Africa," as his aim was, not so much sport, as the gathering of material for lectures and a book. He travelled through British East Africa, crossed the frontier into the German possessions, and climbed nearly to the summit of Kilimanjaro (being the first American to make the attempt), voyaged on the Victoria Nyanza, and skirted the southern part of Uganda to the "fountains of the Nile" or the Ripon Falls. To a disconnected narrative of his personal experiences he adds much historical and ethnographical information in regard to the country and its inhabitants. On account of the great undeveloped natural wealth of Uganda he predicts for it a highly prosperous future, notwithstanding the present terrible plague of the sleeping-sickness. He visited one of the six great hospitals established by the British authorities, at which seven hundred patients were cared for. At Kampala, the capital, he had an interview with the king, Dauda Chwa, "a graceful distinguished looking lad, twelve years old, . . . who talked to us in English. He was greatly interested in America, and in the coming visit of ex-President Roosevelt. He showed me a map of Uganda he had himself drawn; and upon it he had marked the places where the best elephants could be shot. He seemed a little shy at first, but this shyness gradually wore off. He had a plaintive, sweet voice, and usually expressed his interest or admiration by saying in a boyish treble, 'Oh, yes!'" Another interesting interview was with Ali ben Hamoud, Sultan of Zanzibar, a young man of twenty-two and a graduate of Eton. "He rose and shook hands with us and ordered coffee and cigarettes to be set before us. Almost his first words were: 'I am greatly interested in your big country and planned to visit the United States last year. I was not able to go at that time, but I am going to America as soon as I can make my arrangements.'" Many entertaining stories are told, and there are graphic pictures of life in the towns, on the ranches, and in the bush. Referring to the practice of piercing the ears, he says: "I actually saw a man with a condensed milk can in one ear and a jar of Liebig's extract of beef in the other."

"Through Uganda to Mount Elgon" is much more than a mere book of travels. It is really a plea for the East African native by one of his best friends, an English missionary. After some years' absence Mr. Purvis returned to his work in Uganda, and in describing his journey thither calls attention to the changes which have taken place in the conditions and character of the people, chiefly through the building of the railway. He criticises the government policy, or rather want of policy, in respect to the natives, and advocates strongly giving an industrial education and making the watchword not revenue, but the "development of native resources for and by the native under European supervision." The most interesting part of his book is that in which he tells of his work in the Mount Elgon district among natives the farthest removed from the new influences. Sir H. H. Johnston, the leading authority on these tribes, says they are "perhaps the wildest people to be found anywhere within the limits of the Uganda Protectorate. They are wilder even than the Congo dwarfs." Nevertheless, Mr. Purvis found in them "a charming lightheartedness, breezy ge-

niality, and kind good nature." Another wonderful fact is that women are very much respected, and that the men help to cultivate, being responsible for the "cultivation of all cereals, whilst the women are responsible for the plantain groves." An important part of Mr. Purvis's work was the preparation of a grammar and of a dictionary of ten thousand words, which, however, form but a portion of the native vocabulary. One great difficulty in teaching them is the almost total lack of words to express abstract ideas, as love, grace, faith, trust, holiness, etc. For this last word in especial their language has no equivalent, but they grasp the idea quickly and express it by *kikosefu*, "cleanness or whiteness."

In 1906 a government research expedition was sent to German East Africa, the ethnological and sociological work being entrusted to Prof. Karl Weule of the University of Leipzig. In addition to his published official report he has given in his "Native Life in East Africa" a narrative of his personal experiences, together with much of the information gained during the six months spent in the southern district of the colony. He took every occasion to see the natives in their huts, at their daily occupations, and especially to be present at their songs and dances. Having a camera, a cinematograph, and a phonograph, he was able to secure many valuable pictures and records. At one place, after the singing had ceased, he reproduced some of their songs, to the measureless and joyous astonishment of the brown chorus. When he had finished, "two women, who had previously attracted my notice by their tremendous vocal power, as well as by the elegance of their attire, came forward again; and, as the crowd fell back, leaving a clear space in front of the phonograph, first one and then the other approached the apparatus, dropped a curtsey in the finest court style, and, waving her hand towards the mouthpiece said, '*Kwa, heri, sauti yangu!*'—'Good-bye, my voice!'" The most valuable part of his contributions to our sociological knowledge of the natives is his carefully detailed account of the *unyago*, the ceremonies at the coming of the boys and girls to the age of puberty, which includes the circumcision of the boys. During this period they are kept in separate isolated camps and are instructed by mothers and specially appointed teachers in the rules of conduct and hygiene. "The behavior of young people to their elders in general deserves to be called exemplary." Among their games he found four kinds of tops, one of which corresponds to our peg-top and the diabolo. He also got "two charming specimens of an African telephone, consisting of two miniature drums, beautifully carved and covered with the delicate skin of some small animal, perforated in the middle to allow the passage of a thin string, which is kept from slipping through by a knot on the inside of the skin." A picture is given of two children talking through it, the string being about a hundred yards in length. He found the natives very fond of drawing, and he reproduces one striking fresco found on the wall of a hut, together with many pictures drawn by the natives at his request. The value of the book is increased by the fact that the translator is professor of Zulu at King's College, London, and the author of several works on the African races. To her admirable translation she has added many valuable notes, in which some errors in Professor Weule's conclusions are corrected and much additional information is given.

CURRENT FICTION.

A Mine of Faults. Translated from the original manuscript by F. W. Bain. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

In this volume, Mr. Bain, by official occupation principal of the Deccan College, Poona, has given us another of the charming stories introduced some years ago by his "Digit of the Moon." The present tale tells how woman, being, indeed, a "mine of faults," is, for that very reason, only the more adorable; "if women had no faults, half their charm would disappear." In true Indian fashion, the story is represented as related by Çiva to his wife. Once upon a time, there lived two kings, one having a daughter and the other a son. But these kings were hereditary foes, and the son threatened the country of his father's rival, who was utterly helpless before this peril. The young prince was a most thorough misogynist of the brave theoretical sort, able to prate finely about the shortcomings of all feminine kind. Against him is brought, by the minister of the imperilled kingdom, the foe that the invader had mocked, and before the "mine of faults," the mighty warrior is helpless.

The story, thus baldly outlined, must be read for its beauty to be appreciated. The princess, delicate and charming as she is crafty, awakens in Chand the love that he had scorned. And the development of this love is set forth, swiftly indeed—for in India love is ever at first sight—yet without a single false note. But Love wins a double victory, and herein lies one of the most delightful aspects of the tale. For the princess plays with the coolness of a master hand on each emotion of Chand, feeling none herself, aiming only to conquer him for the safety of her father's realm; until, at the last, the perfidy of her rôle overpowers her, in the face of Chand's devotion, and she reveals the plot. More than once, the psychology of love is touched upon with nice discrimination:

> The tests of love are only two, the power of recollection and the capacity to forgive. For false love forgets at once, and cannot forgive at all. But love that is really love forgives forever, and never forgets.

In beauty of diction and wealth of description the story is characteristic of Sanskrit literature at its best. Thus the princess is described:

> . . . all unconscious of her own inexplicable charm, like a great blue lonely lotus-flower growing on a silent mirror of black water in an undiscovered forest pool, never even dreaming of looking at its own reflection in the water, towards which all the time it bends, as if to kiss it.

The Sanskrit device of paronomasia lends a special Indian enchantment to this exotic story, though it is the current fashion for Occidentals to object to this form of embellishment. Thus, "so great was his pleasure in its recollection," (p. 57), also means, punning on *smara*, "love, recollection," "so great was his pleasure in love of it [the mind-picture of the princess]"; I "will do what I can, in my weakness" (p. 84), may also mean "I will do what I can, as a woman," punning on *abala*, "weak, woman"; and "bee" (*bhramara*) in "are not all bees naturally rovers, and hard to satiate?" (p. 113) also means "lover."

The "Mine of Faults," like Mr. Bain's previous works, is declared on the title-page to be translated from a (Sanskrit) manuscript. Reviewers have, without exception so far as the present writer knows, denied this, holding that Mr. Bain is himself the author. It is true that his writing contains some Occidental touches, though, perhaps, the need of occasional adaptation to the general public might be urged in explanation of this fact. It is also true that the Sanskrit titles which he gives as the original designations of his stories are not to be found in catalogues of Sanskrit manuscripts; but neither are a number of indubitably genuine productions which are duly edited in the Benares Sanskrit Series, and elsewhere, to say nothing of works hitherto unknown which are frequently discovered in Indian libraries. The present reviewer, who has studied Mr. Bain's writings for a number of years, and specialized to some extent in Sanskrit romance, feels unable to join in the opinion that these stories are not just what they claim to be. At all events, he has repeatedly said that if they are translations, they are wonderfully good; if they are original, they are still more marvellous.

Strictly Business. By O. Henry. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Twenty-three new stories from the unsleeping pen of our Fielding *à la mode*—twenty-three racy chapters added to his encyclopædic account of the impudence, the energy, the recklessness, the vulgar loves, the fat and cynical materialism of proletarian America. Such are the themes of these varied

tales, addressed—to quote their maker—"to the man who sits smoking with his Sabbath-slippered feet on another chair, and to the woman who snatches the paper for a moment while boiling greens or a narcotized baby leaves her free." It is difficult to understand why this Sabbath sybarite and this troubled housewife do not prefer Boccaccio and the "Arabian Nights," unless they hold with Lucretius that it is sweet to contemplate from the window of a sky-scraper the roaring tumult of Broadway. The reeking realism of the presentation is, contrary to received theories, rather intensified than diminished by O. Henry's growing fondness for commenting on his characters, his style, and the conduct of his plot. He appears to be spurning technique in the interest of the facts that come pelting at him. He obviously finds the much-advocated pure objectivity of the short-story something of a nuisance when he wishes to converse with his readers. Frequently hovering on the borders of philosophic digression, in "A Night in New Arabia" he steps boldly into a little essay on modern rich men, admirable for its nice distinctions: "The capitalist can tell you to a dollar the amount of his wealth. The Trust magnate 'estimates' it. The rich malefactor hands you a cigar and denies that he has bought the P., D. & Q. [superb characterization!] The caliph merely smiles and talks about Hammerstein and the musical lasses."

With a satirist carrying such a quiver, it is pleasant to tarry by the wayside and applaud his marksmanship. The stories in this volume show the glaring inequalities of verve and invention to be expected of a writer who exacts of his art the regular and diurnal fecundity of the journalistic Muse. But among several yarns betraying strain and pedestrian inspiration there are three or four of first-rate quality: the title story, "A Night in New Arabia," "Proof of the Pudding," and, perhaps best of all, "A Municipal Report." In the last, with the article on Nashville, Tennessee, from Rand & McNally doing strange service as ironical Greek chorus, he produces a little tragic drama of decayed Southern gentility, proving, in defiance of Frank Norris, that New York, New Orleans, and San Francisco do not monopolize the romance of real life. The effect is novel, and the pleasure is dependent upon the intrinsic interest of the matter as well as upon the artifice of presentation. Such work makes the reader hope that O. Henry may sometime have leisure to do his best more frequently.

Hopalong Cassidy. By Clarence E. Mulford. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

In this narrative of cowboy life in the arid Southwest, Cassidy of the saltatorial prenomen is hero only by courtesy. Half-a-dozen of his fellow-ranchmen speak as much, ride as hard, and shoot as frequently and as effectively as Cassidy. It was only the exigencies of the novelist's trade that impelled our writer to pitch upon one of the large number of cow-punchers that crowd his pages and make Cassidy the recipient of the hitherto untried affections of the pretty young daughter of the foreman of the ranch of which Cassidy's own ranch was the neighbor and rival. After a few tentative bits of love-making our author throws the girl frankly overboard, and sets out to tell how a handful of stout-hearted cowboys besieged a band of cattle-thieves on top of an inaccessible mesa. This part of the book has a sort of primitive interest. But until this part is reached, the story does not move at all, but hops along amidst a great deal of gun-play and local slang. There are indications that the writer has worked from close personal observation, and his talk is somewhat more natural than the average brand of Far Western dialects. But the treatment is amateurish and confused.

The Personal Conduct of Belinda. By Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

An amiably silly story of a tour in Europe personally conducted by an enslaving young woman whose senior partner is at the eleventh hour prevented from taking her accustomed post. The composition of the party, its inter-relations, and international adventures, are mere farce. Yet gleams of England, Touraine, and Brittany, however fleeting, bring the inevitable, inalienable charm which covers a multitude of farces. The school-girl view of sight-seeing is worthily caricatured at the hands of the pink-and-white Amelia; but the rest of the comic relief does not conspicuously relieve. Nevertheless, in the foolish unreasoning hour a worse companion may be found than this book of improbable characters and impossible situations. To read it is aviation, but no bones are broken.

A HISTORY OF KENTUCKY.

Kentucky in the Nation's History. By Robert McNutt McElroy. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. $5 net.

Since this book represents, in the language of Professor McElroy, "a conscious departure from the customary method of dealing with State history," it is but fair that the theory upon which it has been constructed should be stated in the author's own words:

> The real aim of the study of State history, as I conceive it, should be to add to our knowledge of the nation, as the day for the cultivation of a purely local patriotism—if, indeed, that day ever existed—has passed forever. To write of the history of a State as though it were something apart from the nation is not only to violate the "unity of history," but also to deprive the nation of a valuable source of information concerning national events.

Conceding, as we readily do, that the writing of State history has too often proceeded upon antiquarian rather than historical lines, and that the affairs of the nation must always possess a larger interest than those of any of its constituent members, we nevertheless are compelled to think that the dictum above quoted not only fails to give the whole truth of the matter, but also involves some confusion of thought. For one thing, it implies, with almost brutal frankness, a degree of centralization *in posse* which, thank Heaven, has not yet come about even in these days of expanding Federal power. Moreover, so long as the American Union is constituted as it is, the several States composing it will continue to enjoy the right to lead lives not wholly overshadowed by the life of the nation; nor will they, we think, be deterred from doing so by fear lest thereby they "cultivate a purely local patriotism." Unless, then, the conception of "national" history is to be given such unusual extension as to make it include a summary of all that is going on in all the States at any given time—an extension which would obviously make the writing of the history of a federal government almost insuperably difficult—there will always be this parallel progression of nation and State; and the historian, bound to record what he finds rather than what he fancies ought to be, will not deem it necessary to depreciate the one in order to exalt the other.

Further, Professor McElroy seems not to have apprehended clearly the relation of an American State to the life of the nation of which it forms a part. A State is always played upon by two forces. On the one side is the nation, drawing it, whether it will or will not, into the current of national progress, moulding its thought and conduct by the silent power of a common law and a common opportunity, and commanding, at critical moments, its almost exclusive allegiance. On the other side is a host of purely local circumstances, not only dissociated in the public mind from concern for the national welfare, but also, as it happens, expressly reserved for State consideration by the Federal Constitution. Professor McElroy seems to regard the former of these two influences as the only one really worth while; unmindful of the fact, seen only the more clearly as the history of the States comes to be studied, that it is the condition of the public mind bred by local experiences and needs, quite as much as any public opinion developed by contact with the national life, that determines the fundamental attitude of a State towards national issues.

The reader, accordingly, who seeks to discover here the part played by Kentucky in the making of the American nation, will find only a portion of the story told. He will, indeed, learn, more fully than anywhere else, how Kentucky treated such distinctly national problems as were presented to it; but he will look in vain for an orderly account of the influence of Kentucky in formulating those problems, or for explanation of its fundamental attitude towards them. Of the life of the people, the nature and development of their government and law, their lines of political cleavage, what they thought of slavery and abolition, their problems of economic advancement (save in a single important instance), and their general cultural interests, Professor McElroy tells us little, and that only incidentally. "Kentucky in the nation's history" becomes, for him, a panorama of politics and war, a series of occasions in which the nation, mainly, be it remarked, for reasons not of Kentucky's choosing, enters the Kentucky field.

The list of topics of which the several chapters treat is the best illustration of what has just been said. Beginning with an account of the early westward migration, we have next an interesting sketch of Transylvania, "the last experiment in proprietary government," of Kentucky's share in the Revolution, and of the steps by which it entered the Union. Down to this point the author gives us real State history of a solid and commendable sort. Thenceforward, however, Kentucky is "nationalized." The remaining chapters, comprising four-fifths of the book, deal with the military adventures of Harmar, Wilkinson, and St. Clair; with Genet's intrigue, the struggle for free navigation of the Mississippi, and the acquisition of Louisiana; with the Burr conspiracy, the Kentucky resolutions of 1798 and 1799, and the War of 1812; the disastrous experience with State banks and paper money; the Mexican War and the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and the successful resistance to secession. Necessarily, these chapters are pretty closely connected, but they are nevertheless only a series of essays on the most important subjects in which national interests come in contact with those of the State.

While, however, we feel compelled to dissent from the theory of State history to which Professor McElroy commits himself, the specific substance of his volume calls, in general, only for praise. Use has been made, not only of the older printed sources, but also of the unrivalled collection of Kentucky material, some of it in manuscript, made by Col. Reuben T. Durrett of Louisville. The chapters on Transylvania, the Burr conspiracy, and the War of 1812, and the account of George Rogers Clark gain freshness, detail, and accuracy from the use of this new material. Military historians will be interested in the author's explanation, apparently convincing, of the part played by the Kentucky volunteers at the battle of New Orleans, and his refutation of Jackson's hasty charge of cowardice. The chapters on Kentucky finance and the exciting events of 1860-61 are especially well done; while that on the resolutions of 1798 and 1799 makes still clearer the fact that the nullification for which Kentucky then stood was not, as later in South Carolina, a claim of right to be asserted by any one State for itself, but only by the States collectively. The closing words of the resolutions of 1799 are a protest, not a threat.

It is unfortunate that, in a book which, with all its limitations, is nevertheless a valuable addition to American historical literature, certain details by which one judges of a scholar's carefulness should not have been better attended to. Although authorities are freely cited, the form of citation is singularly variegated. Substantive statements of the text are quoted, now from semi-popular narratives like Fiske's "Critical Period" or Irving's "Life of Washington," now from such standard writers as Schouler, McMaster, or Von Holst, and now from manuscripts or early printed books. State documents are cited from newspapers, Federal statutes from the *Congressional Globe* or somebody's monograph, and the first Kentucky Constitution from the Durrett manuscript. "Hildreth's 'Second Series'," "Babcock's 'American Nation Series'," "Johnston's 'History of American Political Parties'," and "Bourne Essays," are among the vagaries of which scholars, and even undergraduates, will make note. In a number of statements of a general nature the text shows inaccuracy; and certainly *The Genius of Universal Emancipation* ought not to be linked with the *Liberator* as a "Garrison publication." Lastly, it should seem as though the combined efforts of author and publisher might have rid the volume of its erratic punctuation.

Masters of the English Novel: A Study of Personalities and Principles. By Richard Burton. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.25.

With Prof. Richard Burton's plan for an examination of "Masters of the English Novel" as expressed in the words of his preface—the study of eighteenth-century "beginnings" and "developments," of Jane Austen and Walter Scott, of the French Influence, of Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Trollope, and others, of Hardy, Meredith, Stevenson, and the American Contribution—we are in fullest sympathy. One would very much like to conclude that Professor Burton had taken full advantage of his opportunity, and that his views, if not remarkable for novelty, were at least safe and sane. But one regrets, first of all, that the successive chapters somehow fail to "pull together." And many of the details cause even the best-intentioned reader to doubt. For instance, is not the character given here of Fielding the man rather the old-fashioned one, somewhat shattered by later critical biographers, than that which one may fairly expect from an enlightened cicerone like Professor Burton? The lover of Jane Austen takes it ill, also, that a superficial criticism of his favorite should condemn the "plain speaking in her books, even touches of coarseness," echoing "the rankness which abounds in the Fielding-Smollett school." The admirer of the sturdy eighteenth-century novel, even though he be fully alive to the limitations of its artistry, is, too, tempted to question whether the novel "has grown on the whole more truthful with each generation"—at least to the extent which Professor Burton suggests; to question, no less, whether "the characters of English fiction to-day produce a semblance of life which adds tenfold to its power." Judged even in the twentieth century, Fielding's creations, notwithstanding their exaggerations, seem to the present reviewer more fully vitalized than Mr. James's pale shades or Mr. Howells's, and a thousand times more real than the monstrosities of the "red-blood" tribe. Indeed, Professor Burton shares the common vagueness as to what is "realism"; he uses the word very frequently, even describing Dickens as a "stalwart realist," which certainly he never was.

This book shows evidences of hasty preparation for the press. On page 5 we read of "Nast" where Nash was surely intended; we have twice *mis-en-scene* (pp. 167, 232), and once *grande monde* (p. 163), as specimens of French as she is writ. Twice are titles of Daudet's novels mangled as regards genders and accents; and Flaubert wrote "Salammbô," not "Salambo." Obviously, there is something wrong with the expression, "Je suis, j'y reste"; and the use of "proletariat" as a noun referring to an individual (Charles Dickens—see p. 194) grieves us almost as much as these more obvious slips—of which enough.

New Zealand in Evolution, Industrial, Economic, and Political. By Guy H. Scholefield, with an Introduction by Hon. W. Pember Reeves, Director of the London School of Economics. New York. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. $3 net.

The story of New Zealand is not a long one. Discovered by the Dutch Tasman in 1642, it was not circumnavigated and mapped until nearly a century and a half later, when Cook took pos-

session of the islands for England. Though visited and to some extent settled upon by Europeans, it had no proper status and polity as a civilized land until two generations later, when, in 1840, it became formally a colony of Great Britain. Its evolution thence into a dominion, populous districts federated into a great United States, is a subject well worth attention from the world outside.

New Zealand has been called "the economic laboratory of the world." It is not quite as large as Italy, which it strongly resembles in its configuration; not quite equal in area to the British Isles, which it parallels remarkably in its physical and climatic conditions. The land has come to contain a population of a million, including a small per cent. of the vanishing Maoris, another small per cent. of civilized stocks other than Anglo-Saxon, but in vast preponderance a homogeneous body of English and Scotch. The British Isles themselves are less British than this far-away dependency. What the stock has been able to do during the seventy years since it was fairly organized into a society is the tale well-told in this book, fully fraught with interest and lessons.

The natural resources of New Zealand, varied and enormous, comprise great areas of arable and pasture-land, forests of the finest, seas teeming with food-fish, deposits of coal, iron, and gold, richly productive, as yet unmeasured. Here the British race has a free hand to develop under skies fitted to call out and preserve its energies at their best. The outcome is not disappointing, though New Zealand is far enough from being a Utopia. Studying details, we at once see that her career has been beset by grave embarrassments. First may be noted her remoteness and isolation: before competing in the great markets with her productions she has the heavy handicap of an ocean passage of thirteen thousand miles. It has been and still is necessary to fight out internally many a struggle with problems moral, economic, social, and political. There have been philanthropists who insisted that the native race should not be dispossessed; colonizers who projected feudal schemes, with a few great land-holders on one side and a multitude of tenants on the other; ecclesiastical enterprises, by which only the adherents of a particular church, under proper ortbodox tutelage, were to be admitted to vast domains. The home government has perplexed by unintelligent interference; and, again, perplexed quite as much by unintelligent abstaining from interference. What powers should belong to the provinces and what to the central government at Auckland; whether *laissez faire* should have full sway or the state foster in paternal fashion; whether women should vote; to what extent the state should own the land; most critical of all, perhaps, how to reconcile the demands of capital and those of labor, here fully organized and persistently militant—these questions have made of New Zealand a seething and fermenting society, shut up within itself in the far distant South Seas, to work out its own salvation.

Of this concentrated and turbulent evolution, Mr. Scholefield, an experienced New Zealand journalist, gives a calm, discriminating, and illuminative account. The land, though a loyal dependency of the British Crown, is to-day the most democratic and progressive country in the world. Female voting prevails, making the proportion of the electorate to the entire population one to one and eight-tenths. Here the suffragette may beat her hammer into a plough-share and her tongs into a pruning-hook; here the walking delegate walks no more, because he rides in an automobile; here the finger of the state is on land and industry to the extent of "socialism." Men of conservative instincts naturally stand aghast at such developments, and assert that New Zealand is going to the dogs; to which your true New Zealander may retort that he prefers the canine environment to the predatory beasts with whose rings civilization has so long been vexed. At any rate, all will agree it is well to have a laboratory or experiment-station where doubtful policies may be thoroughly worked out to their consummation, before they are applied in the larger societies of Europe and America.

Modern Religious Problems. Edited by Ambrose White Vernon. The Gospel of Jesus the Son of God, by George William Knox; The Founding of the Church, by Benjamin Wisner Bacon; Sin and Its Forgiveness, by William De Witt Hyde; The Fourth Gospel, by Ernest F. Scott; The Earliest Sources for the Life of Jesus, by F. Crawford Burkitt; Paul and Paulinism, by James Moffatt; The Church and Labor, by Charles Stelzle. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 50 cents each.

This series of brief essays on vital and difficult religious questions is evidently patterned on the successful Religionsgeschichtliche Volksbücher, which have had great influence in Germany in spreading information concerning the newer theories and results in Biblical criticism and the science of comparative religion. The authors of the German booklets are the first scholars of the universities, broadly evangelical in temper, but pronouncedly progressive and modern in theological position. A large number of the German tracts have been of decided merit, not merely by gathering up the results familiar to savants, but also by advancing knowledge and clarifying opinions in difficult fields of research. They are consulted and quoted by specialists of all countries, despite their popular form and purpose.

It is high praise for the series edited by Dr. Vernon to say that the first volume of his Modern Religious Problems gives promise of like distinction and usefulness. Professor Bacon's brief essay on "The Founding of the Church" is a real contribution to the study of the apostolic age. It would be hard to find in a volume of any size a better statement of how the Christian Church came into being. It is a work which the student cannot afford to neglect, as well as a succinct statement for the laymen of the principal movements in early Christianity. President Hyde has done like thorough work in his discussion of the nature of sin and the Christian idea of divine pardon. His essay will go far to refute the charge, for which there is some justification, that the new theology does not deal seriously and wortbily with the evil that men do. That progressive theologians may also have a gospel, which rings out a message with fervor and intense conviction, is made clear in the brochure of Professor Knox. Mr. Scott's volume is not so noteworthy: it is a résumé of his larger and better treatise of the same title, "The Fourth Gospel."

Dr. Burkitt's discussion of the origin and historical reliability of the first three gospels is excellent, as was to be expected from the author of "The Gospel Story and Its Transmission." On some accounts it would have been fortunate if this volume had been chosen to lead the series, since it illustrates so well the critical methods which have led to the changes in opinion with which these volumes are concerned. Dr. Burkitt defends the priority of Mark, but questions Harnack's success in restoring "Q," the source employed by Matthew and Luke. Dr. Moffatt, in his essay on Paul, has some correctives for opinions popularized by Professor Ramsay. Mr. Stelzle's volume belongs to the third division of the series, Practical Church Problems.

A wide and enthusiastic welcome to these volumes, and to others which are announced to follow them, would be an encouraging sign of healthful and intelligent interest in religious questions on the part of the American public. In so far as they exert influence they will tend to establish faith which can live in the light of modern times.

Matilda of Tuscany. By Nora Duff. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.

Matilda, the warrior maid of Holy Church, the heroine of many a battlefield, the prototype of Tasso's Clarinda; Matilda, the ruler and judge, the gracious châtelaine of Canossa, learned and beautiful and wise and valiant, "the wonder of Italy"—such is the Matilda

whose story is told for us in these pages; while, to the end that no faintest speck may dim the lustre of her perfection, the stern and implacable Hildebrand, whose influence swayed her every action, is depicted as a saint of God, intent only on reforming and purifying the church. It is, however, equally possible to regard Matilda as a virago and a fanatic, the tool of an ambitious and unscrupulous prelate who recklessly plunged the church into an interminable strife; who, by grasping at temporal power, destroyed for centuries the spiritual usefulness of the Papacy, and, by condemning the priesthood to an enforced celibacy, permanently corrupted the vast majority of the clergy. Which of these views we accept will doubtless depend upon whether we are Guelfs or Ghibellines; and we are all of us Guelfs or Ghibellines when reading Italian history.

That Miss Duff is whole-heartedly Guelf goes without saying; but, however strongly we may dissent from some of her conclusions, we shall hardly ever find ourselves in a position to quarrel with her facts. These are, for the most part, quite beyond cavil; and, since English and American readers have heretofore known but little of the great Countess of Tuscany, the work before us is one of unusual value. In most mediæval histories Matilda has appeared only as a shadowy figure in the background of the striking drama enacted at Canossa; in the present volume all the most salient points in her life have been exhaustively dealt with—her stormy childhood, her upbringing in the Apennines, her early appearance, clad in armor, on the battlefields of Lombardy and before the gates of Rome, her unwavering support of the Papacy, her able generalship, and her qualities of sovereign lady and upright ruler. Of her relations with her humbler dependents, on the other hand, the "lombardi" and "cattani" of her *castella* and *ville*, or the serfs and "coloni" who tilled her vast domains, we hear little or nothing. The stage is filled with popes and emperors, cardinals and abbots, knights and nobles—all the great ones of the earth; and the incidents of that constitutional, intellectual, and social advance which are to be found in the history of the nation itself, have no place in these pages. Yet, within the limits which she has assigned to herself, Miss Duff has produced a notable piece of work, alike scholarly and readable. Not only has she studied all the more important books dealing with her subject, whether Italian, German, French, or English, but she has had access to such contemporary manuscripts as remain to us, including the Vatican codex of Matilda's monkish chronicler Donizone or Domnizo, and many deeds of gift to the various monasteries throughout her lands.

The volume is illustrated from contemporary portraits and documents, and, so far as we have tested it, the index seems adequate. It only remains to call the attention of Dante students to the arguments which are here adduced in support of the theory that Matilda is to be identified with that

> . . . donna soletta che si gia
> Cantando ed iscegliendo fior da fiore,
> Ond' era pinta tutta la sua via,

whom the poet encountered in the Terrestrial Paradise. We do not think that these arguments are conclusive. We are not convinced by them; but they are certainly interesting and well worthy of careful consideration.

Bologna: Its History, Antiquities, and Art. By Edith E. Coulson James. New York: Henry Frowde. $4 net.

Of the many books on Italian cities which have literally poured from the press in the past few years, this is one of the best we have seen. Miss James writes straightforwardly, with so thorough a grasp on her material that the level of achievement is unusually even. She does not pretend to be a specialist in any direction; but she has eyes to see what is significant and skill to state it both clearly and agreeably.

Her sketch of the history of Bologna, filling more than a quarter of the volume, is sufficiently detailed. The description of Bolognese buildings and paintings claims most of the remaining space, and not unduly, because it includes the university. That famous institution she treats on all sides, from its origin in the eleventh century down to to-day. We do not recall any account of it in English of similar length that is equally satisfactory. By introducing some of the great academic figures, among whom she places Novella Calderini, Laura Bassi, Anna Morandi, and Clotilde Tambroni—Bologna's famous women professors—she adds to the human interest of her information. Indeed, she has been wise in putting in personal material wherever it was pertinent: for a book of this kind, whose object is primarily information and not interpretation, runs the risk of being dry unless it be vitalized by anecdote and biographical touches.

Miss James proves an excellent guide for the Museo Civico, with its Etruscan treasures, and for the picture gallery. With sound judgment, which would have shocked our grandfathers, she concentrates her attention on Francia among the painters, and dismisses the Caracci, Guido Reni, and Domenichino with the brief mention which their work at Bologna merits. Her painstaking study of Francia, at once just and enthusiastic, ought to draw new admirers to that delightful master, who wears better than Perugino and other contemporaries that have often been preferred to him. A chapter on Bolognese "festas" completes the text to which notes and bibliography serve as credentials. A large number of well chosen illustrations bring Bologna directly before the reader.

Miss James has produced a work that is much more than a guide or book of reference. An Italian might, perhaps, remark that the characteristics which differentiate the Bolognese from the Parmesans, or the Florentines, are not clearly indicated; but this is a small matter, and few foreigners ever come to discern, as the Italians themselves do, the individual traits of the people of each city.

A Group of English Essayists. By C. T. Winchester. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

This volume of essays on Jeffrey, Hazlitt, Lamb, De Quincey, John Wilson, and Leigh Hunt is one of the few recent books of criticism which deserve a permanent place in the library. Professor Winchester's modest introduction scarcely prepares one for the excellence of the work that follows. He disclaims discovery of new facts or reversals of established verdicts; the interest of these papers, he says, "if any interest they have, is that attending the informal discussion of a group of familiar and delightful English prose-writers." Furthermore, in his essay on Hazlitt, he seems rather to decline the judicial and to favor the interpretative approach, declaring that the chief function of the critic is to enjoy the best in literature and to convey that enjoyment to the reader.

Professor Winchester's informality, however, is a bit of graceful feigning. He admires—what right-minded person does not?—the ease, the purity, the colloquial swiftness of Hazlitt's prose; so far as style is concerned, he aims at the informality of Hazlitt. But his judgments are no more exclusively favorable than are those of that sensitive and disheartened Jacobin; his condemnation has all the point and precision of his praise. Nor is there anything random or discursive in his method. He sets to work in quite systematic fashion to etch the lineaments of his subjects through biographical study, and then to show how their literary powers and limitations were conditioned by their characters. The contributiveness of his portraiture one feels not so much in the detail as in the total effect of fairness, proportion, and completeness. In dealing with these fascinating and intensely personal writers, the temptation of the critic is to be personal, also to take sides and becloud the reader's vision. Except in the incidental case of Gifford, whom he is bent on proving an ass, Professor Winchester's service is steadily directed to clarifying impressions and balancing the judgment. He has, furthermore, the

gift of becoming intimate with his author which results from flexible sympathies and a relish for diverse qualities of thought, emotion, and style. He brings out with the greatest zest the lusty and boyish energy of John Wilson. Like Hazlitt, he can be just to Jeffrey and yet adore Lamb. He follows with especial delight the movements of the meditative and soaring imagination; and yet he distinguishes swiftly enough between true and false elevation—between Hazlitt's impassioned solemnities of feeling and the puffed and windy sublimities of De Quincey. These studies, we are told, "are, for the most part, the result of many pleasant hours in a college seminary room." Students who have enjoyed this sort of contact with good literature in college seminary rooms are pitiably few and heartily to be congratulated.

The book is so good that one can, perhaps, forgive the two or three instances of Homeric nodding in the brief retrospective glance at the essay-form. On the first page, Professor Winchester says that Montaigne's "'Essais,' excellently translated by John Florio in 1583, were at once popular in England, and Bacon, fourteen years later, borrowed their title for his famous little bundles of apothegm." Montaigne's essays were not complete *in French* till Mademoiselle de Gournay's edition was published in 1595, three years after the author's death. Florio's translation was licensed in 1599, but not published till 1603, six years after Bacon's first edition of essays; and we believe it would be difficult to prove any considerable acquaintance with Montaigne in England before 1600. By some odd fatality, Professor Winchester also puts the date of Cotton's version of Montaigne at 1680, five years too early. A little later, succumbing to the temptation of stylistic point and neglecting all historical considerations, he remarks of Addison: "He had nothing of importance to say; but he could say it with a suavity, humor, and grace that make the veriest nothings admirable." It is hard to understand how any student of the social life of Queen Anne's time could have made such a statement. It is the essence of Addison's triumph that he had many things of high importance to say on taste, literature, and morals, and that he conveyed them to his readers in a form as palatable as if they had been the merest trifles. Finally, we are informed, in a sentence which suggests that these introductory pages were left to be written by a malicious undergraduate, that with the new Reviews and Magazines of the nineteenth century "for the first time, we have that extended discussion of some one theme, popular in manner yet accurate in statement, and admitting high literary polish to which we now confine the name of essay." It is to be hoped that such almost inexplicable fatuities will be removed from the second edition of this very entertaining book.

The Great French Revolution, 1789-1793. By P. A. Kropotkin. Translated from the French by N. F. Dryhurst. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.25 net.

Until very recently most writers dealt only with the dramatic scenes of the French Revolution, or with the fortunes of the monarchy, of the legislative assemblies and political parties, and of the middle classes. Prince Kropotkin emphasizes the economic, and especially the agrarian, conditions and changes of the period. He interprets the wants and influence of the proletariat, whose apostle he is. He thinks historians have not yet done justice to "the true fount and origin of the Revolution—the people's readiness to take up arms." It is the land-hungry people who drove the stock-jobbing middle-class speculators and legislators to all that is great and good during the four years from 1789 to 1793. So there rumbles constantly through his stout volume the intimation that "Paris, during all this time, was in a state of profound agitation, especially in the faubourgs." In this Great Revolution the greatest period, in the opinion of the author, is that of the unchecked Jacobinism from the expulsion of the Girondists to the fall of Robespierre (31 May, 1793—27 July, 1794). During these thirteen months the great agrarian changes, so dramatically talked about on the famous night of August 4, 1789, were at last, after four years of middle-class resistance, carried out by a purified convention—under pressure from the *sans-culottic* masses. What the historians have chiefly studied of this period is the War and the Terror. "Yet these," says Kropotkin, "are not the essentials. The essential factor was the immense work of distributing the landed property, the work of democratizing and dechristianizing France." He emphasizes the principles of communism which found expression in the words or deeds of the period. Communism, he thinks, was the greatest inheritance which the Revolution bequeathed to us. He asserts a direct line of connection from the *enragés* of 1793 down through Babeuf, Fourier, Blanqui, and the International Working Men's Association of 1866-1878. The popular communism of the first two years of the Republic he regards as the source and origin of all subsequent communistic, anarchistic, and socialistic conceptions; and he is sure that it saw clearer and went much deeper in its analyses than modern Socialism. "Modern Socialism has added absolutely nothing to the ideas which were circulating among the French people between 1789 and 1794."

Prince Kropotkin's volume is another interesting example of the growing tendency toward socialistic interpretations of history. It is based on serious study, chiefly in the British Museum. The author has made no attempt to examine the rich store of manuscript material in the French archives. Naturally, he follows Jaurès's "Histoire Socialiste" at many points. But from an historical point of view much of Prince Kropotkin's volume is open to criticism. He is frequently guilty of an over-emphasis which amounts to a positive exaggeration. He cannot divest himself of his Russian revolutionary point of view, but injects, especially in the earlier part of his volume, many notions derived from his knowledge of the *mir* and recent conditions in Russia. When the Russian revolution became acute five years ago, newspaper correspondents crammed histories of the French Revolution into their portmanteaus as they started for St. Petersburg, and soon made half-baked analogies between France in 1789 and Russia in 1905. They were trying to interpret the present by the past. Prince Kropotkin has reversed the process. Nevertheless, in spite of these faults, we are inclined to think his work will find many readers. For it does describe in detail a phase of the French Revolution which historians have too much neglected, but which is of increasing interest to millions who call themselves Socialists.

The German Element in the United States: With special reference to its political, moral, social, and educational influence. By Albert Bernhardt Faust. In two volumes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $7.50 net.

In the early accounts of the Germans in America two important pioneer historians appear, Franz von Löher, with his "Geschichte und Zustände der Deutschen in Amerika" (1847), and Isaac Daniel Rupp, the historian of the Germans in Pennsylvania, with his county histories and "30,000 German Names." These two men furnished the material for a great mass of local and antiquarian works on the Germans in this country. Then followed another group of serious investigators, represented by Rattermann, Seidensticker, Koerner, and Kapp, with the periodical *Der Deutsche Pionier* as the organ of their researches. Under the stimulus of this effort, a number of associations, such as the Pennsylvania German Society and the Society for the History of the Germans in Maryland were organized, and began to publish local studies within their respective fields. Toward the end of the nineteenth century a new epoch opened of systematic, academic research, represented by M. D. Learned and his collaborators in the *Americana Germanica* and *German American Annals*. Among the important general treatments of the

Germans in this last period two are worthy of mention: "The German and Swiss Settlements of Colonial Pennsylvania," by Oscar Kuhns (1901), and "Das Deutschtum in den Vereinigten Staaten von Nord-Amerika," by Julius Goebel (1904).

Such were the conditions under which the works prepared in competition for the Catherine Seipp prize were written. The book of A. B. Faust, professor at Cornell University, won the first prize, and invites critical attention. Faust presents two volumes, quite different in character. The first contains a rapid survey of German colonization and settlement in America, and is based for the most part upon printed materials accessible in America. It gives a fair and accurate account of the successive epochs of German immigration to America and of the part taken by the Germans in the settlement of the United States. Beginning with Tyrker of Leif Ericson's expedition to Vineland in the eleventh century and the German cosmographers, Behaim, Mercator, and Waldseemüller, he traces in chronological order the history of the Huguenot settlement at Port Royal in South Carolina (1562), the English settlement at Jamestown, Virginia (1607), the Germans in New York and Pennsylvania before 1700, the exodus of the Palatines to New York, Pennsylvania, and other colonies (1709-10), the pre-Revolutionary settlements in Virginia, the Carolinas, and New England, and the extension of German colonization, after the Revolution, into Kentucky, Tennessee, the Ohio and Mississippi Valleys, and the great West—the story of a marvellous German migration, in comparison with which the great Germanic movements of the fifth century in Europe seem numerically insignificant.

The second volume treats of the influence of the Germans as factors in American civilization. Here the author appears as an investigator, and contributes new and valuable information concerning German enterprise in the New World. He discusses successively the German influence upon American agriculture, manufactures, politics, education, fine arts, literature, social and moral forms of life. The results of social research are particularly apparent in the chapters on the German blood in the American people, viniculture, architecture, and the graphic arts, for which the author has drawn not only from published sources, but also from first-hand unpublished information. The chapter dealing with the statistics of the German element in the United States commands general attention. According to the author's conservative estimate, the number of Americans with German blood is 18,400,000, or 27 per cent. of the entire white population.

In the summaries of German enterprise in America an attempt is made in each chapter to give the names of representative individuals and business firms that have introduced German ideas and methods into the various activities of American life. Naturally, many important names are omitted, but those given are intended to be typical, and are generally well chosen, although in some cases the author indulges in gratuitous personalities and praise of a kind that is always dangerous in dealing with the living.

The chapter on the social life of the Germans in America is timely, inasmuch as Americans are only beginning to understand the significance of European customs in the rapid evolution of new forms of American life—a process which is destined to revolutionize Puritan ideals, in spite of the heated temper of the opposing factions, both in the domain of religious and social forms.

It is not surprising that a work of such magnitude should contain minor mistakes, such as misprinted dates, which the informed reader will easily correct for himself. The Dunkers may reasonably object to being called "Dunkards," as this latter form is now going out of use. The German Catholics of Goshenhoppen might object to being transferred from Berks County to Montgomery County, Pa. Some Pennsylvania antiquarians reject the story of Moll Pitcher as mythical. The German origin of Abraham Lincoln has recently been proved to be unfounded. The Moravians will probably prefer their official title "Unitas Fratrum," or even the name "Herrnhuter," to the misleading name "United Brethren," which is so easily confused in the popular mind with the "United Brethren in Christ."

Casper Wistar was not the first glass-blower in America, as Pastorius reports one at Philadelphia (Frankfort) in 1684. Abram Cassell did not will his entire collection to the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. Part of it went to Juniata College, and another part to Dr. M. G. Brumbaugh. Helmuth was not the first professor of languages at the University of Pennsylvania.

The author writes from the pro-German point of view and presents a favorable picture of the German influence in the growth of American institutions, without always carefully analyzing the complex ethnic processes involved. It is a delicate and difficult task to determine the exact value of the manifold and often invisible ethnic forces in the evolution of a new civilization, and it is easy to mistake the phenomena resulting apparently from a single impact, or as superficially recorded in political history.

Notwithstanding the eighty pages of bibliography with which the second volume closes, the study of American ethnic relations is in its infancy, and has only begun to attract the attention of trained investigators. To this study, the allied sciences, philology, literature, sociology, psychology, and geography, in a word, ethnology in its broadest sense, must contribute. The local annals of many German settlements still lie under the dust of unordered archives and land offices. In addition to these, the vast collections of records in European archives still remain, for the most part, unexploited. A constructive history of the Germans in America will only be possible after the most thorough research into the special activities of the Germans in America has been made.

Thus viewed Faust's work becomes a record of what has been accomplished, an invaluable work of reference for the future investigator and student, and clears the way for fresh research, not only in the field of German effort in the United States, but in American ethnic relations in general.

Notes.

Browning's "Men and Women," a verbatim reprint of the original edition, and Shelley's Prose, in the Bodleian Manuscripts, are about to be added to the Oxford Library of Prose and Poetry.

Forbes & Co. announce the following books for publication this spring: "The Girl Wanted," by Nixon Waterman; "Engaged Girl Sketches" and "The Six Great Moments in a Woman's Life," by Emily Calvin Blake; "Including Finnigin," by Strickland W. Gillilan; "The Saints and Sinners Calendar for 1911."

The State University of Iowa announces the intended publication of an elaborate annotated edition of Strabo's Geography. The plan contemplates an introduction on the life, travels, and sources of Strabo, a translation of the Geography, and extended notes, much after the manner of Frazer's Pausanias. It is hoped that such an edition will prove acceptable to scholars in various fields, since no satisfactory edition of Strabo exists, and he is our most important authority for the geography and topography of much of the ancient world. The work of the edition will be carried forward as rapidly as is consistent with thoroughness. The plan of the edition is due to Dr. Charles H. Weller, Dr. David M. Robinson, and Dr. Albert T. Olmstead. Dr. Weller is general editor, Dr. Robinson will make the translation. The various portions of the work are assigned to specialists.

"The Modern Criminal Science Series," selected from the works of European criminologists, by Prof. John H. Wigmore, president of the American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology, is announced by Little, Brown & Co. The series will include the following volumes: "Criminal Psychology," by Hans Gross, professor of criminal law in the University of Graz, Austria; "Modern Theories of Criminology," by Bernal de Quiros of Madrid; "Criminal Sociology," by Enrico Ferri, professor of criminal law and procedure in the University of Rome; "The Individualization of Punishment," by Raymond Saleilles, professor of

comparative law in the University of Paris; "Crime, Its Causes and Remedies," by Cesare Lombroso, late professor of psychiatry and legal medicine in the University of Turin; "Penal Philosophy," by Gabriel Tarde, late magistrate in Paris and professor in the College of France; "Criminality and Economic Conditions," by W. A. Bonger, doctor in law of the University of Amsterdam; "Criminology," by Raffaelle Garofalo," late president of the Court of Appeals of Naples; "Crime and Its Repression," by Gustav Aschaffenburg, editor of the *Monthly Journal of Criminal Law and Criminal Law Reform.*

The Sturgis & Walton Co. announce the following spring publications: "The History of the Confederate War; Its Causes and Its Conduct. A narrative and Critical History," by George Cary Egleston; "Ragna," by Anna Costantini; "The Fulfillment," by Alice P. Raphael; "The Green Cloak," by Yerke Davis; "Inns, Ales, and Drinking Customs of Old England," by F. W. Hackwood. "Jacqueline of the Carrier Pigeons, a story of the Siege of Leyden," by Augusta Huiell Seaman; "An Out-of-Door Diary for Boys and Girls, a Nature Note-Book for Young People," illustrated and arranged by Marion Miller; "The Garden Muse: Poems for Garden Lovers," gathered by William Aspenwall Bradley; "Reptiles of the World," by Raymond L. Ditmars; "Comets," by Henry W. Elson; "Star-Gazer's Hand-Book, a Brief Guide for Amateur Students of Astronomy," by Henry W. Elson; "The Lost Art of Conversation, Selected Essays," edited with an introduction by Horatio S. Krans; "Stories of Authors," by Edwin Watts Chubb; "The Young Farmer's Practical Library," Ernest Ingersoll, general editor, including "Home Waterworks," by Prof. Carleton J. Lynde; "From Kitchen to Garret," by Virginia Terhune Van de Water; "The Satisfactions of Country Life," by Dr. James W. Robertson; "Neighborhood Entertainments," by Renée B. Stern; "Roads, Paths and Bridges," by L. W. Page; "The Farm Mechanic," by Prof. L. W. Chase; "Health on the Farm," by Dr. L. F. Harris; "Farm Machinery," by Prof. J. B. Davidson, and "Electricity on the Farm";—"Children's Gardens for Pleasure, Health, and Education," by Henry G. Parsons; "The Teachers of Emerson," by John S. Harrison; "An Outline of Individual-Study," by G. E. Partridge; "Each for All and All for Each," by John Parsons; "Roman Cities of Northern Italy and Dalmatia," by A. L. Frothingham; "The Court Series of French Memoirs," translated from the French and edited by E. Jules Méras including, "The Royal Family in the Temple Prison," by Cléry (Jean Baptiste Cant-Hanet); "Recollections of Léonard, Hairdresser to Marie Antoinette," by Léonard; "During the Reign of Terror: The Journal of Grace Dalrymple Elliott": "Secret Memoirs of the Regency (The Minority of Louis XV)," by Charles Pinot Duclos;—"West Point and the United States Military Academy, a Brief History," by Edward S. Holden.

Spring publications of the Cassells include the following: Fiction—"The Rust of Rome," by Warwick Deeping; "A House of Lies," by Sidney Warwick; "The Shoulder Knot," by Mrs. Henry Dudeney; "Who Shall Judge?" by Silas K. Hocking; "Blind Hopes," by Helen Wallace; "The Wreathed Dagger," by Margaret Young; "A Daughter of the Storm," by Capt. Frank H. Shaw; "The Secret Paper," by Walter Wood; "London and a Girl," by Alfred Gibson; "Beyond this Ignorant Present," by S. L. T. D. General literature—"Napoleon in His Own Defence," by Clement K. Shorter; "Puritanism and Art," by Joseph Crouch; "Steamships and Their Story," by E. Keble Chatterton; "Electrical Distributing Networks and Transmission Lines," by Prof. Alfred Hay; "Australia: The Making of a Nation," by John Foster Fraser; "The Faith of a Layman," by William Frederick Osborne; "The Dictionary of English History," edited by Sidney J. Low and F. S. Pulling, M.A., new and revised edition; "A Lad of London, and Some of His Neighbors," by George Haw; "Janey Canuck in the West," by Emily Ferguson; "Cassell's Royal Academy Pictures and Sculpture"; "Home Life of the Ancient Greeks," translated from the German of Blumner by Alice Zimmern; "A Bible Commentary for English Readers," edited by Bishop Ellicott; "Farm Equipment," by Primrose McConnell; "The Ideal Garden," by H. H. Thomas; "Dogs and all About Them," by Robert Leighton; "Gardening Difficulties Solved." by H. H. Thomas; "The Thames and Its Story, from the Cotswolds to the Nore"; "Cassell's Dictionary of Gardening," edited by Walter P. Wright; "Cassell's Little Classics," introductions by G. K. Chesterton, Austin Dobson, A. T. Quiller-Couch, and J. A. Hobson; "How to Know the Trees," by Henry Irving; "Golf Made Easy," by Mark Allerton and R. Browning; "Plain Needlework and Cutting-Out," by Mrs. F. B. Townend; "The Complete Farmer," by Primrose McConnell; "Japan: The Eastern Wonderland," by D. C. Angus; "Cassell's Guide to London," new edition; "The Art and Curio Collector's Guide to London," edited by C. W. E. Jerningham; "My Little German Travelling Companion," by Ludwig Kettner; "A First Sketch of English Literature: From the Earliest Period to the Present Time," by Prof. Henry Morley; "Makers of History," by A. E. McKilliam; "Modelling from Nature," by Lillian Carter; "A History of England," by H. O. Arnold Forster; "The Case Against Christian Science," by Stephen Paget; "First at the Pole, a Story of Arctic Adventure," by Capt. Frank H. Shaw.

We welcome heartily a new edition, after a period of some ten years, of Myra Reynolds's "Treatment of Nature in English Poetry Between Pope and Wordsworth," published at the University of Chicago Press. The original portion of the book has undergone, and indeed needed, little revision. The work has been enlarged, however, by the addition of two new chapters on Painting and Gardening. As a book of reference the work is higbly valuable; little of significance in eighteenth-century England, in literature at least, has escaped the author's dragnet, and she has arranged and classified her material so as to show very clearly the gradual change from the classical (she should have called it pseudo- or neo-classical) school of Pope to the romantic school of Wordsworth. That she is herself unreservedly romantic in her taste, does no particular harm in a book which is more likely to be consulted for its material than its critical philosophy. And she is certainly right in so far as the pseudo-classical writers were weakest just where the romanticists were strongest.

The "Papers and Proceedings" of the 1909 conference of the American Library Association, just issued, make a stout volume of 461 pages, full of interesting matter—interesting not merely for librarians, but for all who take an intelligent interest in the educational movements of the day. Librarians are wont to regard themselves as workers in the educational field quite as much as distributors of books for recreational purposes and conservators of material for the scholar and investigator. Under the circumstances it is somewhat strange that the proceedings of the national association of librarians are not for sale, but merely distributed to members of the association. Librarians wish to spread their idea of the mission of the book, and their influence as missionaries of the book, among all classes of our people, and complain even of the fact that they are not recognized as a profession to the same extent as, for instance, the teachers. Perhaps one reason for this is that their official proceedings are not available for outsiders. This is particularly to be regretted, as much the most thoughtful contributions to our library literature and the most authoritative statements from the leaders in the profession of librariansbip, are to be found in these proceedings. Librarians, when they write in their professional journals, are wont to treat too exclusively of matters of technical detail, or to write down to younger colleagues and beginners, or to treat their subjects in a somewhat namby-pamby fashion. Very few of them contribute articles on library matters of general interest to the periodical press at large, and the number of books on library affairs and management is exceedingly small, compared with the literary output of the teaching profession. The reason is not far to seek; librarians are as a rule much more confined to their offices and much more engrossed in all sorts of detail matters than teachers; consequently, what time they are able to give to writing must in the great majority of cases, be taken from their scant hours of rest and recreation. Both the libraries, and the public, are losers.

It would be well, therefore, if the proceedings of the librarians at Bretton Woods could be put in the hands of and read by a much larger number of persons who are interested in educational affairs than is possible now. While containing much technical matter, the volume has several papers of more general interest. The topic at one of the general sessions was, "The School and the Library"; another session was given to a symposium on recent books about boys. And through all the discussions we see the idea of coördination of forces. The president, Mr. Gould of McGill University, in Montreal, laid before the assembled librarians a plan for a library system that would cover the whole continent. From California, and from Washington County, in Maryland, came reports of efforts to spread the benefits of coöperation over a smaller area. Mr. Hill of Brooklyn, and Mr. Hodges of Cincinnati, the new president, told what they are doing in their respective communities to attack the problem of dead books. The address of Dr. Crothers, "A Fairy Story for Librarians," whose genial wit and pleasant banter delighted all, is not printed in the proceedings volume, but is found in the *Atlantic Monthly*

for December, under the title, "The Convention of Books."

The latest (eighth) volume of the Jahrbuch deutscher Bibliotheken begins the extension of the scope of the list of libraries, as was forecast in the previous volume, by inclusion of a number of libraries belonging to learned societies, government bodies, and the like. The additions in the present volume come chiefly from Berlin and Munich; they include the important library of the Seminar for Oriental Languages in Berlin, as well as those of most of the Imperial ministries and other organs of the Federal government, while the additions from Munich are largely the libraries of religious corporations. The most important of the new statutes and regulations is the law about the examination for diplomas to enter the intermediary service at the scientific libraries and the public library service. In Germany there is a wide gap between the scientific libraries intended to further learned studies and those more recently founded *Volksbibliotheken* which serve the masses of the population for educational and recreative purposes. For entrance into the service of university libraries and others of that grade a university degree is almost necessary, whereas, for the lower grade of work contemplated in the new degree, the requirements for admission to the highest grade of the gymnasium or *Realgymnasium* is thought sufficient. In addition to this, the candidates for diplomas are required to pass an examination in library administration, bibliography, and literary history that seems to be considerably stiffer than the examination required for degree in any of our library schools. Particularly the requirements in the history of science and literature are raised to a high standard (Leipzig: Harrassowitz).

"Charles Dickens and his Friends," by W. Teignmouth Shore (Cassell & Co.), is a well-made book belonging to that large class which Solomon mentions with mild despair. It is adorned with eighteen familiar illustrations. Its substance is drawn from the inexhaustible mine of Dickensiana, eked out with the froth from the biographies of a dozen contemporaries. Its structural character may be inferred from the titles of the chapters; here are a few specimens: 1843, Oddments and Eloquence, Wilkie Collins, More Playing, Other Friends, The Wearing of a Beard. We are tempted to cry in the words of the immortal doctor, "Sir, a man might write such stuff forever, if he would *abandon* his mind to it." It is the ultimate dilution and disintegration of biography. Yet we would not speak of it with undue severity; as Uncle Toby remarked to the fly, "This world surely is wide enough to hold both thee and me." It will make an immediate appeal to every lover of undistinguished chatter.

The nature of "The Strength of England," by J. W. Welsford (Longmans), is partly explained by its sub-title, "A Politico-economic History of England from Saxon Times to the Reign of Charles the First." Death prevented the author from continuing it to the present day. Mr. Welsford was primarily interested in England's commerce; for in this, he thought, lay, and lies, her strength. He was at pains to give a much fuller account of England's international position than is ordinarily found in shorter histories. He believed that political and economic changes are constantly reacting upon each other. Therefore, he sought to show how England's commercial relations have affected the development of various classes of society, and even brought about or thwarted great constitutional changes. He asserts, for instance, that "the failure of Simon de Montfort's scheme of constitutional monarchy was due, not to his legal reforms, but to a vast economic change which he tried to carry out while he was engaged in political reforms." Mr. Welsford's book is stimulating reading. It sets many episodes of English history in a fresh, strong light. On the other hand, owing to the author's point of view, it is altogether one-sided; even as an economic interpretation of English history it is one-sided, because of its overemphasis of commerce and its comparative neglect of industry and agriculture.

The new volume (No. VI), of Publications of the Bostonian Society contains much that is of more than local interest. The story of the life of John Wilson, the first pastor of Boston, told by Frank E. Bradish, shows what sacrifices were made by some of the early settlers of this country. Born in Windsor Castle, grandnephew of the archbishop of Canterbury, an Eton boy and graduate of King's College, Cambridge, he might have aspired to almost any dignity in the Church of England. Though his domestic and scholastic training prejudiced him strongly against the Puritans, study and inquiry led him to accept their views, and he spent fifteen years as an itinerating preacher in the small towns of southern England. Then for thirty-seven years he labored in Boston, one of its very first settlers, for the upbuilding of the land of his adoption. The first year his soul-stirring sermons were preached under a tree in the open air; and there is little doubt that he had much to do with the founding of Harvard College.

From the University of Chicago Press we have a study of the "Atonement" which bears the names of three authors, E. D. Burton, J. M. P. Smith, and G. B. Smith. The scope of the book is indicated by the sub-title: "Biblical Ideas of Atonement, Their History and Significance." The authors propose to give not a theory of the significance of the death of Christ but an historical account of the various ideas of atonement to be found in the Old Testament (treated by Dr. J. M. P. Smith), in some of the non-canonical Jewish documents within the period of Late Judaism, and in the New Testament (treated by Dr. Burton). The results of literary criticism are assumed; only occasionally does a footnote refer to an alternative view. All but the last two chapters have already appeared in the *Biblical World* substantially in the present form. In the new chapters Dr. G. B. Smith endeavors, in the brief space assigned him, to estimate the value of the Biblical teachings and to relate them to the ethical spirit of the present. The volume is to be commended to the general reader for whom it is especially designed.

"At the Library Table," by Adrian Hoffman Joline (Richard G. Badger), reveals once more the rambling bookishness of this whimsical author. Four of the essays are concerning bookish things in general; two, on the novelists William Harrison Ainsworth and G. P. R. James, keep reasonably to a theme. But here Mr. Joline is not renouncing his usual zig-zag method. The chance of owning interesting autographs by these writers makes him for the nonce systematic. We like him best when he sits in his library and reacts to the random impressions evoked from the smell of old morocco and calf. His art is not very fine, but it is genuine and personal. The full flavor of the great ramblers is not in him, but he is sealed of the tribe. His work recalls how scantily the real essay—that syllabub of whim and gusto—has been cultivated in America. Irving, of course, and Dennie of the old Philadelphia *Portfolio* were born to it. Lowell and Curtis dallied with it here and there, when graver concerns permitted. Howells could do it were his humanitarian concern abated. But literary rambling is an art in itself and hardly to be followed successfully by one who heedlessly permits his writings to be systematic between times. Here Mr. Joline and the late author of "Salad for the Solitary and the Social" enjoy a modest distinction. Neither is much read, but since each has cultivated his garden in an exceptional spirit the classifiers of the future must reckon with them. For present purposes Mr. Joline is a pleasant companion. In the pages of some remote dissertator on the American essay he may even attain a pale immortality. We find him trying only in his rare lapses into the earnest vein, as in his comment on Sumner. Irrespective of the merits of the case, the taste and the air of finality of the observations are out of tone. From his collections Mr. Joline brings to light some new and entertaining matter anent the squabble of Dickens, Ainsworth, and Cruikshank, and the friendships of that good and amiable man G. P. R. James. Incidentally, the vain and repetitious ways of encyclopædists. and semi-critics generally are amusingly exposed. The book is fastidiously made.

Eleven years ago, in reviewing "The Martyrdom of an Empress," in these columns, we pointed out the improbability of its having been written by any one having even an elementary knowledge of Austrian affairs, much less, as it purported to have been, by a lady of the court of the Empress Elizabeth. A few years later the same author unblushingly turned from a fierce accuser of Francis-Joseph as a monster of cruelty into his fervent panegyrist, in her "Keystone of Empire." We have now, if not from the same hand, at least from the same dull scissors and soiled paste-pot, "The Real Francis-Joseph" (Appleton), for which "Henri de Weindel" stands as sponsor, and the facts for which are stated in the preface to have been communicated to the author by "a person in Austria particularly well informed about the court of Vienna." Even the same blunders may be found in this book as in the "Martyrdom of an Empress." Thus, the Archduke Albert, cousin of Francis-Joseph, appears once more as his uncle; but the later book swarms with even more striking evidences of its spurious authorship. No one who had ever set foot on Austrian soil, or even read a decent book about Austrian affairs, could have written that "one of the reasons (but one of the reasons only) of the hostility of the Hungar-

lans toward the person of their Sovereign lies in his ignorance of their language"; nor could any one who had ever heard of the characteristics of Vienna, much less been there, have said of the cheap one-horse cabs of that city known as "comfortables" that they are "very expensive to hire." A hundred similar proofs of the author's absolute ignorance of his subject might be adduced, but they are trifles as compared with the tone, purpose, and literary skill of the book. Like its predecessors in this delectable series of scandalous "revelations," it appeals to the dullest intellect, and is worse than worthless.

Robert Wilson Patterson, president of the Chicago Tribune Company, and editor-in-chief of that paper, died in Philadelphia last week, at the age of sixty. He graduated at Williams College in 1871, began newspaper work in that city soon afterward, and in 1873 became connected with the *Tribune*, of which he was made editor-in-chief upon the death of Joseph Medill.

The Rev. Dr. Charles Orrin Day, who was president of Andover Theological Seminary and Bartlett professor of homiletics and practical theology there from 1901 to 1908, died in Andover, Mass., last Tuesday, at the age of fifty-eight. He was a native of Catskill, N. Y., and graduated at Yale in 1872 and at Andover in 1877, in which year he entered the Congregational ministry. He held a pastorate at Brattleboro, Vt., in 1885-98, and was secretary of the Congregational Educational Society in 1898-1901.

Mrs. Allan Macnaughton, widely known under her maiden name, Myra Kelly, as a writer of stories of child life in New York's East Side, died at Torquay, England, on March 30. She was a native of Dublin, Ireland, and came to this country in her childhood with her father, Dr. James E. Kelly, who established a practice in the East Side. She was educated at the Horace Mann School, in this city, and at Teachers' College, of Columbia University, where she graduated in 1899, and began to teach at Public School 147, on East Broadway. Here she got the material from which she wrote the sketches that brought her fame and fortune. In 1905 she was married to Allan Macnaughton. Her books include "Little Citizens," "Isle of Dreams," and "Wards of Liberty."

Dr. George McC. Theal, foreign member of the Royal Academy of Sciences, has recently completed the second volume of his three-volume series on the "History and Ethnography of Africa, south of the Zambezi," from the settlement of the Portuguese at Sofala, in September, 1505, to the conquest of the Cape Colony by the British in September, 1795. The volume in question is entitled, "The Foundation of the Cape Colony by the Dutch" (London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.). It is an exceedingly thorough and detailed record of early Dutch effort in Africa, containing 523 pages, invaluable to the historical investigator and also not uninteresting to the general reader.

Félix Tournachon, the French caricaturist photographer and aeronaut, died in Paris recently, at the age of ninety. For more than fifty years he had been known by the pseudonym, "Nadar," under which he published "Panthéon Nadar," containing picturesque studies of his "most famous contemporaries," and contributed frequently to the *Revue Comique*, which he founded in 1849. He was also much interested in aviation, and about fifty years ago constructed the "Géant," the largest balloon which had then been made, and in which he made a hazardous journey from Paris to Hanover. He had also lectured and published books on heavier-than-air flying machines, of which he invented and manufactured a type which he named "aeromotive," an enterprise which ruined him financially; and he made the first military balloons used during the siege of Paris. He is said to have been the original of Jules Verne's hero, Michel Ardent. In the late forties he published in his paper, *Le Commerce*, a translation of Edgar Allan Poe's story, "The Murders of the Rue Morgue," which seems to have been the first introduction of Poe to French readers.

Science.

Two recent books from the pens of well known authorities, "The Great White Plague," by Edward O. Otis (Crowell & Co.) and "Tuberculosis, a Preventable and Curable Disease," by S. Adolphus Knopf (Moffatt, Yard & Co.), deserve a brief commendation in this column. They are popular treatises of unusual excellence and clearness, and of reasonable length; well worthy of a wide and attentive circle of readers. Dr. Otis tries to present the more important facts concerning the disease, to explain the principles of treatment and the value of coöperation, and to make clear to the layman that any case of tubercular trouble, if taken in hand early, has an exceedingly good chance of recovery. All this is done in simple language, here and there a little too diffusely, but on the whole so as to give even a very ordinary reader sound ideas as to what the individual and the community may do to eradicate tuberculosis. This book is in parts supplemented by that of Dr. Knopf, who concerns himself less with the disease than with the more practical questions of the care of patients at home or in establishments, and with the arrangement of the house or the sanatorium for this purpose, seeking to awaken also popular interest in the means at our disposal for combating the disease. This is illustrated by a large number of exceedingly good pictures to show the methods of the fresh air treatment at home, in schools, and in numerous public and private institutions. Dr. Knopf explains at some length his ingenious window-tent. The window-tent of the late Dr. Charles Denison is in many ways perhaps a more advantageous arrangement; it was at least worthy of mention.

"Parenthood and Race Culture, an Outline of Eugenics," by C. W. Saleeby (Moffatt, Yard & Co.), professes to be an authoritative general introduction to the subject. The most casual reader of the preface will perceive that the eugenist, a name for which Dr. Saleeby is proudly responsible, takes himself and his cult very seriously, apparently believing that the human race has hitherto paid little heed to its own advancement. Eugenics is declared to be "a science and a religion," whose central doctrine is not a new birth, but a better birth, the very best kind of a birth; and to this attach themselves all sorts of considerations, prenatal and postnatal, which can possibly affect the child—a most comprehensive programme. The book is made up of nearly equal parts treating what are called the theory and the practice of eugenics. The first of these, entering various fields of discussion and culling freely the fruits of many laborers, is largely justificatory of the proposition that there shall be no destruction of the unfit, but a preservation of all children, since a well-developed eugenistic spirit will prevent or limit the creation of the unfit. There is much interesting matter here, although rather too long drawn out in the presentation. The problem of heredity is put as though prevailing doctrines had a finality which the community is bound to accept as an absolute guide for its own breeding. At least this is the impression, which many readers will get, despite a considerable amount of qualification. The second part does not quite fulfil the promise of its title. It gives an account, often repetitious, of the conditions which may make persons undesirable candidates for parenthood rather than any definite directions as to the control of parentage, except perhaps in the general belief that the matrimonial state is to be preserved, with the corollary that the conversion of Mrs. Grundy "to the eugenic idea" is to be sought rather than her abolition. In one appendix is a short account of the recently founded Eugenics Education Society. In another Dr. Saleeby briefly commends a goodly number of books which he regards as important for the progressive and earnest eugenist.

Those whose acquaintance with William Thomson (Lord Kelvin) is confined to a knowledge of his scientific work will be delighted with the book from the Macmillan Co., entitled "Lord Kelvin's Early Home." It is principally taken from the notes and diary of his eldest sister, Mrs. Elizabeth King, edited by her daughter. We have a picture of a beautiful family life, and of a fascinating group of children, watched over and taught after the mother's death by their father, James Thomson. The father led a busy and important life, first as a teacher of mathematics in Belfast and later as a professor in the University of Glasgow. Besides his professional duties, he found the time to give his six children practically all their educational training. How successful he was may be judged by their achievements. We get a charming impression of the future Lord Kelvin, who was evidently his father's favorite: "Partly," Mrs. King says, "perhaps on account of his extreme beauty, partly on account of his wonderful quickness of apprehension, but most of all, I think, on account of his coaxing, fascinating ways, and the caresses he lavished on his 'darling papa.'" When the family removed to Glasgow, private instruction and reading continued; but, with the growth of the children, outside influences began to enter, and soon William and his elder brother James were attending classes in the college and making a start in the scientific work which was to engross their lives. At the age of sixteen William published his first paper in connection with his reading of Fourier's "Théorie de la chaleur," a book which made a profound impression on his mind; the next year he began his brilliant career at Cambridge. The account of his home life ends with his election to the profes-

sorship of natural philosophy in Glasgow, the chair which he made so famous during the fifty years of his occupation.

The principles of dry-farming, the paradox of modern agriculture, are again treated in William Macdonald's book on the subject ("Dry-Farming, Its Principles and Practice," the Century Co.). By conserving the soil-moisture through deep and thorough tillage, lands with a rainfall of less, often much less, than thirty inches can be made to yield grain crops more cheaply than irrigated land. The book emphasizes the need of care in choosing a dry-farm. Soil, sub-soil, and water-table, with average rainfall and rate of evaporation, should be accurately ascertained beforehand, since any one of them can be a cause of failure to "a business man calling himself a farmer." Methods vary according to locality, but there seems to be a growing agreement that the usual alternate-year summer fallow should be accompanied by constant culture to kill weeds and conserve moisture. By these means three great Western areas, containing lands that can never be adequately irrigated, are being reclaimed from barrenness. The pictures in the book are interesting; the book itself could have been made so, but it is badly planned.

Dr. Otto Hermes, founder of the Berlin Aquarium, died in Berlin recently, at the age of seventy-one.

Samuel Ward Loper, curator of the museum of Wesleyan University, died at Middletown, Conn., last week, at the age of seventy-four.

Dr. J. P. C. Foster, head of the Connecticut State Tuberculosis Commission, died in New Haven last week at the age of about sixty-five. He was one of the first American physicians to use Dr. Koch's tuberculin in treating tuberculosis.

George Leonard Vose, professor of civil engineering at Bowdoin from 1872 to 1882, and at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology for four years thereafter, died at Brunswick, Me., last week. He was born in 1831, and was educated at the Lawrence Scientific School. In 1860-64 he was an associate editor of the *American Railway Times*.

Drama.

Since last we noticed the excellent First Folio Shakespeare of Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., two instalments have brought the edition six volumes nearer completion. The new plays now available are "Anthonie and Cleopatra," "Titus Andronicus," "Tymon of Athens," "Pericles, Prince of Tyre," "Tragedie of Cymbeline," and "Troylus and Cressid." The editing shows the same care and thoroughness as in the earlier volumes, and we can only repeat what we have already said several times, that, for those who do not object to reading Shakespeare in the original spelling and punctuation, this is in general the most convenient edition on the market. The arrangement is admirable, and the helps to understanding and studying are full without being obtrusive. The introductions, which form the least important part of the edition, are perhaps open to criticism. The editors, Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke, are of the old-fashioned sort who stand for their author through thick and thin. One catches scarcely an echo in their writing of that rapidly growing revolt from the romantic enthusiasm of an earlier generation. They are ready to vindicate to Shakespeare every possible play or portion of collaborated play, and all that he wrote is supremely good. Miss Porter's introduction to "Pericles" is a case in point. She will have nothing of Wilkins as maker of this play, which to her has a "final adorable distinctive grace" in the issue of the plot.

The revised edition of William Vaughn Moody's play, "The Faith Healer," has been published (Macmillan). This is the version which was produced recently in this city, with but indifferent success, after the play as originally written by the author had failed to please Western audiences. The changes made—it is understood at managerial suggestion—solely with a view to increased theatrical effect, are not improvements in any way so far as stage representation is concerned, while they give to the piece a melodramatic and artificial quality which it did not possess before. It is seldom that tinkering of this sort proves beneficial. The great weakness of the play, in its first estate, as has been pointed out in this journal more than once, was the vagueness of its intent and meaning, as if the author were himself in doubt concerning the true nature of the phenomena with which he had undertaken to deal. This defect is as conspicuous in the revised version as in the old, while the development of the story is less artistic. It is doubtful whether the work in either form—notwithstanding its dramatic and imaginative force—could win a great popular success in the theatre, but its cool reception in New York—whatever may have been the case in the West—was due mainly to the uninspired and unsympathetic performance of the leading actor.

The "Pocket Lexicon and Concordance to the Temple Shakespeare" (Macmillan) furnishes a large amount of useful information in compact and handy shape. Its definitions are clear and seldom superfluous, while the exact meaning of obsolete words and phrases is often happily elucidated by reproduction of ancient prints. The use of older glossaries is copious and, as a rule, judicious, and the list of authorities quoted includes the names of the most respected commentators.

"The Tocsin," a drama of the Renaissance, by Esther Brown Tiffany (Paul Elder & Co.), though scarcely worthy, from either the literary or dramatic point of view, of the luxurious typographical form in which it is published, is by no means a bad specimen of religio-romantic melodrama. The scene is laid in and near Florence, in the days of Pope Sixtus V, when the plague was raging, and the atmosphere of the period, with its contrasted episodes of dissolute wealth, squalid misery, clerical laxity and profligacy and fanatical religious zeal, is cleverly reproduced. The principal figures are a brilliant and worldly Abbot, once the most fervid preacher of his day, and a saintly Magdalen, who, in her early youth, was converted from the error of her ways by his inspiring eloquence. Her chief desire is to meet once more with the evangelist who has long been her ideal. She finally discovers him as a renegade voluptuary enjoying himself, with his attendant monks, in the pure mountain air, while his deserted flock perish miserably of the pestilence in the city below. In a really striking situation she hails him as her spiritual father, rehearsing the method of her own conversion, and so works upon his conscience that presently he sounds the tocsin and summons his monks to return with him to labor among the dead and the dying. Secular interest in the story is maintained by the adventurous history of two lovers, whose happiness is finally brought about by the apparently miraculous intervention of the saintly Maddalena. The dominant note of the play is one of religious rhapsody, and in other respects, the piece, in its present shape, is scarcely fitted for stage representation; but its quality is dramatic, and it shows both descriptive and imaginative power. The sincerity of its purpose is unmistakable.

Music.

Unmusical New York. By Hermann Klein. New York: John Lane Co. $1.50 net.

It is surprising that Schopenhauer did not mention among the many arguments favoring his system of pessimism the fact that when a man deliberately starts out to tell "the truth" about anything, he invariably has something disagreeable to say. Last October Hermann Klein delivered a lecture in London under the title of "The Truth about Music in America." He had, after devoting a quarter of a century to teaching in London and writing musical criticisms, emigrated to New York, where he taught a few years, and, toward the end, became a manager of concerts which cost him and his backers much money. It was not necessarily *hinc illæ lacrumæ* (although the verdict of European musicians on America is nearly always in direct ratio to their financial success over here); but, at any rate, the lecture referred to was not pleasant for Americans to hear or read. Greatly enlarged, it has now been brought out in book form, under the name of "Unmusical New York," the author confessing that the more comprehensive title was misleading.

While the title of the book is even more offensive than that of the original lecture, the language is more conciliatory, and our virtues are not altogether overlooked. Mr. Klein admits that our audiences behave well. Not once did he hear an audience hiss or "boo" at a performer, or indulge in any direct manifestation of impatience or displeasure. American audiences are also as a whole "wonderfully quick to respond to the mood of the artist, . . . ready to recognize temperament and magnetism in

the performer. A more delightful public to sing or play before I have never encountered." Moreover, since the author admits that "America pays for genuine talent alone," we may infer that our audiences possess real powers of discrimination. Of our musicians, the organists appear to have made a particularly favorable impression; they are characterized as "a splendid set of musicians—capable, industrious, conscientious, and thorough."

In not one of his eleven chapters does Mr. Klein justify his use of "unmusical" as applicable to this city more particularly than to any European capital. The London *Telegraph* pointed out after he had delivered his lecture last autumn that, *mutatis mutandis*, he might as well have called his lecture "The Truth About Music in England." When Mr. Klein declares (p. 40), that it would be "supremely absurd" to say that New Yorkers "support music purely for the art's sake," as do the inhabitants of Manchester(!), Hamburg, Frankfort, Munich, Leipzig, and Brussels, where "the demand for music is the equivalent of a daily necessity," he indulges in language which itself is superlatively absurd. In the Proceedings of the Music Teachers' National Association, reviewed in these columns last week, Adolf Weidig remarks that chamber music, which is the severest test of musical culture, has in Germany "steadily lost ground, and not even the famous Bohemians can any longer draw a full house." That kind of music lacks sensationalism, and it is sensationalism that the modern German audience craves. New York is not quite as bad as that; our Kneisel Quartet always plays to a crowded house. As regards our orchestral concerts, Mr. Klein himself admits that "there is much thorough and sincere appreciation of the best that is to be heard in serious music. The classical masterpieces are beloved, and fine orchestral playing is intensely enjoyed."

As a matter of course, Mr. Klein has his sneer at New York as "the very hotbed of the star system," and he pities local amateurs for being "less concerned with works than with performers, with operas than with singers, with orchestras than with conductors." If he had added that we are less concerned with pianos than with pianists, with violins than with violinists, the foolishness of his reproach would have been obvious. A first-rate pianist at a second-rate piano is decidedly preferable to a second-rate pianist at a first-rate piano; and who would not rather hear "Rigoletto" with Tetrazzini and Renaud than "Tristan" with an ensemble of mediocrities who cannot do justice to it? There is not a city in Europe which would not be proud to be the "hot-bed of the star system." If the presence of nearly all the European artists of the first rank for five months a year has not done something to make New York a musical city, then there is no such thing as education in art.

Nor can we allow to go unchallenged the author's statement that much is done here for foreign and very little for native singers. There is absolutely no prejudice shown. As soon as an American singer attains to distinction abroad, he or she is engaged for the Metropolitan Opera House, as witness Eames, Nordica, Farrar, Homer, Martin, Hinckley, Whitehill, and many others. During the season just closed, there were included in the Metropolitan company, sixteen American singers, against eighteen Italians, twenty-one Germans and Austrians, twelve French and Russians, which is a very encouraging proportion. Henry W. Savage reversed the process, engaging untried American singers, many of whom are now prominent in foreign opera houses, as well as our own. What Mr. Klein says in regard to the deplorable state of choral music here is unfortunately true; also his assertion that New York has not a single great teaching institution. His most interesting chapters are those in which he tells the truth, as he sees it, about Maurice Grau, Heinrich Conried, and other operatic managers.

The Metropolitan Opera season, which ended last Saturday, will be memorable as the season during which the experiment was tried of having a double orchestra and a double chorus, thus making it possible to give simultaneous performances in New York and other cities. This experiment has proved so expensive that it will not be repeated. A sequel to it, however, is under trial in the West. This month Chicago is to be the operatic centre, with thirty-three performances by one wing or the other of the company, while the second wing appears in Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit, Milwaukee, St. Paul, St. Louis, Indianapolis, Louisville, and Atlanta. Most of the operas sung at the Metropolitan will be presented on this tour, with virtually the same casts.

Andreas Dippel, who directs this tour, will be the general manager of Chicago's new opera company next season. In the two years that he was administrative manager of the Metropolitan Company he did more than any one else to restore Wagner's operas to popular favor. They lead in the list of performances given at this house during the last twenty weeks, the figures being: Wagner, 31; Verdi, 24; Puccini, 18; Mascagni, 7; Leoncavallo, Massenet, and Ponchielli, 6 each; Gluck and Gounod, 5 each; Franchetti, Humperdinck, and Tchaikowsky, 4 each; Donizetti, Auber, and Flotow, 3 each; Weber and Converse, 2 each; Bellini, 1. At the New Theatre (which will be purely a playhouse hereafter) twenty operas were performed in Italian, fifteen in French, seven in German, one in English.

At the Manhattan Opera House French opera played a much more important part than at the Metropolitan, where there were only 14 French performances, against 45 German and 82 Italian. Mr. Hammerstein's list includes 53 performances of operas by French composers (Massenet, Audran, Bizet, Maillart, Planquette, Gounod, Saint-Saëns, Charpentier, Debussy, Delibes), against 41 by Italians (Verdi, Mascagni, Leoncavallo, Donizetti, Puccini), and 22 by German composers (Wagner, Strauss, Offenbach). The German operas were sung in French, as was also "Lakmé." "Elektra" was given seven times, "Salome" four times.

William Candidus, who had sung tenor rôles in grand opera, presented in English in this city—especially Lohengrin, at the Academy of Music, in 1886, and Nero, at the Metropolitan Opera House, in 1887—died at Frankfort-on-the-Main last week, at the age of sixty-nine. He was born in Philadelphia, and served in the Union army for two years during the civil war.

Edouard Colonne, the French musical conductor, died last week, at the age of seventy-one. He visited America in 1868-69 as concert master of the opera-bouffe company managed by Col. James Fisk, jr., and conducted concerts of the Philharmonic Society of this city in 1903 and 1904. In 1892-93 he was leader of the orchestra of the Grand Opera in Paris.

Art.

A History of Architecture. By Russell Sturgis. Vol. II. Romanesque and Oriental. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. xxxii+488 pp; 392+5. Illustrations. $5.

This comes to us as a posthumous work, prepared for publication by the author's son, D. N. B. Sturgis, and by Prof. A. L. Frothingham, from manuscripts nearly completed before the author's death last February. It is a worthy legacy from the most distinguished, as he was the most prolific, of American writers on architecture and the allied arts. In synthetical grasp and presentation, in breadth of view and comprehensiveness of treatment, in historical perspective, and proportion, this volume marks a notable advance over the first, which appeared some two years ago. It covers the history of Oriental and mediæval architecture, down to the twelfth century, or rather to the period when what we call Romanesque architecture began to develop clearly into what we call the Gothic. Asiatic architecture of both the non-Moslem and Moslem styles, the Early Christian or Latin, the Byzantine, and the Romanesque styles form the subject-matter of this volume, leaving the entire Gothic development and the Renaissance and modern styles for the third volume.

The arrangement and sequence of subjects treated seem a little confusing at first sight. Book vi, the first in this volume, is devoted to the non-Moslem architectures of Asia. It is not quite clear why they are thus interjected between the Roman chapters with which the first volume concludes, and the seventh book,

on "The Styles Resulting from the Decline of Ancient Art." It should seem as if the subject matter of book vi might better have been left to the end of the entire history, where it would not interrupt the historical sequence. The early basilicas, churches of radiate plan, the Byzantine influence, and Byzantine monuments occupy the seventh book; and this is followed, as chronology and historical relations agree in prescribing, by the Moslem monuments in Syria, Egypt, North Africa and Spain, Persia and India, Sicily and Spain. The dividing of the text on the Spanish Moslem work into two sections in separate chapters is hardly warranted. The Turkish Moslem architecture is wholly omitted, probably for chronological reasons, but the wisdom of thus relegating it to the third volume is questionable, and the reader seeking for some mention of it or reference to its proposed assignment to the later volume will be disappointed. The eighth book takes up the later Romanesque of Italy; the ninth and last, the later Romanesque of France, Great Britain, Germany, Spain, Scandinavia, and Armenia. Most treatises classify the Armenian monuments with the Byzantine, but Mr. Sturgis has preferred to consider them as Romanesque, and not without good reason.

Nearly all the subjects covered by these four books were peculiarly congenial to Mr. Sturgis's taste and turn of mind. The splendid decorative quality of all the Moslem styles appealed to his love of the arts of pure design, while the intellectual quality, the dominance of reason and logic in seeking and applying means to architectural ends, in the mediæval styles of western Europe, strongly attracted his analytical mind. This volume was evidently written *con amore;* it embodies the enthusiastic study of a lifetime, and there is in general excellent proportion between its various subjects, no one subject or section being slighted in favor of another. Each book is prefaced or introduced by a brief historical sketch of the period treated, and these outlines are models of condensed statement and broad, graphic characterization.

In all the various sections of this volume, however, Mr. Sturgis is the examiner, the analyzer, the critic, rather than the historian. Thus, for instance, of the six and one-fourth pages given to the historical introduction to Moslem Architecture (Book viii), three and one-half are occupied with an analysis and description of various forms of the arch. The marvellous sweep of the Mohammedan conquests in the seventh and eighth centuries, the overwhelming of the Byzantine, Persian, and Mediterranean civilizations over vast areas by a race of nomads, and the singular processes by which in a short time under these conquering non-builders wholly novel and surprisingly rich architectures were developed—all this is disposed of in two and three-fourths pages. This is not meant as a hostile criticism; it is simply an illustration of an attitude deliberately taken and consistently maintained. Mr. Sturgis cared little for, or at least did not care extensively to treat, the details of style-evolutions, of historical influences and transmissions, upon which archæologists and many historians of art love to dwell. His interest was in the buildings themselves: their plan, construction, *raison-d'être*, their excellences and defects. But less space is given to the structural evolution of the later Romanesque styles, the genesis and varying forms of vault, spire, and buttress, of clustered pier, recessed doorway, and apsidal chapel, than one would have expected of a writer so gifted in analysis, and less, it seems to the reviewer, than the subject really demands. Thus the problem of nave- and aisle-vault buttressing is referred to quite incidentally in a number of individual instances, as, for example, in connection with St. John's in the Tower, London (p. 370); but nowhere is this problem, so fundamental to the whole later Romanesque development, alike in France and England, discussed comprehensively as a topic by itself. So also of the problem of the oblong vault-bay, referred to in connection with the Abbey Church at Vézelay (p. 352). It would thus appear that the writer's interest was always centred on the particular building more than upon its place in the great and general onward movement of architectural development which gave it its form and details. The space assigned to the Anglo-Norman buildings is perhaps sufficient, but might well have been more generous—seventeen pages only as against fifty-nine for the French Romanesque, and twenty-four to Germany. There is no reference to the secular and military buildings of the Romanesque period.

The references to restorations are frequent and judicious. This aspect of the subject is too often ignored in historical treatises of a comprehensive character.

This second volume of the three projected by its author must remain the final monument of his literary activity, and the most serious and valuable of his works, with the possible exception of "The Artist's Way of Working." It is written in a simple and unaffected style, less discursive than that of the first volume, and gives us the maturest judgments of the author's ripest years. Controversial matters are avoided or referred to by a brief presentation of both sides. The 392 illustrations are well selected, with a fair proportion—which would have borne increasing without injury—of plans; they are well presented and are genuinely illustrative and helpful to the text. The sources of the illustrations are very carefully indicated. There is a table of contents and a list of illustrations, but no index either of places or topics—an unfortunate omission, unless to be supplied in the final volume of the series. The publishers have done their work well, producing a handsome volume, which opens out in a truly comfortable way, and is well printed on a heavy plate paper.

THE INDEPENDENT ARTISTS.

As an exhibition that has almost grown over night, that of the Independent Artists is remarkable. In spite of artificial light, the lower gallery is impressive. One feels at ease with the whole, and sees the individual pictures, each of which has its own electric light, in all comfort. On the second and third floors, it has been difficult to bring the numerous small pictures into decorative unity. The show has grown in an interesting way. A number of artists, for one reason or other out of touch with the Academy, formed a committee and invited a number of men of like minds to send in pictures and pay their shot. There is no jury and a minimum of organization. An old dwelling house has been reduced to a shell, and affords ample wall space. Evidently there are plenty of people waiting for the chance to exhibit, for in a single day 260 paintings and 344 drawings were loaded upon the devoted shoulders of the hanging committee.

How one takes the show itself is largely a matter of temperament. Many, of whom is the present writer, will find it rather variously diverting and disappointing. It is distinctly more amusing than the Academy ever is; it also reveals an amount of rather empty self-assertiveness such as never cumbers the Academic walls. Some of the best exhibitors are Academicians. Robert Henri, whose influence is pervasive, is a full-fledged N.A.; George Bellows, W. J. Glackens, and Ernest Lawson are prominent A.N.A.'s. George Luks, who ought to have been the lion of this show, is preparing an exhibition which he has declined to discount, even for the public good. Now, if such contributions as Henri's Salome Dancer—a vivid perpetuation of a moment hardly worth eternizing on this scale; Lawson's admirable White Horse in a riverscape, Bellows's gory prize fights and remarkable architectural composition, Glackens's race-course, playground, and nude were withdrawn, the glory of the exhibition would have departed. In other words, the best contributors to the anti-academical demonstration are by men the Academy has delighted to honor.

Still the residuum would quite justify the enterprise. It is a pleasure to see A. B. Davies torn from precious surroundings and exposed to the average chance. He stands the test well. His picture As Movement of Water is one

of the memorable impressions. In a narrow channel deeply blue waves, as they race through, are tossed back upon themselves; beyond is a pearly and serrated mountain. In the foreground little nudes unconsciously mimic the rush and backset of the waves. Here is a real vision carried out with perfect clearness. Work of this character is rare anywhere. We advise a visitor to adjust his eye by this picture. It will help him to see that much of the most emphatic work is weak and vague expression of something imperfectly visualized. Everett Shinn's vivacious studies of dancers and actors, Jerome Myers's poignant transcripts from the Ghetto, John Sloan's sub-satirical versions of the East Side themes—these names recall tried pleasures; it is merely advantageous to see this work well hung and in a large company.

Among those who are wearing the shoes of Cézanne, the most skilful are Prendegast, Blashki, and Schamberg. In sacrificing his old staccato precision in favor of greater bulk, it may seem that Prendegast is substituting a less for a more congenial product. Time will tell. Blashki's three seasonal studies, Summer, Autumn, Spring, are beautiful in color, and ring true in tone.

Rockwell Kent is willing to take a hint from so old-fashioned a body as Winslow Homer. Mr. Kent's big road roller, with its straining horses, and his two marines are large in scale, and vigorous enough for anybody whose daily food is not Dorothy Rice's nightmares from the slums. From the emphatic persons who, to judge by their works, paint in horrid orgasms, one turns to the brooding spirits. Mr. Swett's crystalline Château Gaillard, with its exquisitely adjusted planes, J. B. Yeats's sensitive portrait of a bearded old man, James Preston's vernal river bank with little girls bathing, Nankivell's alluring park scene with Liliputian players so alertly spotted in—these were the things that called one away from the general atmosphere of excursions and alarums.

In sculpture, Gutzon Borglum's colossal head of Lincoln lords it. So touching is its character of strength, tempered by benignity, that it would not be surprising if the people should accept it as the standard portrait of their greatest representative. James W. Fraser's portraits, and Albert Humphreys's animals are otherwise, perhaps, the most interesting sculpture exhibits. The entire top floor has been devoted to drawings and etchings. Glackens shows the pastel sketch for his big nude, downstairs. It is a fine study and an excellent lesson in scale. Henri's caricatures represent a side of his talent unknown to the public. They are capital in character and economy of means. For sheer drastic character, Jerome Myers's and George Bellows's slum sketches are extraordinary. Mr. Bellows, in fact, forces expression to the danger point. John Sloan's etchings for Paul de Kock's novels have as much character and less naïveté. The line is at once sensitive and austere, the mood realistic but supremely elegant. It is illustration and draughtsmanship of a high order. Glenn O. Coleman and May Preston Wilson, popular illustrators both, are represented by large groups of drawings. Leon Dabo's studies in miniature seem more interesting than his pictures. Two big drawings from the nude, by Gutzon Borglum, have a large accent.

The show is so large that one is easily lost in casual observation. The half would be better than the whole. On the smaller issue, do we need a large annual exhibition beside the Academy? there can be only one answer: We do. Here is a great deal of vivacious or positively accomplished work that for one reason or another is never seen in the Academy and rarely elsewhere. On the large issue, is this ferment of issues promising a new and finer art? it would be sheer folly to give a dogmatic answer. The instinct of one old-fashioned writer is that there is more green, yellow, and red sickness about than positive talent.

F. J. M.

Of the excellent translation of Gaston Migeon's "Au Japon," by Florence Simmonds, entitled "In Japan: Pilgrimages to the Shrines of Art," we need only remark that in illustration and typographical form the English version follows closely the French original edition. It will fit a fairly capacious pocket. It is published conjointly by William Heinemann of London and J. B. Lippincott Company of Philadelphia.

"The Evolution of Italian Sculpture," by Lord Balcarres (Dutton), is one of those fairly good books which leave one asking why they are not better. The author has produced a comprehensive history of style somewhat after the model of Wölfflin's admirable studies of the Renaissance. There are many good illustrations skilfully grouped to show the progress of the art. But style is too often taken in its more obvious and superficial features of anatomy and iconography. Moreover, Lord Balcarres's manner, while dignified, lacks salience. As the paragraphs run their placid course into chapters, one thing seems about as important as another, and no enduring impression is made upon the imagination. This is a pity, for the book is independently conceived and combats certain accepted views. In asserting that the Renaissance was more influenced by the idea of the antique than by specific monuments, we think a valuable point of view is suggested, but the visible remnants of Roman antiquity are underestimated. Not merely the storied columns at Rome and the Horse Tamers spoke eloquently through the centuries of the glory that had been, but high and low in Italy Roman capitals, mouldings, sarcophagi, told the same story and afforded the same opportunity. Where this book seems weakest is in the treatments of the early Renaissance. We miss any adequate statement of the interrelation of bas-relief and graphic design. Much that is said of Michelangelo is excellent, and the treatment of the later barock is sympathetic and novel. Michelangelo, however, should not be set down as a poor portraitist for his purely symbolic effigies of Lorenzo and Giuliano de' Medici. There is some carelessness in attributions and in the printing of proper names: Verrocchio and Pinturicchio repeatedly turn up with their r's and c's ill distributed. In the chapter on portraiture the remarkable thirteenth-century heads outside the Pisan Baptistery should have been mentioned. In their keen characterization they mark a stage toward actual interpretation of individual faces. Venturi attributes them to the great Niccolò, whom pretty much everybody but Lord Balcarres now concedes to be an Apulian. In general the execution of this book falls below the expectations aroused by its ambitious design.

"J.-B. Isabey: Sa Vie—Son Temps" is one of those beautifully printed, lavishly illustrated, and well documented in-folios which the French love to provide for well-to-do amateurs. The author, Mme. de Basily-Callimaki, has fully exploited the personal and biographical interest of a life-work including the whole Napoleonic era, with the Bourbon restoration, the Orleans interregnum, and the beginnings of the third Bonaparte. Never a great painter, in portraiture, and especially in miniature, Isabey had his happy moments. In a rather dull time as regards technic he kept alive the tradition of Gallic vivacity. In his maturity he was flexible enough to adopt the Romantic technic and feeling. He turned his hand to anything, from a huge historical "machine," to a Sèvres plate, or the back-scene of an opera, and everything he did more than commonly well. To him we owe some of the most revealing portraits of Napoleon, especially that unconscious satire, the Emperor in wedding costume; the pathetic figure of the little Duc de Reichstadt, and many a hint of the fair frailties that enlivened war's intervals. Isabey was loved. Metternich wrote when the painter left Vienna: "You who so readily have grasped the traits of your friends will also know how to remember them." In all a thoroughly amiable and representative figure of an eminently genial time. This volume is imported by Lemcke & Buechner and published in only 550 examples, of which 50 are on Japan vellum.

Finance.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES IN INVESTMENT FINANCE.

Two aspects of the financial situation of the day are challenging particular attention, in the present somewhat perplexing posture of affairs. One is the rise in operating expenses of our great investment corporations; the other is the increasing difficulty of finding a ready market for the unprecedented mass of new securities issued by these companies. The underlying cause is pretty much the same in both cases, and both have been discussed in a striking manner, this past week, by high authorities in railway finance.

Within a month, the New Haven, the Pennsylvania, the Reading, and the Baltimore and Ohio Railways have granted, to a substantial part of their working-forces, increase in wages ranging from 6 to 10 per cent. Conferences between company and employees, with a similar end in view, have been held by the New York Central, Erie, Lackawanna, Lehigh Valley, and Delaware and Hudson. Perhaps the most frequent and most obvious comment on the episode has been the remark that wages of the relatively poorer-paid employee were advanced to meet the advancing cost of living. It has also been suggested that, by increasing wages, the purchasing power of the masses would be enhanced, and that thereby trade prosperity would be increased.

Last week, the president of the New York Central voiced still another inference. Beginning with the statement, not new on the part of railway officers, that "a general advance in freight rates, such as will enable the roads to carry the additional burden, is the logical next step," Mr. Brown concluded with the assertion that "if the railways are to remain solvent, the only recourse now is an advance of freight rates." Inasmuch as the establishing of such higher rates is always more or less a matter of doubt, one might have imagined that so extraordinary a prophecy, from a high railway official, would have been followed promptly by disaster in the market for railway shares. Nothing of the sort occurred—which indicated either that investors were not taking Mr. Brown's prophecy altogether seriously, or that over against his pessimistic prediction they set his company's increase in its annual dividend, two weeks ago, to the highest rate paid in a quarter of a century, or else that they believed higher freight charges would come if the necessity were proved, though possibly not otherwise.

A second incident of the week had to do with the investment market. In a speech to the Merchants' Club of Chicago in November, 1906, James J. Hill declared that, in order to escape a commercial paralysis which, "long continued, would mean slow commercial death," the railways of this country must have $1,100,000,000 new capital per annum during the next five years. Last week, Mr. Hill reiterated his prophecy of 1906, but raised his estimate of annual requirements from $1,100,000,000 to $1,600,000,000, and extended the term for such annual outlay to six years, adding:

> This country is up against a stone wall, and it can't see either end or over. We might come in contact with a comet and survive the shock, hut we cannot go on with our railroads in their present condition. The importance of the subject is not realized. To my way of thinking, it is of more importance than a total failure of crops.

As to where the railways were to get such a sum of money, Mr. Hill had no suggestion to make; he believed, however, that failure to provide the annual $1,600,000,000 would spell calamity.

There are manifestly two distinct questions arising from such a statement. First, is it trne that the railways positively must raise this stupendous sum? Secondly, can such a sum be obtained in the investment markets? *Poor's Manual* gives these figures for the annual additions to outstanding stocks, bonds, and other securities of the American railways, reckoning by fiscal years:

1908	$723,473,146	1903	$671,095,998
1907	907,864,112	1902	527,435,776
1906	1,030,349,026	1901	434,589,187
1905	481,443,565	1900	199,085,273
1904	556,133,066	1899	107,748,030

Figures for 1909 are not yet compiled, but they are expected to exceed all other years. As the above figures stand, they indicate that the borrowings of our railways during 1906, on account of new capital, were greater by 400 per cent. than the borrowings of 1900, and that Mr. Hill's new estimate, if realized, would make the average annual capital issues, from 1910 to 1915 inclusive, exactly 200 per cent. larger than the annual average from 1901 to 1906 inclusive. Yet the country's population to-day, as estimated by the government, is only 16 per cent. larger than at the beginning of 1901. The country's clearing house exchanges, which reflect its traffic and production, broke all records in 1909, but the year's total exceeded by only 40 per cent. the total of 1901. Some allowance must undoubtedly be made for the advance of 20 per cent. since 1901 in average commodity prices, by the *Bradstreet* estimate; for railways, as well as other people, have to pay more than before for the same materials. But even so, we are very far from showing any such expansion as on its face would warrant Mr. Hill's estimate of indispensable capital requisitions.

As for the second question—whether the $1,600,000,000 per annum will be provided by the money market—the signs of the moment certainly do not indicate that this can be expected on the former terms. The investment market, like other markets, is governed in its attitude by supply and demand, and supply has to all appearances far overrun the normal demand. At a price (measured either in higher interest rate on bonds, or at a heavier discount in the selling price) the capital might be had. Such high-grade borrowers as the British Exchequer, the United States Government, and the City of New York, have been confronted with a similar dilemma, and have met it by offering their bonds on more inviting terms. But the railways do not wish to make such concessions; hence, perhaps, the partial deadlock in the market. The ordinary outside observer, mindful, perhaps, of his personal experience, would be inclined to suggest either that the railways should revise their rapidly mounting schedule of expenditure; or else, if they will not do without this enormously increased total of new capital, that they should make up their minds to pay the price.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

Aicard, J. Maurin. Translated by A. Allinson. Lane Co. $1.50.

Andreiyeff, L. A Dilemma. Philadelphia: Brown Bros. $1.

Ardagh, W. M. The Magada. Lane Co. $1.50.

Baedeker's Great Britain. Seventh edition. Scribner. $3 net.

Balmer, E., and MacHarg, W. The Achievements of Luther Trant. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.50.

Beloc, H. On Everything. Dutton. $1.25 net.

Benedict, F. G., and Carpenter, T. M. Respiration Calorimeters for Studying the Respiratory Exchange and Energy Transformations of Man. Carnegie Institution of Washington.

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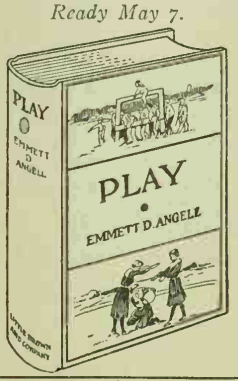

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The Nation is published and owned by the New York Evening Post Co. Oswald Garrison Villard, President; William J. Pattison, Treasurer; Paul Elmer More, Editor.

Three dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada $3.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union $4.00.

Address THE NATION, Box 794, New York.

Publication Office, 20 Vesey Street.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 14, 1910.

The Week.

Attorney-General Wickersham's speech at Chicago last Saturday night might easily have been made a source of great strength to the President. It is an able statement of the most meritorious points in the work of the Administration, and it appeals, in several directions, to sentiments and purposes which have, at the present time, a powerful hold upon the nation. But all these elements of strength in the speech were made of doubtful efficacy by the repetition, in an exceptionally offensive form, of that wholly unnecessary blunder which has been the prime source of the President's troubles. Up to the time when Mr. Taft began his speech-making tour last summer with a laudation of Aldrich and followed this up with a blanket endorsement of the Payne-Aldrich tariff in his famous speech at Winona, he had lost but little, in any part of the country, of the hold upon public support with which he began his Administration. It was an almost fatuous error to insist on tying himself up irrevocably with the work of the Cannon-Aldrich machine; and now, Mr. Wickersham with one hand strikes a manful blow for the Administration on the side of its general performance, and at the same time with the other hand binds it closer than ever to the obnoxious tariff by branding all Republican opponents of it as traitors.

Mr. Wickersham closed his speech with a reassertion of the Administration's position on the Trust question. It is most sincerely to be hoped that errors in the treatment of party divisions will not be permitted to stand in the way of cordial support of the Administration in its efforts to deal with this great problem. Along this line there was greatest reason to hope for substantial progress from a man of Mr. Taft's training and temper, and in Mr. Wickersham he has had a legal co-worker of very high ability. The note sounded both by him and by Mr. Taft has been a clear one, and it has been consistently adhered to. The task which they have undertaken in this one field is sufficient to engage their highest powers, and to tax the resources of their energy and resolution. Instead of demanding unanimous and mechanical assent upon every feature of the party's programme and the party's record, let them realize the supreme importance of accomplishing a solid achievement in the curbing of the great monopolies. If they can but place this to their credit, they will have no need to worry. As Mr. Wickersham truly says, this issue "overshadows in importance all others in the minds of the people."

The baiting of Uncle Joe has become a bi-weekly recreation for the Democratic-insurgent alliance in the House, and, on the whole, it must be sadly admitted that the Speaker is far from being the "game sport" popular tradition has made him out. He lost his temper in the course of the memorable fight on the Rules Committee and vented his spite against the men who had downed him, in a speech that was tart, even for Mr. Cannon. Last Monday, after the House had refused to vote him an automobile for traversing Washington's vast official distances, he lost his temper again and scolded the Democrats and harangued the faithful, quite in the old-time cart-tail tradition. Does the Speaker really think that the great man whom he is so proud of resembling would act like that in the same circumstances? Has he forgotten Lincoln's capacity for receiving punishment with a smile? Anger in a politician is at best an unseemly thing. It is particularly to be avoided when it gets to a man's head and makes him talk sheer nonsense. "I want to notify you," said the Speaker Monday, "that unless during this and the next session of Congress—this Congress expires on March 4—the Republicans on this side that do not approve of the personality of their Speaker have the courage to join with a solid minority, I will remain Speaker until March 4 next." Unless? Hasn't the "unless" already hit Mr. Cannon, and hit him hard?

We would not conceal our disappointment at the findings of the military court which investigated the shooting-up of Brownsville by members of the Twenty-fifth Infantry. As our readers are aware, we have always felt that the facts pointed the other way, and that Senator Foraker's statement of the case was unanswerable. Now, the verdict of a court composed of officers of unusual ability and standing finds that the shots did come from the barracks, recommends the reënlistment of only fourteen men, and severely censures the officers of the offending battalion as well as the men. As there are veterans like Brig.-Gen. A. S. Daggett, himself commander of the Twenty-fifth before Santiago, who are still strongly convinced of the men's innocence, we can only think that this *causc célèbre* must go down to history as little settled in the popular mind as is the Schley-Sampson controversy. Certainly, the wonder will never end that 275 colored men could enter into a magnificent conspiracy of silence and maintain it all these years after their discharge from the service. So far as the officers are concerned, the *Nation* pointed out at the time that, if the battalion was guilty, they were far more culpable than the men—but they were allowed to go scot free. And nothing that the present or any other tribunal may say will convince us that the wholesale discharge of innocent and guilty alike was defensible in morals or in law.

Gov. Crothers has refused assent to the Digges disfranchising bills passed in the closing days of the Maryland Legislature. With the disfranchising project, taken in itself, he is in entire sympathy; but he has yielded to the force of the arguments against the revolutionary scheme of accomplishing this object of excluding negroes from registration, in direct defiance of the Fifteenth Amendment, upon the wild expectation, real or pretended, that the Supreme Court would hold this part of the Constitution invalid, at least so far as Maryland State elections are concerned. The proposed disfranchising amendment to the State Constitution—which is likewise in contravention of the Fifteenth Amendment—will go to the people, with Gov. Crothers's approval, for ratification or rejection in November, 1911; but the Governor announces his purpose of obtaining, in some way, by means of a test case, a Supreme Court

decision as to its validity before it goes into effect. If the thing was to be tried at all, this is a decent and orderly way to go about it; and when it is all over, the gentlemen who can't sleep o'nights on account of the danger to white supremacy in Maryland will have the pleasant consciousness of having done what they could to ease their minds, without causing any very great amount of mischief.

Nothing we have ever heard of equals the selfishness and insatiability of the pension hog—not even the similar traits of the tariff hog. When Mr. Roosevelt let down the bars and pensioned every veteran who had served ninety days whether in a fort in Boston or a camp in Indiana or at a recruiting station in New York or elsewhere, one naturally supposed that the utmost limits of this raiding of the Treasury and rewarding of worthy and unworthy had been reached. Now, however, Congress is actually pensioning the criminally unworthy. On Tuesday of last week an effort was made in the House Committee on Military Affairs to pass forty-three bills to relieve as many deserters from their ineligibility for pensions. Fortunately this scheme was defeated. But both the House and Senate Committees have recommended for a pension one John Gray, who, prior to his desertion, had served one thousand miles from the seat of war and never enlisted until December 20, 1864, when most of the fighting was over. As the minority of the House Committee rightly declared:

> Desertion is among the most serious offences known to military law, and is rarely entitled to the consideration of Congress. This is not one of the cases that should be condoned. If it is done, Congress will, in effect, say that the faithless soldier shall enjoy the same substantial reward that is given to the man who served loyally and was discharged with honor. It is an insult to the latter to force him into the society of the former.

The United States Steel Corporation has not been deterred by the abuse showered upon it by Mr. Gompers and other union leaders from taking an advanced and admirable position in regard to Sunday labor. Of their own accord, the officers of the Corporation have curtailed the hours of weekly labor at all steel works, rolling mills, shops, quarries, and docks controlled by them. As they have no less than 200,000 men on their payroll, the far-reaching character of this change is as obvious as the fact that it means a large increase in the annual net cost of operation. In Allegheny County alone 13,000 men are said to work seven days in the week, year in year out. Most of this Sunday labor has heretofore been defended as unavoidable, and it is not yet to be wholly done away with. But there is so much just criticism of corporations in their various capacities that it seems to us only proper to draw especial attention to an unselfish and enlightened act like this one of President Gary and his subordinates.

In reference to the rehearing of the Standard Oil and Tobacco cases, there are two points upon which there will be general agreement. The first is that the extraordinary importance of the expected decision fully justifies the endeavor to have a full court participate in making it; the second, that it is most earnestly to be hoped that the delay in making the decision will be the shortest possible. At the same time, it is not out of place to remark that while the pendency of any decision of such character and scope must be to some degree a disturbing factor in financial affairs, there is no sign of any such paralysis of capital as the sensitive imagination always manifest in some quarters seems to picture. A good deal of activity has recently been displayed in capitalist circles, even when the decision was expected momentarily; and both industry and trade will keep fairly alive, we fancy, during the new period of suspense caused by the Supreme Court's resolve for a rehearing.

More than ever does the noble, embattled Interstate Commerce Commission deserve the thanks of an injured people. Its members have won their niches in the Hall of Fame by reducing the cost of upper berths in the Pullman cars. Throughout the country, the men who prefer lower berths will rise up and call the Commissioners blessed. Henceforth it will be possible to board a train at any hour of the night and learn from the porter that there is a lower berth left, instead of hearing the familiar story of there being but one upper to rent. The men who say that they prefer the upper berth to a lower because of the better ventilation need no longer offer this or any other excuse. While we hardly go so far as some of our contemporaries in believing that this decision will induce railways having no bridges or tunnels on their lines to build taller cars with upper and uppermost berths, we at least feel confident that some reform of the upper berth will now come to pass—that is, if the company is enlightened and believes in meeting what will be a great popular demand.

Just what the supremacy of the air means nobody yet quite knows; but assuming that it means something, and is therefore of transcendent importance, Germany has been pointing with pride to her winged superiority over France. In that country there is a sharp division of opinion. The commander-in-chief of the French army believes, for instance, that not everything that goes up in the air deserves serious consideration from a military point of view. He has little faith in dirigible balloons, of which Germany has many, and is an ardent advocate of the aeroplane, in regard to which France is ahead of her rival. There is, however, a timid faction in France which insists on being impressed by the superiority of the German air fleet. As representing such opinion, the Paris *Temps* has offered to build for the Government, by popular subscription, a fleet of six air-machines, consisting of two dirigibles, a Wright biplane, two Farman biplanes, and a Blériot monoplane. The offer has been accepted by Presidential decree, and one of the most staid and conservative of Parisian newspapers has secured a valuable amount of advertising which the most enterprising American "yellow" might envy.

The spectacle of a well-to-do traveller in search of health being taken from a steamer because he is suffering from tuberculosis, and sent to Ellis Island, is enough to make everybody blush with shame. Not because he is rich, and not because the action is in any sense illegal, for the law forbids the landing of one suffering from this disease; but because it puts the United States in the ghastly position of denying to a seeker after health the benefits of certain regions particularly salutary in such cases. What would become of the pulmonary invalids of Europe should Switzerland

deny to the thousands who seek them the benefits of its altitudes? What an outcry would go up all over the world if Switzerland should say, "We have enough consumptives of our own," or if the Black Forest should be reserved only for Germans, with signs reading "Americans, English, and other nationalities not admitted." In the case under consideration, the possession of means does make a difference, in that the patient can prove that he will not be a burden to the community. These matters may present difficulties, but some way out must be found. It is barbarous to deny to any one fighting for life the boon of a sojourn in Arizona, New Mexico, or Colorado.

It is in the main both gratifying and reassuring to note the manner in which the recent adjustment of our tariff dispute with Canada is received in that country. A certain element, bound to be heard from on such occasions, is, of course, inclined to crow over our "backing down" and accepting minimum rates on "only 3 per cent." of our exports to the Dominion; while another faction, made up of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's critics, taunt him with having made concessions to President Taft. Most Canadians, however, appear to be inclined to answer in the affirmative Sir Wilfrid's pertinent question, "Is not the peace which we have with our neighbors worth all the nuts and prunes in creation?" though, at the same time, these supporters of the Canadian Premier point to the fact that he has kept his vow never again to go to Washington with his hat in his hand as he did, only to be rebuffed, in 1897. But one of the most significant utterances we have read comes from the Ottawa correspondent of the Boston *Evening Transcript*, who says:

> The right men are to the fore in both countries. They have already agreed to negotiate further. Now is the time to bring into evidence all factors of American opinion that favor reciprocity. A deep, new impression might be made before Mr. Roosevelt's reappearance shall temporarily distract public attention.

This, it is only fair to add, was written before even the first returns had been received from Rome.

We have been asked by the National Progresista Party of the Philippines to approve their demand for an "express and solemn declaration that it is the unswerving purpose and intention of the people of the United States to vote the Filipino people their independence" and "that American sovereignty over these islands is temporary." This we do most gladly, since we have been urging nothing else from the beginning of the Philippine experiment. The Progresista party is the oldest and best organized one in the Philippines, dating back to 1901. It claims to have aided the Government in pacifying the islands and establishing civil government therein. Like all the other Filipinos, its members long for national independence, and see a particular menace in the attitude of a majority of the Americans in the Philippines, who maintain that perpetual American sovereignty is the only means to induce the investment of American as well as foreign capital. Hence their appeal in national convention on February 6 for a definite pledge by the United States Government. They ought to have it, and at this session of Congress. We are aware that the Administration at Washington is anxious to get capital into the Philippines. By throwing open the sale of the friars' lands in violation of the spirit of the organic law of the islands, it hopes to lure in the Trusts. The Governor-General, Mr. Forbes, has been doing his best to get American capital to flow in. All office-holders there are like Mr. Taft, certain that it would be very unwise to set a specific date for our withdrawal. But what the Progresista party asks is a positive binding national promise that we shall some day grant independence. This is the least that we can do for the Filipinos, and if we do not do it our own country will have deep cause to regret its inaction.

The new régime in Belgium has happily lost little time in taking up the question of reform in the Congo. Tuesday morning King Albert is reported to have given his sanction to the plans elaborated by the Minister of Colonies for throwing open a wide area in the Congo to free trade within the next few months. In name, of course, free trade prevails in the former Free State, in accordance with treaties under which it was founded. Actually, a great part of the country has been parcelled out into concessions which, as far as foreign commerce is concerned, have been so many closed preserves. The new regulations, therefore, must mean the abolition of the virtual monopoly established by the concessionary companies and a curtailing of the practically sovereign powers they have exercised. More important than the question of free trade to most of those who have been working for the demolition of the inhuman Leopoldian system in the Congo, is the provision that taxes are not only to be reduced, but are to be paid in money and not in forced labor. The labor tax has been one of the chief iniquities visited upon the unhappy natives. In conjunction with the seizure of the native lands by the Government, the labor tax has been responsible for the rapid depopulation of the country. A necessary complement of the tax was the systematic warfare which the authorities carried on against the natives in order to extort the maximum quantity of rubber. If forced labor is done away with, the restitution of the native lands is bound to follow. Then it must be only a question how soon the reforms can be extended to the whole of the Congo.

Whatever measures it may adopt in combating the agitation for electoral reform, the Prussian Government only emphasizes the indefensible stupidity of its own position. After resorting to the mailed fist to suppress suffrage demonstrations and only bringing on riot in all the principal towns, the Prussian authorities have decided for conciliation; as a result, 120,000 Social Democratic and Radical voters of Berlin paraded last Sunday and in huge open-air meetings voiced the people's demand for electoral reform. Never has German discipline shown to such splendid advantage. The paraders moved to the various starting points in companies of a hundred under command of a centurion distinguished by a red band about his arm. The huge assemblage gathered about fourteen duly numbered speakers' platforms in Treptow Park. Speaking began at the sound of the bugle and ceased at the same signal. A bugle sound accompanied the clamorous acceptance of the drafted resolutions, and the crowds dispersed as peaceably as they had assembled. Is it for fear of a *sansculotte* régime that the Prussian Government refuses to give the masses a real vote? If ever a people was fit to rule itself, it is this loyal, splendidly-disciplined German people.

MR. TAFT'S DIFFICULTIES.

For President Taft's position, both in relation to his own party and in relation to the country, it would be difficult to find a parallel. From his cancelling of his engagement to speak at Indianapolis, after the Indiana Republican platform had ignored him and the Payne-Aldrich tariff, it is evident that he himself sees the peculiarity of the situation; and it becomes accordingly pertinent to consider the qualities of temper, character, and habit that have brought things to this pass.

That Mr. Taft's proverbial—or, as some might now say, notorious—good-nature has been to him one prolific source of these perplexities and disappointments, is quite certain. But this is by no means a complete explanation. It is doubtless largely owing to his good-nature that Mr. Taft accepts innumerable invitations to college commencements, class reunions, miscellaneous dinners, and what not; and doubtless, too, this constant travelling up and down the land, this dining and speech-making to no special purpose, must have done a great deal to weaken that grip on the main elements of the national situation which is a chief requisite of the Presidency. But though good-nature may account for the enormous mileage of his travels, and for the number of his speeches, it does not account for the character of the speeches. To a large extent his troubles have been due to a habit of ignoring the difference between the utterances of the President of the United States and those of William H. Taft as an individual. Whatever his heart inclines him to say on the tariff, on the navy, on Speaker Cannon, on Senator Aldrich, that he says to his eighty million fellow-citizens. It was not necessary for him to shoulder the responsibility of the Payne-Aldrich tariff; it was not necessary for him to give Aldrich a certificate of high character; it was not necessary for him to range himself alongside Speaker Cannon. The Presidency of the United States is a heavy load to carry; but one burden that it does not impose is that of defending the acts of Congress or the actions of the leaders of Congress. The country at large felt very strongly that the tariff act was a betrayal of the people's confidence; Mr. Taft might possibly feel that it was well enough, but no more than that, and if he had only had the homely wisdom to leave well enough alone, he would have been spared nearly all his troubles and mortifications.

Mr. Taft's conspicuous championship of the tariff act and his laudation of Aldrich are, we are fully prepared to believe, in great part the result of qualities in themselves admirable. His habit of judicial impartiality, and that simple frankness which is so engaging a trait of his personality, both had their share in the matter. He put himself in Aldrich's place. "Could the master of the Senate," we imagine Mr. Taft saying to himself, "the recognized repository of the high-protection interests, be expected to yield everything? Of course not. From the Aldrich standpoint, what more could I have expected than I got? It is true that I wanted the tariff revised downward in a substantial way; but, on the other hand, the platform never mentioned the word 'downward' at all. Now there *was* a downward reduction, and in some points a considerable one; Aldrich isn't half as black as he is painted. Indeed, from his standpoint, he acted very handsomely, and I am bound to tell the people that he is a good American patriot." But this capacity to see both sides of a question is not the prime quality either of a great executive officer or of an effective political leader. The desire to give the devil his due, and even a little more than his due, may be a very amiable thing in a private citizen, and it has its proper place even in the White House; but to make it anything like a dominant note in the Presidential programme is to invite disaster. The President may, without incurring criticism, refrain from passing judgment on questions that are in controversy; he cannot with impunity pass judgment that reflects neither any clear position of his own nor any marked aspect of public sentiment. Mr. Taft had stood, before and during the campaign, for a genuine revision of the tariff. If what he got was, to his mind, a satisfactory compromise, he may have been justified in accepting it without complaint, but it was deplorably bad judgment to make himself its sponsor before the nation.

Nearly three-fourths of Mr. Taft's term is still before him. There are great services which he is capable of rendering. His honesty and patriotism are universally recognized; his abilities in many directions are undoubted. He might, by making one simple change in his Presidential practice, go far toward recovering the ground he has lost. It is not incumbent on him to travel about the country making political speeches. That is no part of the tradition of the Presidency; the only President who ever indulged such a propensity in a conspicuous way was poor Andrew Johnson. Mr. Roosevelt's speech-making belonged to an entirely different category; he was preaching Rooseveltism all the time—a thing difficult to define, indeed, but, as every one will recognize, a thing as different as possible from the ordinary making of political speeches. Usually, Presidents, when they have found time to talk to their fellow-citizens in various parts of the country, have made remarks of a broad and general character, such as are gratefully received by all. If they have departed from this innocuous programme, it was for the sake of attracting the special attention of the country to some object singled out as of cardinal importance from the President's standpoint. The every-day work of explaining particular bills, defending particular individuals, or upholding particular details of the party's record, it is far better—as well as safer—to leave to the lesser figures of public life.

A shrewd adviser or two, with just those qualities of alertness and intensity that President Taft lacks, would seem to be an urgent necessity; men who would tell him that some things which are quite right in themselves are not worth while for the President of the United States, and that other things are immensely worth while and cannot be neglected. It does not seem that this sort of help, necessary to almost any President and peculiarly necessary to Mr. Taft, is at his disposal. If he is to recover his hold on the influence which, as President, he certainly hoped to wield, he must abandon the naïveté which has thus far characterized his conduct. His qualities of judicial fairness and of untrammelled communicativeness must be offset by enough worldly caution and enough political skill to give character to his dealings with political difficulties. With ample recourse to his undoubted privilege of keeping silent when he chooses, and with the aid of some long-headed practical adviser in those difficulties which he cannot

afford to leave unsettled, the remaining three years of his Presidency might tell a tale very different from that of the first.

DEMOCRATIC AND ARISTOCRATIC SPORT.

For the average American, nothing is more abhorrent than the idea of caste which runs through the entire structure of English society, unless it be the ready and complacent acceptance by the individual Englishman of the system, even at the points where it implies and enforces his own patent inferiority. The term "gentleman," which every male American wears with aggressiveness as a chip on his shoulder, is, in England, nowhere so much a shibboleth as among those who would be the first to repel the imputation of gentility on their part. An American travelling in a continental railway carriage entered into conversation with a well-dressed and apparently well-bred Englishman. It appeared that the latter had at home a young son, concerning whose education and future career he displayed a natural solicitude. "I suppose," remarked the American, "that you will soon be sending your boy to one of your big schools, Harrow, Eton, or Rugby." Whereupon the Englishman turned with a look of some surprise, but without the slightest trace of embarrassment, and replied: "Oh, no, those are schools for the sons of gentlemen."

But the presence or absence of caste distinctions in a society is not the sole factor in determining whether that society is democratic or undemocratic. Where a man's position is clearly defined, he may mingle freely with those both above and below him in the social scale; but where official equality has levelled all distinctions, the deep-seated human instinct of exclusiveness is brought into full play as the sole means by which the few may assert their superiority, and secure their position against the manifold aspirations of the many. The result is that in America the eager desire for that superior range of associations which is the symbol of success, has produced a species of undemocratic snobbishness which only a democratic country could compass. An American took for a season or two a country seat in England, and joined the local hunt club. As it was the custom for each of the members in turn to entertain the hunt at a breakfast after the weekly meet, the American signified his wish of sharing in this hospitality. "Very well," replied the English friend to whom he had confided his ambition, "but you'll have to drop your American snobbishness. The Duke of ——, whose place is here, belongs to the hunt, and, since you are an American, of course you'll be glad to have him. But remember that you can't have him alone. You've got to have the butcher, the baker, and the candlestickmaker, too, whether you want them or not. For they are all members of the hunt, on precisely the same terms as His Grace, though he puts up the bulk of the money for the expenses."

There is no better illustration of the radical difference between English and American society, and of the more essential democracy of the former, than is provided by the organization of sport in the two countries. Every great national pastime affords a common meeting-ground for all classes of Englishmen. Noblemen, gentry, and yokels come together on numberless village greens each week for cricket, and, as players, there is no distinction between the highest and lowest. It has often been said that it was this admission of all classes into the sports and pastimes patronized by gentlemen, that, more than anything else, discounted the effects of the European revolutionary movement by the time it reached England. How was the "villain" to take arms against his local "overlord," for whom he defended the wicket each week? The vague, restless demand for equality was satisfied progressively as it arose, and before it had time to grow articulate with resentment. Sport has proved a cement for English society, and has created a sentiment of solidarity.

Would sport be found to have served the same purpose in this country, if the mutterings and rumblings of revolution were heard in the distance? Has a democratic conception and practice of sport tended to draw all classes together, to create an *esprit de corps* between, let us say, the steelworkers and the steel magnates, and thus to render the society of Homestead homogeneous? On the contrary, we believe that sport is tending rather to force the various sections of American society still further asunder. It is true that as a country in which sport is widely popular, America is second only to England. But here there are sports and sports—sports for the workers and sports for the leisure classes, sports for the fashionable and sports for the unfashionable. With few exceptions, these categories are kept separate and distinct. For the most part, the out-of-door pastimes of the leisure classes have been imported from England, and have been organized on a basis which precludes participation in them by any but the very rich. Thus pursuits like fox hunting, which, if not precisely popular in their origin, have, nevertheless, become strongly tinctured with the democratic spirit abroad, where any farm boy astride a plough horse is free to follow the hounds, have here been transformed into the most potent instrument of what the French call *snobisme*. This American sport is the fine flower and epitome of American exclusiveness, too sacred to be shared—except through the pages of the pictorial newspaper, the Sunday morning after a meet.

An American, whether the field of his activities be business, college, or society, is always fighting for his own hand. It does not occur to him to extend the scope of his recreation, so as to include a greater number of fellow participants. His only associates are those who, possessing the same tastes as himself, have means commensurate with his own for satisfying them. He is not one of a class, but of a group. The Englishman's idea of a class, to which he belongs and to which he assimilates his own personal idea of himself, crystallizes his social consciousness and imposes obligations and responsibilities at the same time that it confers privileges and immunities. An aristocracy may be more successful than a democracy, not in phrasing noble ideals of human brotherhood, but in achieving a good, practical working formula of equality.

AMERICANS AS LINGUISTS.

"English is the coming language," says a writer in the *Popular Science Monthly*. "And it is coming rapidly; for while it is difficult to learn thoroughly, in the matter both of style and pronunciation, it can readily be acquired with sufficient correctness for all commercial and practical purposes." Perhaps it is because we are waiting for the English language to complete its rapid conquest of the globe, that condi-

tions at our universities are such as Prof. William James commented upon in our columns the other day with regard to Harvard. Speaking of the lecture course given at Cambridge by the distinguished French philosopher, Emile Boutroux, Professor James says:

> The Hyde foundation requires all lectures to be in the French tongue, and the first thing that has been disclosed is the appalling rarity of ability to understand spoken French, even in a centre of learning like Cambridge. M. Boutroux's auditors this year should preëminently have been our students of philosophy; but, victims of the deplorable manner in which they have been taught foreign languages, hardly half a dozen of them have shown their faces. Few even of our instructors follow a French lecture easily. . . . Their number proved so small that the bulk of the audience consisted of world's people from Boston and elsewhere.

The world's people, we take it, were mostly young women from the Back Bay district who had learned to prattle French at the knees of their governesses and benefited by extensive practice on foreign soil.

Professor James, like the writer in the *Popular Science Monthly*, is here pleading for a "practical" knowledge of the languages, as distinguished, we suppose, from a merely theoretical knowledge. For whether it is a question of selling cotton goods to a merchant in Buenos Ayres or listening intelligently to a lecture on Pragmatism in French, we are most of us in the habit of regarding the spoken word as more valuable—for what else can "practical" mean?—than the written or printed word. But it is not fair to dismiss the Harvard Ph.D. by speaking of the deplorable way in which he has been taught his foreign languages. If there must be Ph.D.'s—a necessity which has been seriously questioned—and if the Ph.D. finds it essential to learn a foreign language or two, it is still the fact that what he needs primarily is a reading knowledge of foreign languages, rather than a speaking knowledge or a listening knowledge. After all, the presence of a French or German lecturer among us is an exceptional phenomenon and is usually the result, as in the case of the Hyde lectureship and all other systems of exchange professorships, of interests other than academic. There are people who read French or German with almost native ease, yet speak these languages with the greatest difficulty. Such a condition does not argue that your Ph.D. is unequipped for following up the latest records of foreign research in his department. It simply means that he has not had the advantages, and desirable advantages they are, of learning the language in childhood or of sojourning for a considerable time in foreign parts.

The separation between theoretical and practical acquaintance with a language is, in one sense, much narrower than is generally supposed. Theoretical knowledge may easily turn into practical knowledge by dint of a few months' practice with the spoken tongue. The man who reads French easily needs only to be set down in the Latin Quarter for a little while, in order to speak it "practically" and a bit more than that. Necessity will attune his ear to the exotic accent and bring his own large, but reluctant, vocabulary into readier call. If his talk is inclined to be bookish, we may yet be sure that it will jar less on the cultivated native ear than the broken-backed sentences of the average man who speaks from "practical" knowledge. After all, it requires no great linguistic attainments to go through a foreign country and order the kind of meals one likes. A pageful of phrases in Baedeker will serve the purpose. And there is always the one real international language that has found universal acceptance—gesture. You have only to recall how easily the Italian immigrant in New York can find his way to an address on Staten Island or in the Bronx, to see how comparatively easy it must be for a Pittsburgh millionaire to find his way to the Forum or Montmartre.

And in that fact is seen the essential weakness of the claim put forward for all the international languages that the revolving years see come and go. For commercial and practical purposes one does not really need very extensive lingual facility. After a man has acquired the technical training which qualifies him to sell cotton goods on an extensive scale, anywhere, he should find no great difficulty in qualifying himself to sell cotton goods in Argentina. As a matter of fact, we venture the guess that every great trade has its *lingua franca*, which passes current over entire continents, and which meets all the purposes of Esperanto, Ido, Ilo, and their kin. There is, to be sure, a higher form of salesmanship which consists in entering into social intimacy with a man and taking him to the theatre before you sell him a large bill of goods. But that again presupposes Esperanto established in the theatre, in the newspapers, in literature, in every other field of social intercourse.

This, however, is somewhat beside the point. It means comparatively little for our national culture that our people should know how to speak the foreign tongues. It means very much that a reading knowledge of the foreign languages should spread among us. After all, what most of us want from the foreign peoples is their recorded literature and science. We can get what we want of Europe's sights and foods by following Mr. Cook, or by pointing, like the millionaire in the story, to the bill-of-fare.

GLAMOUR AND PICTURE PRICES.

By a curious coincidence a splendid Correggio, probably the finest example of this rare master that can ever come into the market, is now going begging in New York at about the price paid for the dearest of the Corots in the Yerkes sale. It would not be difficult to find fifty Corots as fine as the Fisherman; in fact, it has no appreciable superiority over its companion-piece, which at the same sale fell some twenty-eight thousand dollars short of the new Corot record. A finer example than either barely passed $20,000. These facts show that auction prices, so far from serving as standards, are determined chiefly by non-economic and sentimental reasons. Mere rarity counts only in part. It would explain the astounding price of $129,000 paid for Turner's bewitching Rockets and Blue-Lights. An example of this peculiar charm may never again come into the market. For the $137,000 paid for a magnificent portrait by Frans Hals rarity is an insufficient explanation. With a little diligence it would not be difficult to obtain as fine a Hals for half the money. Note also that a number of pictures of very doubtful authenticity were bought at sensational figures, often by dealers, and you will see that Mr. Kirby was all the while knocking down something other than the stock in hand.

What he was knocking down was, of course, the notoriety of the Yerkes name and the legend of the collection itself.

The pictures appeared quite incidentally in the transaction, being not really the object, but merely the occasion, of the competition. Just as the sturdy Joneses when they move up in the world become the Grandison-Joneses, so these simple Corots and Halses and Turners are now become the Yerkes-Corots, the Yerkes-Halses, the Yerkes-Turners. In many instances the dealers have paid double the normal value of certain pictures because they know that this hyphen can be resold for a substantial profit. Art is proverbially long, but unhyphenized pictures rarely fetch the long prices. Whether the Yerkes legend was worth what was paid for it last week is an idle inquiry. At least it was efficacious and psychologically well compounded. Its ingredients were hints of Oriental splendor and domestic infelicity, titanic industrial operations in two continents just shaving at times the criminal code, a magnificent gift of the legendary collections to New York promptly annulled by circumstances, and above all the glamour of ruthless force and unbounded money-spending. It is an edifying thought for those who rightly appreciate the importance of money that the legend of opulence is no idle elaboration of the imagination, but may posthumously be converted into new cash values.

But note that the unction of the legend can be communicated only to prepared minds. In this respect it borders on religion, which assumes a predisposition in the devotee. In other words, even notorious wealth can impose value only upon objects which already have the consecration of admitted expensiveness. We are used to thinking of Corots in five figures. As costly objects they are classic, like yachts or racing stables. Had not a recent sensational sale accustomed us to thinking of Frans Hals in six figures, it is doubtful if that dour old lady with the rheumatic hands would have made her amazing record.

Who ever heard of Baldassare Peruzzi? He merely built some of the most beautiful palaces in the world—we hate to think how the Yerkes house would strike him—and, after his greater contemporaries, Raphael and Michelangelo, he was the best painter in Rome. Well, a big and unwieldy picture by him somehow drifted into the Yerkes collection, and see how posterity rebuked that eager amateur for presuming to adventure beyond our common knowledge: this stately picture fetched $600, which, being interpreted, is about thirty dollars a square foot, the frame thrown in. One of the fine products of the culmination of modern painting could not even find a museum imaginative enough to harbor it. But nobody ever called this artist "Papa Baldassare," nor did he ever explain how he felt when rosy dawn began to appear. In general, the late Mr. Yerkes was both adventuresome and conventional in his tastes. Where he was incorrigibly original his estate has paid the penalty. He acquired some thirty Eastern rugs of the rarest and most beautiful type, and simply because the town does not yet know how expensive rugs ought to be, these fell far short of their value, and presumably were a losing investment. Let us hope that their owner drew his current profits in enjoyment of these gorgeously lovely fabrics.

It would be foolish to moralize too narrowly the somewhat grotesque phenomena presented by this kind of an auction. More reasonably one may recall that the matter lies apart from taste and a little apart from reason itself. Like many other illogical spectacles, it may be enjoyed even where it defies analysis. What is important to note is, psychologically, that we are in the realm of sheer glamour, and, practically, that the prices have very little to do either with the intrinsic or the normal market value of pictures. We have to do, in short, with an enthusiasm quite isolated, and potent chiefly because of the relative ignorance of those whom it affects. The Yerkes sale is a sign of expansion in our art market—indubitably so—but not of advance in knowledge and in taste. Lest we forget the odd romanticism of it all, let us recall the apology made by certain advanced critics when the Impressionist painters were blamed for effacing all definite objects in landscape. These painters, said the critics, are not painting objects at all, but the atmosphere intervening between the objects and the eye. Similarly, there are occasions when not pictures are sold, but the intervening glamour and notoriety. Among such occasions, the Yerkes sale should long be memorable.

JEAN MOREAS.

PARIS, April 2.

A whole poetic revival comes to an end in France with the death of Jean Moréas. It had many phases—those of his own intense intellectual life. For nine years after 1882 he was the exponent most followed of the new "symbolist" poetry. In 1891, with a poem of which only the title, "Passionate Pilgrim," was taken from Shakespeare, he proclaimed the death of Symbolism and swung his followers round to verse older than Ronsard, old as the troubadours, a blend of Latin with Gaul, forming a "Romanic" school—*école romane*. Then, with the years, he came to be a pure classic, wrote his "Stanzas" (1899), and put the "Iphigeneia" of Euripides into the French of Racine.

This may be not as interesting as French politics, but it is more wonderful, more picturesque, all the more so as Jean Moréas was a Greek of Athens and was naturalized a Frenchman only a little before his death. And then foreign critics still go on speaking of Symbolism as if it were an existing school of French poetry, whereas this Athenian leader of French youth effectually assassinated it years ago; and he helped more than any other to put in its place something more French (and more Greek), which has survived until now.

The real name of Jean Moréas was Papadiamantopoulos, an heroic name of Byron's Greece fighting for independence. One of his family burned the Turkish ships at Canaris, another was killed at Missolonghi. His father was one of the young independent Greeks whom their German king Otho had educated in his native Munich. The education brought him to be a magistrate of the supreme court of the new kingdom; but he decided that his son's upbringing should be French. Jean's governess had connections with the classic French stage, so that he was initiated from childhood into the great traditions of the language. This, of course, could never give him that wilful power over a language which belongs only to those whose baby efforts at self-expression have won them an unconscious mastery of it as a part of their very life. Such supple, living language is the outcome of the child's struggle, while reason is forming, with parents and nursemaids and teachers and playmates; and no foreigner can ever acquire it. But Moréas had next best: the clear and easy use of polite language from childhood, with such a knowledge of book French through all the ages as astonished Gaston Paris himself. And poetry is written for books, and so he was fit to lead the Latin Quarter lambs into new poetic pastures.

He came to study law in Paris after the war; but young minds were seething, and he frequented the lectures

which his father hoped would form him, far less than the literary cafés. He knew the Hydropathes, where Jean Richepin was beginning a tempestuous career, ending in noble verse. When he was twenty-six he took his own flight in an ephemeral review which declared itself representative of the new Latin Quarter. His revolutionary manifestoes and extraordinary verses did as much as anything else to organize the revolt of the young poets against the weakly correct Parnassians who survived, and against the Realists who were trying to bring Zola's theories into art.

Dark, heavily moustached, with the air of a palikar of Greek independence, he had all that was needed to make him a leader. It was a sight to see him march into his café with his young troop of poets at his heels, wheeling short before the glass, lost in contemplation before his figure, while the others stood mute, and then twirling his moustache with an emphatic "I am beautiful!" as he sat solemnly down to his little rum-and-water. Few understood the recondite joke which had its salt from Plato's teaching that a leader must be beautiful as well as good—*kalokagathos*.

It was half play-actoring and altogether in earnest. Of course, Verlaine took up with the band, and Moréas addressed him in the memorable lines of which the easiest are:

> Divin Tityre, âme légère comm' troupe
> De satyreaux ballant par bonds!

Anatole France, who was then more critic than writer, remarked that the poetry of the new symbolists was not always clear. The essential was that each idea should be expressed by an image, its symbol. This was playing at poetry; but when Moréas brought out his "Passionate Pilgrim," he was at once recognized as a poet who had come to stay in the French language and literature. The language would have been archaic even to Ronsard; and Frenchmen learned quantities of words which had slipped from use, and yet had not lost their strength. Symbolism was now dead, and the cry was how to pick up and weave together again the scattered strands of old and true French verse. Maurice Barrès next remarked that Moréas was a "grammarian poet."

This a foreigner might well be; but Jean Moréas had nourished his youth and manhood on the choicest works of his native Greece. He was like the young student of the Ionian Islands, whom an Oxford professor assured that no modern Greek was a competent Greek scholar. "That, sir, is worth debating; and, that the discussion may be more satisfactory, let us carry it on in classic Greek." And, to the discomfiture of the Englishman, whose Greek was mainly in dictionaries and other philology, the young man wrote out on the cabin table of the boat bearing them to Athens his plea for the living use as against texts annotated by Northern barbarians. It was Greek that Thucydides might easily have understood. So Jean Moréas brought a living Euripides into France. It was under rehearsal at the Comédie-Française when he died.

In his later work he was all that is correct and clear and fluid in classic French poetry. This allowed his thought to pierce through fantasies of language; and, really, he has written some of the recent poetry which may live longest. Doubtless, it is the volume of "Stances" in which his thought, best adapted to such short compass, will be sought. Here is his comment on Pindar's answer to the enduring question, "What is man's day of life? A shadow's dream!"

> Ne dites pas: La vie est un joyeux festin.
> Ou c'est d'un esprit sot, ou c'est d'une âme basse.
> Surtout ne dites point: Elle est malheur sans fin.
> C'est d'un mauvais courage et qui trop tôt se lasse.
>
> Riez, comme au printemps s'agitent les rameaux,
> Pleurez comme la bise ou le flot sur la grève,
> Goûtez tous les plaisirs et souffrez tous les maux,
> Et dites: C'est beaucoup et c'est l'ombre d'un rêve.

S. D.

THE AMERICAN ORIENTAL SOCIETY.

PHILADELPHIA, April 5.

The 122d meeting of the American Oriental Society, which took place in Baltimore at the Johns Hopkins University March 31-April 2, was well attended, although some of the most active members, like the past president, Professor Lanman, and the recording secretary, Professor Jackson, were prevented from coming, and another past president, Prof. E. W. Hopkins, could be present at only one of the sessions. Particularly noticeable was the large proportion of young scholars, whose presence and participation promise well for the continued scientific activity of the Society. At the business meeting preceding the reading of papers Prof. Maurice Bloomfield of the Johns Hopkins University was elected president for the ensuing year. Profs. Paul Haupt, Henry Hyvernat, and C. C. Torrey were elected vice-presidents. The other officers and directors were reëlected, except that the retiring president, Dr. W. Hayes Ward of New York takes the place on the board made vacant by the advancement of Professor Bloomfield to the presidency.

On the conclusion of the business meeting Dr. Ward delivered his presidential address, choosing as his subject "Oriental Sources of Greek Mythology." The address was based on Dr. Ward's elaborate studies of the seal cylinders of Western Asia, which were recently brought to fruition by his two publications, the catalogue of the 323 cylinders in J. Pierpont Morgan's valuable collection and the comprehensive work on seal cylinders just issued by the Carnegie Institution. Dr. Ward showed how, chiefly through the mediation of the Hittites of central and northern Asia Minor, conceptions connected with some of the chief deities—notably Aphrodite—among the Greeks had been modified. Symbols of these deities, such as the dove of Aphrodite, the thunderbolt of Zeus, and even the trident of Poseidon, were traced back to their Oriental sources. Dr. Ward is also inclined to ascribe a considerable share of Hittite influence on Babylonia and Assyria, and would trace to this source the phase of the Babylonian-Assyrian Ishtar associated with sexual love.

The reading of papers began on Friday morning and was continued on Friday afternoon and Saturday morning. In all, forty-seven papers were presented, though a number of these were read by title only, owing to the absence of their authors. While the preponderance of papers this year was in the field of Semitic philology, the Indo-Iranian group was also well represented. Professor Bloomfield gave some specimens of his forthcoming work on "Repetitions in the Rig-Veda," which he has prepared as one of the supplements to his great "Vedic Concordance." The total number of repeated stanzas and single-verse lines in the Rig-Veda ranges into the thousands. Through these, a valuable aid to the interpretation of lines and to the relative chronology of the hymns is furnished. Thus, in passages where the more obvious translation of a certain term has been assumed to be "poor," the specification in one of the repeated lines shows that the correct rendering is "poet," which incidentally illustrated that in ancient India, as in our own days, there was a natural association between poverty and the professional writer of poetry. George W. Brown, a pupil of Professor Bloomfield's, presented an exhaustive study of the common Sanskrit *prāna* and *apāna*, which resulted in fixing the meaning as thoracic and abdominal breath, respectively, instead of in-breathing and out-breathing or *vice versa*, respectively. The distinction rested upon a primitive view that the air in the lungs and upper part of the body was of a different character and of a different vital quality from that below the diaphragm.

In the Semitic section, Professor Haupt of the Johns Hopkins University was represented by several papers. One of these dealt with the so-called "Priestly Blessing," of the Priestly Code (Numbers vi, 24-26), which he declared to be of late origin—exilic or post-exilic. Instead of the rendering "may he lift up his countenance unto

thee," he proposed by a slight textual change to read "may he raise his eyes to thee"; and comparing the phrase "to raise the eyes" to a well-known Babylonian counterpart *nishit eni*, Professor Haupt showed that in both languages, the idea conveyed was that of being attracted to some one, and therefore, to be regarded with favor. Professor Lyon of Harvard University analyzed in detail the objections urged by Prof. Joseph Kohler of the University of Berlin against the analysis of the famous Hammurabi code, given by Professor Lyon six years ago. His arguments were convincing that the compiler (or compilers) of this code was swayed by logical considerations in the arrangement of the 282 statutes. The first five statutes constituted an introduction on Evidence and Decision, followed by two broad divisions into (1) Property (§§ 6-126), and Person (§§ 127-282). The former division falls into three subdivisions: (a) Personal, (b) Real Estate, and (c) Trade and Business, and each of these into a varying number of further subdivisions; the latter likewise into three larger subdivisions (a) Family; (b) Injuries; (c) Laborers and Labor, each with further subdivisions.

Prof. J. A. Montgomery of the University of Pennsylvania gave an account of three interesting charms or mortuary inscriptions on gold foil, now in the Metropolitan Museum of New York. The inscriptions in a Judæo-Aramaic dialect come from the Hauran district in Syria. Professor Montgomery read a translation of one of the longest, consisting of thirty-two lines, which implores protection against evil demons. A Persian name, Shapur, gives a clue to the date, which may be of the third century of this era. The name of Jahweh is written with the three letters J H W as in the Aramaic Papyri recently found in Elephantine. Professor Jastrow of the University of Pennsylvania gave a synopsis of his paper on the great astrological series of Babylonia-Assyria. He showed that it was a composite production, consisting of parts and sections which range from the Sargon period down to the Cassites, *i. e.*, from *c.* 2700 B. C. to 1700 B. C. This series, known from the opening words as "When Anu and Enlil," was originally written at least in part in Sumerian. In its "Babylonian" or Semitic garb it remained the official handbook of the priests for astrological omens down through the Assyrian period.

The session of Friday afternoon was devoted to papers on the Historical Study of Religions. In a short but incisive paper, Prof. L. C. Barret of Dartmouth College criticised the school of comparative mythologists who would see everywhere in "Myths about Dragon Fights" the struggle of a god who creates light against a demon who darkens the moon. His criticism was particularly directed against Ernst Strecke's recent monograph, "Drachenkämpfe." Professor Barret urged that one must distinguish among the various classes of such tales, and that in some cases the stories were not even myths, but tales of heroes who did not represent degraded gods.

A paper of present interest was that by Prof. George A. Barton of Byrn Mawr College on the new "Deluge" fragment published a few weeks ago by Professor Hilprecht. After deprecating the sensational manner in which the discovery of this little fragment was exploited, being heralded as "ushering in a new period in the history of religion," Professor Barton showed by careful analysis of the script that it belonged to the Cassite period, which would make it 400 or 500 years later than the period assigned to it by Professor Hilprecht, and therefore not nearly as old as the tablet in Mr. Morgan's library. In the discussion that followed, Professors Haupt and A. T. Clay concurred with Professor Barton's view.

The Society adjourned Saturday noon to meet in Cambridge March 16-18, 1911.

J.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The Catalogue of the Edwin B. Holden collection is now in the hands of collectors, and is a remarkable volume. Nearly eight thousand lots are described, and the sale will continue for twelve days, two sessions a day, afternoon and evening, beginning April 21, at the rooms of the American Art Galleries, in New York. The descriptive adjectives "scarce," "very scarce," and "exceedingly scarce," are used with judgment and discretion. We wish, however, that the catalogue had been supplied with head lines and page numbers. It has, for the most part, been prepared by Robert Fridenberg, than whom no man has a better knowledge of American prints. It will be of interest to print collectors to note here that Mr. Fridenberg, after a partnership of twenty-four years in the firm of J. O. Wright & Co., has now individually taken the print stock and will hereafter carry on the print business in his own name.

Mr. Holden's collection of engraved portraits of Washington surpasses in value and interest the Mitchell and Bement-Carson collections, which were dispersed in Philadelphia a few years ago, and comprises upwards of eleven hundred lots. The late William S. Baker's book on the engraved portraits of Washington was the authoritative list until the publication by the Grolier Club of Charles Henry Hart's catalogue in 1904. Mr. Fridenberg refers to both the Baker and the Hart numbers. Most of the rarities are included in the collection.

The collection of engraved portraits of Franklin is said to be the finest ever brought together, and comprises about five hundred lots. The rare mezzotints and etchings, as well as several fine specimens printed in colors, are included.

The third section of the Catalogue, the Maps and Views of New York city, is certain to be of especial interest at the present time. Among the older views there is a unique early engraving in the style of the Allard view, and done probably about 1664, before the surrender of New York to the English. Canot's South East View, and the same artist's South West View; the Carwitham View of Fort George; Robert Havell's two views from the East River, and from the North River; a set of Bourne's Views, India proofs; and a complete set of Jones, Newman, and Ewbank's "Pictorial Directory of New York," are other items. The collection of the works of early American engravers, such as Asher B. Durand (119 lots), David Edwin (188 lots), W. S. Leney, J. B. Longacre, Peter Maverick, and Paul Revere (including his famous plate of the Boston Massacre) is very extensive, and the series of engraved views of American scenes fills many pages of the catalogue. The engravings by artists other than American number upwards of two thousand and include many specimens of Rembrandt, Dürer, Raphael Morghen, William Marshall, Faithorne, Bartolozzi, and Hellar, and the most extensive collection ever brought together of the works of Gaillard.

Among the autographs are a document signed by Peter Stuyvesant, the last Dutch Governor of New York, and several documents signed by early English Governors of the colony; a valuable letter written by Benedict Arnold, from Robinson's House, August 16, 1780; a survey and several letters of Washington; three autograph letters of Benjamin Franklin; fine letters of Hancock, Huntington, McKean, and other signers of the Declaration of Independence; letters of Gates, Greene, Benjamin Lincoln, Heath, Patrick Henry, Alexander Hamilton, and other Revolutionary generals and statesmen; letters of Lamb, Dickens, Prescott, Emerson, Whittier, Lowell, Longfellow, and other English and American writers; and an important manuscript account of the Siege of Yorktown in 1781, by an unknown French engineer, accompanied by a beautifully drawn manuscript map of the siege.

The books included in the sale are few in number and mostly Americana, but very rare items are included, such as the original Boston edition of the "Impartial History of the War in America" (1781), with the very rare third volume, and the full set of portraits engraved by Norman; the first edition of Ethan Allen's "Narrative" of his Captivity (Philadelphia, Bell, 1779); the first edition of the trial of Major André (1780); the first edition of the "Short Narrative of the Horrid Massacre in Boston" (1770); the first edition of John Clarke's "Impartial and Authentic Narrative of the Battle fought on Bunker's Hill" (1775); the first edition of Dickenson's famous "Letters from a Farmer in Pennsylvania" (Philadelphia, 1768); Simcoe's "Journal of the Operations of the Queen's Rangers" (printed for the author, 1784); and a very long series of tracts on the Stamp Act and Revolution.

On April 18, the Anderson Auction Company will sell the library of the late Howard L. Osgood of Rochester, N. Y. The library is mainly Americana, relating to New York, Connecticut, and Pennsylvania. The rarest book is, without doubt, David Cusick's "Sketches of the Ancient History of the Six Nations," printed at Tuscarora Village (now Lewiston, Niagara County, New York), in 1828. This is the second edition, of which,

according to the title-page, seven thousand copies were printed. The first edition was printed in 1825, but no copy of either has ever before appeared in the auction market.

On April 19 and 20 the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company will sell a collection of Americana, including a number of pamphlets relating to the Stamp Act and the Revolution; several desirable Connecticut titles; books on California and the West; a series of Eulogies on Washington, etc.

Correspondence.

OFFICIAL SCIENCE UNDER THE TAFT ADMINISTRATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: At the recent Minnesota State Conservation Convention, the secretary of the interior of the United States, in an address the effect of which could only be to discourage conservation of natural resources, is reported to have stated that not more than four-tenths of one per cent. of the total coal supply of the world has yet been mined, and that the supply is sufficient to last 7,600 years. It would be interesting to know upon whose computations these figures are based, since the estimates of the experts of the United States Geological Survey have placed the proportion of the fuel now unmined at from 40 to 70 per cent. of the total original supply, and have predicted complete exhaustion of the mines in from 107 to 120 years. Cabinet officials have not heretofore indulged in such grotesquely inaccurate statements upon scientific subjects, and the effect of the speech upon the public mind and conscience is likely to be so much the more disastrous.

Quite recently, too, as a consequence of the Pinchot-Ballinger inquiry, we have learned what, but for this investigation would probably not have become generally known, namely, that one of the great scientific bureaus of the government has under protest rendered an expert report contrary to the facts and by order of the same cabinet officer. If not the first instance of the prostitution of a government scientific bureau to private interests, it is at least the first outside the land office that has become a matter of common knowledge.

Almost at the same moment the chief of the United States Weather Bureau issued a supposed scientific report upon "The Influence of Forests on Climate and on Floods," a report which purports to give the results of a special investigation. This report is so contrary to the accumulated knowledge of the past, and, it might be added, to fundamental common sense as well, as to be little less than ludicrous. To illustrate, one of the final conclusions in the report is: "The run-off of our rivers is not materially affected by any other factor than the precipitation." The effect of this report upon science will, of course, be negligible; for the report itself carries its own refutation to the thoughtful reader. It is because the paper appears just as it is needed by private interests to defeat legislation for a much needed forest reserve, and has, further, been made a Congressional document, and been mailed under government franking privilege in almost unlimited numbers to all parts of the country, that the event acquires significance. The interesting question at the moment relates to the "men higher up."

Under all these circumstances, the following statement by Senator La Follette, who, perhaps, as well as any one, is familiar with statistics upon the cost of the necessities of life, will be read with interest:

The data of the Bureau of Statistics have been adopted by the President in his Lincoln Day attempt to show that the Payne-Aldrich tariff is revision downward. This should please the statisticians of the bureau; for when their figures showed that it was a revision upward, Mr. Taft, in his Winona speech, rejected them and adopted a batch of figures which, so far as authority is concerned, might have accidentally blown in from the corridor, but now, the wind-blown tables are justified by those more legitimate ones emanating from the Bureau of Statistics.

Has the time not arrived for the scientific bodies of the country, and particularly for the National Academy of Science, to enter a protest against the invasion by political influence of the freedom and independence of bureaus of scientific inquiry?

Wm. H. Hobbs.

University of Michigan, April 4.

HOLBERG AND "THE RECRUITING OFFICER."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the *Nation* of March 24 Professor Beach mentions the similarity between the dénouement of Holberg's "Erasmus Montanus" and a scene in Farquhar's "Recruiting Officer." It is interesting to note that this play is the only English comedy to which Holberg explicitly refers. To a line in "Peder Paars" (Bk. iv, canto iii, line 38), in which he is describing the tricks of a recruiting officer, he appends the following note:

To soldiers who want to learn the tricks of recruiting, I recommend an English comedy called "The Recruiting Soldier" (*sic*).

This definite reference to "The Recruiting Officer" has led many Scandinavian writers on Holberg to agree with Professor Beach in assuming that the lieutenant's trick in "Erasmus Montanus" was consciously borrowed from Farquhar's play. Olaf Skavlan was, I believe, the first to assert this borrowing in his "Holberg som Komedieforfatter" (1872; p. 196). His statement has been repeated by nearly all subsequent writers on Holberg. This generally recognized similarity is interesting chiefly because it is one of the very few definite traces we have of the influence which Holberg's two years in England exerted upon him, although that influence was, I believe, much greater and more fundamental than has hitherto been supposed.

Professor Beach's characterization of Holberg's mock heroic poem, "Peder Paars," as an "obvious son of Gulliver," is a mistake. "Peder Paars," as a matter of fact, was written in 1719, at least seven years before Holberg could have read "Gulliver." The one work of Holberg which has sometimes been regarded as an imitation of "Gulliver" is his "Nicolai Klimii iter subterraneum.

Oscar James Campbell, jr.

Harvard University, April 5.

THE ORIGINAL PERFORMANCES OF "THE RIVALS."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In his recent admirable "Sheridan, from New and Original Material," Mr. Walter Sichel says of "The Rivals" (Vol. I, p. 484): "After two performances it was withdrawn, in ten days repaired, and then acted with pronounced and prolonged success." In thus asserting that "The Rivals" was performed twice before it was withdrawn for revision, Mr. Sichel repeats a common error. Percy Fitzgerald, in "The Lives of the Sheridans" (1886, p. 118), says: "The play, first produced on January 17th, 1775, was performed again on the 18th, and then 'withdrawn.'" Lloyd C. Sanders, in his "Life of Richard Brinsley Sheridan" (1891, p. 26), says: "After a second trial, the play was judiciously withdrawn." The assertion is repeated, likewise, by Brander Matthews, G. G. Sigmond, G. A. Aitken, and others. Even John Genest, "Some Account of the English Stage" (1832, Vol. V, p. 459), records a performance of "The Rivals" for both January 17 and 18.

Yet the most casual reading of the newspaper accounts of the original performances of the play shows beyond any doubt that "The Rivals" was produced only once (January 17) before it was withdrawn. A few quotations will be sufficient:

The comedy of "The Rivals," at Covent Garden, is withdrawn for the present, to undergo some severe prunings, trimmings, and patchings, before its second performance. (The *Morning Post*, January 19, 1775).

Notice is given to the effect that the play will be performed "for the second time," on Saturday next, with alterations. (The *Gazetteer*, January 24, 1775).

At the second representation of the new comedy of "The Rivals," it was received with the warmest bursts of approbation (The *British Chronicle*, January 27-30, 1775).

Half a dozen other quotations, equally explicit, might be given.

How, then, has the error of two performances gained such general acceptance among students of Sheridan? Professor Nettleton, who alone has called attention to it, says ("The Major Dramas of Sheridan," p. lxvi):

Probably the best explanation of the mistake is furnished by the following extract, which has seemingly never attracted attention, from the *Town and Country Magazine*, January, 1775. In the course of a critique upon "The Rivals" occurs this sentence: "After a pretty warm contest towards the end of the last act, it was suffered to be given out for the ensuing night." To this, however, is appended the following significant foot-note: "Mr. Sheridan withdrew it after the first night's representation to make some alterations, as we suppose, similar to those here pointed out."

I wish to call attention to a more likely source of the mistake, a playbill of the Covent Garden Theatre actually announcing a second performance of the play on January 18. A facsimile of this playbill is given by Fitzgerald at the end of "The Lives of the Sheridans":

Perform'd But Once. At the Theatre-Royal, Covent Garden, This present Wednesday, January 18, 1775, Will be presented a New Comedy call'd "The Rivals." . . .

This playbill, doubtless, was printed in advance, for the managers of the theatre did not expect failure on the first night. Sheridan wrote to his father-in-law:

There will be a comedy of mine in re-

hearsal at Covent Garden within a few days . . . He [Mr. Harris, the manager of the theatre], and some of his friends also who have heard it, assure me in the most flattering terms that there is not a doubt of its success.

And after the failure, the *Morning Chronicle* (January 19, 1775) remarked: "The new comedy of 'The Rivals' was, in the Green Room of Covent Garden Theatre, but last week, deemed the *ne plus ultra* of comedy." Moreover, the playbill itself contains evidence that it was printed before the first night's failure. One of the chief criticisms of the first performance was the extraordinary length of the play:

The play itself is a *full hour* longer in the representation than any piece on the stage. This last circumstance is an error of such a nature as shows either great obstinacy in the Author, or excessive ignorance in the managers. (The *Morning Chronicle*, January 20, 1775.)

Yet the playbill, after announcing the performance of "The Rivals," says:

To which, By Particular Desire, will be added, (the thirty-fifth time) The Druids. With the Alterations, the Last New Scene and Additional Performances. . . .

Surely the managers, after discovering that "The Rivals" was too long by "a *full hour*," would not announce for the following night an additional performance. Since, as I have tried to show, the playbill was probably printed in advance, it cannot, in the face of the overwhelming evidence of the many newspaper accounts, have any authority.

Doubtless, as the *Town and Country Magazine* states, the play was "given out for the ensuing night"; the playbills had been printed in advance; subsequently, it seems, the author decided to withdraw the play for revision. It would be interesting to know how the managers of the theatre met the situation.

JOSEPH QUINCY ADAMS, JR.

Ithaca, N. Y., April 6.

SHAKESPEARE'S "MOUNTJOY."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of April 7, Mr. R. W. Shannon points out the fact, which Professor Wallace and myself had overlooked, though it is noted in many editions of the play, that "Montjoie," the name given to the herald in Shakespeare's "Henry V," was the designation of an office, in France—that is, was the title of the chief of the heralds. It would be impossible, however, to tell from Holinshed's text alone that the name was not a personal one, and, if Shakespeare knew that it was not—which may have been the case—he must have learned it from some other source. The dialogue between the king and the herald which we find in act iii, scene vi, lines 111 ff., seems (like everything else in the play) to show that Shakespeare, himself, regarded it as a personal name. It runs as follows: Montjoy—"You know me by my habit." King Henry—"Well, then I know thee; what shall I know of thee?" The herald delivers his message, and again King Henry asks: "What is thy name? I know thy quality" (*i. e.*, profession), to which the herald replies: "Montjoy." One might say that Shakespeare here purposely adopted the title as a personal name out of compliment to his French host, Christopher Mountjoy. But apart from the fact that it is not quite certain whether Shakespeare was living with the Montjoys so early as the period in which "Henry V" was composed, it is not necessary to resort to such an explanation in view of the ambiguity in Holinshed. It seems to me, then, as I said in my first communication, that the use of the name in this play is due entirely to its occurrence in Holinshed (the principal source for the historical details of "Henry V"), and has nothing to do with the Christopher Mountjoy with whom, as we now know, Shakespeare was living in the year 1604.

J. DOUGLAS BRUCE.

University of Tennessee, April 9.

THE FREER MANUSCRIPTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Since the first report was made upon the Greek Manuscripts, which Mr. Charles L. Freer brought from Egypt in 1907 (see the *Nation*, January 2, 1908), a considerable literature has sprung up about them. So many requests for information are received that it seems best to make a brief statement in regard to the plan which has been adopted for their publication.

As soon as the value of the manuscripts was recognized, Mr. Freer expressed the desire to make them available for use in the way which should be deemed most effective. After consultation with both American and foreign scholars it was decided to publish complete facsimiles of two of the manuscripts, those of Deuteronomy and Joshua, and the Gospels; and this work was promptly commenced. An introduction to the facsimile of the Deuteronomy and Joshua has been prepared by Prof. H. A. Sanders, and this facsimile will be ready for distribution within a few months. It will be published in a limited edition, which, through the generosity of Mr. Freer, will be presented by the library of the University of Michigan to the libraries of the principal universities. A study of this manuscript, covering its history so far as known, the palæography, and peculiarities and relations of the text, and including a complete collation, has been prepared by Professor Sanders, and is now in press. This will appear as a part of a volume in the University of Michigan Studies (Humanistic Series), which will be devoted to the Greek manuscripts of the Old Testament in the Freer collection.

THEODORE W. KOCH.

University of Michigan Library, April 2.

AN EARLY BIT OF WEATHER LORE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Apropos of the fickle spring, is there any earlier bit of weather lore extant in English than the following proverb, copied by me from a fly-leaf of MS. Lincoln Cathedral Library, C. 5,4, where it had reposed since the mid-fifteenth century?—

Whan the raven cryeth befor the crowe,
Than may the housbonde ere and sowe;
Whan the crowe cryeth befor the raven,
Tha[n] drawë shippis into the havene.

"In Scotland," says the Rev. C. Swainson, "it is believed that if the raven cries first in the morning, it will be a good day; if the rook, the reverse." ("Handbook of Western Folk Lore.") Mr. R. Inwards, in his "Weather Lore," quotes the Scots, saying:

The corbie said unto the craw,
"Johnnie, fling your plaid awa'";
The crow says unto the corbie,
"Johnnie, fling your plaid about ye."

My middle English saying is thus held in reverence by the weather sages of our time, it seems. What scientific dogma of to-day has had so long a life?

HENRY NOBLE MACCRACKEN.

New Haven, Conn., April 4.

Literature.

A CONTINUATION OF GARDINER'S HISTORY.

The Last Years of the Protectorate, 1656-1658. By C. H. Firth. Vols. I and II. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $7 net.

Few books have been awaited by the historical public in recent years with livelier expectation than the present work. The late Dr. S. R. Gardiner gave us the history of England from the accession of James I to the middle of the year 1656, in seventeen volumes, so exact, so fair, and so readable that the work will never have to be done over again; so complete, moreover, that it is generally recognized by students of English history that the first half of the seventeenth century, which fifty years ago was one of its least known periods, is to-day almost the most difficult field of all in which to find material for an original monograph or doctoral dissertation. When Dr. Gardiner died, in 1902, it was his wish that Mr. Firth, who had already made a name for himself as his foremost disciple, should carry on the work from the point where he had laid it down; and the notes and material which Dr. Gardiner had collected on the last two years of the Protectorate were placed at Mr. Firth's disposal for that purpose. That eight years have elapsed before the expected continuation appeared is no reproach to Mr. Firth's energy or diligence, as those who have followed his career closely will readily admit. In 1904, on the death of Frederick York-Powell, he was elected Regius Professor of modern history at Oxford, and since that time, he has been busily engaged in organizing and supervising advanced historical study and research at the university, which had hitherto restricted its instruction almost entirely to undergraduates. It is particularly fitting that tribute should be paid to Professor Firth's work in this direction in an American journal, for American students, Rhodes scholars and others, have reaped the benefit of his labors fully as much as Englishmen. And, in addition to all this, Professor Firth has continued to pour forth a lavish stream of minor articles and monographs—mostly in the "Cambridge Modern History," the *English*

Historical Review, and the *Transactions of the Royal Historical Society*, occasionally in the form of introductions to the work of his pupils—constant proofs of the comprehensiveness and depth of his knowledge, and of his generosity in imparting it, welcome harbingers of the final product, of which the first instalment has now arrived.

To say that the book justifies expectations, is, under the circumstances, high praise; in our opinion, it is but fair to go further than that, and to assert that it exceeds them. For the task was beset with unusual difficulties, all of which have been triumphantly surmounted. To have continued the work of Gardiner, in any form, is an achievement; to have continued it, as Professor Firth has done, in such a manner that it would be well-nigh impossible for the most careful student to tell, either from matter or style, where one author leaves off and the other begins, is almost a literary and historical *tour de force*. Over and above these special difficulties inherent in carrying on the work of another, the period with which Professor Firth's book deals presents a number of unusually puzzling problems in itself. Parties were so numerous and passions ran so high in the last years of the Protectorate, that the writings of contemporaries often serve to obscure rather than to illuminate the truth. Though many modern monographs have recently appeared on the continental history of the period, the purely English field (perhaps, in anticipation of this very book), has, during the last decade, been left almost entirely alone by other scholars so that the author has been obliged to rely to an unusual degree on his own researches. In short, he has had a great opportunity, and we doubt if any other living man could have utilized it equally well.

The field covered coincides precisely with the last two years of Oliver Cromwell's life—September, 1656, to September, 1658. The interest of the story is throughout a double one. At home we find the Protector ceaselessly but unsuccessfully attempting to clothe his government with constitutional forms, to disguise the nakedness of military rule, to "do *with* Parliaments," since he could not permanently do without them. Abroad he strives to organize a general coalition of the Protestant states of Europe against both branches of the House of Hapsburg, but is thwarted by the bickerings of the Scandinavian and North German Powers on the one hand, and by the League of the Rhine, engineered by Mazarin, on the other; so that at last his original plans vanish into thin air, and are replaced by the more practical Anglo-French alliance against Spain. Such are the bare bones of the familiar tale which Mr. Firth's volumes have done so much to amplify and illuminate. His book contains nothing of a revolutionary nature in statement of fact, interpretation, or point of view: not a single established verdict of importance is overthrown or even challenged. Much new material has been discovered; still more has been intelligently utilized for the first time; but the net result seems to be to confirm and enlarge, rather than to controvert and dispute, the judgments of earlier laborers in this field. The author's fondness for military and naval history stands out in his descriptions of the campaign in Flanders, and of the capture of Jamaica; one feels, instinctively, that his account of these is in every sense of the word final. The newest parts of the book are the chapters dealing with Henry Cromwell's administration in Ireland, and his father's unsuccessful attempt to mediate in the Northern War between the Scandinavian nations, Poland, Russia, and the Great Elector. In his treatment of the former the author shows his fairness and moderation by steering a middle course between the absurdly exaggerated statements of partisan writers on both sides of this traditionally thorny topic. Although the interests of the native Irish inhabitants were completely disregarded—*more antiquo*—by Henry Cromwell's government, and although it is consequently a gross exaggeration to say "that Ireland never prospered as she prospered under the Protectorate," yet the author clearly shows, on the other hand, that the administration of these years marked an immense advance over anything preceding it, in that it was carried on in the interests of the entire British colony in Ireland, instead of in the interests of one section of it—namely, the latest comers—as had been the case before. As to the Protector's diplomacy in Northeastern Europe, Professor Firth points out with unanswerable force that Cromwell's sturdy determination to advance Protestantism at all costs (he was, indeed, the sole Protestant ruler of his day and generation to make religion the chief motive of his policy) crippled his action and retarded his decisions. The system of alliances among the northern states was so arranged that he could not intervene actively on any side without fighting a co-religionist; and mediation was equally impossible, partly because Catholic Poland, whose interests were everywhere concerned, mistrusted him, partly because of the impracticability of Charles X of Sweden and of the Elector of Brandenburg. On the question of the ultimate results, for England and for Europe, of the Anglo-French alliance against Spain, Mr. Firth is careful not to commit himself. Is it fair, as some historians do, to hold the Lord Protector responsible for the baleful preponderance of France under Louis XIV, inaugurated by the Peace of the Pyrenees, and by the humiliation, through English aid, of Spain? Did Cromwell's hatred of Catholicism and the Hapsburgs blind him to the necessity for the maintenance of the balance of power? More definite verdicts on these interesting questions will perhaps be vouchsafed to us in a later volume. For the present, we can only feel that the author's obvious reluctance to indulge in general statements or sweeping conclusions lends added weight to the few expressions of personal opinion which he has allowed himself hitherto.

Certainly, one has an indefinable feeling that one is treading on absolutely safe ground in perusing these two absorbing volumes. If later research yields any material which will serve to alter the statements and conclusions therein contained, the changes, we are convinced, will be but slight. It is scarcely too much to say that the history of the Protectorate is now known as accurately and completely as the history of any period of equal length in the whole course of England's development, the nineteenth century not excepted. The next instalment of Professor Firth's great work should carry the story on to the Restoration of Charles II in May, 1660.

CURRENT FICTION.

When a Woman Woos. By Charles Marriott. New York: John Lane Co.

If the title of Mr. Marriott's book were not so essential to the meaning of his tale, it would be indeed a pity that he should have chosen a name so redolent of melodrama and molasses for a story of highly exceptional truthfulness, simplicity, and strength. The subject here is the one which Bernard Shaw popularized and vulgarized in his "Man and Superman," namely, the eternal pursuit of the man by the woman in obedience to Nature's behest. In Shaw the theme is developed after the boldest fashion. The woman informs the man that she intends to marry him. The man asserts that he won't let her, and runs away to Spain. The woman follows in an automobile, overtakes him and marries him. In Shaw's text, Nature striving after her ends is not merely self-conscious, but positively vociferous.

Mr. Marriott has brought to the problem a deeper vision and a far higher artistic method. His heroine, Audrey Tregarthan, without having previously speculated on love, without even greatly missing it, finds it altogether natural to place herself soul and body at the disposal of the first man who arouses in her the feeling which only later she discovers to be love. Audrey is not the *femme qui se donne* of the French novelists, since she is not the creature of passion, but of instinct. The man in the case is of a type more com-

mon in life than in fiction. In him the offer of unconditional surrender arouses at first bewilderment, and then awe. If the woman's self-abandon is in reality pursuit, and the man's reluctance to accept is in reality the instinct to escape, the fact is indicated as subtly as it reveals itself in life. Without the strong hint conveyed in the title the average reader might perhaps fail to see the point at all. Once the hint is given, he sees that the point has unmistakably been proven.

In Audrey Tregarthan and her lover Fielding we find a blending of the idyllic and the actual which reminds one strongly of Turgenieff. The Russian's method is suggested, too, in the absolutely simple and straightforward way the story is told. It is free from the tremendous moral crises and stresses which other contemporary novelists who have gone to the same corner of southwestern England for their people and their atmosphere, are so fond of. Without being as elemental or tragic a figure as Thomas Hardy's Tess, Audrey Tregarthan leaves the impression of being fully as real.

The Achievements of Luther Trant. By Edwin Balmer and William MacHarg. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

Of late it has grown incumbent on the writer of detective stories to invent not merely a hero and a plot, but a method as well. Luther Trant is a young man who, starting from the very bottom as professor of experimental psychology in a Western college, rises to fame as an expert detector of crime by making use of the many methods for soul-measurement that have been devised from Wundt to Münsterberg. Trant's mode of procedure is, ostensibly, a simple one. The man guilty of crime or having knowledge of crime may repress all outward manifestations of the emotion that accompanies such knowledge; but he cannot hide his emotion from the galvanometer or the swinging-mirror. This method, like the best way of making rabbit pie, requires that the criminal be caught before he is tested. To effect that Luther Trant does not rely on chance, but on the classical methods of deduction as practised since Edgar Allan Poe's time. And as a matter of fact it is on this side that the present collection of stories is strongest. Before Luther Trant gets his electric machines into action, he does some very pretty puzzle-solving. With one or two exceptions these stories are far above the ordinary run of this type of fiction.

Little Aliens. By Myra Kelly. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The pleasure with which one renews friendship with these beguiling "little aliens"—or "little citizens"—is touched with keen regret as one realizes that in this book they come among us for the last time. There are few indeed of our many clever writers of short stories whose characters have become so dear to us as have those of Myra Kelly. It is true that she has not in a high degree the distinctive qualities of the story-teller. When we compare her with such a master of the art as O. Henry, we are sure to feel that the best things in her books are exquisite sketches rather than stories But it is largely through this very simplicity of execution, this manner of one making a careless transcript from life, that she makes her own love for her little group of Yiddish children contagious, until even that grotesque speech of theirs, intrinsically so harsh and repellent, comes to have as distinct a charm as any soft Italian patois. Unfortunately, Miss Kelly has made, in this last book, several attempts to cast her material into more conventional narrative form. In four out of the eight stories the plot turns upon very unlikely coincidences, and in no one of these is the event sufficiently interesting to compensate for the sacrifice of reality. In the other stories, however, especially in "Friends" and "The Magic Cape," the old spontaneous humor and pathos are as appealing as ever.

The Losing Game. By Will Payne. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company.

American finance and American marriages, in high places, have been heavily drawn upon of late by our serious, pragmatic novelists. The present is a story of business and marriage upon a much more sordid plane than that Robert Herrick and David Graham Phillips occupy themselves with. Mr. Payne's book is an intimate study of the technique of bucket-shop operation. His hero is a telegraph operator who attains much easily-gotten wealth through his wire-tapping abilities. The real architect of his fortunes is, however, the girl stenographer who first reveals to him the infinite possibilities of getting rich quickly. She marries him when they are still poor, and is a comfort and guide to him in his first, tottering, dishonest steps upward. As soon as he is a millionaire he forsakes her and marries a blonde woman with social aspirations. The last chapter leaves him as poor as the first chapter finds him. The book offers by no means an unfaithful picture of a very definite phase of the national life and character; only it is hard to escape the feeling that it was written for people with a sneaking admiration for the kind of rascality that it pictures so graphically and so attractively.

Over the Quicksands. By Anna Chapin Ray. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

As a picture of Quebec from the resident's point of understanding, this book is instructive and charming. The reader is so hospitably enrolled in the old city's inner modern circles as to become an affectionate partisan, despising the tourist and dreading the weather that brings him—and this, even though the reader himself may never have seen Quebec. Such is the coaxing power of a year spent in a set of amiable and disinterested young folk whose life is snow sport in every variety, drinking tea, and eating buttered toast. There is a brave attempt at characterization that only partially succeeds in lifting the actors out of the plane of agents in a plot. Of plot, there is not an excess, but there is an all-pervading mystery which, hovering on the edge of classic tragedy, is solved in so domestic a fashion as to suggest a Greek torso restored by Yankee additions. The interest is kept up by the haggard pallors and arrested circulation of those persons who are involved in the dark enigma, and it is not to be denied that curiosity is amply piqued. But the motive of a brother and sister, ignorant of the relationship, falling in love with each other, needs a very large treatment or none—preferably none. Such a theme must needs be stupendous, offensive, or inadequate. Miss Ray, choosing the second best, makes it inadequate.

THE STATE IN LITTLE.

The Junior Republic: Its History and Ideals. By William R. George, with an introduction by Thomas M. Osborne. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50 net.

So much ephemeral literature, some of it unbalanced and misleading, has grown about the young folks' democracy at Freeville, N. Y., that an official history is most welcome. Mr. George tells his story unaffectedly, and with a fine relish for the human nature involved. His reminiscences make the turbulent growth of this miniature commonwealth vivid and at times thrilling, yet his record is essentially a sober one, giving no effect of special pleading.

The republic rose out of the ashes of a charity. It was born in disillusion. For four years from 1890 Mr. George conducted a summer fresh air camp at Freeville, only to arrive at the bitter conviction that he was doing harm. In disgust he turned upon his wards and told them they must work for the clothes which formerly had been distributed gratis. After the first indignation, the plan worked excellently, even became popular, and resulted in a general improvement in *morale*. The camp became no longer a charity, but a self-supporting community, with Mr. George as its benevolent autocrat. It was again despair that forced the first step in self-government. Petty thieving at the expense of neighboring farmers naturally throve in a community recruited from the slums. Mr. George faithfully ad-

ministered corporeal punishment without effect, until one day he realized that the daily whippings were a valued spectacle for all comers. That day he whipped no more, but turned over the two remaining culprits to the judgment of their fellows. The spectators became a tribunal which sternly voted exemplary punishment. Thus the camp took charge of its own conduct. It had reached the stage of a college senate.

From this to complete democracy was but a step. During a winter of hardship Mr. George and the pioneers planned the future state and learned to work together. Next year the republic stood full-fledged, with legislature, executive, and judiciary, token money, and diversified industries. Here was a miniature world in which, unless a boy worked, neither did he eat. It speedily produced its police and prisons; its lawyers and merchants. Laws grew and multiplied, chiefly from the need of protecting property rights. Parties developed; mobs raged and had to be quelled by the police; once something approaching a lynching was attempted. The political demoralization caused by the voting of newcomers was checked by a probationary requirement of residence—to all intents a naturalization law. Woman agitated for the ballot and eventually won it. Unfair trade by merchants commanding markets beyond the bounds was adjusted by the imposition of a customs duty. In fact, the emergencies of the greater Republic reproduced themselves in the junior republic in a most instructive fashion. There was no play about it. The boy or girl who passed from thriftlessness to vagrancy had to work under surveillance. This part of the story is thoroughly familiar and needs no comment except that Mr. George retells it with admirable clarity and humor.

The world, however, may not know so well the money crisis that befell the Junior Republic. Its fiat money, for which no means of retirement had been provided, glutted the treasury. The surplus became a source of heart-burning and corruption. It was foolishly voted away for needless improvements. Public officials battened on contracts. Wealth and intelligence rallied to meet the situation, but Bryanism was in the air, and the "invaders'"—summer citizens—carried the day for "free tin." The Legislature, bound to that policy, squabbled during its short term, but did next to nothing. Cold weather drove the free-tin populace back to the city, and the republic, left a financial derelict, went into voluntary liquidation. Its affairs were reorganized by the proprietary corporation. It erected safeguards for the suffrage, and by becoming a permanent settlement ended forever the political peril of the summer influx. Since then it has steadily grown in territory, population, and material resources, and its form of organization has been imitated elsewhere.

That the republic affords an extraordinary training in self-reliance there can be no matter of doubt. It welcomes the toughest boys from the city and makes good citizens of many of them. Except for a supreme court made up of adult friends of the Republic, it manages its own affairs, and manages them well. Since certain writers have asserted that the percentage of relapse is very large in ex-citizens we wish that Mr. George had met this point not by a general disclaimer, but statistically.

It is still too early to take definitive account of this extraordinary work. How far men like Mr. George and Mr. Osborne, the president of the corporation, are indispensable to success has not been settled. How far the democratic idea has a virtue to inspire average managers remains to be proved. Mr. George has constantly shown a tact and faith that are of the rarest. That these qualities are communicable one may only hope.

Most writers have emphasized the likenesses between the nation and the Junior Republic. The differences, which are considerable, should also be noted. No citizen owns land; it is supplied by the corporation. This means, first, an enormous subsidy to the Republic, and, next, the elimination of one of the thorniest issues from its politics. Next, the wage scale is uniform in all trades and arbitrarily divided into low, medium, and high. Thus competition is greatly reduced. Such paternalism, even though it be continued by consent of the citizens, makes the little commonwealth an imperfect copy of the economic world without. Similarly, the paid artisans, supported not by the republic, but by the corporation, introduce a special element which has no analogy in the real world. These observations are made not in a deprecatory way, but in the interest of clearness of judgment. As to the admirable spirit and general usefulness of the work, there is no doubt. The reading of this book will go far to reassure those whose faith in the democratic principle is wavering. Such doubters may find reproof and instruction in the numerous cases in which the average sense of boys and girls has issued in essential justice and even high political wisdom.

The Elizabethan People. By Henry Thew Stephenson. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2 net.

This is a work of popularization which offers in reasonable compass a great deal of information on Elizabethan life, custom, and character. For example, it contains chapters on life in London and in the country, sports and indoor amusements, popular superstitions, baptismal and bridal customs, etc. A good part of the material is taken from modern authorities like Sidney Lee and Hubert Hall, but the author has also used to a considerable extent such sources as Harrison, Stow, and the Elizabethan plays and pamphlets. He has not altogether avoided the chief danger of works of this kind—namely, the exaggeration of what differentiates the life and modes of thought of the particular period from our own. For instance, superstitions about fairies were common in the days of Elizabeth, but surely not "every mother" felt a "thrill of fear" at the birth of her child lest the fairies should carry it off. The book, too, suffers somewhat from the want of historical perspective. The writer was under no obligation to give even a brief history of the different matters of which he treats, as they had already developed before the reign of Elizabeth, but an occasional glance backward, and, perhaps, forward, also, is necessary to set customs, etc., in their right light. As it is, Professor Stephenson describes each thing entirely severed from its historical connections, as if it had existed only in the Elizabethan age. Connected with this defect, no doubt, is his indiscriminate selection of pictures for the illustration of Elizabethan sports and customs, many of those which he reproduces from Strutt and others being really (though this is not indicated) mediæval or modern in their origin. The procedure in question is particularly unfortunate in such a book as the present one, since it is calculated to confuse (in regard to costume and such matters) the class of readers who are most likely to use it, viz., beginners in the study of Elizabethan literature.

The chapter most open to criticism is that on Elizabethan character which begins the book. The "savagery" of the age is over-emphasized and the "dislike of long and continuous mental strain" sounds peculiar, when applied to the generation of Shakespeare and Bacon. The following explanation, moreover, of the great Elizabethan literature which we find in this chapter is, we venture to say, unique:

> Its lasting effect [*i. e.*, of the destruction of the Spanish Armada in 1588] is recognized to-day in the fact that by making continental travel safe, tourists were enabled to bring home precious manuscripts and a knowledge of older and more perfect learning that, when published and conned, directly gave birth to Shakespeare and his followers.

What has become of the long and painful development of the English Renaissance, some of whose fruits were already before the world in the form of the "Shepherd's Calendar," "Tamburlaine," etc.? The new leaven must have worked with the rapidity of our modern patent medicines, for in two years—to mention just a few of its miraculous effects—it had produced the best half of

the "Faerie Queene" (1590)—most of which, it may be remarked, was doubtless already in MS. before 1588—and in five years all the plays of Marlowe that had not appeared, all the extant plays of Greene, and the earliest of Shakespeare's.

Historical Essays. By James Ford Rhodes. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.25 net.

With two or three exceptions, the papers here collected have already seen the light, either in magazines or in the publications of the American Historical Association and the Massachusetts Historical Society; but they well deserve the wider reading which their publication in the present form will doubtless insure. For one thing, they will appeal strongly to those who, without being vainly curious, nevertheless like to know what a scholar of assured reputation thinks about his science or his art, how he has gone about the composition of his *magnum opus*, and at what rating he estimates his fellow-workers. On all of these matters Mr. Rhodes discourses frankly, and with a felicity and ease of expression that make the volume a contribution to literature.

It is refreshing, for example, in these days of documents, monographs, and research, of monumental books on small subjects, to find an historian of a very modern period waxing enthusiastic over Herodotus, Thucydides, and Tacitus, and urging the study of them; impressing upon would-be historians in the universities the need of thoughtful and generous reading in literature, philosophy, and economics, as well as in their chosen field; and insisting that history which is both patriotic and readable may also be true. Whatever the aim, whether the production of a learned treatise or the composition of an elaborate narrative history, Mr. Rhodes would have the student read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest not only the ancients, but also such modern writers as Gibbon, Macaulay, Gardiner, Carlyle, Lecky, and Lee, together with the great French novelists and critics, especially Sainte-Beuve; and, for the "study of human character," Homer and Shakespeare.

> Natural ability being presupposed, the qualities necessary for a historian are diligence, accuracy, love of truth, impartiality, and thorough digestion of his material by careful selection and long meditating, and the compression of his narrative into the smallest compass consistent with the life of his story. . . . Applying these considerations to the writing of history in America, it would seem that all we have to gain in method, in order that when the genius appears he shall rival the great Greek and the great Roman [Thucydides and Tacitus], is thorough assimilation of materials and rigorous conciseness in relation.

For his contemporaries in one or another part of the historical field, the careers of some of whom he has gracefully sketched from time to time in memorial papers, Mr. Rhodes has always the word of cordial and discriminating appraisal. His tributes to Gardiner, Lecky, Spencer Walpole, Green, Edward L. Pierce, Gen. Jacob D. Cox, and Godkin are models of sympathetic appreciation and balanced judgment; while his sketch of the late Prof. Edward G. Bourne is a worthy estimate of one of the rarest of American historical critics. Of the strictly historical papers, those entitled "Who Burned Columbia?" "The Presidential Office," and "A Review of President Hayes's Administration" are well known and need no further comment here; and the same may be said of the longer studies of Gibbon and Cromwell.

In his presidential address before the American Historical Association, in 1899, Mr. Rhodes said of Tacitus: "We know that we have been in the society of a gentleman who had a high standard of morality and honor. We feel that our guide was a serious student, a solid thinker, and a man of the world; that he expressed his opinions and delivered his judgment with a remarkable freedom from prejudice." If there be added to this the possession of a clear, straightforward, and effective style, the characterization fits admirably Mr. Rhodes himself. One cannot but wish that the history of the United States, which he has told so effectively for the years from 1850 to 1877, may before long be told, in the earlier portion of it, by one who, like him, is "a serious student, a solid thinker, and a man of the world."

The Life of W. J. Fox, Public Teacher and Social Reformer, 1786-1864. By the late Richard Garnett. Concluded by Edward Garnett. New York: John Lane Co. $5 net.

In all the great democratic movements of the first half of the nineteenth century, William Johnson Fox had his share. Beginning life as a bank clerk, he quickly drifted into Unitarianism, and after some preparation for the ministry at Homerton College, London, the theological seminary of the Congregational Church, he became pastor of a Congregational Church at Fareham, near Portsmouth, in 1812. Here his Unitarian opinions caused a split in the congregation; and after a period of trouble and dissension, Fox found himself installed in the pulpit of Parliament Court Chapel, Bishopsgate Street, London. From that time until his death in 1864, Fox was preacher, orator, publicist, editor, and member of Parliament; and in every capacity and at all times he was on the side of religious liberty, popular education, a wide franchise, free trade, women's rights—in a word he was a democratic Liberal of the Radical school. During the long agitation for the repeal of the Corn Laws, he was in request as a platform speaker almost as much as Cobden or Bright, and from the time he entered Parliament as Member for Oldham, in 1847, until he resigned his seat in 1862, he steadily supported every popular cause, and in especial made himself the champion of a really national system of popular education. Nevertheless, in spite of his usefulness to the great reform leaders of the mid-nineteenth century, Fox was rather an advocate of democratic causes than a constructive statesman. No one made more powerful appeals than he from the platform or in the columns of the newspapers; but his work was by its nature transitory and evanescent, and to the present generation Fox as a reformer is barely a name. The history of popular advance in the nineteenth century would, however, be incomplete if the part played in it by him were omitted, and Dr. Garnett's biography is bound to find a place in all libraries of modern English political, economic, and social history, with Graham Wallas's "Life of Francis Place" and Frank Podmore's "Life of Robert Owen," among the older lives and memoirs of Grote, Roebuck, O'Connell, and the other reformers of the period between the French Revolution and the Second Reform Act of 1867.

Dr. Garnett unfortunately did not live to complete his work. He himself had inherited the task from Fox's daughter—Mrs. Bridell Fox—who had collected the necessary letters, notebooks, diaries, and extracts from current literature, but who died without having been able to make use of her materials for a life of her father. The book has been completed by Edward Garnett; but its pages bear traces of haste and carelessness, and of a want of final revision; and the reader cannot but feel a regret that Dr. Garnett was unable to give the last touches to a book which was so well begun.

Besides its value as a biography of one of the prominent figures in the agitation for the repeal of the Corn Laws, Dr. Garnett's Life of Fox will be welcome for the glimpses it gives of James and Harriet Martineau, the Brownings, John Stuart Mill, Richard Cobden, William Charles Macready, and many more of the well-known men and women in the political, literary, and dramatic world of the period. Harriet Martineau's letters to Fox were among the few that escaped destruction when Miss Martineau, in 1857, undertook to secure from future publicity all her correspondence. Fox refused either to return or to destroy the letters he had received from her; and though Miss Martineau showed her displeasure by never again writing to Fox, Dr. Garnett has now been able to do a good service to her mem-

ory by giving from her letters a truer impression of her character than she herself conveyed in her autobiography. The extracts from these letters, as also the letters from the Brownings, which are given in one of the later chapters, are introduced for their own sake rather than for any light they throw on Fox's life or character; and, in fact, the whole of the last section of the book bears plain traces of being a compilation from material at hand, rather than a well-digested completion of a biography.

Notes.

The new volume of stories by Sir Gilbert Parker, announced by the Harpers for spring publication, will not appear until the fall.

Methuen & Co. of London announce a book on "The Fall of Abd-ul-Hamid," by Francis McCullagh. Mr. McCullagh was in Constantinople at the time of the revolution and was able to supplement his own observations by interviews with most of the chief actors.

The Hymn to Zeus of the Kouretes, found on a stone in Crete, is being restored by Prof. Gilbert Murray and Miss Jane Harrison. It has about five stanzas, and, with restoration, is fairly complete. The date is about 300 B. C. It will be published with Professor Murray's notes in the Journal of the British School.

Thomas Hardy's "Jude the Obscure" and "Far From the Madding Crowd" have just been published in Harper's thin paper edition of that novelist's works. The volumes are of pocket size, and though, as was the case with "The Return of the Native," the ink is at times rather pale, that fault is less pronounced, while the printing is otherwise improved, and offers little occasion for criticism.

Prof. William T. Brewster, who has been acting dean of Barnard College since the resignation three years ago of Miss Laura Drake Gill, has been appointed provost of that institution. Prof. G. H. Sabine of Stanford University has been chosen Sage professor of philosophy at Cornell, for one year, in the place of Prof. James E. Creighton. Professor Sabine will edit the *Philosophical Review* while he is at Cornell.

At the gathering in Geneva last July to pay special honor to John Calvin, it was announced that a monument to the Calvinistic Reformation would be seen in that city, and would be as significant as that to the Lutheran Reformation at Worms. More than $40,000 has been pledged to this enterprise (which is to cost about $100,000) in various European countries, but, as yet only about $1,000 has been raised in America. To make a fitting site for the monument it is proposed to cut down a part of the grounds opposite the University of Geneva so as to form a broad walk at a lower level. This walk will have a tesselated pavement and will be reached by a very wide flight of stone steps, at the head of which on either side will be huge boulders, one inscribed with the name of Luther and the other with that of Zwingli. Between this walk and the ancient wall, which here sustains the cathedral wherein Calvin regularly preached, will be a trench. The monument proper will consist of figures carved out of the granite slabs inserted in the wall. The central slab will have the forms of the four men, Farel, Calvin, Beza and Knox, who were the leaders of the movement which resulted in the Reformed, Presbyterian, and Congregational Churches. On either side of this group will come those who as statesmen and rulers promoted and protected the Reformed faith. Subscriptions for this undertaking may be sent to the treasurer, Samuel Macauley Jackson, 700 Park Avenue, New York.

It is difficult to review such a book as "Idealism as a Practical Creed," by Henry Jones (Macmillan). These lectures before the University of Sydney are vigorous. The statement of problems is completely candid. Wordsworth and Browning are effectively cited to confirm the idealistic mood. Moreover, unlike many pleas for idealism, the conditions of rational demonstration are cheerfully accepted. But the rationalist never really gets an idealist where he wants him. At a certain point Dr. Jones, protesting his essential rationalism the while, deftly switches the argument to the temperamental postulate that evil is somehow the necessary medium of the good we must follow. Whereupon, as a kind of benediction, he dismisses his readers with the categorical imperative of Kant. We have no desire to treat lightly what is a stimulating and serious book. Its quality may be illustrated by an extract which may suggest also its shortcomings:

> By uniting nature to man, man to man, and all with God, idealism has involved all that exists, or that man can conceive, in one doubtful destiny. . . . There is no salvation now by partial issues; the question of the rectitude and sanity of the whole order of reality has been raised, and there remain but two (*sic!*) alternatives—hope which cannot despair, or despair which cannot hope.

Of course, one must be a good deal of an idealist to conceive the issue thus sharply, but many people not dwellers in the epicurean sty, nor yet wholly devoid of philosophy, manage to put up with an imperfectly unified world. To admit and accept the ineluctable antinomies of experience is, at least, as respectable as to exalt one's temperamental desire for unity into an ultimate explanation of the cosmos. Even the agnostic position still has something to be said for it, though idealists can naturally tolerate no such cautious and essentially unthrilling attitude toward the hazards of thought and conduct.

The poet laureate's considerable gifts as a prose writer appear to advantage in "The Bridling of Pegasus, Prose Papers on Poetry" (Macmillan). In the essay on "The Essentials of Great Poetry" Sir Alfred Austin combats the present overestimation of lyrism. With Aristotle, he insists that great poetry demands a certain amplitude and universality of theme. The epic is the perfect type of great poetry including within itself all minor lyrical perfections. The essay is acutely reasoned, and should do good. It is supplemented by a paper on "The Feminine Note in English Literature," meaning naturally the undisciplined lyrism that at present claims the entire poetic field. In a parallel between Milton and Dante it is not surprising that the Florentine comes off best. The restraint of merely lyrical qualities, the severe realism of treatment, give the Tuscan work a more sustained imaginative quality. Our author refuses to impute sublimity to the merely vague and rhetorical. Far the most important essay in the volume is that on "Wordsworth and Byron." Quite merciless is the analysis of Matthew Arnold's selections from the two poets. The Byron anthology, according to Sir Alfred, contains a mere fraction of the important verse of the poet, whereas the more famous Wordsworth volume must be reduced by nine-tenths if it is really to offer only the inspired poetry. Byron, it is argued, is the greatest poetic figure of the century. No other man has touched so many pregnant themes with such power and eloquence. Wordsworth's genius is small, specialized, intermittent, and often inadequately expressed. In this contrast, there may be something of the exaggeration of the special pleader, but the argument seems to us in the main quite sound, and eminently salutary. Our judgments have been imposed upon by the flaccid mysticism of Wordsworth, the semi-rational anarchism of Shelley, and the opulent eloquence of Keats. Forgetting certain masculine virtues of poetry, we have seen these singers in a false glamour. In the coming readjustment Shelley and Wordsworth will, we think, lose; Keats much less, for he has at least been valued for his qualities and not for his defects; while Byron will rise to a place hardly lower than that he held in his lifetime.

We can only mention by title the essays, "Dante's Realistic Treatment of the Ideal," "Dante's Poetic Conception of Women," "Poetry and Pessimism," "A Vindication of Tennyson," "On the Relation of Literature to Politics," and "A Conversation with Shakespeare in the Elysian Fields." Where so much weighty, learned, and persuasive criticism is offered, one regrets a lurking conviction that it is, after all, not first class. With a little more wit and amenity, Sir Alfred might take up the good fight where Matthew Arnold left it. What prevents seems to be a fundamental inflexibility. One fears that many of his best opinions have not been lived but inherited. A ripe literary Toryism is not without its charm, but its appeal can hardly be popular. Then odd lapses of taste occasionally warn us that if our preceptor were more sensitive he would possibly be less judicious. The thin and pointless colloquy with Shakespeare is disheartening. Again, such a passage as that in which a line of Spenser is commented upon makes one rub one's critical eyes. Sir Alfred quotes:

> The noblest mind the best contentment has.

What a noble line! the noblest, I think, in all literature! Let us commit it to heart, repeat it morning, noon, and night, and it will cast out for us all the devils, aye, all the swine of Pessimism.

We leave the analysis of this porcine trope to the perceptive reader. It illustrates certain reasons why Sir Alfred's criticism, while telling at times, is not quite first class.

Prof. M. L. Fernald of the Gray Herbarium has in preparation an extended work on the discovery of America by the

Northmen from Iceland, in which he investigates the details of the story in the Flateyarbook. A preliminary study of the botanical features is to be found in the February number of *Rhodora*, in which the author shows, conclusively, it should seem, that the *vinber* of the Icelandic saga are not grapes at all, but mountain cranberries (*Vaccinium vitis-idæa*); that the self-grown *hveiti* is the strand-wheat (*Elymus arenarius*), and not Indian corn; and that the *mosurr*, as the name clearly indicates, is not maple, but the gnarled birch known in Germany as Maser-birk, in Sweden as masur-björk, and in old Norse called mösurr. Through his investigations into the identity of the plants mentioned in the old saga, Professor Fernald has been able to show, not only that there is no reason to doubt the statement of the story of Leif Ericsen, but also to locate the place where the Icelanders landed as being north of the St. Lawrence.

A strange land and a people who cling with childish tenacity to the picturesque and crude customs of ages past are described by Charles Wellington Furlong, F.R.G.S., in his "Gateway to the Sahara" (Scribner). His experiences in the city of Tripoli and its neighborhood are entertainingly told, and much information is given in regard to its three principal industries, sponge gathering, esparto picking, and the trans-Saharan caravan trade. An intimate personal knowledge of the life of the caravaneer was gained in a trip of two hundred miles over some of the trade routes. A thrilling episode in it was a night's ride with Arab bandits, through which his courage and presence of mind brought him safely. Interesting accounts are given of his location of the wreck of the U. S. frigate Philadelphia, which was burned by Decatur in 1804, and a cruise in a sponge boat. The reader also gets a glimpse, as it were, of some of the vicissitudes of desert life in the touching story told the author by a Hausa servant who was captured in a slave-raid at the age of fourteen, and only gained his freedom after years of bondage. As to the future of Tripoli when freed from the Turkish yoke he has great hopes. The numerous ruins of Roman towns and the broken-down cofferdams show the possibility, through the conservation of the vast water supply and irrigation, of changing the desert into what it was in ancient times—a highly cultivated and densely populated land. The transforming agency of the present day, however, will not be the dam, but the artesian well. Thirty-six illustrations, four of which are in color from the author's paintings, with three maps, and a full index, add to the attractiveness and value of the work.

Literary *causeries* and political *chroniques*, which we are content to have pass away with the hour that gave them birth, are, in France, collected into volumes; and other volumes are written where we, as a rule, would be content with a magazine article or two. Such a book is Ernest Lémonon's "L'Europe et la politique britannique (1882-1909)," published by Félix Alcan in 550 large and closely printed pages. The author traces the change in British foreign policy from the traditional doctrine of splendid isolation coupled with an equally traditional hostility towards France and Russia, to a condition of intimate friendship with these two Powers paralleled by the growth of an intense rivalry with Germany. This is matter of the most common journalistic discussion the world over. What M. Lémonon has done is to restate, with a great wealth of documentary detail, the contents of thousands of pages of newspaper dispatches and newspaper comment. Like most contemporary French publicists, he looks with favor upon what he describes as the Triple Entente, which he hopes with time to see cemented into a second Triple Alliance as a necessary instrument for the preservation of the European balance of power. England, France, and Russia, with the coöperation of a powerful Balkan Alliance, should be in a position to hold German ambitions in check. The book is not quite a history, because all the materials for a definitive, scientific treatment are, obviously, not yet at hand. And it is not a prophecy, because the author professes himself fairly uncertain of the future. It is a book which falls into the class of *mémoires à servir*, and will prove useful chiefly to journalists in want of a compendium of the dates and outward facts of the last thirty years of international European politics.

Canon H. Hensley Henson chose for the subject of his Lyman Beecher lectures at Yale "The Liberty of Prophesying with Its Just Limits and Temper," adopting the title of a famous treatise of Jeremy Taylor (New Haven: Yale University Press). His discussion is concerned with the problems and difficulties of a progressive Anglican broad churchman, in view of the outworn formularies to which he is bound to subscribe, and his legal obligations to an orthodoxy which he has discarded. He finds that the clergyman who has won a modern attitude is in a difficult and embarrassing position, full of moral peril and distress, pressed upon, on the one hand, by official credenda, and, on the other, by the results of historical criticism and modern science. His chapter "On Reserve, and the Casuistic Problem Involved in the Preacher's Use of Scripture" is an impressive exhibition of the difficulties under which a clergyman of advanced views is forced to labor. One does not gain from these lectures a hopeful feeling as to the outlook for prophetic liberty in the Anglican church, nor is the work of the ministry made attractive by such a presentation of the burdens which a conscientious and enlightened teacher of religion is forced to bear, if he would serve in one of the great historic churches.

In the Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan (Vol. xxxvii, part 1), Dr. M. W. de Visser, recently appointed curator of the Ethnographic Museum at Leyden, continues his scholarly studies of the dog and cat in Japanese folk-lore, especially as the native notions are reflected in literature. The dog is regarded as a protector of mankind, and the cat as its deadly enemy; yet with exceptions. The active volcanoes of Japan, about twenty in number, which lie along four well-defined lines of geological weakness, are described from personal study by C. E. Bruce-Mitford. Prof. Arthur Lloyd defines what is still needed in the study of things Japanese. Most valuable contribution is the illustrated paper of Dr. Neil Gordon Munro on prehistoric survivals, in which he continues his demonstration of the initial occupation of the Nippon islands by the Ainu, or straight-eyed Aryan savages, now confined to Yezo.

From the Imperial Cabinet in Tokio come two volumes of the annual hygienic census and vital statistics for 1907—"Mouvement de la population" and "Statistique de causes de décès de l'Empire du Japon"—containing classification, with text in French, concerning sex, age, occupation, domicile, and diagnosis of the disorder of each person diseased; the whole set forth according to the months of the year, and divisions of the empire, with comparison of cities and districts and of previous years, and birth and death rate as to professions, etc. The same minute information is given as to births, marriages, and divorces. The diseases themselves are grouped according to the latest science, but diarrhœa and enteritis are included in "European" cholera. It is doubtful whether any other government issues so perfect a map of vital conditions under its administration as that of Japan.

Prof. William Graham Sumner, who had held the chair of political and social science at Yale since 1872, died at Englewood, N. J., on Tuesday, at the age of sixty-nine. He was born in Paterson, N. J., graduated at Yale in 1863, and studied at Göttingen and Oxford. From 1866 to 1869 he was a tutor at Yale, and he was thereafter an Episcopalian clergyman in New York and Morristown, N. J., until 1872. His books include, "What Social Classes Owe to Each Other," "Collected Essays in Political and Social Science," "Protectionism," lives of Andrew Jackson, Alexander Hamilton, and Robert Morris, "The Financier and Finances of the Revolution," "A History of Banking in the United States," and "Folkways."

Sir Robert Giffen, the English journalist, financial writer, and statistician, died in London on Tuesday at the age of seventy-three. He was sub-editor of the *Globe* in 1862-66, assistant editor of the *Economist* in 1868-76, chief of the statistical department of the Board of Trade in 1876-82, assistant secretary of the Board of Trade, and afterward controller-general of the Commercial, Labor, and Statistics Department in 1882-87. In 1882-84 he was president of the Statistical Society. He had been a contributor to the *Fortnightly Review*, the *Saturday Review*, and the *Spectator*. He was the author of "Stock Exchange Securities: An Essay on the General Causes of Fluctuation in Their Price," "Essays in Finance," etc.

Miss Catherine Helen Spence, the English journalist, editor, and author, died at Adelaide recently, at the age of seventy-four. She travelled and lectured in this country in 1893. Her better known novels include "Clare Morrison," "Tender and True," "Mr. Hogarth's Will," and "The Author's Daughter," and in 1884 she published anonymously in London "An Agnostic's Progress," written from a theistical point of view.

Joseph Hartwell Barrett, who was connected for several years with the Cincinnati *Gazette* as a political writer, and was United States commissioner of pensions in 1688-'79, died at Cincinnati on Sunday at the age of eighty-five. He had written a "Life of Abraham Lincoln" and "Abraham Lincoln and His Presidency."

Jean Moréas, the French poet, has died

in Paris, at the age of fifty-three. He was born in Athens, Greece, his original name being Papadiamantopoulos, but in 1877 became a resident of Paris, where he edited several newspapers, such as *Le Décadent* and *La Vogue*. He published "Les Syrtes," "Les Cantilènes," "Le Voyage de Grèce," "Premières Poésies," and "Esquisses et souvenirs."

Science.

"Practical School Gardening," by Percy Elford and Samuel Heaton (Henry Frowde), is doubtless a useful book in its sphere, but we are at a loss to see its value in America. This is due to the very quality which should secure its English circulation, its practical character. There is no use in telling the American boy to prepare his garden in January or to plant peas in February. Certain small sections of our country approximate the English climate, but the remainder, both North and South, differs too widely for garden rules to hold. Further, English plant varieties are not sold here, pests are not the same, nor diseases, nor remedies. Directions for all of these are therefore either useless or misleading. We give so much space to this little book because it represents a class of very attractive publications which are imported here, are sold to our amateur gardeners, and take their place on the shelves of our public libraries. They are unsafe guides, and only the expert, understanding both English and American conditions, can use them with advantage.

A much better school guide is "Elements of Agriculture," by Prof. G. F. Warren of the New York State College of Agriculture (Macmillan). This book is different in scope, being for older students, and treating of the farm rather than the garden. The writer attempts a great deal: to cover, in a book of four hundred pages, the whole practice of modern general farming. Beginning with fundamental theories and principles, and well illustrated by diagrams, drawings, and photographic plates, the book treats of plant improvement, propagation, and food; of the soil and its fertility; of crops and their enemies; of animals and poultry, the dairy and the orchard, farm management, the farm home, and even the farming community. The attempt is heroic, and one result is the inevitable disadvantage of compression; but the book is decidedly commendable for its double purpose of a textbook in high schools and colleges, and of a farmer's handbook. For both purposes its value is increased by the author's practice of appending to each chapter lists of illustrative experiments and of supplementary reading. The book and its bibliographies are up to date. It is introduced by Prof. L. H. Bailey, who promises another to follow it, suitable for the grade schools.

Professor Bailey's own most recent book is his "Manual of Gardening" (Macmillan). As is noted in its preface, the book is not new; it is a combination of his earlier "Garden Making" and "Practical Garden Book," with revision and enlargement to include recent experiment and practice. We can do no better than to record our opinion that this is the best general handbook for the home gardener, who grows flowers and vegetables, shrubs and trees, and who has an eye to the beauty of his place. The volume is attractively bound and illustrated, and its appearance reminds us of the very wide influence which Professor Bailey's books, scientific or popular, have had upon our gardeners. His work is not spectacular, but we believe that, when services are counted up, he will prove to have done for recent American horticulture more than any other one man.

For readers able to follow the very notable discussion of radical changes in therapeutical methods suggested by recent investigations—to many full of promise, to others as yet very unconvincing—the "Studies on Immunisation and their Application to the Diagnosis and Treatment of Bacterial Infections," by Sir A. E. Wright (London: Constable & Co.), may be noted. Here are brought together some twenty-five articles relating to this topic which the distinguished English physician and his collaborators have published since 1897. Wright's articles on anti-typhoid inoculation, which appeared in the *Practitioner*, are not included, having been already utilized in his little book on that subject. The other articles are mostly reprinted without change, save the omission of some technical details which the author proposes to elaborate in a special volume. The last three articles are to some extent revised, and so are said to express Wright's later views. The book is made up of two parts. The first treats of the anti-bacterial elements of the blood, while the second, much larger and more interesting, discusses immunization as a therapeutical measure, or, as it may be called, the new vaccination. The subject is too complex for detailed consideration here. Let it suffice to say that by the vaccine therapy is meant inoculation, not a prophylactic inoculation, but a phylactic inoculation against micro-organisms which have already entered the body. This is done by the introduction of certain chemical substances, undetermined as yet, which cause the body to develop other protective substances in the blood. These necessary chemical substances are found in the sterilized cultures of the particular micro-organisms in question in each case. Such a bacterial vaccine is something quite different from a serum obtained from an animal inoculated with a micro-organism, and it is indeed quite possible that the successes of serum therapy are all due to the vaccine which happens to be contained in any efficient serum. This general doctrine is not quite so exclusively due to Wright as this book may lead some readers to infer, but he has been active for some years in its development, and is especially identified with certain studies which tend to place it upon a scientific basis, particularly in the practical application of it. As early as 1903 he formulated the principle which here reappears on his title-page: "The physician of the future will be an immunization." The book also contains a list of the scientific publications of the author. The index is interesting, being elaborated to serve as a synopsis and to bring out some special points. It is perhaps worth noting that while Wright definitely named the protective substances which he finds in the blood, or at least some of them, *opsōnins* and the action of them in relation to phagocytosis the *opsōnic* effect (p. 83), writing them thus apparently to indicate the pronunciation, the new Webster records them thus: *op'sonin* and *opson'ic*.

M. Charlois, one of the astronomers of the Nice Observatory, and the discoverer of many small comets, was assassinated on Easter Sunday by an unknown person. He was forty-five years old.

Eduard Friedrich Wilhelm Pflüger, professor of physiology in the University of Bonn, since 1859, died recently at the age of eighty. He had published "Ueber die Kohlensäure des Blutes," "Die teleologische Mechanik der lebendigen Natur," "Wesen und Aufgabe der Physiologie," and "Untersuchungen über die Physiologie des Elektrotonus." He was the founder of the Archiv für die gesamte Physiologie des Menschen und der Tiere.

Drama.

A Study of the Drama. By Brander Matthews. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50 net.

This book, presenting in amplified form the substance of many essays upon dramatic and theatrical topics written in past years, is a comprehensive and interesting summary of the progressive steps in the development of dramatic art from the earliest classical period to our own day. In its broad outlines of general principles, conditions, and influences it furnishes about all the information on those subjects that the ordinarily intelligent reader is likely to require, while in its references to the best authorities it will be a valuable guide to the special student. It covers, if not minutely at least sufficiently, not only the English-speaking, but the principal European, stages, and the relations existing among them. From his youth up Professor Matthews has been a diligent and enthusiastic student of the theatre, at home and abroad—its dramatists, its players, and its technique—and few men are more conversant with the historical facts concerning it. In dealing with these he displays a full and accurate scholarship, and in his explanatory comments and deductions he is, in the main, perfectly sound.

But not everybody will agree with all his opinions. Most of what he says in his three chapters respecting the influence of the actor, the theatre, and the audience upon the work of the dramatist is true, and much of it obvious, but exception may well be taken to his plea in justification of those playwrights who write plays with a view to "fitting" a particular actor or actress. This practice, which the prevailing speculative and commercial system of management has made so common, has contributed, more than anything else, perhaps, to the decadence of acting and the discouragement of the capable dramatist. To argue in its favor is to put the cart before the horse. All hope of a great dramatic

revival is vain if the imagination of the author is to be restrained within the limits of the capacity of the immediately available actor. The writer who condescends to hack work of this kind—his name, of course, is legion—simply sells his artistic soul into hopeless slavery for a mess of pottage. Whether Shakespeare had or had not Burbage in his mind when he created Hamlet is nothing to the purpose. There was no syndicate then. What is certain is that no author, as the case now stands, will write a new "Othello" or "Macbeth" with any of our existing actors in view. It is true that Rostand designed Cyrano for Coquelin, but it is also true that there is much more in Cyrano than Coquelin, or any other actor, has yet expressed in action. That only means that Rostand, in this instance, is greater than his interpreters. The first need of the stage is a free field for competition. With that secured, we might reasonably expect, in due order, the great dramatist and the actor to play him. Art, whether literary or histrionic, thrives upon tribulation and struggle, not upon coddling or advertisement. And the author is more important than the actor. Shakespeare is more than Garrick or Salvini.

Again the proposition that the dramatist must give the people what they want is only partly true. As a dogma, it involves a common but most mischievous fallacy. Virtually it implies that the theatre to be prosperous must cater to the uncultivated tastes and crude instincts of the vast majority. To grant this would be to deny to it the one supreme and proper function upon which it can rest its claim to be accounted among the arts—of which it ought to be the exemplar and the epitome—to deprive it of all value as a public institution, and to degrade it to the level of the circus. Mr. Matthews is indisputably right in declaring that the chief object of the great bulk of theatre-goers is recreation, but that may be obtained and provided in an infinite variety of ways. There are folk who prefer to take it sadly. The fact is that it is almost impossible, before trial, to discover what the public really "wants," although it is tolerably easy to define what it will accept. The one sure thing is that its interest must be excited and maintained. A little reflection will show that in matters theatrical, the public—in the mass—has no way of making or enforcing a "demand." The one privilege it enjoys is the power of choice between such plays as are offered, and, as a rule, the popular judgment is acute and solid. It rarely happens that a good play, if well performed—this last is a vital point—meets with failure. This truth is evidently familiar to Mr. Matthews, who writes with much discernment on the subject of subsidized houses and on the proved capacity of the populace to appreciate and support the very highest forms of drama. Everybody admits the potentiality of the theatre for evil. It can be, and ought to be, just as powerful for good. No other institution has equal opportunities of offering—in the guise of amusement—such a variety of instruction and inspiration in art, conduct, and morals. The ambitious dramatist must seek to please his audience—that is a platitude—but only as a means to gaining higher and more artistic ends.

In his brief reference to Ibsen, Mr. Matthews is emphatic, clear, and sane, giving the famous Norwegian full credit for his remarkable skill as a constructive playwright, but insisting upon the essentially parochial spirit of his social plays. His essay on dramatic definitions is ingenious, but the terms which he employs are necessarily so elastic that it may be questioned whether their formation is worth the labor bestowed upon it. In traditions and conventions, he discusses, with much acumen, the causes which have led to the disappearance of the stage "soliloquy." But, inasmuch as the stage can never be absolutely natural, it is still an open question whether the device of the soliloquy is wholly inadmissible upon artistic grounds. That it has been abused, grossly and ridiculously, is undeniable. But, after all, many persons do speak aloud, unconsciously, when under nervous strain, and perhaps this particular conventionality is preferable, upon proper occasions, to some of the clumsy expedients often employed in order to avoid it. The distinction which he draws between the poetic drama and the poetic play is complete and just, but it should be observed that some of the really poetic dramas recently produced, failed not so much because they were essentially undramatic, but on account of the present total lack of actors able to speak or act them adequately.

William Winter, for so many years the dramatic critic of the *Tribune*, is writing a series of articles on dramatic subjects for *Harper's Weekly*. His opening essay on theatrical mismanagement is a trenchant bit of work.

The performance of "Beethoven" in the New Theatre on Monday evening—the closing production of the season—was not a triumphant success. The piece is an adaptation by Henry Grafton Chapman from the original French of René Fauchois, which was highly praised in Paris. Much virtue may have evaporated in the process of remaking. In the English version, used in London by Sir Herbert Tree, the translator was L. N. Parker. It can scarcely be called a drama at all, being simply a series of episodes partly illustrative of the life and character of the composer, who was not in all respects well adapted to stage treatment. Glimpses are given of him as a politician of rampant democratic principles, as an unlucky lover, as the inspired composer, as the victim of a cruel deafness, and as the neglected, abused, and dying genius, soothed by the vision of angelic embodiments of his own symphonies. Throughout the representation there runs an appropriate accompaniment of selected Beethoven music, which, interpreted as it is at the New Theatre by a capable orchestra, is a most pleasing feature. But the mixture of realism and fantasy does not further dramatic illusion. The dramatic qualities, indeed, are altogether inconsiderable. Interest centres wholly in the figure of Beethoven, to whom the other personages supply the necessary background, and the music. Donald Robertson, who plays the composer, is well fitted for the part physically, and not only gives it characteristic shape, but a positive and consistent individuality. He has a certain control of both passion and pathos, but not, apparently, to a supreme degree. His voice, a rich bass, is exceedingly fine, and his enunciation is clear, but unfortunately he employs but little variety of inflection.

John W. Albaugh, son of the late John W. Albaugh, actor and theatrical manager, died last Thursday in Baltimore. He was born in this city in 1867, and was only ten years old when he made his first stage appearance, dancing a hornpipe between acts at the Leland Opera House in Albany. The same year he played child parts in "William Tell" and other productions. After graduation from college he joined Lawrence Barrett's company, and three years later he went to Baltimore to take the management of the Lyceum Theatre, remaining for thirteen years. He gave up the managerial end in 1900 to give all his time to acting.

Music.

Music: Its Laws and Evolution. By Jules Combarieu. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.75 net.

La Musique et la Magie. Par Jules Combarieu. Paris: Alphonse Picard et Fils. 10 francs.

In the first of these two books M. Combarieu tries to prove that music is "the art of thinking in sounds"; beside a great many other things not organically related; he himself appears to have realized this, for in the final section he says: "After so many excursions into fields where I must, at times, have shown more curiosity than actual knowledge or clearness, it is time to conclude." What one misses most is a clue through the mazes of the author's statements. However, taken by themselves, the chapters repay perusal, and every writer deserves thanks who combats the notion of the Max Müller school of philologists that thought is impossible without the aid of words. M. Combarieu endeavors to show that at all times music has been cultivated as a product of original thought, distinct from the verbal thought; it is "a manifestation of a general and deep instinct, more or less hidden, but everywhere recognizable in humanity." The Hottentot who has only a few notes in his melodies thinks

in sounds as does Bach, only his thought is (from our point of view) blurred, incomplete, and barbarous.

In endeavoring to reveal the identity of primitive and modern ideas of music the author cites Wagner's statement that "the power of the composer is naught else than that of the magician. It is really in a state of enchantment that we listen to one of Beethoven's symphonies." These and similar statements by German philosophers are taken literally instead of figuratively, and thus the conclusion is reached that "the musical metaphysics of the Germans and primitive magic are one and the same thing." Musical practice, on the other hand, we are further told, is not what it was formerly. We go to an opera or a concert merely for entertainment, whereas formerly "music was associated, as an organic and essential element, with the acts of religious and profane life, of war, and of peace." Here again M. Combarieu exaggerates. In war and peace, in camp, and battle, at weddings and funerals, in joy and grief, music is as closely related with life as ever. Of this close relationship the author himself gives some quaint illustrations in his chapter on Music and Social Life, particularly where he compares the ornamental style of French music under the ancient régime with the curl-papers, the ribbons, and the patches of that time.

Darwin's theory of sexual selection does not meet with entire approval in these pages, and certainly Darwin was wrong in saying that music cannot translate fear, hatred, terror, or fury. How about "Elektra"? "Why is not the ape a greater musician than the nightingale?" is another problem to be solved. More interesting is the attempt (p. 243) to show that Ferrand and Ingegnieros were wrong in classing Victor Hugo, Andrew Lang, Théophile Gautier, Macaulay, Cuvier, and Max Müller as "musical idiots."

The few pages here devoted to magic and music are expanded in "La Musique et la Magie" to a treatise of 375 pages, with the sub-title, "Etude sur les origines populaires de l'art musical, son influence et sa fonction dans les sociétés." Though not "couronné par l'Académie Française," like the volume just commented on, it is a more scholarly and coherent treatise. In it an attempt is made to answer such questions as "Why does music hold so important a place in the history of civilization?" "Why was it associated from time immemorial with religious and social acts, with agriculture, with medicine, with love and hate, with every detail of life and death?" Musical historians generally begin with the ancient Greeks. From the tyranny of this custom the author frees himself, taking the reader much farther back, at least from the evolutionary point of view, by attempting to show that modern music sprang from primitive magic by way of "lyrisme religieux." In support of this thesis he adduces a vast number of facts relating to the magic rites and the music connected therewith of savages, barbarians, and ancient civilized peoples. We still use the word "charm" in connection with music, and, while it no longer means what it did, it recalls the time when men believed that music could compel rain or shine, love or hate; that it could heal or harm and influence life and nature in countless ways. That this belief was practically universal is what makes it interesting and important.

Before leaving for Europe, Gustav Mahler said: "Strauss has told me that henceforth he will write only operas. He says that he is done with symphonic works."

Theodore Spiering has been reëngaged as concert master of the Philharmonic Orchestra. He is assisting Mr. Mahler in the attempt to make the string family in the Philharmonic as select as possible.

Liverpool will commemorate on Saturday the diamond jubilee of Sir Charles Santley, who was born in that city in 1834 and began his musical career some fourteen years later. The chief feature of the concert to be given will be the appearance of the veteran baritone himself.

Goldmark's "Queen of Sheba," which was the sensation of the New York opera season a quarter of a century ago, is soon to have its first performance in the United Kingdom at Manchester, by the Carl Rosa Company. Goldmark, who will attain the age of eighty on May 18, spent a decade of his life writing and revising this opera.

The 11,500,000 marks needed for the new opera house in Berlin are now in hand, and the building is to be erected on Kurfürstendamm. Angelo Neumann, the veteran Prague manager, is to be the director-in-general. It was he who, nearly thirty years ago, toured various European countries with Anton Seidl and a Nibelung company.

Art.

AFTERTHOUGHTS ON WHISTLER.

A gentleman once came into a painter's studio, and in the course of chat admitted an income of fourteen thousand crowns. Before leaving, he inquired the price of a landscape and was told two hundred crowns; smilingly, he said he would call again, in hope of a lower price. On a second visit, the price was three hundred. Scenting a joke, the patron redoubled his praises of the picture and made a third inquiry. "Four hundred crowns," said the painter, "and a hundred crowns more every time you ask, and to rid myself of your importunity, and show up your stinginess, and finally, to prove that with all your fourteen thousand crowns you cannot buy one picture of mine, here goes." Whereupon the painter kicked the canvas into rags. This story is told, not of Whistler, but of one Salvator Rosa, who, more than two centuries earlier, had unpardonably anticipated many of the devices of the author of the "Gentle Art of Making Enemies." Salvator's pictures are still in the galleries, but how little the pose he elaborately maintained now matters! The time will come when Whistler's symphonies and arrangements will have no advantage in mere notoriety over the reliques of stupid men. Horsley, of whose campaign against the nude was contemptuously written *Horsley soit qui mal y pense*, may look nearly as impressive as Whistler in a museum catalogue of the twenty-second century.

Already the mere wonder of Whistler is lessening. The legend which he assiduously built up is crumbling, despite the official hagiographers. Such comprehensive exhibitions as those of Boston and London tended at once to make more normal and slightly to diminish the impression of his art. The smaller anthology now presented by the Metropolitan Museum leaves one positively rubbing one's eyes and wondering what these battles already long ago were all about. Only a few weeks since this ill-proportioned square hall was hung with Rembrandt, Steen, Ruysdael, Vermeer. The memory is a bit overwhelming. In honor of our own great *précieux*, the walls have now been draped with a crepuscular cheesecloth. It gives a certain distinction to the display, but it is not Copley Hall.

The three great portraits (what need to name them?) are necessarily absent. Everything else is well represented, though one misses such a masterpiece of the early realistic days as Westminster Bridge. For it The Blue Wave, a kind of sublimation of Courbet, is a fair substitute. The portraits are, with the exception of the etherial and baffling Florence Leyland, which the Brooklyn Museum has lent, conquerors in many previous shows. Here is that strange expression of wistful agility, the violinist Pablo Sarasate, and the fragile aristocracy of the poet Robert de Montesquiou. Here is the melancholy mask of that sorely tried and trying patron, Francis Leyland, the æsthetic ship master. In one corner, aloof, yet conscious of you, the Andalousienne glances over her shoulder; across the hall is poised in complete unconsciousness Rosa Corder, true Diana of Park Lane. Her presence almost compensates for the absence of the Mother and the adorable Miss Alexander. The absolute discretion of Whistler's art is in this portrait of a young gentlewoman. Observing the pallor of the face proudly unconscious in its setting of vibrant browns and grays, Mr. Huneker happily reads into the whole the legend of inaccessibility—*Noli me tangere*.

Beside the smaller portraits, the Japanese manner is exemplified in The Gold-

en Screen, and Lange Leizen, the blues of which are a feast, and The Ocean. Of the nocturnes and similar open-air arrangements, there are five, including the delicious Blue and Silver—Battersea Reach and the notorious Falling Rocket, which cost Ruskin a farthing and several painful quarter-hours. In what, for want of a better name, we may call the English manner are the Music Room and the Little White Girl. Singularly apart stands the big White Girl, and to crown the exhibition there is a fine group of those nudes and semi-nudes in pastel which are rather obviously called the Tanagra series. The Museums, the Freer, Whittemore, Pope, and Johnson, and Canfield collections, among others, have given of their best. So great is the diversity of style that one is reminded of the paradox of the German critic Meier-Graefe, for whom Whistler was a case of multiple personality. But under the evident variety of its components, the show has unity enough. A principle of ultra-refinement, of sensitiveness, and appealing charm runs through the whole. There is a Whistler manner as distinct as the Greuze mannerism. Realist, impressionist, mere prestidigitator—in all rôles, he is prince charming. The conviction grows insensibly, as one notes how many of these pictures lack the more substantial qualities of fine painting, that his art is one of avoidance; negative, not positive. There are certain exquisitely disciplined personalities to whom we yield ourselves unconditionally, only to perceive later, and with a little shock, that they prevail through elimination of the common and wholesome asperities. This thought we may pursue later. What is important is to note that, save for this evasive charm, all Whistler's work has taken on a more usual look. Possibly the miracle of the symphonies and arrangements depended largely upon the background of the Royal Academy, which assuredly was a world to satisfy Huxley—a world in which miracles did not happen.

Whistler's dæmon never served him better than in suggesting London. His native America was plainly out of the question. Paris, the city of Whistler's love, afforded no appropriate stage. Had he grown to maturity alongside Boudin, Manet, Cazin, Fantin, Degas, he would probably have been a better painter. This was his own opinion. But, clearly, he would have been much less of a portent. Even his wit would there have seemed not outrageous, but merely exceptional. In the Parisian drama he could hardly have been a protagonist; London from the first gladly awarded him the part of Apollyon, and trembled while it hated. The result is that we have taken his works as the cartels of a champion. Against the murkiness of the Royal Academy they have glowed like an oriflamme. Seen simply as paintings, they must take on a different aspect. That, surely, is the reason why just the shade of a chill now accompanies the attempt to renew the old, fond adventure of a soul among symphonies and arrangements.

It will clarify our vision if we go to the galleries of old masters for a moment and there take a glance at a few superlative examples of fine painting. Let us choose Vermeer of Delft, Hals in his portrait of a woman, Renoir's Mme. Charpentier among her children, Manet's Boy with a Sword. Then to the Vanderbilt Gallery, observing on the way a supreme example of charm, Rossetti's Lady Lilith. In the long corridor, for charm and masterly execution combined, let us halt before the best of the Alfred Stevenses. As we pursue the long way back, it will be well to lug in Velasquez—mentally, of course, for the Museum lacks him. Thus we shall have set for the Whistlers the very severest comparisons, and I think that only a fanatic will insist that his art, with all its winsomeness, is not distinctly of a smaller accent, at times of a rather thin preciosity. Let us ask a blunt question? Is there a superlatively fine picture in the room? The present writer is sure only of one—The Little White Girl. Surely, no time will stale the lovely pensiveness of the mood, the dulcet quality of a workmanship everywhere perfectly assured, the keen accord of the various whites. In comparison, the big White Girl is far-fetched and rapidly becoming merely odd. To paint white on white has ceased to be a marvel; in fact, it never was except in a color-blind age. Aside from this, the big White Girl is uncertainly balanced and uncomfortable to look at for long. The Japanese pictures are refined to a degree, subtly harmonized, and present individual passages of the finest color. They are so evidently mere confections—self-confessed stages towards the Little White Girl—that their analysis may be waived. The Music Room, perhaps the most accomplished of the early pictures, keeps one long in doubt. It is the most strenuously complicated of Whistler's interiors. What seems to place it just a little lower than first-class is an eccentric edginess, and some lack of complete unity. The Rosa Corder is so lovely an apparition that I will not argue the technical reasons that make it not quite a great portrait. To a discerning eye the whole of Whistler is in this canvas. Enhance it as by a *tour de force*, and you would get the Mother or Miss Alexander, transfer the manner to landscape and the symphonies and nocturnes logically ensue. The essence of it is an infallible pictorial sense. The focus of that pallid face in its setting of brown and gray is perfect. Where the picture comes a little short of the best is in a too-ready sacrifice of the beauty of definition to that of unity, in a *parti-pris* of tone which makes the artist impose the harmony arbitrarily instead of extorting it from the data. This tendency, barely discernible in the Rosa Corder, becomes pronounced in the nocturnes. There is a thrill in most of them that makes one forget their high degree of artificiality. Cazin's moonlights, in a manner far abler, lack the glamour. Millet has done the thing with equal charm and greater majesty. Whistler invented a most useful decorative formula, which he abused a little himself. His followers have shown how much of a trick it was. His art is so personal and distinguished that European painting hardly suffices to demonstrate its insubstantiality. One may fairly judge a picture like Symphony in Gray and Green: the Ocean, only by comparing it with what it simulates—the color-prints of Japan. Better yet, take landscape painting of the Chinese school. The Eastern product is finer at every point, more spacious, more mysterious, and, above all, more knowing. It gets by direct and exquisite selection from nature what Whistler got by evasion. To a Japanese connoisseur most of his work would seem superficial, and just a bit slovenly. And this means that, while he valiantly shook off the cheap naturalism of Europe, he never underwent the discipline necessary to attain to the mystical naturalism of the Far East. Artistically, he remains a man without a country.

Here he was more or less of a victim. In his etching, his most important achievement, he managed to keep his feet on the ground. Doubtless, he would have done so in his painting also, but for the presence of the "enemies." Of them he was morbidly conscious. He dwarfed himself by resolutely being as unlike the Royal Academy as possible. He moved in an atmosphere of hostility tempered by adulation equally excessive. He fatally lacked the company and the criticism of his peers. The work he did in such unwholesome isolation testifies to the extraordinary natural gift of the man. His quality, however, was not to be great, but to be charming. Possibly, the Tanagra pastels show him quintessentially. The refinement with which these little figures are set within the tinted sheet, the deftness of the spotting, the value of the sparsely applied color, a sensuousness that for being discreetly attenuated is all the more effective—such are the salient qualities of this work. It recalls, as the word Tanagra does, the subtly coquettish flavor of Hellenistic art. There is a hint of Correggio, though not his vigor, and a stronger reminiscence of the pensive charm of Watteau. Not merely in enduing the figure with a peculiarly aristocratic glamour, but, more technically, in adopting the blue tints as harmonizers, the poet-painter of Paris anticipated the poet-painter of Chelsea. By an occasional *tour de force*—a handful of

the Thames etchings, the three great portraits—Whistler imposes upon us. We fail to note how exceptional this work is. The real Whistler is not in the sabre stroke, but in the caress or the equally feline scratch. It was this that made him so readily lean toward Rossetti. In fact, his relation to the early English illustrators and painters has strangely been overlooked. Like them, he inherited much from the mannerly school of the eighteenth century. What is the title etching to the French Set, one of his most engaging groups of figures, really like? Is it not like a superlative Stothard sketch, and even more like a Dicky Doyle? Walter Crane, as a decorator, shows qualities and defects singularly akin to those of Whistler as a painter. These analogies are raised merely to show that, normally, Whistler's place is not with the men of power, but with the men of charm. In painting he must have learned much from Gainsborough and more from Turner, who, in fact, has anticipated more robustly many of the triumphs of the arrangements and symphonies.

Withal, Whistler remains absolutely personal and apart. His art, being one of avoidance, evading certain fundamental requirements of structure, is on the whole a small one, but exquisite, idiomatic, and refreshing. An excess of languor, too great a dependence upon the hypnotic effect of the merely vague, is its defect. It heralded a needed reaction against the color-blindness of the official art of France and England, but, unhappily, it set a generation of secessionists to weaving abstract and rather trivial iridescences. In the doctrine of preciousness of surface, Whistler did both harm and good. To show how really hideous was much that passed for fine painting was a public service. To suggest that manipulated pigments can or should vie with the specific beauties of ceramic enamels or Eastern weavings was to launch a forlorn hope. On this theme of "quality" much nonsense has been put about. Simply as an agreeable colored texture no painting compares with a fine Persian tile. In other words, the painter must atone in other perfections—in a masterly sense of form, in beautiful and complicated arrangements, in spaciousness, in personal interpretation of bare appearances—for the relative meanness of his materials. Whistler met these requirements only about half way, hence falls out of the class of great and well-rounded painters. His tact was sufficient to keep him clear of the more demoralizing implications of his own theories. Naturally, his imitators lacked the subtlety to see that the master frequently took himself in a Pickwickian sense. They lacked, more lamentably, the discipline of sound early studies. Without having done their Thames etchings, they undertook their nocturnes. Where Whistler was limpid, they made a virtue of deliquescence. In him were the seeds of the best and the worst tendencies in modern painting. Fighting magnificently for the decorative ideal of picture-making—a truly regenerative principle—he also reduced the painter's art to mere epidermal bloom, a dangerous counsel of anarchy. Hence no one can be quite indifferent to him. Is not this according to his strictest definition of success? Nor would one gauge too narrowly his evident limitations. He is so charming that one will generally take him at his own valuation. As time goes on, however, it will become clear that his abode in the Elysian fields is nearer the pleasant garden-houses of Watteau and Fragonard than the imposing mansions of Turner and Velasquez. F. J. M.

The Bruno-Hessling Company (New York) announces the publication of "The Château of Haar," by B. J. H. Cuypers, with illustrations showing the recent restoration of the château; "Applied Bronze Work in the Style of Louis XVI," by E. and W. Hessling, a collection of documents and photographs after the original pieces in the Musée des Arts Décoratifs of Paris, illustrating furniture mounts, trimmings, and various decorative motifs for plastic and metal work; "Stil-lehre," by O. Haebler, studies of styles for colored surface decoration, including textiles, wall-paper, etc.; "The Castle of Bruck-saler," by Fritz Hirsch, showing examples of the Louis XV style in Europe, and "The Architectural forms of the Classic Ages," by Constantine Uhde, formerly professor at the Technical High School of Braunschweig.

The paintings, tapestries, and rugs collected by the late Charles T. Yerkes were sold at auction last week at Mendelssohn Hall, in this city, the entire lot bringing $2,034,450. The general character of the collection and the doubtfulness of some of the attributions—such as Holbein, Dürer, Memling, David, Murillo, Botticelli, and Verrocchio—were referred to in the *Nation* of March 31. But the general average was high, and some of the questionable pictures had much intrinsic merit. The more important of the canvases and other articles were sold at the following figures:

APRIL 5.

Alma Tadema, Spring	$22 00
Josef Israel, Frugal Meal	19,500
Ludwig Knaus, Country Festival	10,000
Bouguereau, Invading Cupid's Realm	10,000
George Inness, Sunset Landscape	8,400
Detaille, The Retreat	6,200
Escort of the Emperor	6,000
Cazin, Artist's Studio	5,400
Meissonier, The Reconnaissance	5,300
Monticelli, Diana and Nymphs	5,200
Joseph Bail, Servants Lunching	5,100
Clays, Calm on Scheldt	5,000
Vibert, Sacrilegious Monkey	4,300
Gérôme, Pygmalion and Galatea	4,000
Burne-Jones, Princess Led to Dragon	2,950
Princess Chained	2,000
Alfred Stevens, Lady with Cherries	700

APRIL 6.

Corot, The Fisherman	80,500
Morning, companion picture to The Fisherman	52,100
Environs Ville d'Avray	20 100
Path to Village	6,800
The Old Church	4,800
Daubigny, Banks of Oise	15,500
On River Oise	15,500
Landscape at Seashore	5,000
Diaz, Gathering Fagots	30,000
Gorge in the Forest	5,600
Cupid Disarmed	3,100
Dupré, At Sea	6,300
Landscape by River	5,100
Stag in the Forest	5,100
Sunrise	5,000
Millet, The Pig-Killers	44,100
Rousseau, Landscape on River Berry	26,100
Valley of Tiffange	10,000
Constant Troyon, Going to Market	60,500
Greuze, Reverie	22,000
Boucher, Toilet of Venus	25,500
Turner, Rockets and Blue Lights	129,000
A Dream of Venice	60,000
St. Michael's Mount	8,500
Italian Landscape	8,300
Sir Joshua Reynolds, Portrait of Lady O'Brien	20,200
Romney, portrait of Mrs. Ralph Willett	6,100
Harlow, Portrait of Boy	3,600

APRIL 7.

Brueghel, Thief steals from thief; Fill well after calf is drowned; Bacon too good for your mouth and As full as an egg	$2,300
Claude Corneille, François, Duc de Bretagne	5,000
Attributed to Raphael, Holy Family and sparrow	6,200
Metsu, The Letter	17,100
Attributed to Dürer, Portrait of Hans Gunder	5,000
De Keyser, Portrait of Gentlemen	1,900
Rembrandt, Portrait of a Rabbi	51,400
Portrait of Joris de Coulery	34,500
Philemon and Baucis	32,000
Resurrection of Lazarus	11,100
Frans Hals, Portrait of a Woman	137,000
The Singers	33,500
The Violin Player and the Singing Girl	32,200
Hobbema, Old Mill	3,900
View in Westphalia	48,000
The Ford	10,000
Peter de Hooch—Interior	11,800
Music Party	7,400
The Glass of Lemonade	10,300
Jan Both, Sunset	900
Bronzino, Portrait of Lady	2,000
Jan Steen, False Players	6,100
The Siesta	16,500
Christ Driving Traders from Temple	3,500
Boors Merrymaking	9,300
Vandyke, Wolfgang, Duke of Nieubourg	2,500
Rubens, Ixion and Hera	20,500
Two Apostles	4,200

APRIL 8.

Paul Potter, Landscape with cattle and figures	$13,500
Landscape and Cattle	10,600
Dancing in the Barn	24,000
Solario, Annunciation	11,300

The Yerkes antique Oriental rugs and carpets and the tapestries were sold Friday afternoon. The former brought $281,950; the tapestries $56,950. Here are some of the highest prices paid:

Silk carpet from Ardebil Mosque	$35,500
Great Mosque carpet of Ardebil	27,000
Persian state carpet, sixteenth century	33,000
Bagdad carpet, sixteenth century	19,000
Persian carpet, sixteenth century	16,000
Persian carpet from Ardebil Mosque	15,200
Polish carpet, sixteenth century	12,300
Perso-Aram tomb carpet	10,200

The Gobelin tapestries, Vulcan and Venus, and The Rape of Europa, belonging to a set of four, brought $17,700 and $12,300, respectively.

In the London *Times* of March 26, A. Ashby of the British School in Rome gives an interesting summary of recent archæological research in Italy. In the Roman Forum the work is still going on slowly. The excavation of the Basilica Æmilia is continued; the prehistoric necropolis has been almost entirely filled in, and the Republican house near the Arch of Titus has been completely cleared. On the Palatine researches are carried on under the foundations of the eastern portion of the house of Livia. In the course of building operations within and without the city walls of Rome various finds of interest have been made, such as the discovery in the Villa Patrizi of the fragments of the base of a white marble candelabrum decorated with small niches containing statuettes; of a fine portrait bust of the first century A. D. outside the Porta Portese; and of several fragments of sculptures which adorned a peristyle found within the area of the Gardens of Sallust. On the site of the former Villa Spithoever, a fine stretch of the wall which enclosed the city of Rome in the fifth (?) century B. C., has recently been fully exposed to view. It is built of slabs of gray-green tufa, about ten inches in

height and twenty inches in length and width, and is certainly earlier than the so-called Servian wall. Explorations in some of the churches of Rome have led to important results: under the church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo on the Cælian Hill a painting, representing a mythological scene in a harbor, was found in a nymphæum. Under S. Crisogono remains of the house of the saint were found, and considerable portions of the earlier church, which was built into it. The excavations at Ostia, the ancient port of Rome, are being continued. A considerable portion of the city has been examined; a street leading to the theatre, with a portico on its west side, has been cleared; of the objects discovered the most important is a fine statue of a lady of the imperial house, with the attributes of Ceres, probably dating from the reign of Hadrian. On the property of the King of Italy near by was discovered one of the three public baths which Pliny the Younger mentions as existing. North of Rome, at Ferento, near Viterbo, ancient baths and the interior of the theatre have been cleared; in the former a number of Roman inscriptions came to light. Pre-Roman tombs were discovered at Terni, Pavia, Este, near Padua, and at Belmonte and Fermo, in Picenum. Excavations carried on near Teano, on the property of Baron Zarone, brought to light the remains of important Roman thermæ, situated close to some mineral springs. At Pompeii a certain amount of work has been done, including the excavation of a pre-Roman necropolis, and much attention has been devoted to the restoration and preservation of the houses discovered in 1902-5.

Louis Lemaire, the French painter of landscapes and flowers, died recently in Paris, at the age of eighty-six. His pictures were frequently exhibited in the Salon.

William McTaggart, the Scotch landscape painter, died recently at his home in Mid Lothian, at the age of sixty-five. One of his highland scenes, The Storm, was bought by Andrew Carnegie twelve years ago for £1,000, and there are examples of his work in the Royal Glasgow Institute of Fine Arts, and in the Royal Scottish Academy, of which he became a member in 1859, while in 1870 he was elected an Academician.

Finance.

GOLD EXPORTS AND MONEY MARKETS.

Export of $7,500,000 gold from New York to London last week is not on its face at all an unnatural operation. During the first two months of the present year this country had imported $48,000,000 more foreign goods than in the same months of 1909, and had exported $12,000,000 less. In February, imports had actually run beyond exports—the first occasion in seventeen years when this had occurred at such a time of year. There have been occasions when a trade position of this sort has been offset, in a natural way, by import of foreign capital for use in our money markets, or by European purchase of American securities. Some considerable sales of our new issues of stocks and bonds have, in fact, been made to Europe during the present season—notably part of the New York city loan—and this export of securities undoubtedly served in a measure to balance the merchandise trade account. But of the usually much more important flow of European capital into our ordinary market loans, there has been virtually none. There was little inducement for it, when our own Wall Street money rate was well below the short or long-time rates on Lombard Street.

It is not only true, indeed, that England has lately been increasing her exports of merchandise to us because of the abnormal American demand, and decreasing her imports because of our cotton shortage and our exorbitant price of wheat. For use of the world's capital, also, London has been of late the predominant bidder, and it is this which has found indirect expression in the flow of gold to England, both from New York and from portions of the Continent. This English demand for money has an exceedingly interesting double cause—the wild speculation in a mass of new-fangled rubber and oil company shares on the London Stock Exchange, and the absence, at the Bank of England, of a reserve such as markets would prefer to see in the face of such speculative unsettlement. Last week's report of that institution, indeed, shows the lowest ratio of reserve to liabilities of any corresponding week in eleven years. It is not at all surprising, therefore, that the London bank rate should already have been advanced last month, and that a further rise should be looked for in the near future.

The excited speculation now in progress on London's Stock Exchange has an indirect, rather than a direct, bearing upon this situation. Undoubtedly, the rapid enhancement of values for that market's newly-issued rubber-company shares increases whatever strain already exists on capital supplies; and when, in response to the public's speculative appetite, $8,000,000 of such shares have been floated in a single week—with some of such issues, according to current London dispatches, rising at once to a premium of 300 per cent. over the subscription price—the credit market could hardly fail to be influenced.

But it is not the "rubber boom" alone which the markets have to keep in mind. Applications for new capital from all sources—governments, cities, railways, and corporations—reached on the English money market, during the past three months, a total not matched in any previous quarter of that market's history. The £99,300,000 new securities thus placed in London, up to the close of March, run far beyond the highest quarterly record either of the Boer War period or of the era of excited Argentine promotion prior to 1890. Nor does the London market have only the new English borrowings to consider, or even the heavy applications of foreign governments. It knows that the American market for new security issues has for some time past been looking to London for the capital which, on account of the magnitude of those issues, has become considerably less easy to obtain at home.

The converging of this pressure, in so unusually aggressive shape, upon the London market is a particularly interesting fact, because London, as the world's central market for credit and capital, reflects conditions throughout the world. The rather obvious inference, from a situation of the sort, is that the world at large has lately been going ahead too fast in exploiting capital. It is answered that the world-wide rise in prices of commodities has of itself served to swell these requisitions as compared with former periods, because larger sums of money than a decade or so ago are required to-day to purchase the same materials. Even battleships cannot be built by governments on any such terms as would have sufficed ten years ago. But granting this factor in the situation, it should be apparent that it merely explains but does not remove the difficulty.

Furthermore, there is pretty good ground for arguing that higher prices are only a partial cause for the larger demands on capital. The fact that battleships to-day cost more than in 1900 certainly has not inspired in governments a determination to be circumspect in their plans for such expenditure. On the contrary, the programme of the day, in almost every important state, is for the building of more warships than ever before and larger warships than ever before. It is difficult to doubt that a more or less similar tendency has been running through the plans of other branches of finance and industry. Merchants, manufacturers, and railway companies not only are paying higher prices for their materials, but are making and carrying largely increased amounts. What the situation in the world's markets for capital must

Financial.

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mean, then, is that some sort of modification must be made in these ambitious plans. Individuals who have become extravagant, and who have been encouraged, by a long era of easy credit, in the habit of living beyond their means, are apt to get their warning from the money market, and to find their condition better in all respects if they accept the warning. On a larger scale, the case is no different with governments, cities, and corporations.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

Baker, R. S. The Spiritual Unrest. Stokes Co. $1.35 net.
Blackwood, A. The Education of Uncle Paul. Holt. $1.50.
Clarke, V. Leaves. London: William Heinemann.
Cromer, Earl of. Ancient and Modern Imperialism. Longmans, Green. 90 cents net.
Davison, A. Davison's Human Body and Health. Amer. Book Co. 40 cents.
Dinsmore, J. S. Verses and Sonnets. Doubleday, Page.
Dubois, P. Nervous States. Funk & Wagnalls. 75 cents net.
Edwards, D. W. Up the Grade. Boston: C. M. Clark Pub. Co.
Elson, W. H., and Keck, C. Elson Grammar School Reader. Book Three. Chicago: Scott, Foresman.
Every-Day Ethics. Addresses delivered in the Page Lecture Series, 1909. New Haven, Conn.: Yale Univ. Press. $1.25 net.
Fairbridge, K. Veld Verse and Other Lines. London: David Nutt.
French, F. F. Skid Puffer. Holt. $1.50.
Giles, L. Sun Tzu on the Art of War. London: Luzac.
Hart, J. A. Vigilante Girl. McClurg. $1.50.
Hartland, E. S. Primitive Paternity: The Myth of Supernatural Birth in Relation to the History of the Family. 2 vols. London: David Nutt.
Hoffman, R. Some Musical Recollections of Fifty Years. Scribner.
Holzworth, F. J. German Students' Manual. American Book Co. $1.
Hopkins, C. G. Soil Fertility and Permanent Agriculture. Boston: Ginn.
Hughes, T. History of the Society of Jesus in North America. Vol. I, Part ii. Cleveland: Burrows Brothers. $4.50 net.
Johnson's Wonder-Working Providence, 1628-1651. Edited by J. F. Jameson. Scribner. $3 net.
Kelly, M. Little Aliens. Scribner. $1.50.
Knipe, E. B., and A. A. Little Miss Fales. Harper. $1.25.
Lane, E. M. The Apple Tree Cottage. Harper. 50 cents net.
La Rochelle, P. de New Study of French Verbs; Guide to French Pronunciation. 2 vols. Frank K. Kane. $1.50 and 50 cents, respectively.
Lucas, S. John. The First Round. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Lynde, F. The Taming of Red Butte Western. Scribner. $1.50.
Manual of Style: Compilation of Typographical Rules in Force at the Univ. of Chicago Press. 82 cents.
Mason, E. H. The Politician. Chicago: McClurg. $1.50.
Maxwell, W. H., and others. Speaking and Writing. American Book Co. 20 cents.
May, F. L. The Broken Wheel. Boston: C. M. Clark Pub. Co.
Noyes, A. The Enchanted Island and Other Poems. Stokes & Co. $1.25 net.
Osborne, W. F. The Faith of a Layman. Cassell.
Otis, J. Richard of Jamestown: A Story of the Virginia Colony. Amer. Book Co. 35 cents.
Partridge, G. E. An Outline of Individual Study. Sturgis & Walton. $1.25 net.
Piñeyro, E. Blanco White. Bordeaux: Feret & Fils.
Randall, J. R. Poems. Tandy-Thomas Co. $1 net.
Report, Dept. of Commerce and Labor. Statistics of Cities Having a Population of Over 30,000: 1907. Washington: Gov. Printing Office.
Report of the Commissioner of Education. For the Year Ended June 30, 1909. Vol II. Washington: Gov. Printing Office.
Roberts, G. E. T. A Cavalier of Virginia. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.
Rostand, E. Chantecler. Lemcke & Buechner.
Schaff, P. History of the Christian Church. Vol. V, Part ii. Scribner. $3.25 net.
Schoek, G. Hearts Contending. Harper. $1.50.
Sedgwick, A. D. Franklin Winslow Kane. Century Co. $1.50.
Snow-Fire. By the author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress." Harper. $1.50 net.
Stainer, J. The Organ: A Manual of the True Principles of Organ Playing. Ditson. $1.
Todd, M. L. A. Cycle of Sunsets. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.20 net.
Tozzer, A. M., and Allen, G. M. Animal Figures in the Maya Codices. Peabody Museum, Harvard Univ., Cambridge.
Upham, A. A. An Introduction to Agriculture. Appleton.
Walker, H. The Literature of the Victorian Era. Cambridge University Press.
Ward, Mrs. H. Lady Merton, Colonist. Doubleday, Page. $1.50.
Watts, M. S. Nathan Burke. Macmillan. $1.50.
Webster, H. K. The Sky-Man. Century Co. $1.20 net.
White, B. The Book of Daniel Drew. Doubleday, Page. $1.50 net.
Whitney, G. C. I Choose; Yet Speaketh He. 2 vols. Boston: Sherman, French. $1, 80 cents.

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The Nation is published and owned by the New York Evening Post Co. Oswald Garrison Villard, President; William J. Pattison, Treasurer; Paul Elmer More, Editor.

Three dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada $3.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union $4.00.

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The Week.

"The vice of every tariff bill comes from the ease with which the well-informed special interests can hoodwink legislators who do not know the facts"—thus Mr. Seth Low, at the Republican Club in New York on Monday night. Oh, no, Mr. Low. The protected interests do not have to hoodwink the legislators. The latter do not wish, and never have wished, the facts. Their business is buying and selling—buying campaign contributions and political influence by the sale of the privilege to grow rich by aid of the government of all the people of the United States. The Ways and Means Committees or special commissions have often enough collected facts—has Mr. Low forgotten the Tariff Commission of 1882, and what came of it?—only to see them discarded unread when the tariff hogs came to the trough. The Republican leaders were not easily hoodwinked about things political; but the only fact Mr. Low's party cares about at such times is the size of the bids for government aid in making profits. The Tariff Commission now devised is a very useful body, beyond doubt. But nothing on earth will make the protected interests pay any attention to its facts, and to date they have been the masters of the Republican party. As matters now stand, those likely to profit most by the Tariff Commission's labors are tariff reformers or free-traders of the radical stripe. Every protectionist will pull every wire to suppress the damnable facts sure to come out.

An interesting contribution has been made to the discussion of the income-tax amendment to the Constitution of the United States, in the memorandum submitted to the New York Legislature by Joseph H. Choate, William D. Guthrie, Victor Morawetz, Austen G. Fox, and John G. Milburn, and in the partly concurrent and partly divergent memorandum by Francis Lynde Stetson, appended to the former. A sharp distinction should be made between two aspects of the opinion declared by the five eminent lawyers first mentioned. On the issue raised by Gov. Hughes, referring to the Constitutional and political effect of the words "from whatever source derived," the pronouncement made in the memorandum is not only characterized by the legal weight which might be expected from its authorship, but is highly impressive from the point of view of the layman. Indeed, ever since the announcement of the Governor's opinion on this point, the discussion of it has brought out with more and more clearness the soundness of his position—that the authorization, by Constitutional amendment, of Federal taxation of incomes "from whatever source derived" would almost certainly have the effect of annulling those limitations on the taxing power of the national government which have hitherto rested on inference from the general principles underlying our system of federated States. And this memorandum serves not only further to enforce this point, but also to bring out its potential importance in the affairs of the future.

But the memorandum of the five lawyers does not stop here: it goes on to attack the principle of the income-tax amendment, irrespective of its effect on State obligations. Here it enters upon the domain of general statesmanship, and takes up a position with which the legal authority of the writers has no bearing. They assert that to do away with the necessity of the apportionment of an income tax among the States according to population would be to open the door to a conscienceless exploitation of the richer States by the poorer States. That the amendment is designed to enable the national government to obtain from the possessors of great wealth and consequently large income a greater contribution to the national expenses than they now make, is undeniable; and that if this were done most of the tax would come from the States in which there is most wealth is equally certain. It is even possible that the power, if it existed, would be used in a manner that is open to serious objection. But when the eminent lawyers say that if a direct tax were now levied and apportioned according to population, the more populous and richer States would be paying their full share of national taxes, they weaken their whole position. Whatever the merits of their case, it is certainly not advanced by an argument which could justly be reduced to a burlesque by applying a similar consideration to a tax levied on the various sections of New York State, or New York city, according to population. Mr. Stetson, on the other hand, while recognizing the full force of the objection based on the words "from whatever source derived," and while admitting the possibility of abuse in any event, rightly asserts that an income tax apportioned by population is out of the question, and expresses his readiness to approve an amendment not open to the objection made by Gov. Hughes.

It is well to have men like ex-Gov. Herrick of Ohio who are prominent in the business world lay emphasis upon the waste and extravagance in the conduct of the government's business, if only that it may stimulate the Administration at Washington to greater efforts in this direction. There lie laurels enough for any President, even if you cut in half Senator Aldrich's estimate that the government, if run as a private corporation, might save $300,000,000. A government never can be run like a private business, because it is a Trust and has no competition; but an enormous amount could be saved if business methods were employed. Thus, in one office in Washington the installation of adding machines has saved the salaries of seventy clerks. In the Treasury Department, Secretary MacVeagh is busily making savings and adopting modern methods. But nothing is done in the War or Navy Departments, where much of the greatest waste goes on. The savings that could be made in the Quartermaster's Department of the army alone would make Mr. MacVeagh's notable economies seem comparatively trifling.

Anything more outrageous than the pardoning of Col. Duncan Cooper, one of the murderers of ex-Senator Carmack of Tennessee, has not occurred in many a month. The Supreme Court of Tennessee had just affirmed Col. Cooper's sentence of twenty years, when the Gov-

ernor instantly pardoned him. This brings both the law and the Supreme Court into contempt, and is from every point of view a disgrace to the State. The Governor says he has read all the evidence; that, in his opinion, neither of the defendants is guilty, and therefore as far as possible he annuls the action of the Supreme Court. He thus asserts that the Supreme Court judges are not as good jurists as he, or that they have deliberately connived at a miscarriage of justice. This is interference with a coördinate branch of the Government, with a vengeance. Moreover, in the matter of Col. Cooper's son, for whom a new trial had been ordered, the Governor prejudges the case by asserting this man's complete innocence. As to the case itself, there never was a clearer one. Carmack was brutally shot down in the street—as brutally as was Stanford White by Harry Thaw. The Governor's action will stimulate the gentle Southern pastime of shooting editors, and will generally be used for decades to come as an excuse for lynchings and private vengeance.

We congratulate the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad on its decision to submit to arbitration the differences between management and men. It is an evidence of great confidence on its part in the integrity and judgment of the arbitrators in the case of the New York Central that the Lackawanna Company should be willing to adopt and abide by their ruling in that case. However truly it may be asserted that this decision on the part of the company is really a victory for the men—gained, it may also be said, only when the strike menace had grown into an actual strike order—it is a hopeful sign, nevertheless, that this powerful company should adopt the sensible plan of arbitration, rather than the obdurate and atavistic method of strike and lockout. It would be difficult at this time to judge of the merits of the demands that the employees of this railroad have made, although it would seem that they were justified in asking that which the employees of other roads have recently gained, either through their own initiative or by the voluntary action of the management. The significant point, however, is not the justice or the lack of justice of their demands, but the manner in which those demands are to be met—by discussion, by examination of the claims of both sides, and by a calm decision.

Following up its excellent action in cutting down the amount of Sunday labor in its various plants, the United States Steel Corporation has taken another noteworthy step forward by instituting a voluntary "employers' liability relief system" for its workmen. The payments the Corporation plans to make will be quite irrespective of its legal liability. During temporary disablement single men will receive 35 per cent. of their wages and married men 50 per cent., with an additional 5 per cent. for each child under sixteen and 2 per cent. for each year of service above five years. In case of death of the wage-earner the widow and children will receive one and one-half years' wages, with an additional 10 per cent. for each child under sixteen and 3 per cent. for each year of service of the deceased above five years. The Corporation announces that for some years past it has been paying more than a million dollars a year to injured employees and to their families. Its new scheme will be tried for a year to see how it works, and the Corporation announces that "it is our purpose by this plan to treat employees fairly and generously, even under the most enlightened view of the employer's responsibility." It also announces that it has under consideration the pensioning of disabled or superannuated employees.

New Zealand frozen mutton is no longer a mere possibility for New York. This mutton is actually now coming in over the 1½-cent-a-pound duty, and is on the market. The first considerable shipment, 891 carcasses, arrived last week, trans-shipped at London for America, and larger consignments are on the way. Dealers here have figured that they can pay both the freight and the duty and still make a profit at prevailing prices. It is a trade development of the past month, and an extraordinary example of the annihilation of difficulties and distance by scientific methods and the modern giant freight-carriers. Should this diversion of part of the vast shipments from New Zealand to London grow to importance, it may throw an interesting light on previous profits within the tariff wall. It may even indicate a simple and quick way of reducing the price of mutton by 1½ cents a pound.

The report that a party of four men from Fairbanks, Alaska, has succeeded in scaling Mount McKinley seems to be entitled to credence. The men were experienced mountaineers and evidently set about their task in a manner which bespoke intelligence as well as determination, and under unusually favorable conditions. Furthermore, the fact that all four of them are reported to have reached the summit has its significance, since an agreement involving four men in falsehood would obviously be dangerous, as the experience of Dr. Cook with only one fellow-conspirator has pretty well demonstrated. In the history of Mount McKinley there are some remarkable facts which it seems worth while to mention here. The United States Geological Survey puts its altitude at 20,464 feet, thereby making it the highest peak in North America. It is curious, however, that this great American mountain seems to have escaped the observation of Capt. James Cook when he explored the southern coast of Alaska in 1778, and it is not mentioned by Vancouver, who visited the same region fifteen years later, probably because it chanced to be hidden by clouds from both of these explorers. Nor is there, so far as we know, any written mention of the mountain by the Russians, within whose domains it continued until 1867, when Russia sold Alaska to the United States. Lieut. Henry T. Allen noted the great peak when he was exploring the lower waters of the Tanama in 1885, but evidently was not very much impressed with it, and even the earliest of the gold-seekers, in 1895, were similarly indifferent. W. A. Dickey, in 1896, first appreciated the physiographical importance of the peak, and suggested its present name. But it was not until it became associated with the great Cook fraud of the North Pole that our highest mountain came within popular knowledge.

The addition of an optional fourth year's work to the curriculum of the Harvard Law School is of considerable significance. The Harvard Law School was established in 1817, with a course of a year and a half; in 1839, this was increased to an optional two years, though few students took advantage of

the full course, and the degree of bachelor of laws was awarded upon the completion of the shorter period. In 1870 the full two years were prescribed for the degree, and in 1877 another year was added, while in 1897 the university adopted a rule providing that no student could enter the Law School who was not a graduate of an approved college or qualified to enter the senior class at Harvard; and this restriction was still further increased subsequently by a rule requiring all candidates for the degree to be college graduates. This steady increase in the actual amount of serious and definitely prescribed training for the bar becomes the more significant when we remember that only thirty years ago the very notion of a law-school was openly pooh-poohed by many lawyers of recognized standing, who contended that the only way to learn to be a lawyer was to read law in a lawyer's office, and incidentally study at first hand its practical application. The increase in intellectual equipment still regarded as desirable is shown by the provision that in this optional fourth year at Harvard the student takes up such subjects as legal history and jurisprudence, international law, Roman, French, and German law, and the law of our Spanish colonies.

The excitement and tumult in the House of Commons, when Mr. Asquith carried through his anti-Lords resolution, has served to put at rest the notion that the impending contest will arouse no such interest as attended the Parliamentary canvass of last winter. It would argue such decline of political feeling in England as is in no way indicated, if a situation clearly portending one of the gravest Constitutional changes in British history could be viewed otherwise than with the most intense interest by the whole people. That the issue will be sharply defined, and that the result of the coming election will be looked forward to as settling it, seem assured by Mr. Asquith's declaration. There is a certain amount of mystery in his statement of the action the Ministry will take, in its relations with the Crown, upon the rejection by the House of Lords of the resolution which reduces this veto power to a strictly limited supervision; but, whatever form that action may take, it will evidently go as far as is possible toward making the result of the next election decisive. Of course, Mr. Asquith has no idea of procuring from the King a creation of peers at the present time for the purpose of forcing the will of the Commons upon the Lords; but it is plain that he means to put the case in such a way as to make it inevitable that, in the event of a Liberal victory in a new election, Lords and crown alike will, by one means or another, be compelled to accept the result.

Obviously, however, there is one event —and that by no means a remote one— against which it is impossible for Mr. Asquith to provide by any practicable prearrangement. A promise from the King, or a "gentleman's agreement" between the King and the Ministry, that in the event of a Liberal victory the Lords are to be shorn of their power, could hardly be enforceable in case the result of the election was very close; no moral force would stand behind the proposition that a permanent change of the most profound character in the British Constitution must be acquiesced in by the coördinate chamber and by the Crown simply because in a single election one party had won a bare majority over the other in the House of Commons. In what way this point may be guarded, it is, of course, impossible to say; but King Edward is a wary gentleman, and will not overlook his defences. But, however all this may be, the feeling of the electorate will inevitably be that on their verdict will depend the acceptance or rejection of the proposal to reduce the House of Lords from its position of a great bulwark of conservatism to the rôle of an occasional bar to hasty legislation.

In the London *Times* of April 9 is given a plan for a reformed House of Lords which appears to have been circulated in pamphlet form with a view to crystallizing opinion among the Opposition peers. According to this plan, the House would consist of 350 "lords of Parliament," of whom 120 would be "elected by their peers," 30 would hold office by virtue of their positions, and 200 would be named for life by the Crown upon the advice of the Prime Minister. This would reduce the number holding by the hereditary principle to about one-third of the whole, and as to the remaining two-thirds, would give an equal chance of representation to the opposing parties, thus materially diminishing the force of one of the gravest objections to the existing condition. On the other hand, it should be observed that the power of the Crown —that is, of the Ministry for the time being—to reverse a majority in the House of Lords by the creation of peerages would be decidedly impaired. The King could create peers, just as is now the case; but all that the new peers could affect is the choice of the elected "lords of Parliament," of whom only one-tenth are chosen in any one year. It is a singular situation, that after all these years the problem of how to reconstitute the House of Lords should now have to be attacked almost as though it were entirely new.

Baron Komura's plain avowal of Japan's desire to restrict emigration of the Mikado's subjects to Manchuria and Korea has an important significance for this country, in view of the approaching negotiations for commercial treaty renewals in which Japan will undoubtedly refuse to recognize further any specific discrimination against her people. It is in the controlling motives that the substance of this delicate issue must be sought. The Japanese Government gives the stamp of its approval to a policy which aims to keep its people as near home as possible. It is felt that the salvation of Japan, with 150,000,000 Russians and three times as many Chinese close at hand to the West, can only be worked out by a policy of solidarity. Her population must be increased, not scattered. Emigration is not officially wanted, either to North America or any other distant continent. But there is a national pride which will not continue to ignore any direct, formal ban placed by a foreign Power on such emigration as the Government cannot control. Should Japan object vigorously to a renewed discrimination, her course would not necessarily mean an encouraged invasion of our Pacific States by more Asiatic labor. Nations, as well as statesmen, may claim a right of freedom in action, and take it for granted that they will be presumed to behave with discretion and good-will. A clear understanding of Japan's ideas and ambitions may serve to allay criticism and suspicion at a needful moment.

DISCLOSURE AND PUNISHMENT.

The country is going through an extraordinary experience in the fight against corruption. The activity displayed in the exploration of dark places, and in the "rounding-up" of scores of offenders, is a most wholesome thing, and full of encouragement for the future. Not to be afraid to turn on the light—not to balk at the uncovering of such a mess as that at Pittsburgh, for example—is the next best thing to being free from the evils against which the exposures are directed. And it is certain, too, that every such manifestation of public determination has lasting results. It will be long before things can get as bad again at Albany, at Columbus, at Pittsburgh, as they were before the work of cleaning out the stables was undertaken.

But there is one part of the task of improvement, and that an immeasurably important one, upon which we are in a lamentably weak position. Severe punishment through the machinery of the criminal law, is still no regular part of the American programme in these matters. Even in so crude and flagrant a case as that of the systematic stealings of the Sugar Trust, we do not seem likely to get very far in that direction. "It is felt here by those most directly concerned," said a Washington dispatch the other day, referring to the sugar frauds, "that there has been created at New York city an exceptionally effective agency of investigation which is fully competent to bring about the discovery and conviction of the guilty, and to cause to be returned to the government all moneys of which it has been fraudulently deprived." We trust that all this is fully true, but we add that the two objects referred to are not at all to be coupled together in point of importance. Moneys due the Government should, of course, be recovered; but this of itself should not be regarded as even in the smallest degree a punishment. To be effective, these sugar prosecutions must actually result in severe personal punishment of those primarily responsible for the crimes. We hope that this can be compassed; otherwise, exposure by a thoroughgoing Congressional inquiry, with the heavy moral punishment that such exposure carries with it, would be far more to the purpose.

That we do not get the proper infliction of legal punishments is due partly to our laws and judicial procedure, and partly to the national temper. On the first head, the country has been hearing a great deal in recent years; and from President Taft down, the sentiment has been emphatically expressed by every speaker and writer on the subject that our legal methods are in need of radical improvement. The difficulty of carrying a prosecution to a final and substantial issue, when the resources of the defence are abundant, is almost overwhelming. On one phase of the matter, formerly inconspicuous, attention has been frequently directed in the last few years—the immunity plea. Fear of that plea, for instance, is the reason for the Administration's objection to a Congressional investigation in the sugar frauds; and all along, the immunity plea has been a great stumbling-block in the prosecution of offenders against the Anti-Trust law. In a recent address discussing deficiencies in the administration of the criminal law, Mr. Untermyer placed foremost among the needed changes an abrogation of this kind of immunity. But it is curious to find in the same address a protest against the movement to cut off that abuse of the right of appeal which does more than any other one cause to rob the criminal law of its efficacy—a position for which, so far as we can make out, the only substantial support is that a man, after being convicted and after having undergone a large part of his punishment, has now and then been found by the highest court not to have been guilty. But if that is to be held a bar, we might as well give up punishment altogether; for, appeal or no appeal, there are bound to be some instances of erroneous conviction.

But in addition to any deficiencies in law or in judicial practice, the national temper plays a large part in the matter. We are a good-natured people; it goes against the grain with us to inflict severe punishment in cold blood. In part, too, it is the American sense of fair play that stands in the way—an admirable quality, of course, but sadly misapplied. The ease with which the Morse petition has found thousands of signers is due, above all, to the feeling that there are plenty of others just as bad as Morse, who, instead of being in prison, are in the enjoyment of wealth and luxury; and next after this, to the feeling that he is a plucky man, who has shown grit in adversity. Here, then, we have both the national sense of fair play and the national good-nature; with the consequence that in one of the extremely few cases in which a criminal belonging to the millionaire class has received a sentence commensurate with his crime, the moral effect is almost wiped out by a widespread manifestation of public sympathy. It is not too much to say that, before we can hope to get ride of the plague of corruption which has recently been so much in the public eye, we shall have to get over these amiable weaknesses. We cannot permanently put down blackmail and legislative graft and bank-swindling unless we show that when we catch a blackmailer or a grafter or a bank-swindler we regard him as a full-fledged criminal and treat him as such; that we are no more likely to consider how many uncaught ones are just as bad as he, or how somebody else would have acted if he had been in his place, than we do when we catch a pickpocket or a burglar or a counterfeiter. When the criminal law is administered with reasonable expedition and simplicity, and when public sentiment takes a firm and business-like view of what the criminal law is for, it will not be necessary to have so many spasms of civic virtue as are now needed to keep our house fairly clean.

THE REPORT ON LIBERIA.

The report of the three commissioners to Liberia, Messrs. Roland P. Falkner, George Sale, and Emmet J. Scott, recently transmitted to Congress by the President, was delayed so long and so unnecessarily in the office of the Secretary of State as to endanger its being acted upon by the present Congress. This we should consider highly unfortunate. The recommendations submitted by Mr. Knox and approved by Mr. Taft ought to be dealt with at the present session. They are clearly set forth and easy to master. All Liberia, moreover, hangs upon the action of this Government. If cable reports are to be trusted, the business of administration is almost at a standstill pending the decision of Congress as to what attitude this country will assume toward the African Republic which represents the only attempt of Americans to colonize on African soil.

Let it be said at once that the commissioners found a much more favorable situation in Liberia than they or the Department of State had been led to expect. Alarmist newspaper reports originating in British circles had given the impression that the lives of foreigners were in danger; and there was actually a move on the part of the British Government to send a regiment to the Liberian capital, Monrovia. The chief difficulties confronting Liberia are from beyond the limits of the Republic. It is menaced by France on one side and Great Britain on the other. The former, says the report, "has based her aggressions on the plea that the territory which she has annexed, and then had ceded to her by treaty, was not effectively occupied by the Liberians, and was therefore subject to acquisition by another Power"—a pleasant little doctrine for one powerful country to lay down to a tiny neighbor. Thanks to it, Liberia, in 1902, lost to France a strip of sixty miles of coast and extensive territories in the interior, and no less than 2,000 square miles in 1907. So far as the English are concerned, the Commission is satisfied that the alarmist reports already mentioned were due to a conspiracy among British subjects in Monrovia, aided by the British officer in charge of the Liberian Frontier Police, to make it appear that the Government of Liberia was tottering to its fall.

So far from this being the case, the Liberian President, in the opinion of the Commission, extricated himself admirably from a trying situation, and the offending British commander, Major Cadell, who had, in violation of law, enlisted seventy-one British subjects in his Frontier Police, was dismissed. It appeared, after he left, that Major Cadell, who actually threatened the Government to which he owed allegiance, had left behind him a very considerable unauthorized debt. In 1904, British forces from Sierra Leone entered a portion of the Liberian territory to pursue hostile tribesmen who were raiding from Liberia into the British possessions. Since then the British have "occupied" this territory, and now refuse to relinquish it until Liberia shall have paid the costs of the British occupation. Says the Commission:

> The British foreign office has protested that Great Britain has no designs on Liberian territory. We find it hard to reconcile this protestation with the acts and attitude of her officials in Sierra Leone and Liberia. Certainly there is no difficulty in understanding Great Britain's declaration that if France is permitted to make successful advances into Liberian territory she will be compelled in her own interests to claim her share. It makes little difference whether Great Britain is the upper or the nether millstone. Liberia is between the two, and it is the conviction of the Commission that unless she has the support of some Power commensurate in strength with Great Britain or France, she will as an independent Power speedily disappear from the map.

So far as internal affairs are concerned, the Commission reports that the police are in good condition, but likely to deteriorate if not soon well officered, preferably by Americans. In the internal administration, the sorest point is the finances. The customs revenue is now collected systematically, but that from internal resources is pitifully small, owing to "crude and casual methods of collection," while expenditures have increased because of praiseworthy efforts to give more and better government to the native tribes in the interior. Lack of skill in estimating receipts and indifference as to the outcome of each fiscal year have resulted in the Republic's living annually beyond its means. Consequently, there is now a considerable floating debt in addition to a domestic debt "equivalent to about one year's revenue of the Republic." The total of both debts is only $1,289,000, but the foreign bondholders have become uneasy, owing to delays in making payments. The judiciary is reported to be honest, but little versed in law. Education is, on the whole, backward, but there are some excellent schools. Good harbors are a pressing need, and good highways even more so, for "the interior of Liberia is as little known to the Liberians themselves as to the world at large." With great possibilities of wealth in her forests, her rubber, palm oil, palm kernels, and pissava fibre, Liberia has "little more than scratched the surface of its soil in a very small portion of its area."

To improve the situation of the Republic, the Commission makes the following recommendations:

> (1.) That the United States extend its aid to Liberia in the prompt settlement of pending boundary disputes.
>
> (2.) That the United States enable Liberia to refund its debt by assuming as a guarantee for the payment of obligations under such arrangement the control and collection of the Liberian customs.
>
> (3.) That the United States lend its assistance to the Liberian government in the reform of its internal finances.
>
> (4.) That the United States lend its aid to Liberia in organizing and drilling an adequate constabulary or frontier police force.
>
> (5.) That the United States establish and maintain a research station in Liberia.
>
> (6.) That the United States reopen the question of establishing a naval coaling station in Liberia.

If Congress approves, Mr. Knox is ready to negotiate for a treaty with Liberia to carry out these objects. The success of our management of the Santo Domingo finances has not made the *Nation* feel more friendly toward the policy of policing other nations. In this case, however, it is indisputable that we have a heavy moral liability, since the Liberian Republic was set on its way by aid from the American Government and people. It is an admirable experiment station for negro self-government, which should not be allowed to fail because of foreign greed and aggression. At least some of the programme proposed should be carried out, even if Congress in its wisdom is opposed to the whole. A moral protectorate is to-day highly desirable.

THE END OF A CHAPTER.

The report is confirmed that Senator Hale, as well as Senator Aldrich, will retire from the Senate at the expiration of the present Congress. Senator Aldrich has been for many years the undisputed leader of the dominant party in the Senate, and has exercised a control of the actions of that body which often seemed unlimited. Next to Senator Aldrich in importance—though at a very long remove—Senator Hale was the only one left of the group of strong men who for years formed the centre of the Republican representation in the Senate. Their disappearance from the Senate Chamber will end the series of losses of veteran Senators of high ability which began with the death of Hoar and has been followed by the deaths of Platt of Connecticut and of Allison, and the retirement of Spooner. In comparison with these the men on whom the leadership of the Senate will now depend are green hands.

Hale and Aldrich are chairmen of the two most important committees of the Senate, Finance and Appropriations. Irrespective of any questions of controversy, there are a thousand matters

to which they have devoted much labor, and which they have handled with ability. In the case of Mr. Hale, there are two subjects on which his individual position was distinctive and which call for particular mention. At the close of the war with Spain, his was one of the few voices raised in the Senate in opposition to the prevailing tendency. While not fighting as Senator Hoar did for the uncompromising assertion of old-time American principles, he did place himself on the side of those who were trying to stem the overwhelming tide of Imperialism. And he has been for years a thorn in the flesh of the big-navy people, his knowledge of naval matters and his membership in the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs giving his position special weight. In general, however, his position was that of one of the managers of the regular organization of the Senate, the right-hand man of Senator Aldrich.

As for Senator Aldrich, after every acknowledgment is made of his ability and his hard work in the carrying on of the necessary business of the Senate, the one fact stands out that he was the living embodiment of that sordid and corrupt system which has left its ineffaceable brand on the history of the Republican party for three decades. Taking its rise in a true national movement based on great ideas of humanity and morality, that party, after completing its immediate mission, went rapidly through all the stages of a strange and complete metamorphosis. After the close of the war, in the Reconstruction years, many a sin of corruption and misgovernment was laid at the party's door; but while public attention was largely centred on these temporary and promiscuous abuses, a profound and lasting change was going on in the very nature of the party. From "the party of moral ideas," from the party of union and freedom and equal rights, it was turned into the party of wealth, of extortion, of intrenched and insolent commercial privilege. And of this régime Mr. Aldrich became in time the very head and front. He is often spoken of as a wonderful master of the tariff question; but the tariff question of which he is a wonderful master is the question how much the American people can be made to stand and deliver to the protected interests without rising in successful revolt. Nor is it only upon the tariff that the Aldrich régime has represented this attitude. Up to a very recent time, every proposition in the United States Senate that was objectionable to the great capitalistic interests was doomed as a matter of course to death in committee.

The close of Senator Aldrich's career will coincide, we confidently believe, with the close of this most unedifying chapter in the history of the Republican party. The signs of impending change have grown more and more impressive with every passing year, every passing month. What was tolerated for years because of the historic past to which the party leaders so long "pointed with pride," what was tolerated for many years afterwards while the country was still in the heyday of a new and dazzling material prosperity, will be tolerated no more. The people will no longer accept big figures of "prosperity" as a substitute for the assurance that government is being carried on by honest means and with the honest purpose of securing to the whole nation the greatest benefits which our natural advantages and the spirit of our people make possible. The growth of the insurgent movement is a manifestation of returning health that must hearten every believer in democratic institutions, and must rejoice particularly every Republican who recalls the days when his party meant something quite different from tariff-worship, and sought objects whose value could not be measured in Wall Street. All signs point to the opening of a new chapter in the party's history; and if that chapter cannot be filled with a record as inspiring as that which filled its early years, every good Republican may hope at least that the party, by a sincere effort to deal wisely with the less inspiriting but more difficult problems of the present day, will free itself from the odium which three decades of money-worship have brought upon it.

A GREAT TEACHER.

It may be said without exaggeration, we believe, that with the death last week of Prof. William Graham Sumner of Yale University, an historic figure in American economic controversy passes from the scene. To the younger generation, whose habitual view of the tariff question is of an artificial system fastened on the country, from the grasp of which it is the country's business cautiously to extricate itself, and whose idea of the gold standard of currency is of a policy so completely settled as to be no longer a matter of controversy, it will not be altogether easy to picture the real achievements of this veteran teacher. Professor Sumner attacked the protective tariff system at a time when protection was a fetich. He preached free trade when assertion of that doctrine was almost equivalent, so far as concerned the feelings of social and business acquaintances, to the preaching of atheism. Not only was free trade, or even the modified propaganda known as tariff reform, regarded by a large and highly respectable part of the community as a gratuitous assault on American institutions, but it was mixed up, in the mind of the same people, with surrender to the political hegemony of England and payment of the Confederate debt.

It was Professor Sumner's notable achievement that he taught his doctrines to his students, in the face of this wall of public prejudice, without equivocation or qualification, and that he set forth the underlying principles with such clearness, sincerity, and force that the complexion of politics was gradually altered from his classroom. The body of new voters who year by year passed from that atmosphere of practical instruction into the domain of every-day life brought with them the clean-cut views and the propagandist zeal which Professor Sumner individually had imparted to them. What the country owed to him, and to the instructors who followed his example in our other colleges, for the community's emancipation, in the early eighties, from the mass of economic superstition which had been darkening the public mind, it would not be easy to overestimate.

In his writings on this subject and on the gold standard, and notably in his teaching of both in the class-room, the great power of Professor Sumner lay in his clear and practical common-sense. It was a favorite saying of the hide-bound high protectionists of the day, especially when they began to discover certain results at the ballot-box, that these young enthusiasts were surrendering their minds to unpractical doctrinaires; to "college professors"—the term was used sarcastically—who knew nothing of the world, of the history of com-

merce or finance, or of modern business conditions, but who spent their days in secluded study of worn-out doctrines of another century. Nothing could have been more absurd as a description of Professor Sumner's economic teaching. He knew the world of business in a far broader way than the narrow conceptions of his critics; he was peculiarly versed in economic history, and nothing so fully explained his influence over readers and pupils as his power of plain and practical illustration of his doctrines by applying them to the industrial conditions of the day. His discussions of the currency, especially at the time when the fiat-money arguments still had a powerful hold on the public mind, were based equally on appeal to history, common-sense, and present-day conditions. His critics did not answer his arguments; they were content, as a rule, with denouncing them.

Probably most people conversant with our political history would say that the influence of Professor Sumner's teachings was most definitely felt in the years between 1880 and 1896. The split in the Democratic party in the last-named year, and its surrender to currency fallacies under the Bryan leadership, gave a much-needed opportunity to the Bourbons of high-protection. Having won the election of 1896 distinctly and exclusively on the sound-currency issue, the Republican leaders hastened, as soon as Congress was convened, to protest that high protection had been endorsed at the polls, and to enact a law with the highest of all protective duties. Helped by a decade of exceptional prosperity, not in the slightest degree caused by the Dingley Tariff, that law remained on the statute-books, and it seemed at times as if, after all, the work in that direction of men like Professor Sumner had been wasted; that the victory for sound money had been won at the expense of a defeat for sound commercial policies. The political history of the past twelve months has shown how mistaken such a judgment would have been. It is in no small measure to the honest and disinterested labors of such economic teachers that we owe the sane and intelligent view which the great majority of the voters manifestly take to-day on the tariff question.

No review of Professor Sumner's career could be complete without a warm and hearty appreciation of the service he rendered to his country during our war with Spain and in the Philippines. Resolutely set against every form of Imperialism and aggression, Professor Sumner again breasted the current of popular feeling, and protested with unfaltering courage against the national obsession. His pamphlet, "The Conquest of the United States by Spain," is unanswerable in its logic, and must remain notable in that literature of patriotic protests against national error, which, through all our history, has so often been justified with the lapse of time. Wedded to the faiths of the fathers of this country, by no specious argument of temporal advantage could he be made blind to the lasting spiritual and moral losses which departure from those traditions involved. He knew no compromise, as he knew no fear. In all serenity he bore the jeers of the mob, unfaltering in his duty and ennobled by that high sense of patriotism which made him the sternest of critics when convinced that his country erred. It is through such characters as Professor Sumner's, and not through money or masonry, that our universities wax great.

DEMOCRACY AND THE COLLEGES.

An incompletely reported alumni-dinner speech of spectacular character is usually a hazardous subject for comment. There is always the danger that the full report would make a very different impression. Nor is that danger wholly absent in the case of President Woodrow Wilson's remarkable address to the Princeton alumni at Pittsburgh on Saturday night; his vision, for instance, of America, if she loses her self-possession, staggering, like France, through fields of blood before she again finds peace and prosperity, may have had a very different effect with its context from what it has when taken by itself. But in order to get at the general spirit of the address it is not necessary to know the exact words used. It was an outburst of protest against abuses and defects that characterize the "rich man's college"; it was a passionate appeal for democratic ideals; it was a danger-signal flashed before the eyes of those who see not the perils that are invited by the self-indulgence and self-complacency of a plutocratic society.

President Wilson does not speak as an outsider; he speaks from the experience and the endeavors of years. He has seen at Princeton the steady growth of luxury, the steady advance of modes of living and habits of social intercourse, reflecting in the little college world the standards of a growingly plutocratic social régime. Where the democratic idea ought to be predominant, he has seen it struggling for survival. His efforts have for years been directed toward restoring the supremacy of the college or university as a whole over the institutions of social cliques and sets. He finds in the dependence of the university on the bounty of wealthy men a factor constantly working to reinforce the tendencies which he deplores. And he courageously lifts up his voice in appeal to the young men who have at heart the true welfare of the university and the true welfare of the country, to aid in bringing about a more wholesome state of things. In this endeavor, he should have the support of all thoughtful college men, rich and poor—of all true Americans.

And yet we cannot let this utterance of President Wilson go without a word of demur. To look for moderation and perfect balance on the part of a man of great oratorical gifts, exhorting his hearers in behalf of a militant reform, would be to expect too much; but it is not any question of mere exaggeration that we here have in mind. It is a fundamental question of point of view. With Mr. Wilson's attitude as regards luxury, snobbery, and the rest of it, we are in the heartiest sympathy; but a college is not confined to the choice of being a paradise of the *jeunesse dorée* on the one hand, and a propaganda of social service on the other. Surely, it is preoccupation with the one object he has immediately in view that must be held accountable for President Wilson's apparently determined ignoring of the claims of culture as such. This is not the first time he has stated his position in this way. In a careful and comprehensive discussion in *Scribner's Magazine* some months ago, of the question: "What is a college for?" one looks in vain for any recognition of the value of culture that is not directly applied to social achievement. If we take him at his word, in measuring the benefits that flow from the existence of our colleges, we must throw out of the reckoning altogether the making of the college men themselves into human beings having

higher, or broader, or more complex, or more remote intellectual interests than would have otherwise been theirs. Time was—and that when boys went to college in homespun and lived on three dollars a week—when this upbuilding of the man himself was regarded as the primary aim of the college; but President Wilson would seem to wish us to believe that we must have done with all that: by its service to the masses of the people and by that alone must the college stand or fall in the modern judgment.

This defect in Mr. Wilson's position is the more to be deplored because we are convinced that it necessarily operates to diminish his chance of influencing opinion and sentiment in the very quarters in which, for his purpose, they most need to be influenced. To denounce the failure of colleges to live up to a fine and generous ideal of culture is one thing; to ignore the existence of such an ideal is quite another. Most of us are not prepared to abandon as idle frippery everything in the social institutions and personal activities of the day except what tends to the solution of the problems of poverty or the improvement of the condition of the less well-to-do masses of the population. Service directed towards these ends is noble, and receives its meed of recognition from rich and poor, learned and simple; and in such service college men have by no means been deficient as compared with other classes of the community. But there are other things in life that are worth while, and that go to the making of a world that has in it beauty and interest and variety and stimulus. Among these is liberal culture; and the liberal culture that men get out of four college years properly employed leavens their whole lives and makes the world a better and brighter place not only for themselves but for others. Indeed, if we are to place ourselves at Mr. Wilson's position, we cannot stop there; there are other fundamental institutions of the existing organization of society that would fare vastly worse under the test that he applies than would the colleges. Judged from the standpoint of a maximum of immediate benefit to the masses—judged without reference to the myriad interlacing influences that flow from them—all the institutions upon which our complex social structure is built would have to go by the board. In spite of Lord Salisbury's dictum of many years ago, we are not all Socialists yet; and those of us who are not must refuse assent to that dogma of service which Mr. Wilson would seem to make the alpha and the omega of his college doctrine.

PHILOSOPHERS AND GUIDES.

Of one thing Mayor Gaynor of New York may be sure. His intimate relations with Epictetus will do him no harm in the eyes of the public. Those of his fellow-citizens to whom the name of the great Stoic was not very familiar before this, will now bestow on Mr. Gaynor the tribute of sincere admiration which the crowd always pays to the respectable and the unknown. Beneath the good-natured banter of the press there is apparent a very distinct appreciation of the qualities of a public official who will read Epictetus when he might put himself full in the front rank of progress by reading "Chantecler." Those who have heard of the old Greek before will be astonished to find him in this year of grace 1910 alive as well as famous. It is delightful to hear that Epictetus as a visible presentment is not confined to the college libraries, and to the department-store shelves during the holiday season, where in gay binding he holds his place at extremely reduced prices with Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies," Ik Marvel's "Dream Life," Owen Meredith's "Lucile," and Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." And when we find the famous old "Encheiridion" really used for a hand-book, as Mr. Gaynor uses Epictetus, for a daily guide, for a refuge from the ills and perplexities of the commonplace world, this too, too solid New York seems to melt away, and we are living with those delightful Rationalists of the eighteenth century who exalted the brotherhood of man and worshipped the ancients.

Very few after-dinner speeches begin nowadays with a quotation from Emerson or Burke or Horace, let alone Boethius or Epictetus. And yet we cannot help thinking that one of the homely sentiments the ancients were so expert in devising would make as good a text as any of the wornout pegs in use among present-day orators. Surely, a sentence from Epictetus or Montaigne or Francis Bacon would be as dignified and as appropriate a beginning as the present rule which requires that the speaker, whether his subject is Gold Production in the United States or the Progress of Woman Suffrage, shall begin by stating that a Methodist bishop was once driving along a country road in the South, when he came upon an old colored man belaboring his mule with a fence rail. It is left to the speaker to effect, as neatly as he can, the transition from the negro and the mule to gold production and woman suffrage. It is true that nearly all of the stories about the negro and the mule, or the two Irishmen who were returning from a funeral, can be traced back to Epictetus, or one of his contemporaries or predecessors. And it is also true that our own imaginative, romantic, verbose, picturesque age wants more "go" and color to its wisdom than we can find in the sententious ancients. Nevertheless, it seems unjust that while we accept the wisdom of the old-timers as it percolates down through the newspaper funny column and the vaudeville stage, we should so utterly forget the men from whom so much of our modern wit comes, or classify them with the old duffers.

They are still sold in goodly quantities, those famous books which parents buy for their children to read, when they should be reading them for their own souls' good—Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius, and, perhaps, even Longinus on the Sublime, Plutarch, Don Quixote, Montaigne, and Francis Bacon. They are sold in goodly quantities, but the elders do not read them and the children either do not read or read and forget before they have become men and women. They gather dust under the common reproach that falls on the classics: highly moral, no doubt, but unreadable, and, for modern purposes, quite useless. And yet there is a tremendous amount of dynamite concealed in those musty and mild-mannered ancients. We live under their influence in the present day, without knowing it. It cannot be mere coincidence that the man who for seven years turned things upside down in Washington, the man who has turned things inside out at Albany, and the man who is busily putting things right side up in New York city, are all readers and students of the ancient moralizers—of Thucydides, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius.

To what extent do men nowadays go to a favorite book for help in their everyday work? Everybody to-day has his favorite author; but that only means the author who can best help him through a spring evening at home or a sultry afternoon in a hammock. But are there still books to which men turn for light in perplexity, for solace in adversity, for that counsel and guidance which, unless the tradition of three thousand years lies, has been found by many men in many books? The books, we presume, are still to be had, books of a positive and not a merely negative efficacy, not merely books which take your mind away from something else that one would forget, but carry it to something else that it is good to remember. The books are still here, no doubt; but are the men here to read them? Are Mr. Gaynor and Mr. Hughes merely survivals, or is there still a considerable class of men who can make a daily companion of a single author or a favorite volume? It does not matter so much who the author is. The point is, does modern man look for or tolerate a guide and a source of authority outside of himself and his daily newspaper?

WILLIAM GRAHAM SUMNER.

New Haven, Conn., April 17.

The obituary notices of Professor Sumner, which have appeared during the past week have recalled the Sumner of the seventies and eighties rather than "the aging Titan" of more recent years—Sumner the political economist, rather than Sumner in his latest and ripest period. The tendency in thinking of him is to hark back to his vigor as a champion of free trade and sound money, and if something is said of the latter part of his career, it is likely to have to do with his opposition to the imperialistic movement. Such an attitude is natural enough, for Sumner's activities of thirty years ago were such as to leave a lasting impression upon his friends and an even more persistent recollection, if that were possible, in the minds of those whom he assailed. Upon this period of tremendous vigor, in the class-room, in the faculty councils, in publication, and on the platform, there ensued, in the early nineties, a breakdown in health which coincided with Professor Sumner's withdrawal from the field of political economy, and which, in the eyes of the public, seemed to mark the end of his effective career. In the later nineties, there appeared several volumes on economic subjects which by some were taken to be the signs of the closing up of a life-work.

In a sense this was true, and many of us would be happy enough to conclude a career with the renown which Professor Sumner enjoyed as a political economist. But to him the end of labors in this field merely marked the termination of one more phase of a full life. I have been asked, as a close associate and co-worker with Professor Sumner in the labors of this latter period, to try to afford his admirers and friends some idea of his activities, and of the man himself, as old age crept upon him. Of the labors one might say in general that they were as unremitting as health would allow, whereas before the illness of the early nineties they had been virtually incessant. There seems to have been in this man such intellectual eagerness, such a very mania for discovering the truth, coupled with so strong a power of will, that he wore out a sturdy physique untimely—for, with his strong frame and sound constitution, he might well have lived out the life of a Humboldt. As it was, Professor Sumner retained his large elective courses and ruled them with iron discipline, up to a few years before his retirement in 1909; and to the very end of his active service, he remained an incomparable leader in the college faculty. One who seeks to account for what Yale College has become, and who realizes that such an institution is not built of bricks and stones, but of men, cannot leave out of reckoning the often determinative influence wielded for nearly forty years by Professor Sumner. Even during the last years of his life, he never lost his characteristic power of cutting straight to the core of an issue; nor, indeed, was he deprived, until the latest years, of his joy in battle. He remained in old age the redoubtable debater, confronting opposition with a combination of manner, matter, and method with which few ever successfully coped. But the fight, though Homeric in its tactics, was always fair; Sumner always took his wounds in front, and, as one observer remarked, always shouted, "Look out! I'm coming for you!" before he charged. The greatest immediate loss involved in Professor Sumner's retirement and death, excluding the bereavement of those who loved him, is the loss sustained by the faculty of Yale College. The demonstration of June, 1909, when Yale accorded him the doctorate of laws—when fathers and sons united in cheering the great teacher of two generations—affected him, as he admitted, to tears; and during the succeeding summer he received many letters expressive of gratitude and affection which made him feel, as he said, that the world was using him well.

But I must turn—reluctantly, for the man was ever far more than the work—to the actual labors of these recent years. To judge from many conversations with him, Professor Sumner's interest had always been wider than economics pure and simple, even from the time when he was elected, in 1872, to the chair of "political and social science." At the time of its publication he read Herbert Spencer's "Study of Sociology," and he used frequently to mention the sense of intellectual assent and emancipation which broke over him upon making acquaintance with this and the larger sociological works of Spencer. It was characteristic of Sumner that he must not only know the truth, but pass it on; and, after some conflict with the entrenched conservatism of the day, he finally set before Yale College men the first course in sociology ever presented in an American college curriculum. His interest in the general science—which he called "Science of Society," or "Societology," to distinguish it from what was coming to be taught under the name "sociology"—steadily increased, his second inspiration dating from the reading in the late eighties of Julius Lippert's "Kulturgeschichte." Upon the partial recovery from his breakdown, Sumner ceased to teach political economy to undergraduates—though for some years he had large graduate classes in the United States finance and political history—and developed his classic course in what the students came to call "Sumnerology." In those days a man was hardly supposed to have won a genuine B.A. if he had not had "Billy Sumner." Within a few years the graduate courses in political economy had been superseded by others in the science of society, and Professor Sumner had ceased altogether to teach the specialty of his young manhood and of his prime. Many have regretted this change, but it was inevitable. Sumner's interests outgrew the sub-science and reached out toward the more comprehensive study of the life of society in all its phases, not the economic alone. He was by nature a way-breaker, and then he was beginning to feel what later became a conviction, that economics was slipping away from sound doctrine into the domain of "metaphysics." It is needless to say to any who have known his teachings that he eschewed the latter with all the rigor of which he was master, believing that he himself had suffered much harm from his earlier clerical studies along such lines, and having been, as he phrased it, "engaged in heaving that whole cargo overboard ever since."

During the late nineties we graduate students used to wonder why Sumner did not publish on sociology, although I do not recall that any one of us had the temerity to ask him. But at length one of us found enlightenment for all in an account of an interview in which some breezy reporter had inquired of Sumner what we all should have liked to ask. To the question, "Why

does Professor Sumner not publish?" came the gruff answer, "Because he prefers to correct his own mistakes rather than to have somebody else do it for him"—and we were content to have suppressed our curiosity. As a matter of fact, however, some of us had been taken to Professor Sumner's study and had seen with amazement the serried rows of classified notes on anthropology and the science of society, and we knew what not many outsiders did, that the old-time industry and vigor had not lessened; and we used to believe that if Spencer had had such a collection of materials, the "Principles of Sociology" would have been far more strongly buttressed, and would more nearly have resembled the irresistible "Origin of Species." In the eighties, Sumner had known his Hebrew, Latin, Greek, French, and German; but in these materials was revealed the marvellous fact that, probably after the age of forty-five, he had learned to use readily, not only Danish, Swedish, Dutch, Spanish, Portuguese, and Italian, but also Russian and Polish. Equipped thus for the collection of materials, he had plunged into the field marked off by Tylor, Lubbock, Spencer, and others, and had read an incredible number of books, journals, and other sources. The first public indication of this research, and of the reflection upon its results, was the appearance, in 1907, of "Folkways: A Study of the Sociological Importance of Usages, Manners, Customs, Mores, and Morals." I cannot go into this publication except to say, first, that (as bearing upon what immediately precedes) it astonished scholars by the range of its knowledge. The bibliography, which is not at all a catalogue of all the author has ever read, or has had read for him, covers fifteen closely printed pages, and yet includes scarcely any titles of systematic works, and virtually no references to the author's extensive economic reading. To his fellow-scientists the "Folkways" revealed the fact that Sumner's scholarly labors, under conditions of ill health and of declining strength, had in later years even surpassed those of his prime. Further, it is thought by many that the "Folkways" represents a very fundamental step in the development of any sound science of society. Perhaps I may be permitted to quote from a characterization which was made some months ago (*Yale Review*, August, 1908, pp. 134-135) by the present writer, and with which Professor Sumner seemed to be pleased:

> This is a book, which, as it seems to the writer, Charles Darwin would have written if he could. It is patent to the reader of "The Descent of Man" that, whatever the cause, for once in his life Darwin has been led to essay waters beyond his depth; chapters iv and v of the "Descent" do not sound at all like Darwin. Because, in the interest of completeness, he was led or persuaded to attempt the treatment of man's social qualities and institutions, or for some other reasons, Darwin in these chapters undertook to discuss such topics as the origin of the moral sentiments. This part of the "Descent" had better have been left unwritten, for, in default of his usual mountains of data from which to draw irrefutable inductions, the great scientist was led to wander hopelessly among the unfamiliar and unfathomable quicksands of the metaphysical and intuitional. In so doing he presents but a sorry aspect to his admirers.
>
> The treatment of the "mores" by Professor Sumner is the sort of strong and ballasted product that Darwin delighted in. Moreover, it is a treatment which constitutes a distinct and characteristic amplification of the evolutionary theory. The folkways are shown to be adaptive to environment; it is plain that, in the long run, the fittest ways must survive. It admits of no doubt in the present writer's mind that the matter of this book fits into the "Descent of Man," after chapter iii, in a way more acceptable to Darwinian ideas than the work of Spencer possibly could be. Sumner's cast of mind is Darwinian rather than Spencerian; he has no synthetic philosophy to establish. His "Folkways" clarifies the matter of social evolution in a manner calculated to give his work place as truly supplementary to that of Darwin.

To understand the bearing of this book on the treatise covering the "Science of Society" (of which Professor Sumner speaks as his next task, in the preface to the "Folkways"), one must realize that the idea of the Folkways or mores was one which he came to regard as entirely fundamental to any science of society. He had written for several years on his projected general treatise on the "Science of Society" before he came to what he called the "section on the mores"; and this section it was which developed into a separate volume ("Folkways") to precede the major treatise. It is entirely regrettable that the latter could not have been completed; but, if a choice could have been made, it would have been better that the "Folkways" should receive the preference.

The most attractive and the grandest aspect of Sumner's latter years, though I have inevitably suggested it, remains. It is the man's character. He was a Roman soul among us; he lived before his students and colleagues as the embodiment of honesty and fearlessness. He was to the end the uncompromising foe of hypocrisy, sham, ostentation, and weak sentiment—which he curtly denominated "gush." I know that some will think I exaggerate in my friendship and reverence for the dead, when I say that he was in character an humble man. He seemed at all times positive and even intellectually arrogant, but his personal opinion of his own services and work always reminded me of the self-depreciatory attitude of Darwin. In personal relations he was unassuming, helpful, excessively grateful for small services rendered, but beset by the fear that he would cause anybody else some trouble. He was ready at all times with kindly counsel and sympathy—and the counsel was that of deep wisdom and the sympathy that of a warm heart. I have somewhat enlarged upon this side of his nature, because in appearance and to slight acquaintance he was stern, often gruff, seemingly without human feeling. But this was not the real man. He was a strong hater and a strong lover, as must happen where the essence of one's character is strength.

I cannot conclude this notice without referring to one of the most marked characteristics of the man as many of us have known him. Of late years he had been accustomed to walk slowly out the avenue from his house to East Rock Park, where he used to sit upon one of the benches in a secluded spot overlooking the little tidal river; and he was glad to have companionship in these excursions. But on the way out and back, I think it is safe to say, he seldom or never passed a little child, or, in any case, a baby, no matter how forlorn its estate, without some friendly words or other kindly demonstration. Some of us used to believe that he called to see the children rather than ourselves. And I do not remember to have seen a child afraid of him, despite the fact that his rugged and deep-lined countenance used to inspire not a few light-minded college seniors with the notion that it was best to keep at a safe distance.

It was in characteristic response to the call of duty that Professor Sumner's last efforts and energy were expended. He was scheduled for the president's address of the American Sociological Society; and he dragged himself off to New York, ill and weak, but as determined as ever, in the heavy snowstorm of Monday, December 27, with his manuscript carefully prepared, typewritten and corrected, in his bag. He struggled up nearly to the battle-line prepared to discharge his duty, as of old, but there was no strength remaining. "How characteristic of Sumner!" was the common remark at the news of his fall. One could scarcely wish for a more graphic description of his character and career.

ALBERT G. KELLER.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The auction of the Amor L. Hollingsworth library in Boston on April 12, 13, and 14 was very successful, the total of the three days' sale being $49,000. Record prices were paid for nearly all the items of Americana, and there was good competition for the other books, especially for the fine bindings. The highest price of the sale was $1,130, paid for the Massachusetts Laws of 1699, with the supplements to 1712. This was purchased by the Law Library of Harvard. A fine copy, in the original sheep binding as issued, of Captain Bernard Ro-

mans's "History of East and West Florida," New York, 1775, brought $810. The highest previous record at auction is $410. Capt. John Mason's "History of the Pequot War," written in 1637, but not printed until 1736, brought $750. This identical copy was bought at auction for Mr. Hollingsworth in 1901 for $445. An Almanac for 1667 printed in Cambridge by Samuel Green brought $385. This copy had appeared twice before in the same rooms, bringing $155 in 1901 and $275 in 1904. Lescarbot's "Histoire de la Nouvelle France" (1609), the first edition, brought the record price of $410.

Wilberforce Eames has been for years collecting books relating to the American Indians, and the sale of his library, announced to take place several years ago, has been eagerly awaited. He has recently disposed of the major portion to the New York Public Library, retaining, we understand, only such books as the Library already possessed. The first portion of this residuum is to be sold ("absolutely without reserve," as the catalogue states) by the Anderson Auction Co., on April 26, afternoon and evening. A few duplicates from the Public Library are included, the most important being a Columbus Letter, one of the original Latin plaquettes, four leaves, small quarto, the second of two editions printed by Stephen Plannck in Rome in 1493. These 1493 editions of the Columbus Letter are at once the joy and the despair of the collector of Americana. This was Bolton Corney's copy, sold with his library in 1871. It was later acquired from Quaritch by William Waldorf Astor, and was presented by him to the Astor Library the next year. Anderson's cataloguer says that only fourteen copies are known, but twenty or twenty-one would be more accurate. The following list of copies may be of interest:

British Museum. Two copies.
Bibliothèque Sainte-Geneviève, Paris.
Commerzbibliothek, Hamburg.
Biblioteca Riccardiana, Florence.
Biblioteca Nazionale, Naples.
Biblioteca Trivulziana, Milan.
Biblioteca Communale, Fermo.
John Carter Brown Library, Providence.
New York Public Library, Lenox collection.
New York Public Library, Astor collection. The present copy.
Library of the late Baron James Edouard de Rothschild, Paris.
Library of the Duc d'Aumale, Chantilly.
Library of the late Henry Huth, London.
Library of the late E. Dwight Church, New York.
Library of the late Robert Hoe, New York.
Library of Edward E. Ayer, Chicago.

The Church copy was the Barlow and Ives copy, the only one ever sold at auction in America, bringing $2,200 at the Barlow sale in 1890 and $1,600 at the Ives sale in 1891. The Hoe copy (formerly Kalbfleisch's) and the Ayer are probably two out of the five following, which have been sold at public sale abroad in the last twenty-five years, but the present location of which cannot now be traced:

Dr. Court, sold in Paris, May, 1884.
Lord Crawford, sold in London, June, 1887.
Baron Seillière, sold in Paris, May, 1890.
Rev. W. E. Buckley, sold in London, February, 1893.
J. B. Inglis, sold in London, June, 1900.

No copy seems to have come upon the market within the last ten years.

Another great rarity in the Eames collection is George Alsop's "Character of the Province of Maryland" (1666), with the very rare frontispiece, though the last four lines of verse below the portrait are in facsimile.

On April 28 and 29 the Anderson Auction Co. will sell the first part of the library of the late Hon. Charles H. Truax. Thirteen specimens from the Aldine press (1495-1524); three books from Bedoni's press at Parma (1791-'93); several illuminated manuscripts; publications of the Bibliophile Society and the Dunlap Society; a collection of books on old silver; Gower's "Confessio Amantis" (1554), and a set of Brunet's "Manuel du libraire," the last edition (1860-80), are included.

On April 26, 27, and 28 the Merwin-Clayton Sales Co. will sell the first part of the library of William A. Gramer. Unusual series of the first editions of several modern authors, such as Bliss Carman, Gilbert K. Chesterton, Joseph Conrad, John Davidson, George Gissing, Maurice Hewlett, George Moore, Stephen Phillips, and George Bernard Shaw, are the most notable of the sale. "La Cuisine créole," a New Orleans cook-book, and an "Historical Sketch Book and Guide to New Orleans and Environs," both published in New York by Will H. Coleman in 1885, are offered as unidentified books by Lafcadio Hearn.

On April 26 to 29 Libbie & Co. in Boston will sell a large library belonging to a Boston collector, whose name is not made public. New England town histories and genealogies; books on the Revolution; a large collection of Napoleon Memoirs; first editions of Andrew Lang and other English authors, and books in many departments make up the 12,000 volumes and over. An original impression of Paul Revere's famous print, "The Bloody Massacre, perpetrated on King Street, Boston, March 5, 1770," with contemporary note that it was colored by Christian Remick, is the most valuable single lot of the sale.

On May 4 Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, in London, will sell a remarkable collection of manuscripts. Among the documents are full autograph letters of Mary Tudor, Mary Queen of Scots, Queen Elizabeth, Charles I, Charles II, and others; a series of thirty-four letters (partly signed) of Philip II of Spain; a nearly complete series of autographs of the Popes, beginning with Martin V (1428), and coming down to the late Leo XIII; a set of letters or documents written or signed by the French Sovereigns, from Louis XI to Napoleon, and other notable collections are included.

On May 9 to 12 the library of the late F. Marion Crawford will be sold by the same house. It is a working library without rarities. With it will be sold the library of Alderman Joseph Thompson. A first edition of Milton's "Areopagitica" (1644) and other seventeenth-century tracts, are included.

Correspondence.

FROM THOREAU TO CONFUCIUS, VIA WASHINGTON CO., VIRGINIA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Sixteen years ago, in preparing an Historical Society paper, I made use of this quotation: "The virtues of a superior man are like the wind; the virtues of a common man are like the grass: the grass, when the wind passes over it, bends." I had come across it in reading Thoreau, and, struck by its mystic Eastern turn, I appropriated it—a novel, as well as a striking, figure of speech. This was in 1894. Thirteen years later, I had occasion to deliver an address on Gen. Lee, at Lexington, Va., and I again made use of the simile; but, not having made any note of the source whence I drew, I simply quoted from my own earlier production, giving it no further thought. In February, following, to my surprise, I received a letter from Abingdon, Va., signed R. V. Lancaster, saying that the phrase had been quoted by Professor Hogue of Washington & Lee University, in an account of my address, and attributed there to a "disciple of Emerson." Mr. Lancaster added, "now this idea in almost the exact form given is found in the Analects of Confucius."

More than a good deal taken aback by this discovery of my own unconscious erudition, I at once wrote to Mr. Lancaster, frankly expressing my surprise at the information given me, and my own surmise that the figure, if it had not actually originated with Thoreau, went back at furthest only to Emerson; and I went on to express the curiosity I felt to learn more of it. Mr. Lancaster, who had, it seems, been for fifteen years a missionary to China, replied that the Analects contained the following: "A certain ruler asks: 'What do you say to killing the unprincipled for the good of the principled?' Confucius replied: 'Sir, in carrying on your government why should you use killing at all? Let your evinced desire be for what is good, and the people will be good. . . . The relation between superiors and inferiors is like that between the wind and the grass; when the wind blows the grass must bend.'"

In a volume entitled "The Sayings of Confucius" (in the Wisdom of the East Series, recently published by Dutton), I find my quotation in two places (pp. 32, 42), where it appears as a reply made by Confucius to a question on government by Chi K'ans Tzu, "Ought not I to cut off the lawless in order to establish law and order? What do you think?" The reply is in nearly the same words as those used by Mr. Lancaster.

As my curiosity was now thoroughly excited, I at once set to work to find where in Thoreau's writings—for in my recollection the quotation was inseparably associated with Thoreau—the extract from Confucius could be found. The editor of the definitive edition of Thoreau was unable to aid me; and, as time passed, I despaired of ever locating my elusive quotation. Chancing, however, one day across Mr. F. B. Sanborn, on a railway train, the conversation drifted from one topic to another, and finally to Thoreau. It occurred to me to mention my quotation. Mr. Sanborn, as is pretty generally known, is a sort of walking encyclopædia of odds and ends of miscellaneous information, and he now justified his reputation, telling me that I would find what I sought at the close of a chapter in Thoreau's "Walden," and that Thoreau there stated that the quotation was from a Chinese philosopher, mentioning no name. I found it at the close of Chapter VIII; but Thoreau had not in any way indicated the source whence he drew.

I presume I do not stand alone in having, on more than one occasion, lost sleep over

the effort to place some quotation which had stuck, so to speak, in memory's crop, and in the placing of which no collection of quotations offered any assistance or supplied a clue. In the present case I hold it to have been a notable coincidence that a poetical figure of speech found in Thoreau's works, and assumed to be taken from those of Emerson, should be thus correctly placed as attributable to Confucius by a modest Presbyterian clergyman, living in an obscure village nestled in the Virginia Alleghanies; he having a knowledge of the writings of Confucius solely as he had studied them in the Chinese tongue. Such a coincidence seems to merit mention among the Curiosities of Literature.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

Washington, D. C., April 14.

THE HETCH HETCHY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the Hetch Hetchy controversy new light has suddenly appeared and completely altered the aspect. It has been assumed, by both sides, that the area in the Yosemite National Park which has been conceded to San Francisco, Lake Eleanor and Cherry Creek, was insufficient to give her the amount of water to which she is entitled, and therefore she demands Hetch Hetchy also. This impression is gained by the wording of the Garfield permit. As a matter of fact, this area yields twice the amount of water which is the share of San Francisco, and she will be compelled to release one-half of it to the irrigationists. Taking her share in her own territory, she is not entitled to a gallon of the main flow of the Tuolumne River, passing through Hetch Hetchy.

The irrigationists have a prior right to 1,500,000,000 gallons a day; the remaining 200,000,000 gallons a day, or 13 per cent. of the total, is the share of San Francisco. The total drainage area of the Tuolumne basis is 639 square miles. Of this total Lake Eleanor has 84 square miles, or 13 per cent. Cherry Creek drains 103 square miles, or 16 per cent. of the total. Therefore, the two combined, which is the territory conceded to San Francisco, take up 29 per cent. of the Tuolumne drainage. Thus it appears that Lake Eleanor alone is all that San Francisco is entitled to. The Cherry Creek supply and the flow of the main Tuolumne River belong to the irrigation districts by right of prior location.

This estimate is based on the assumption that precipitation of moisture is uniform throughout the entire Tuolumne basin. In fact, however, precipitation is heavier in the norther section, where are Cherry Creek and Lake Eleanor, than in the more southerly part.

In the matter of storage, Lake Eleanor, which San Francisco is required to develop to its greatest capacity, will make an enormous reservoir. And there are several sites above which can be utilized. On Cherry Creek, Cherry Valley can be developed into a reservoir, nearly as large as that at Lake Eleanor, and there are also a number of good sites farther up stream. Furthermore, it is generally understood that San Francisco intends to take over the enormous storage reservoirs of the water company, which now supplies the city. It, therefore, appears that, in what has been given her, she has her water and ample storage for it.

This new information should settle the matter, so far as honest people are concerned. But there are a few dishonest men, who are demanding the Hetch Hetchy, and who have been maturing in secret a plot so atrocious that they have not as yet dared to whisper it in public. By turning the Hetch Hetchy into a reservoir they wish to seat San Francisco on the throat of the irrigationists, and lay the legal foundation now for raising the claim, when more than 200,000,000 gallons a day are needed, that municipal use of water is paramount to its use for irrigation, and thus rob the irrigationists of their supply, and convert a great area of rich valley, now rapidly developing, into a parched and desert waste, scattered with the ruins of deserted homes. With cold-blooded villany, they are planning to do this, knowing that an abundance of water for San Francisco can be had from other sources.

GEORGE EDWARDS.

Berkeley, Cal., April 9.

THE COAL SUPPLY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of April 14 Prof. William H. Hobbs crowds into a single paragraph so many misstatements of what might be easily verified facts that a correction should be filed at once.

As joint authors of the estimates of coal supply and exhaustion in the United States, it is but fair that we should be accorded the right to have our figures correctly reported. Professor Hobbs states in his communication:

> At the recent Minnesota State Conservation Convention, the Secretary of the Interior of the United States, in an address the effect of which could only be to discourage conservation of natural resources, is reported to have stated that not more than four-tenths of one per cent. of the total coal supply of the world has yet been mined, and that the supply is sufficient to last 7,000 years. It would be interesting to know upon whose computations these figures are based, since the estimates of the experts of the United States Geological Survey have placed the proportion of the fuel now unmined at from 40 to 70 per cent. of the total original supply, and have predicted complete exhaustion of the mines in from 107 to 120 years.

The Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Ballinger, in his address above referred to, said:

> According to the production of coal in the United States at the close of 1908, only four-tenths of one per cent. of the original supply of coal has been exhausted, leaving as the apparent supply still available 99.6 per cent. of the original supply, or coal enough to last, as some claim, for a period of 7,000 years.

In making this statement the Secretary of the Interior is in exact accord with the estimates which have been made by us for the Geological Survey. These estimates were published in the report of the National Conservation Commission, and in somewhat greater detail in the reports of the Geological Survey on the production of coal in 1907 and 1908. In the report for 1908 the latest figures covering the coal supply and exhaustion are given. On page 28 the following statement occurs:

> The total production of coal in the United States at the close of 1908 was 7,280,940,265 short tons, which, including the waste involved in the mining and preparation, represented an exhaustion of 11,870,049,900 tons, leaving as the apparent supply still available 3,064,334,011,000 tons, or 99.6 per cent. of the original supply; that is to say, up to the beginning of 1909 only 0.4 of 1 per cent. of the original supply of coal has been exhausted. The quantity of coal still available at the close of 1908 was 7,369 times the production in that year, and 4,913 times the exhaustion represented by that production.

The Secretary of the Interior simply quoted from the published reports of the Geological Survey, and it is difficult to understand how Professor Hobbs arrives at the conclusion that there has been "an invasion by political influence of the freedom and independence of bureaus of scientific inquiry." The first estimates of supply and exhaustion were published in connection with the United States coal fields map issued in May, 1908, nearly two years ago. It should seem that this answers Professor Hobbs's suggestion that it would be interesting to know upon whose computations these figures (those quoted by the Secretary of the Interior) are based. For the sake of scientific exactness Professor Hobbs is advised that the Secretary of the Interior in his address did not refer to the coal supply of the world, but to that of the United States alone. The percentage of the exhaustion of the world's supply, however, is not materially different from that of the United States, as it has been estimated by Mr. Alfred H. Brooks that 0.8 of one per cent. of the entire world's supply has been exhausted. Professor Hobbs apparently attempts to quote us as predicting the complete exhaustion of the coal supply in from 107 to 120 years. It has been stated, and it is true, that if the rate of increase in coal production which has obtained during the past fifty years continue, the supply of the easily accessible and available coal would be exhausted by the middle of the next century. This has also been stated in our official reports, all of which were published before Mr. Ballinger became Secretary of the Interior.

Professor Hobbs further states that "Cabinet officials have not heretofore indulged in such grotesquely inaccurate statements of scientific subjects." In this case the "grotesquely inaccurate statements" should not be charged to a Cabinet official. They were given to the public, not "by one of the great scientific bureaus of the government, under protest," but have been published in carefully prepared official reports and stand on their merits.

Wide circulation has not been given to the report of the National Conservation Commission, but the contributions by the members of the United States Geological Survey have been made available through Bulletin No. 394, which Professor Hobbs doubtless has in his library.

We disclaim for ourselves and for our associates having made any estimate "that the proportion of fuel now unmined is from 40 to 70 per cent. of the total original supply." As above stated, the proportion of the quantity unmined is 99.6 per cent. of the original supply.

As stated by Mr. Alfred H. Brooks, in his testimony before the Ballinger-Pinchot investigating committee, any one is at liberty to base his estimates of duration of the coal supply anywhere he pleases between 150 years and 5,000 years.

In commenting upon the influences which might affect the coal production of the future, we concluded our statement to the Conservation Committee on the duration of the coal supply with the following:

With so many indeterminate factors whose importance is realized, but cannot be measured, prophecy must possess a questionable value.

M. R. Campbell,
Geologist in Charge of the Economic Geology of Coal.

E. W. Parker,
Statistician in Charge, Division of Mineral Resources.

Washington, D. C., April 15.

THE NEW YORK CITY HALL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I note your not overcharged remarks in deprecation of the reprehensible proposition to degrade our admirable City Hall into "no more than a stepping-block to the [contemplated new] Court House" so sorely needed—but by no means in the City Hall Park—for our ever-growing city.

As the secretary for thirty consecutive years of the New York Chapter of the American Institute of Architects, and frequently, at intervals during that period, also secretary—for some ten years in the aggregate—of the Institute itself, and thus in close and recurrent relations with most of our prominent architects, I can vouch for the fact that this consummate example of the Renaissance school, the City Hall of our financial metropolis, is accepted as such by the whole architectural profession—*sensu bono*, of course; for, as in all professions, that of architecture has its share of members who are much more devoted to commercial and self-seeking than to ethical and public-spirited considerations, and whose interest in procuring, without any inconvenient scruples, a new commission, is much keener than in preserving the integrity and the prestige of a noble output of their art.

Several times I was, along with two or three of the most distinguished practitioners of New York, placed by the New York Chapter on committees to plead with the municipal authorities against making any change whatever in the exterior of the City Hall, or permitting any further encroachment (far too much having already been granted) on the park surrounding it. On another occasion, at the request of and in company with the late Hon. Andrew H. Green, the "Father of Greater New York," I gave the then Mayor of the city what I thought, and still think, good reasons for advocating the use of the whole length of the north side of Chambers Street, between Broadway and Centre Street, for a new municipal building to meet and complement the judicial, legislative, and postal requirements of the city and County of New York.

Time and further observation have confirmed me in this opinion, and have moreover convinced me that not only should this strip be acquired by the city for the governmental accommodations which have become such a serious desideratum, but that the whole block bounded by Chambers Street, Broadway, Duane Street, and Centre Street should be secured for its present and future needs, the existing Court House and Post Office demolished, and their sites restored to the park for additional breathing and recreative area, in behalf of the neighborhood's congested population.

A. J. Bloor.

Pasadena, Cal., April 12.

Literature.

MEXICO.

Porfirio Diaz, President of Mexico, the Master Builder of a Great Commonwealth. By José F. Godoy. With 60 illustrations, maps, and diagrams. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.

Mexico: Its Ancient and Modern Civilisation, History, and Political Conditions, Topography and Natural Resources, Industries and General Development. By C. Reginald Enock, F.R.G.S. With an Introduction by Martin Hume, M.A. With a map and 75 illustrations. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3 net.

Mexico, the Wonderland of the South. By W. E. Carson. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.25 net.

On the Mexican Highlands, with a Passing Glimpse of Cuba. By William Seymour Edwards. Second edition. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. $1.50.

Less than two years ago a review of Martin's "Mexico of the Twentieth Century," which appeared in the *Geographical Journal*, closed with the significant words: "There is still room for a good, all-round book on Mexico." As the review was signed with the initials of Alfred P. Maudslay, the highest English authority on Mexican history and archæology, the remark carried great weight. In fact, it seems to have attracted a considerable amount of emulation, for since then at least a dozen books have been published in English which deal with the whole or a part of Mexico. A more obvious reason for this literary activity is that Mexico is soon to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of her independence. Furthermore, next July marks the conclusion of President Diaz's seventh administration. Last year there seemed to be some doubt whether he would accept the duties of an eighth term. All doubts have now been dispelled, and it is taken for granted that in his eightieth year he will be unanimously reëlected for the coming six-year period.

Accordingly, the publication of a semi-official biography of that distinguished ruler by a well-known Mexican diplomat, would seem to be a matter of no little public interest. The reader soon learns, however, that Mr. Godoy has taken his text from the last verse of the second chapter of Mr. Root's speeches to the Mexicans in Mexico: "I look at President Diaz, the President of Mexico, as one of the greatest men to be held up for the hero-worship of mankind." And Mr. Godoy proceeds to hold him up for our worshipful admiration. But as this has already been done several times, one need not expect to find here any new light on the "Moses and Joshua of his people." In fact, there is no evidence of any real insight into affairs, and only the briefest and most casual mention is made of the actual steps by which Mexico has achieved her present enviable position through the skill of her great President. To be sure, there are quotations from the closing paragraphs of various Presidential messages sent to the Mexican Congress at the close of successive administrations. But those aspects of his government which have of late received so much criticism are absolutely ignored. The following sentence is characteristic of the book:

> The total loss of the crops, the high rate of exchange due to the depreciation of silver, and the economic crisis which then ensued, brought about a reduction in the revenues of the government; but President Diaz, acting with foresight, adopted measures which brought about the satisfactory result of increasing the permanent revenues of the government (p. 53).

Marvellous! But how did he do it? The curiosity aroused by such a miracle of statecraft is not gratified by the presentation of any details. The "measures" in question, and all other specific acts which might arouse suspicion, have been passed over in silence. Apparently, President Diaz never committed an error of judgment. Praise and adulation continue in increasing crescendo until chapter xv is reached, when for the next seventy pages we have a pyrotechnical display that, for interest and entertainment, can only be compared to a scrapbook of obituary notices prepared by a clipping bureau upon the death of some distinguished philanthropist. In the present case, however, the one hundred and seven eulogies are actually signed by "prominent men," Senators, Representatives, college presidents, and diplomats. While many of them admit that they have no personal knowledge of the subject about which they are writing, a few could, if they would, agree with Mr. Carnegie that "one of the most pleasing recollections of my life is that I was received in the City of Mexico in special audience by His Excellency, President Diaz." It is a pity that Mexico's able Executive, whose remarkable achievements cannot be gainsaid, should have allowed his recent chargé d'affaires at Washington to cloud his reputation with such a heavy volume of praise. Too much incense only makes the worshippers sneeze.

Mr. Enock's "Mexico" is well worth acquiring. As was to be expected from the character of its predecessors in the South American Series, its space has been judiciously divided between history and present conditions. Archæology, ethnology, history, politics, natural resources, mineral wealth, and commerce

receive each due consideration. In following the profession of a civil and mining engineer, Mr. Enock has seen many parts of the land which are unfamiliar to the general reader; at the same time, he has not yielded to the temptation to neglect the essentials. His style has improved much since his first book, "The Andes and the Amazon," was published a few years ago. Yet he still allows himself too frequently the privilege of moralizing, and he has a dangerous tendency to generalize with regard to Latin America. It is true that his knowledge of both Mexico and Peru is accurate, but it frequently leads him to draw erroneous conclusions about the other countries. Notwithstanding these faults, he has produced a most satisfactory handbook. It is not so delightful as Flandrau's "Viva Mexico," the best appreciation of Mexican character that has appeared in English; and as a guidebook and *vade mecum* for travellers, it is not the equal of Terry's "Mexico." Nor does it contain so detailed an account of present conditions as Martin's two volumes; but it is on the whole more the kind of book for which the average reader is looking and in which he can learn the characteristics of Mexican life and travel, and the desired facts in regard to the evolution of modern Mexico. It is the best of the books that have appeared quite recently on Mexico. Furthermore, it is a relief to find that Mr. Enock has not found it necessary to indulge in that fulsome flattery of Mexico's greatest President which has been so marked a feature of many recent books besides Mr. Godoy's. It should also be said that he does not descend to that ignorant abuse of the sterner measures of Diaz's administration which has become the fashion in certain other quarters.

At the first glance at its title, Mr. Carson's "Mexico" would appear to be another attempt at "a good, all-round book on Mexico." But it turns out on examination to be merely the usual result of a literary traveller's four months' wintering in a semi-tropical land. Mr. Carson is an omnivorous gatherer of facts. His first two days on Mexican soil yielded him the material for at least fifty closely printed pages! In his journeyings he covered the ground that most hasty Mexican travellers are thoroughly familiar with. As Mr. Beebe said five years ago in his charming "Two Bird Lovers in Mexico," "The strangeness of the Mexicans and their dress, their houses, streets, and markets were of never-failing interest; but well-written accounts of these may be found in half-a-hundred volumes." Unlike Mr. Kirkman, whose artistic "Mexican Trails" was recently reviewed in these columns (November 25, 1909), Mr. Carson rarely left the beaten trail, and knows almost nothing of the life of Mexico away from the railway. Some of his remarks are amusingly naïve, such as: "Few Mexican women are domesticated" (p. 125); "no foreigner, unless he be associated with diplomacy, is likely to have any chance of studying and judging the Mexican women" (p. 159); "fevers and malaria [!] are certain to result from exposure to rains or the intense heat of the midday sun" (p. 383). There is a good deal of tiresome repetition on the slowness of the train service, the charming views, and the bad Americans that the author met with everywhere. Perhaps the most interesting feature of the book is the evidence it gives of the prevalence of Americans in nearly every Mexican city of any importance.

Ten years ago William Seymour Edwards made a trip from his home in West Virginia to Mexico City by rail, returning by way of Havana and Florida. Although he spent but a month in Mexico, his time was well occupied. His observations are keen yet sympathetic, and his style is intimate and friendly without any pedantry or padding. Unlike Mr. Carson, Mr. Edwards tells his readers exactly the length of time spent in each place and faithfully records his experiences in an out-of-the-way region without finding it necessary to draw largely on the works of his predecessors. In fact, he admits in so many words that he is afraid of retelling his readers what they already know. Therein lies the secret of his charm and the reason for the success of his book, a second edition of which has just appeared, the first edition having been published in 1906.

CURRENT FICTION.

Lady Merton, Colonist. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York. Doubleday, Page & Co.

In the light of this pleasant story, "Marriage à la Mode" may almost be forgotten. The acerbity, the indignant insularity, which distinguished that tale, are here abandoned for an almost voluptuous worship of the spirit of the new world. It is, to be sure, a new world over which, however precariously, the Union Jack still floats. Mrs. Ward's visit to Canada evidently left her in a much more comfortable mood than her sojourn in "the States." Indications are not lacking of a sharp line drawn by the chronicler between the Canadian and his cousin across the border. The latter is a person to be kept in his place if possible, and if not, to be converted with all expedition. There is a French Canadian in this story who has a chronic fear of the "American invasion," especially in British Columbia—a "peaceful penetration, both of men and capital, going on so rapidly that a movement for annexation, were it once started in certain districts of Canada, might be irresistible." But the Britons have no such fear. The calamity might have happened, they grant, before the development of the Canadian Pacific, but now America merely adds her quota to the incoming torrent of aliens eager to be naturalized, to have their part in the development of a new country—under the Crown. "We come after America—we climb on her great shoulders to see the way!" cries Lady Elizabeth. And an American who agrees that Canada is likely to remain Canada adds quietly, "I dare say we have missed our bargain. What matter! Our own chunk is as big as we can chew."

That beautiful English widow, Lady Merton, falls in love with Canada partly because the bigness of the chunk excites her fancy. She thrills at the spectacle of England dealing so rapidly and capably with the monster. "Twelve years ago even—in all this Northwest—practically nothing. And then God said, 'Let there be a nation!'—and there was a nation—in a night and a morning." In this intense ejaculatory strain does the visiting lady discourse to her Canadian hosts, to her brother, to the man who has followed her from England in order to make love to her. And, of course, it is a Canadian who becomes the embodiment of her dream of greatness, and the Englishman is sent about his business; and after proper emphasis upon the obstacle to their union, Lady Elizabeth and her Anderson take up together the life of the pioneer. The machinery of adverse condition and incident is rather crude and melodramatic, and cheapens the whole performance. Otherwise the story is pleasant, emotional, feminine, characteristic of Mrs. Ward in her later and less robust mood.

Nathan Burke. By Mary S. Watts. New York: The Macmillan Co.

This story is of a quality so unusual as fairly to shake our faith that Mr. Churchill's "A Modern Chronicle" will prove the most remarkable American novel of the season. It does extremely well what so many of our story-tellers (Mr. Churchill included) have so often done ill or failed to do altogether. It belongs, that is, to the not very promising category of "historical romance." Nominally, it is the autobiography of Gen. Nathan Burke, who won popular fame in the Mexican war as the "Hero of Chapultepec," and led thereafter an honorable life as a prominent citizen and member of the Ohio bar till his death from heart-failure in the year 1889. The preliminary rules of this sort of pseudo-autobiography are observed with more than ordinary care. The reader is spared no assurances in the author's Introduction that her part in the narrative is a slight one; and if it were not for the fact that the title-page is that of a novel, the credulous reader might go some distance with the author without suspecting her of being

more than the editor she professes herself. We own our ignorance as to whether such a person as Nathan Burke ever existed in the flesh; but we are reasonably sure that the Nathan Burke of this chronicle never drew breath outside of it. He belongs to the fabulous race of Newcomes, Dombeys, Uncle Tobies, Col. Carters, *et al.*—a glorious company, to be sure.

The narrative is supposed to have been interrupted by the General's death, and is not caried beyond the year 1852. He was still a very young man; but the romantic part of his story was told. He had come back from the wars—for good, so far as we know—had married and settled down with the happiest prospects for the ever after. In short, it is the experience of an American youth in the thirties and forties which the novelist has concerned herself with. That was precisely the period which it is hardest for the present generation to visualize—the age of pantalets, eloquence, and "Martin Chuzzlewit." The present story brings it to life again as if by a spontaneous act of creation. The atmosphere of the time, social and political, is revealed by a vast number of minute touches; and the little group of persons in the foreground have their typical as well as individual significance. But they are not merely introduced as types, to pass off a work of historical interpretation as a piece of fiction. If neither Nathan Burke, nor the Duceys, nor Francis Blake, nor Jim Sharpless, nor Uncle George ever really lived, they have something at least of that imaginative reality which belongs to the people of "Tristram Shandy" or "The Virginians" or "Joseph Vance." Young George Ducey and Nance Darnell hold a less secure footing. If George Ducey were not quite so despicable, and Nathan Burke not quite so admirable, the cautious modern reader might be more readily won to an acknowledgment of their virtue as ideal conceptions. But in their setting they are like to win him on their own terms.

There is a suggestion of artifice in the strongly Thackerayan flavor of the style, with its frequent digressions into that plaintive elegiac strain which grows a little mawkish in Thackeray's later pages. The vein is perfectly natural from the pen of the supposed narrator, a middle Victorian in his prime and a professed admirer of the great Jeames: we must admit that it crops out also in the author's (or editor's) Introduction.

Dan Merrithew. By Lawrence Perry. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

Here is an addition to the long list of books which come near to spoiling themselves by trying to be at once sea-stories and love-stories. There must perhaps be a rich ship-owner with an attractive daughter to offset the brawny, honest captain—and yet, why? Why not a book made of the best of such exploits as this—and its best is excellent—and omit the dinners at rich men's tables where the hero sea-dog accomplishes "with easy grace and unconsciousness" the "difficult feat" of entering the drawing room after the other guests have arrived? A mariner's unexpected *savoir vivre* in "dealing with the courses," his total lack of intention to swallow his knife, or even his fork, together with the discovery that he has been captain of the eleven at Exeter, of course constitute social rehabilitation for the sea-dog, but the reader feels small and foolishly amphibious in assisting at the watching of these symptoms. Extract three-quarters of the girl and her "blush-surged" cheeks, and there remains a series of sea adventures which would make a good, even a thrilling, book for boys of both sexes and all ages.

It must be admitted that there is originality in a heroine who so far loses her head as to lock herself into her stateroom when the vessel is on fire, and recovers it enough to make fudge in the galley while floating about in a derelict. Life on a derelict amply furnished with woman's garments and canned food is indeed as inspiring as a Swiss family Robinson tree. It is appreciation of its possibilities and of Dan Merrithew's seaworthiness that prompts the wish for more salt and less society.

Lost Face. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Nothing that Mr. London does can be quite ignored by a critic of contemporary fiction. He has the knack; and, however much his personality and method may offend, they are to be reckoned with. He represents a school or a tendency of fiction which has asserted itself strongly of late. No doubt it is partly the result of the labors of our yellow press in the dissemination of horrors. If we no longer go to public hangings, we need not feel the deprivation acutely. For a penny a day, we can see the murderer strike the blow, hear the victim's death-struggle, dabble in the blood of the departed, and thereafter follow the murderer every step of the way to the electric chair—and beyond. The popular magazines are bound to take their tone from the popular newspapers. They do not report actual murders, but fiction may be made as bloodthirsty as you like at small cost. It seems to us that the brutal story, the slogging story, the story not necessarily of crime, but of horrible suffering, is becoming more and more undisguisedly a staple of our magazine fare. How many times during the past few years have we been encouraged to gloat over the spectacle of the man dying of thirst in the desert. The cracked lips, the black and swollen tongue, and all the rest of it—they have been made as familiar to our fancy as the lover's sighs of an earlier and tamer fiction. We know how horses are tortured to death, how sled-dogs are flayed to their last effort, and eaten for their pains. We know too much for our peace of mind already. But the story-writer is determined that we shall know more: Mr. London, in particular, seems willing to spare us nothing. In his latest collection of tales, we find several of the familiar horrors retailed with the customary detail—men who die by inches of cold or hunger, and so on. But in the title story, the writer makes a really distinguished addition to his series of brutal exhibits; describing in detail the (one might think) unspeakable torturing to death of a huge Cossack by a band of Nulato Indians. We recognize Mr. London's talent; but he seems to us the victim of a disease of the fancy from which, and from the effects of which, it is impossible not to shrink.

MR. MARSHALL'S PSYCHOLOGY.

Consciousness. By Henry Rutgers Marshall, M.A., L.H.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4 net.

This work is a systematic treatise on psychology. It might be called, in a paraphrase of Spencer's familiar title, "A System of Synthetic Psychology." Its striking design is to bring all the phenomena of consciousness together under the conception of a mental continuum, a sort of psychic sea, every part of which influences every other, and in which a particular sight, sound, or emotion is a mere "emphasis," a wave of the sea. Dr. Marshall departs, of course, from the traditional division of mental facts into knowing, feeling, and willing. He departs equally from the method of taking different species of consciousness, such as sensation, imagination, conception, and the like, as subjects for unconnected chapters. It is one of the capital merits of the book that it represents a thoroughgoing sensationalism. Dr. Marshall would no doubt reject the term, and with some reason. He is entirely free from the crudities of sensationalism. But he has this vital tie to the sensationalist way of thinking: for him all mental facts whatever are on exactly the same footing; they all equally reflect the workings of a nervous system which is called into action by impressions from without. He rejects the view that consciousness is directly correlated with the action of the cerebral hemispheres only. But no one has worked out a psychological system with such constant attention to the correspondence between the life of the nervous system and the life of the mind, the correspondence between the noetic and what, in an admirably coined term, he calls the neururgic. His system is built on the basis of the analogy of these two, and he constantly derives light now on one,

now on the other, from the nature of its partner.

Dr. Marshall ranges all the varieties of mental life upon five quantitative scales; the scales of intensity, manifoldness, realness (stability), pleasure-pain (which he calls the "algedonic" quality), and the time-quality. This gives him a sort of psychological mechanics in which the foregoing attributes take the place of the volume, density, velocity, etc., of matter. Such features of consciousness as attention, will, belief, are explained by the presence and proportion of these attributes in each of them. Thus, attention is explained in terms of a certain correlation of intensity and manifoldness. Belief is analyzed with reference to the correlation of realness and manifoldness. Dr. Marshall offers an important analysis of a troublesome topic, the relation in consciousness of intensity to vividness; what recent psychologists have distinguished as vividness he resolves into a form of intensity seen under peculiar conditions. According to his scheme the self is simply the field of inattention—the most dubious of the larger doctrines of the book. The so-called self which we know in the field of attention, "the empirical ego," is, on the other hand, a "simulacrum" of the self. The "active will is the reaction of the empirical ego upon its object." Amongst the corollaries of his psychology, the author gives us a valuable analysis of our sense of freedom in willing, reconciling it with determinism and thus offering a peaceful adjustment of the long-standing controversy.

The briefest characterization of the work is that among all possible psychologies it stands at the furthest extreme from that of Professor James. The latter fastens on the concrete, the peculiar, the unique. He has a gift for painting the living facts of consciousness. He is resolved to fend off all attempts at theoretic analysis that do less than justice to the individuality of a special fact. He does not give us, he does not deem possible, an all-dominating system. Dr. Marshall's psychology is emphatically "system" and "synthetic." "Consciousness must be looked upon as a vast system of minor psychic systems of enormously intricate relationship." So much is he bent on systematic survey, on setting forth the plan and diagram of relations, that the particular conscious impression, on which Professor James so lovingly lingers, appears as a mere wave in the psychic sea. The world of mind, even of an individual mind, is, for Professor James, in his own phrase, "a pluralistic world." Dr. Marshall is a monist. A psychological world in which a particular perception is called "an emphasis" reminds us of Spinoza's universe, in which a particular object is called a "mode." We are often tempted to call Dr. Marshall the Spinoza of psychology—not, of course, that there is reason to fancy any actual influence whatever upon him from that quarter. He is nothing if not original. The danger of Professor James's treatment was that of losing sight, in describing the individual fact, of that organization of facts which is the aim of science. The danger of Dr. Marshall's treatment is that of occasionally blurring, in the absorbing interest of organization, those individual facts which are the subject-matter of science.

There is no space to enter upon the analyses of the chief mental phenomena offered here. We must call attention, however, to the bold and closely reasoned chapter on Representation. When we say in the conventional phrase that no psychologist or thorough student of psychology can afford to leave the book unstudied, we speak in a literal and emphatic sense. It unmistakably stands among the most important volumes on the subject produced in this country. We find, however, as we read, a certain query arising. It is true, of course, that the activity of any part of the nervous system depends upon that of every other part, but the degree of interdependence of any two parts depends largely on their topographical relations and the existence of "neururgic" tracks connecting them. Now, in Dr. Marshall's account, the special topographical relations of brain, nerves, etc., in the human body are hardly considered at all. One questions whether he has not, in the interest of his quantitative system, made abstraction of certain essential factors that really to some extent interfere with it.

There is another query suggested by the very thoroughness and synthetic grasp of the author's system. Science has made outward nature a purely quantitative and calculable affair by stripping away one after another the appearances that resist this treatment. The qualities of color, smell, taste, sound—these science has dismissed one after another and explained as effects upon us of matter in motion. The qualities left to matter are such only as quantitative science can deal with. All the qualities stripped away as being merely "subjective" are taken over by psychology. Now, Dr. Marshall brings similar scientific methods to bear upon consciousness itself, and reduces it to a continuum of which the attributes can be arranged upon a quantitative scale, like those with which mechanics deals. What has he done, then, with those abrupt differences of quality of which science had to get rid before it reduced the material world to a purely quantitative thing? What does he do with the difference of experienced quality between red, green, a scream, and a toothache? An experience of any one of these is for Dr. Marshall an "emphasis" in the continuum of consciousness. We can understand on his principles to what quantitative influence the rise of such a wave is due. He does not, however, help us to understand why the different emphases in question possess their incommensurable qualities. If psychology could ever find a scale of sensuous quality upon which to arrange all such experiences whatever, could find a quantitative relation of one to the other, such as we now theoretically have for the *timbres* of the different instruments of the orchestra, it would indeed solve a great problem. It would reach the ideal toward which this book takes so large and masterly a step.

The Iron Cardinal: The Romance of Richelieu. By Joseph McCabe. New York: The John McBride Co. $3.50 net.

The number of so-called "popular biographies" of famous historical characters, which pour forth in annually increasing numbers, is a not altogether encouraging sign of the times. Such books must obviously have a wide circulation, and pay well; otherwise they would not be produced. They invariably possess the same attractive features; good type, thick paper, sumptuous illustrations. And yet when one comes to analyze them carefully, one finds scarcely one in a dozen that possesses any permanent value. As a matter of fact, they fall between two stools. They are neither history nor fiction; indeed, it is probable that the very secret of their success lies in the fact that they are a little of both. The average man of today has apparently neither the time nor the inclination to peruse standard historical works, even though they be written as brilliantly as those of Macaulay, Carlyle, or Froude. On the other hand, he does not wish to confess that his reading is entirely restricted to novels. So, as the easiest way out of the difficulty, he seizes upon the "popular" or "romantic" biography, and fancies that he is getting at the central facts of history by a short-cut. The custom is by no means utterly reprehensible. It has long been recognized that one of the best methods of studying history is through biography; and, to take the example before us, the reviewer has no doubt that the average reader will rise after a perusal of Mr. McCabe's book with a much better knowledge of Richelieu than he had when he began it. Yet one cannot help regretting that standard authors are neglected in these days for works of this sort.

Mr. McCabe's book is certainly not worse, and probably somewhat better, than the majority of the class to which it belongs. The author (who has already produced four other biographical works), has obviously read widely in contemporary records, though he shows little discrimination in estimating their

relative values; and he steers clear of most of the older and more persistent errors concerning Richelieu's career and policy. Indeed, the book is remarkably free from definite misstatements of fact, though the spelling of proper names is often inaccurate, *e. g.*, "Goligal" for "Galigai" (p. 47); "Brisach" for "Breisach" (p. 289). But our main gravamen against Mr. McCabe's work is the impression of Richelieu's career which it must necessarily leave on the reader who knows naught of the man or the period—an impression of backstairs intrigue, feminine jealousies, scandalous love-affairs (*e. g.*, the episode of Buckingham and Anne of Austria, which is related at excessive length, and with unnecessary gusto), and little else. That this was all part and parcel of the Cardinal's life we should be the last to deny; but we question whether any life of Richelieu (even though the author specially warns us that he has chosen "the more picturesque side" of his subject's career) is justified in dwelling on these things to the virtual exclusion of the Diet of Ratisbon, the Thirty Years' War, or the system of central government, which the Cardinal did so much to establish. Should we not get quite as good a conception of the "romance of Richelieu" and at the same time the satisfaction of becoming acquainted with a standard work of permanent importance, by reading Alexander Dumas's "Trois Mousquetaires"?

How to Save Greek and Other Paradoxes of Oxford Reform. By T. C. Snow. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

Lord Bowen, in the preface to his translation of Virgil, said that professional scholars defending the claims of the classics reminded him of a timid elderly traveller fussing over his luggage at a crowded railway station. The satire hit off the uneasy and undignified impatience of the old-fashioned scholar confronted with the claims of the sciences. In this atmosphere arose the phrase "Compulsory Greek," that unhappy phrase by which Oxford and Cambridge are both distracted intermittently. But one observes that, though the modern classical don has not reverted to the supercilious disdain which preceded the fussy alarm of a generation ago, he no longer apologizes. This is partly because the study of Greek in the United Kingdom has not, after all, declined in the course of the last twenty-five years, but is more serious than ever. There is everywhere at the present day a more widespread and more intelligent recognition of the fact that each generation in its turn must look to Greece, to the analytic and amazingly intelligent Greeks, for the quickening of the spirit to appreciate literature and life. Roman literature, Roman ideals, stand fixed and understood for all time. What we mean by Roman, we know, but what do we mean by Athenian? The history of Greek literature must forever be rewritten, the Greek masterpieces retranslated. Pope's Homer was for the eighteenth century, Mr. Murray's Euripides is for the twentieth; yet just as the one version was not Homer, so is the other not Euripides, but what the modern reader desires to find in Euripides.

Mr. Snow is one who realizes the tried strength of Greek studies and speaks out loud and bold. There ought to be more Greek in Oxford, not less, and no concessions must be made to the idea that a great university should aim at teaching everything. The mission of Oxford is to support just those studies that "have no money in them," and to leave to other universities, Cambridge, for instance, where science has a strong foothold already, to provide for those sons of the upper and middle classes who demand training in medicine, engineering, and manufactures with the minimum of non-professional study. The sciences are to be bowed out of Oxford, even medicine, the school that has so lately been re-created; for Oxford cannot and should not compete with towns that furnish their medical school with hospital experience. On the same principle, the new School of Engineering is, of course, a step in the wrong direction, since Birmingham, only an hour away, has an engineering plant that Oxford can never hope to rival. Agriculture and commerce must be studied in an atmosphere more suitable. All this is in direct opposition to the scheme for Oxford reform proposed by Lord Curzon in the *Morning Post*. Mr. Snow's plan for encouraging Greek is to demand a great deal more reading of the texts and hardly any grammar and composition. Latin prose composition must go:

> When you look at the greater classics on a bookshelf and see how little space they take up, it is both ludicrous and pathetic to remember how little of them the ordinary scholar of a college has read and how poorly qualified he is to go on reading any more. In my own youth my daily preparation was a scramble through perhaps sixty lines of a text and hours of painful hammering at a piece of composition. If only I could have given my Latin prose time to reading the classics, I should have known something about them, and I should still have had my Greek prose time for German and my Latin verse time for Sanskrit. German alone is sufficient reason why boys should leave off composition.

Here is heresy from a distinguished classical don. But Mr. Snow's scheme has lately received the express approval of Gilbert Murray, the regius professor of Greek, and at this rate will soon become orthodox. Oxford's mission is, in fact, to give a literary education, with the classics as an indispensable basis. The youth who does not want this sort of training is recommended to go to one of the fourteen other universities in the kingdom. This sounds like an aristocratic ideal, but Mr. Snow is certainly not arguing for the privileged classes:

> The time when plutocrats are attacking Greek is the time for Socialists to take it up. For, indeed, so long as there continue to be rich and poor, literary studies ought to be the studies of the poor. They are the best way, as I believe, and certainly the cheapest and most portable way, of satisfying the mental and spiritual wants of life. It depends on their education whether they are to get their *circenses* out of gambling and fighting and drinking or at best out of sport and mere frivolity, or out of religion and knowledge and art and politics and poetry and humor and love—in short, out of the components of literature. As Bishop Fraser's friend told him, "Drink is the shortest way out of Ancoats." Give Ancoats a chance and Ancoats will find that Homer is a better way.

The details of Mr. Snow's scheme for remodelling Oxford we cannot give here, nor are they especially interesting to American readers. But it is to be noted that he desires to open the university to classes that have hitherto been excluded, and that he throws overboard with a fine scorn the snobbish ideal, so widespread in England, that the two great universities exist primarily in order to provide a "class-stamp." It is a healthy sign when the distinguished scholars of a university like Oxford begin to repudiate the mint-mark of social distinction.

The Expansion of New England. By Lois Kimball Mathews. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.50 net.

To a limited circle of students of American history, Mrs. Mathews has for some time been known as the possessor of a remarkable series of maps showing the early roads of the New England and Middle Colonies, the spread of early settlement in the Eastern part of the country, and the westward movement of the frontier. On the basis, apparently, of this collection, and as an outgrowth of the labors incident to the preparation of it, she has now given us a book of unique importance. Local history, though zealously enough pursued these many years, can hardly be said to have yielded, in most hands, results of large general interest. What Mrs. Mathews has done, however, is to show, from an exhaustive study of local material, the forces which from the beginning determined the growth of settlement in New England; the course which the expansion took in the founding of new towns and the opening of natural avenues of communication; the effect of soil, climate, and accessibility, as well as of Indian wars and religious dissensions, upon migration; and the final overflow

of New England men and women, with their inherited political, social, and religious ideas, into western New York, the Ohio country, and Michigan and Wisconsin.

The wealth of detail here presented is so great that we can do no more than indicate, in the most summary fashion, the broad outlines of the story and some of the principal conclusions reached. While the New England Puritan followed from the beginning the advancing frontier westward, Mrs. Mathews points out that, for a century after the Restoration, expansion radiated from the communities founded prior to that date. By the outbreak of the Revolution, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut had been pretty thoroughly covered by these dispersions, the lower parts of Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont had been occupied, and New England settlements had penetrated into Long Island, New Jersey, and the valley of the Hudson. The period from 1760 to 1775 saw the settlement of the Wyoming valley in Pennsylvania, the migration of Nantucket Quakers to Guilford County, North Carolina, and the ill-fated Phineas Lyman colony near Natchez, Mississippi. The war checked the movement only where actual hostilities took place; and, with the advent of peace, the stream of expansion spread into the hitherto thinly settled portions of northern New England and into the "Western Reserve," moving on after the War of 1812 into Indiana and Illinois. There was never a large New England element in Indiana, probably because of the presence of considerable numbers of emigrants from the South; but the movement into that State continued until 1840, and into Illinois until 1850. After 1840, however, the stream begins to flow strongly northward into Michigan and Wisconsin, from whence it later continues westward beyond the Mississippi into Iowa, Kansas, and Minnesota, and even to Washington and Oregon.

Of the migration of single families Mrs. Mathews, for the most part, very properly takes little account, since only in exceptional cases may one family be expected to become the spring of any distinctive social influence. It is with the migration of groups of families, or even, as was often the case, of whole churches or organized colonies, that we can observe important results in the establishment of New England towns, with their town meetings and democratic institutions, their churches, schools, and colleges, and their active interest in politics. The factors which have determined this orderly migration have been, first and foremost, the desire for fertile and cheap land, with its resulting possibility of an improvement of material condition; and, secondarily, a desire to escape from political or ecclesiastical controversy or from the domination of a political party. The disestablishment of the Congregational Church in Massachusetts and Connecticut, with the consequent extension of the franchise and final obliteration of the relics of Federalism, is one of the more striking illustrations of the way in which the frontier spirit, ever restless under the pretensions of tradition and caste, made itself felt; while the repudiation of John Quincy Adams and the enthronement of Jackson are to be ascribed largely to the same cause.

The labor involved in the preparation of this volume has obviously been very great. Town and county histories, biographies and genealogies, sermons and memorial addresses, guide-books, newspapers, and manuscripts have all been laid under contribution. Of the more important parts of this material account is given in bibliographical notes appended to the several chapters. The twenty-nine maps showing the location and extent of New England settlement at various dates and in various parts of the country, are in the highest degree informing, the only criticism to be passed upon them being that they are, in a number of instances, too small to be used easily without a glass. There is a good index.

Memories of Fifty Years. By Lady St. Helier (Mary Jeune). London: Edwin Arnold.

The Correspondence of Priscilla, Countess of Westmoreland. Edited by her daughter, Lady Rose Weigall. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $5 net.

Lady St. Helier, better known as Lady Jeune, has made a contribution to the body of *mémoires pour ne servir à rien*, in which modern English literature is peculiarly rich. Her book is a prolonged " society column," giving the hostess an opportunity to chronicle the success of her own dinner-parties, and to say to posterity, "I shall never forget my pride the first time Lord Beaconsfield dined with me, . . . nor the delight with which I heard that the House had been counted out earlier, so that many members of Parliament were able to come to my evening party." She must be credited, in contrast with some other authors of the same class, with an entire absence of scandal, doubly meritorious in the wife of the famous judge of the Divorce Court. Nor does she claim to have had an offer of marriage from Disraeli. Otherwise her right to distinction must rest on an occasional novel historical dictum, such as that Judah P. Benjamin had "attained to the highest legal position in his own country—that, namely, of Attorney-General to the Southern Confederacy"; or on a contribution to the terminology of ethnic science, as when she says of M. de Blowitz, who resented being called a Jew, that "his descent was cosmopolitan."

Of very different value is the correspondence of Lady Westmoreland. Priscilla Pole, born in 1793, was niece to the Duke of Wellington and the Marquis Wellesley. At the age of eighteen, she married Lord Burgersh, afterwards Earl of Westmoreland, who filled a succession of important diplomatic posts. Through her own connections and her husband's profession, she was constantly in touch with great affairs and became an example of what is, perhaps, the most characteristic, as well as the most striking type of Englishwoman, and one which should be carefully studied by all who are anxious to see women take part in political life. She was trained as carefully as though she were destined for diplomacy in her own person. When she was married, she had already, her daughter says, "the habit of society, a perfect knowledge of French and Italian, and a good general idea of the leading questions of the day." She was beautiful, which hurts nothing, and enough of her character appears in the carefully selected letters to explain the friendship entertained for her by the most important men and women of her time. Intimate letters from Count Pozzo di Borgo, attached in 1813 to the court of the Emperor of Russia, from Mme. de Staël and Schlegel, from Meyerbeer and Humboldt, from the King and Queen of the Belgians, give deeply interesting glimpses of the personages of the early nineteenth century. Pozzo reflects the impression the great Corinne made on her contemporaries. He will not give her a letter of introduction to Lady Burgersh, because she is too overwhelming. "The good qualities, the faults, the weaknesses, the cleverness, and the talents of Madame de Staël subdivided and distributed might have formed a whole population of amiable and attractive women, but all united in one have produced a kind of monster."

Lady Westmoreland's own letters give continuity to the moving picture. When her husband is abroad without her, she sends him a systematic account of political conditions in England, so clear, so just, so well-reasoned, so carefully based on first-hand information, given her with confidence by very great people, that it is plain she was an invaluable *chargée d'affaires*.

The Idea of a Free Church. By Henry Sturt. New York: The Walter Scott Publishing Co.

This is a remarkable book, all the more remarkable as coming from a member of the University of Oxford. Its purpose is stated in the following words:

> The task which the present book proposes is to suggest a religion and a church more satisfactory than the Christian. It is inspired by the conviction that our established religion is now utterly insufficient to satisfy a thoughtful mind, and that

all progress, moral and intellectual, demands that Christianity should be given up and replaced by something better.

It contains a very severe arraignment of Christianity on religious, moral, and historical grounds, and proposes a new and "free religion" to take its place. The elements in Christianity which the author most dislikes are its humility, its femininity, and its asceticism. He emphasizes the worth and dignity and freedom of man, and would have a masculine religion, summoning men to stand upon their feet and inspiring them to manly labor in and for this world. Religion, he says, should not "strive to reduce man's strength and his pride in his strength and his will to live; it should rather encourage him therein." Its true function is to stimulate him to enterprise and aspiration. Great emphasis is laid on public spirit, patriotism, and social service, and there are many stimulating passages on the importance of resolute and vigorous realization of high ethical ideals. But the criticism of Christianity is shallow and in large part misplaced. If it were only what the author represents it to be, it might indeed merit condemnation by modern men. But he takes account of its worst and weakest elements alone, and fails altogether to do justice, for instance, to the inspiration of its ideal of the Kingdom of God on earth, which is coming to mean much in modern Christian thought and life as it did in the teaching and work of Jesus Christ himself.

The striking thing about the book is not the author's estimate of Christianity, for in this he is representative of a modern tendency which was already widespread in the eighteenth century; the striking thing is that he is a zealous champion of religion. He would not do without it as would so many modern men, whose general attitude is like his. He thinks religion important, and he spends a considerable part of his book in defining what he regards as right religion and in defending its claims. He is an enthusiast for a religion which shall really meet the needs of the modern man and which shall appeal particularly to the intellectual and cultured classes. "The most superficial observer," he says, "cannot fail to see an immense and old established evil—all the thoughtful people in one camp and all the religious people in another. What an enterprise is here to set the imagination aflame: what a Macedonia is this calling Come over and help us—salvation to nations wrestling doubtfully against a hateful tyranny: light and hope and peace to souls threatened on either side by the grim spectres of superstition and atheism." Religion, as he defines it, means faith in God and coöperation with Him in the promotion of human progress and welfare:

The fundamental principle of right religion, then, I take to be the conviction that man can do something for God. The man with right religion regards human life not as isolated, but as forming part of the cosmic system of which God is the intelligent mover. The ultimate meaning of our freedom is that we are free to help in the cosmic system.

The book is vigorously written and deserves reading, especially by Christian preachers and teachers, just because it represents a common spirit and attitude with which they must reckon.

Notes.

"The Life of Mary Lyon," by Beth B. Gilchrist, is announced for publication this week by Houghton Mifflin Company.

"Psychology in Common Life," "Character and Temperament," and "The Health of the Mind" are books which the Appletons will soon publish under the editorship of Prof. Joseph Jastrow of the University of Wisconsin.

The imperturbable Baedeker has brought his "Great Britain" to a seventh edition for the year 1910. The book in its English form is written by J. F. Muirhead, who also writes "The United States"; it is imported by Chas. Scribner's Sons. To attempt to review Baedeker would be like trying to review a great phenomenon of nature. We observe that Mr. Muirhead in the preface alludes to a separate volume on Scotland which he hopes to publish on some future occasion.

The University of Chicago Press issues a second edition of its "Manual of Style," with revisions suggested by its greater experience in publishing a large number of books in a variety of fields. Printing offices differ in a number of rules: for instance, the University of Chicago Press italicizes titles of books, whereas many other presses mark them by quotation marks. But, bearing these exceptions in mind, every writer will be profited by going through this little book with care, when preparing his manuscript for the press.

Kurdistan is described in the *Geographical Journal* for April, by Capt. B. Dickson, as a paradise for the archæologist. On one mountain which he visited he found "every variety of architecture, from the cave of the Troglodites to the mud hut of the Kurd, with Assyrian, Persian, Greek, Roman, Arab, and Seljuk intervening." The most marked characteristic of the present inhabitants is their absolute lack of unity, each separate village being of a different nationality and religion from its next-door neighbor. Problems of Central Asian exploration are discussed by Ellsworth Huntington of Yale, a leading authority on the subject, "the most fruitful and fascinating" of which is the determination of the effect of physical environment on the distribution of human occupations and modes of life, and also of political, mental, moral, and religious characteristics. An earnest plea for the better teaching of geography is presented by R. H. Whitbeck, University of Wisconsin. He advocates the humanized course as being rich in content, more valuable in giving culture and more liberalizing in its influence than the old-fashioned method of instruction in physical geography.

A. R. Orage's little book, entitled "Nietzsche in Outline and Aphorism" (McClurg & Co.) may be recommended as on the whole the easiest *vade mecum* to that German phenomenon. The plan of the work is simple and orderly. An historical introduction is followed by a set of selected aphorisms under the head of Definitions. Then come a series of brief explanatory introductions, each followed by its appropriate quotations. The titles of these sections are: Philosophy; Life; Man and Woman; Art; Morality; Good and Evil; Willing, Valuing, and Creating; Superman; New Commandments. Nietzsche is at his best in these bullet-like aphorisms, and those here gathered far and wide from his works may be read profitably, without any thought of a systematic philosophy. It is a question, indeed, whether any attempt to read a system into Nietzsche's writings is not contrary to the spasmodic nature of his genius, although there can be no doubt in regard to his relation to certain main currents of thought in the nineteenth century. Mr. Orage is a disciple of Nietzsche, to whom he pays reverence as to the prophet of the future. But he is an honest expositor, and the alert reader, by going through these introductions and comparing the various aspects of Nietzsche's philosophy, will have no difficulty in determining the place of that philosophy, and in laying his finger on its weakness.

It would be dangerous to say that any book about the great Johnsonian group was superfluous, but the word disappointing can safely be applied to A. M. Broadley's "Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale" (Lane). The book belongs to a tendency very manifest of late years to exalt Mrs. Thrale at the expense of Johnson, although, in the present case, there is no endeavor to treat the gentleman with the sort of irate contempt which was so noticeable in F. Frankfort Moore's "Georgian Pageant." The occasion of the book was the sale of the Piozzi MSS. at Sotheby's, June 4, 1908, and the celebration of Johnson's bi-centenary at Lichfield, September 15, 1909. Among the MSS. dispersed was an unpublished and hitherto unknown "Welch Journal, 1774," by Mrs. Thrale, which gave an account of her journey through Wales in company with Dr. Johnson, her husband, and her eldest daughter. This document was bought by Mr. Broadley and forms the heart of the present volume. Johnson's "Diary" of the same journey is printed with it, together with scrappy and quite unnecessary chapters on the two diarists. We are glad to have Mrs. Thrale's "Journal." It is not particularly interesting, but it presents the lady as a most amiable, if at times rather bored, person, showing her as an attentive mother, and thus dispelling some of the opprobrium that has settled upon her for maternal indifference. On the return of the party she was carried by her husband, on account of a Parliamentary election, to Southwark, and not to Streatham. The closing words of her "Journal" afford a vivid glimpse into the gloomier side of her life:

I thought to have lived at Streatham in quiet and comfort, have kissed my children and cuffed them by turns, and had a place always for them to play in, and here I

must be shut up in that odious dungeon, where nobody will come near me, the children are to be sick for want of air, *and I am never to see a face but Mr. Johnson's.* Oh, what a life that is! and how truly do I abhor it! At noon, however, I saw my Girls and thought Susan vastly improved. At evening I saw my Boys and liked them very well, too. How much is there always to thank God for! but I dare not enjoy poor Streatham lest I should be forced to quit it.

These words of Mrs. Thrale are not the only indication that she had grown weary of the great lion who had made her salon one of the most notable features of the literary society of the day. They prepare for the rupture that was to follow when she announced her intention to take the Italian singer, Piozzi, as her second husband. From thence the tears. In an "Essay Introductory," contributed by Thomas Seccombe, this old question of the rupture between Mrs. Thrale and Dr. Johnson is again argued, and the blame, on the whole, is laid upon the gentleman's shoulders. That Johnson displayed, through vanity, or some other cause, even more than his wonted bearishness, cannot be gainsaid. His first letter to her on hearing of the marriage was a monstrous insult, and was nobly answered. The objections to Piozzi, so far as we can see now, merely displayed the British insularity and snobbishness of the day. All this we can grant to the supporters of Mrs. Piozzi. But there are other aspects of the case which should not be ignored. Her feeling in old age for the handsome young player, Conway, may have been merely a "sentimental caprice," as Mr. Seccombe calls it, but its fantastic expression leads one to surmise that her love for Piozzi at the age of forty-three may have been attended with certain marks of infatuation which would quite naturally cause dismay to her friends. However, we have no objection to any chivalrous defence of Mrs. Thrale, so long as justice is maintained for a far more important personage—and this justice Mr. Seccombe, as a good Johnsonian, has tried to respect.

"The Landscape Beautiful," by Frank A. Waugh (Orange Judd Co.), is a medley of rather gushing descriptive writing, of sensible remarks on landscape gardening in which art the writer is an authority, and of confused dallyings with the difficult science of æsthetics. There are many attractive photographic prints of landscapes, natural and artificial. The book is eccentrically printed, without justification of the right-hand edges of the pages. Possibly the serrations symbolize a sky line. The style is absolutely undistinguished, and except for the chapters tracing the history of American landscape gardening, the work seems without essential value. Since it embodies the diffused nature worship of the time, eschews accurate feeling and thinking, and is eminently cheerful in tone, it seems to have the chief requisites for popularity.

Vero Shaw's "Encyclopædia of the Stable" (Dutton) is the work of an authority upon horses and their care, and the information here given is the result of many years of close association with the horse and his breeders. The book should prove particularly valuable to those who are, for the first time, indulging in the pleasure of possessing a stable of their own. Among the illustrations is a copy of a painting of "Old Bill," a horse owned in Edinburgh, made when the animal was fifty-seven years old. The animal died at the extreme age of sixty years.

"Man's belief in immortality is still essentially the same as it was when Socrates trusted himself to it, while he drank the fatal hemlock. It is the irrepressible faith of man in his own survival value." This is the conclusion to which Dr. Newman Smyth arrives in a pleasing and persuasive essay on that religious theme about which, probably, more is written than about any other article of faith, but regarding which there is less to be said that is substantial and convincing. He seeks to show that the convictions of a modern mind do not render belief in personal immortality impossible, but, on the contrary, that a more spiritual and noble confidence in the continuance of life is within reach of the devout soul of to-day than was accessible before the revolutions of modern science ("Modern Belief in Immortality"; Scribner).

Most of the Harmonies of the Gospels leave the student at much pains to single out the phrases and expressions peculiar to the several gospels. The material is there, but comparative study is still difficult. J. M. Thompson, of St. Mary Magdalen College, Oxford, in "The Synoptic Gospels arranged in parallel columns" (Henry Frowde), has arranged the English text of the Revised version so as to allow of comparison verse by verse and word by word. The work is in three parts: Part i follows the order of Mark and adduces the parallels from Matthew and Luke; part ii gives the text of Matthew in the first column; part iii follows the order of Luke. The student of the origin and manner of composition of the gospel story will find this handbook of great value.

The second volume of Hastings's "Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics"(Scribner), containing the titles from Arthur to Bunyan inclusive, follows the lines of Vol. I (see the *Nation* for February 18, 1909). The writers are drawn from all over the world—of the 162 contributors 116 are furnished by the British Empire, 17 by Germany, 12 by this country, and the rest by France, Holland, Belgium, Italy, Sweden, India, Hungary, Finland, and Japan. Combination articles (in which one man supplies an introduction, and the different countries are assigned each to a specialist) are those on Asceticism, Atheism, Atomic Theory, Baptism, Bards, Birth, Blasphemy, Blessedness, Abode of the Blest, Blood-feud, Body. The advantages and disadvantages of this arrangement are obvious. Among the more important articles may be mentioned: Aryan Religion (by O. Schrader), a suggestive survey of what may be considered primitive Indo-European religious beliefs and practices, with the hazardous assertion that the entire social organization of primitive times rests in the last resort on ancestor-worship; Arya Samaj (by Anesaki) and Brahma Samaj (by J. N. Farquhar), the two giving a clear account of the great Hindu theistic movements; Bab, Babis (by E. G. Browne, the best authority on the subject), a much-needed statement of the history of Babism and of its present condition; Bhagavad-Gîta (by R. Garbe) and Bhakti-Marga (by G. N. Grierson), descriptions of a very remarkable and little known phase of Hindu religious thought; Bantu (by E. S. Hartland), Bengal (by W. Crooke), Berbers and North Africa (by R. Basset), Brazil (by L. Spence), surveys of the present state of religion in these countries; Bridge (by G. A. F. Knight), a full and illumining discussion of the beliefs and usages connected with bridges; Baal (by L. B. Paton), a virtually exhaustive collection of the facts relating to this Semitic divine title. As in the first volume, so here there are certain articles that have no references to religion or to ethics; such are Association, Atavism, Atimia, Atrophy, Attraction and Repulsion, Bards, Biology, Blindness, Brain and Mind, and the greater part of Atomic Theory. Points of connection with religious or ethical thought might have been found in all these, and it is difficult to see why they should have been inserted in their present form. Undesirable breaks occur in some of the composite articles: in the Abode of the Blest the Christian view is relegated to Chiliasm and State of the Dead, though comparison of the Christian conception with others would here be valuable (and the separation of the treatment of the abode of the blest from that of the abode of the damned is not fortunate); Hindu asceticism is described in the article Ascetieism, but for Vedic asceticism we are referred to the article on Vedic Religion. The article Book of Life (by A. Jeremias) is largely vitiated by the writer's introduction of his grotesque astral theory. The nature of the work makes omissions unavoidable, and there are particular statements and opinions that are open to criticism, but the volume as a whole is a valuable contribution to the history of religious and ethical ideas.

It is probable that there is no single branch of our national industrial organization in which efficiency on the part of all classes of employees is more imperative than that which is concerned with the actual business of transportation. And when we consider that the railway business alone of the United States is carried on by a highly organized army whose numbers are rapidly approaching the two million mark, it is not to be wondered that a conscious movement should now be in progress for increasing their general efficiency. It is only within comparatively recent times, however, that the subject of special education for the railway service has received anything approaching the attention which its importance merits; but the future promises changes of far-reaching significance. The whole question, in its broadest aspects, has been made the object of study by J. Shirley Eaton, formerly statistician of the Lehigh Valley Railroad; and the results of his investigations have recently been published in a highly interesting bulletin of the United States Bureau of Education under the title of "Education for Efficiency in Railroad Service." By way of comparison, this monograph is all the more illuminating when considered in connection with another upon the same general subject prepared by Mr. Eaton a decade earlier, and published in the Report of the Commissioner of Education for 1898-99. Ten years ago, as the writer points out, the ideas of railway men upon the subject of special education were extremely diverse. Since then there has been a marked tendency towards crystallization of opinions:

The advance made in the present decade is very surprising to those who may not

be informed. Ideas of practical men on the subject are now less indefinite and conflicting. The relation between education and efficiency in railroad service is coming to be generally conceded. The most successful managers have seized on its financial import, and in their fiscal policies and operating organizations are giving it recognition. The large educational value of the railroad service itself is being turned to systematic practical account, and the value of educational agencies in preparing for specific industrial efficiency is better understood. The matter has reached the stage of devising best ways and means of applying principles now coming to be generally accepted by the most practical men.

After an extensive examination of the problem involved in the present-day situation, Mr. Eaton proceeds to outline a scheme looking towards an improvement of present conditions. In brief, the conclusions arrived at are that railway managers should adopt an educational programme as a clearly defined part of their general policy; that the programme thus initiated should be put into the hands of a superintendent who should be responsible to an official ranking high in the service; that this superintendent of education should cooperate and join forces with every outside educational agency, in all matters concerning which it might be practicable to do so; that the system of graded apprenticeship should be extended so as to cover ultimately every department of the service, and that separate and apart from the wage based upon seniority there should be an efficiency wage, based upon the actual service of the employee.

In 1868, the year after the expiration of Cotta's exclusive right to publish Goethe's works, the Berlin publisher, Hempel, began to issue his oft-cited edition in thirty-six "parts," the last volume of which appeared in 1879. Though long distinguished for its carefully-edited text and scholarly introductions and commentaries, this edition has of late years called for revision. Bong & Co. of Berlin have recently begun to issue their complete edition based upon it, the so-called Goldene Klassiker Ausgabe, with new introductions and commentaries, that are to embody the important results of discovery and investigation during the intervening thirty years, supplemented by fresh contributions from a large corps of editors under the general supervision of Karl Alt. The edition is called complete, though it is to comprise neither letters nor diaries, and will exclude the less important scientific writings. The arrangement is the traditional one, according to subject and form, rather than the chronological order which is becoming so popular with other publishers. The introduction and text (forty "parts") are to occupy seventeen volumes, while volumes eighteen and nineteen are to be devoted to commentary, and volume twenty to a comprehensive index. The set is advertised at prices ranging from a mark and a half a volume unbound, to four marks for the best paper and binding. From three to six volumes are promised annually, and the final volume is to be out before Christmas, 1912. Of this edition there have appeared thus far Vols. III, IV, and XI, the eight "parts" of which are edited by Robert Riemann, Eduard Scheidemantel, Karl Alt, Christian Waas, and Rudolf Pechel. In the revision of the text the editors seek to strike a mean between the Weimar edition, which follows the edition of last hand, and the Jubiläumsausgabe, which reverted to Goethe's original text, eliminating, so far as possible, the alterations made by Riemer, Eckermann, and Göttling, whom Goethe allowed certain liberties, with regard to the outward form of his works. The introductions are written with a view to the needs of the educated reader. The volumes of the set that will be looked forward to with most interest by Goethe scholars, are those containing the commentary and the index, since these are the only features by means of which the edition can hope to become a real rival of either the Jubiläumsausgabe or the edition of the Bibliographisches Institut, both of which are better printed on better paper, and at the same price per volume, though there are more volumes in the set, forty in the one and thirty in the other.

Dr. Charles Werner's "Aristote et l'idéalisme platonicien" (Paris, Félix Alcan) maintains the tradition of French Aristotelians for neatness of systematic exposition and precision of dialectic. It deals somewhat abstractly with the metaphysical aspects of Aristotle's philosophy, to the neglect of the concrete detail of the treatises on the physical and moral sciences. The main thesis (not wholly novel) is that Aristotle, despite his rejection of Platonism, is essentially a Platonist, and that his doctrine of immanent realism in respect of concepts is exposed to all the objections which he brings against the transcendental realism of Plato, which it is the fashion to call idealism. Like Zeller, then, Dr. Werner finds a fundamental contradiction at the base of the Aristotelian philosophy. But he believes that he has defined it more precisely and located it more exactly than Zeller had done. His most original thesis is his contention that God, in the Aristotelian system, is identical with the soul of the universe. A Prime Mover whose one definite function is the rotation of the heavens must be simply the soul of the heavens, that is, the soul of the world. Dr. Werner admits, however, that God is also the collectivity, or world, of the ideas. His final meaning, then, seems to be merely that Aristotle's God is to be conceived pantheistically rather than theistically.

Henry S. Brooks, a journalist and author, died last week, at the age of eighty. He had edited papers in California and had published "Doña Paula's Treasure," "A Catastrophe in Bohemia," and "Progression to Immortality."

Richard Dacre Archer-Hind, the English classical scholar, died recently at Cambridge. He was born in 1849, graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1872, and from 1875 to 1903 was a classical lecturer there. His publications include the "Phædo" and "Timæus," of Plato, and "Translations into Greek"; and he was co-editor of "Cambridge Compositions."

Dr. Ludwig Oelsner, the German historian, died recently in Frankfort, at the age of seventy-eight. His publications include "Der Volkswirtschaftsunterricht auf Schulen," "Kaiser Karls IV Jugendleben von ihm selbst erzählt," and the "Jahrbücher des Fränkischen Reiches unter König Pippin," which he edited for the Historical Commission of the Bavarian Academy of Sciences.

Science.

Airships in Peace and War. By R. P. Hearne, New York: John Lane Company. $3.50 net.

This is a second and greatly enlarged edition of the author's "Aerial Warfare," which appeared about a year ago. When the first edition was prepared in the early months of 1908, the most obvious and important practical use of airships, in the opinion of the writer, was in connection with war; and he attempted to show that their employment for such a purpose, by increasing the possibilities of the horrors of war, by "speeding up" the operations, and by adding to the uncertainty of the ultimate issue, would tend to cause pugnacious nations to think twice before making a formal declaration of hostilities.

The remarkable achievements in the year 1909 of the operators of both flying machines and dirigible balloons—Blériot's crossing of the English Channel; Latham's flight in the suburbs of Berlin; Comte de Lambert's run from Juvisy to Paris; the well-known exploits of the Wright brothers, and numerous other notable flights—greatly widened the scope of aeronautics and opened up numerous other possibilities in aviation which, a few months before, had been considered entirely fanciful. Consequently, Mr. Hearne was prompted to enlarge the contents of his original volume so that his work might show the practical bearings of airships upon the world's future development in times of peace, as well as their utility in times of war. To this end, seven new chapters have been added, in which the leading topics under consideration are the commercial uses of airships, the progress of aeroplane and dirigible balloon construction in 1909 and the new records made, the military trials of the Wright brothers, and the present-day airship fleets of the nations.

A considerable portion of the present second edition is given over to a discussion and elaboration of two ideas which seem to be uppermost in the mind of the writer, viz., that, since the coming of the petrol motor, some seven or eight years ago, aviation has made extraordinarily rapid strides; and that those nations which have given the most pecuniary and moral support to the development of the airship are the very ones which are applying this new arm most zealously to warlike purposes. He loses no opportunity, as occasion offers, to reprimand the government of his own country, England, for what he regards as too great conservatism in all matters pertaining to aviation, and he points out the dangers of such a policy, especially in view of the activities of her continental neighbors—France and Germany.

The book is written in rather a popular style and is designed to appeal to the "intelligent public"; hence it is, for the most part, free from technical discussions. Its value to the general reader is further enhanced by the inclusion of upwards of seventy well-chosen illustrations. An introduction by Sir Hiram S. Maxim discusses, among other important matters, the relative merits of the Wright and French machines, to the disadvantage of the latter notwithstanding their superior workmanship.

Leonard B. Spencer, for fifteen years in charge of the New York Aquarium, died in this city last Saturday, at the age of seventy-two.

The late Alexander Agassiz bequeathed to Harvard University all of the scientific equipment he had collected; $100,000 to the Harvard Museum for general uses, and $100,000 to be used in publishing memoirs of the United States Fish Commission's expedition in 1891, the Blake expedition of 1877-80, the tropical Pacific expedition of 1899-1900, and the Eastern expedition in 1904-05; to the library of the Lawrence Scientific School, his books on mathematics, chemistry, and physics; to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, $50,000; to the National Academy of Sciences, $50,000, and to the city of Newport, 25,000, to be used by the manual training and scientific departments of the public schools. Harvard, it is said, has a reversionary interest under the will by which, in the event of the death without issue of any of Agassiz's children, and in the natural course of events, it will eventually receive at least a million dollars from the estate.

Drama.

THE LESSON OF THE STRATFORD FESTIVAL.

The programme of the annual Shakespeare Festival, which begins at Stratford-on-Avon to-morrow, is one of the most striking and encouraging theatrical documents that have been published in a long time, and suggests a few reflections on the general dramatic situation here and in England, and especially upon the true nature of a stock company and the substantial results that may be accomplished by even one such organization. All true lovers of the stage know, of course, that the American theatre, chiefly owing to a purely commercial and essentially vicious system of management, is, and long has been, in a degenerate state. The artificial manufacture of stars, the policy of long runs, the virtual elimination of wholesome competition and of the means of histrionic education, have had disastrous effect upon both playwrights and players. It is an old and familiar story. But there are signs here and there of coming changes, and of a possible regeneration. The number of syndicates is increasing, and the effect of growing rivalry must almost certainly be beneficial. The intrusion of the music hall into the dramatic field is welcome for the same reason. Another significant incident is the sudden realization by that astute theatrical strategist, Mr. Charles Frohman, of the virtues of the repertory theatre. Should he find profit in his experiment, he will not fail to repeat it, and any revision of his present policy would have far-reaching consequences.

The New Theatre in this city has furnished an impressive object lesson to a generation ignorant of the true scope and power of a permanent company, but cannot be said to have illustrated all the potential value of such a body. Thus far it has been stronger in suggestion than in fulfilment. It has demonstrated some of the virtues of the stock company, but not all, or the most important. What money can do, it has done. It has offered in rapid succession many plays of widely divergent types, in luxurious and appropriate setting, with casts of level excellence, and with admirable attention to all the minor but highly important details of stage management. But it is still engaged upon preliminaries, which ought to have been completed before the first performance was given. As yet, it possesses only the nucleus of a company. It is not yet a perfect, self-sufficient entity, equal to all the demands of its own programme. Until the day comes when it is no longer obliged to engage special performers for the most important parts in its productions, but is able to supply from its own members players capable of interpreting the most diverse and exacting characters—players trained and developed under its own direction—it cannot be rightfully regarded, or judged, as a stock company, with all that that title implies. There is no reason to doubt that it will become one in time. This is the end for which its directors are understood to be working. But not until it has assumed a more definite shape will it be possible to estimate its potency as a school of acting.

There are critics who hold that the importance of stock companies as training schools has been overrated. Upon them rests the burden of explaining why it is that the race of great actors, either in tragedy or comedy, gradually died out with the disappearance of those institutions, and how it happens that nearly all the really superior performers of to-day learned the rudiments of their art in similar establishments. The last of them vanished in this country with the death of Daly years ago, while in England there have been few of any consequence in the last generation. During that period there were two or three good stock houses in the provinces, and Irving once kept a good company to support himself and Ellen Terry. The companies maintained by Tree, Alexander, Bourchier, and other stars have had nothing in common with the stock principles and have been essentially unproductive. This is why the life work of Mr. F. R. Benson has been so extraordinarily important. Nothing in the theatrical world of England has been comparable with it since the famous reign of Phelps at Sadler's Wells. It is scarcely too much to say that he has done more for the cause of the poetic drama and of good acting than any other man of his time, Henry Irving not excepted. The latter did noble work, but, in turn, the personal motive was always dominant. Mr. Benson, never a great actor, has given all his best years to Shakespeare in a spirit of devotion to the poet and to his own profession. When he left Oxford, in the seventies, he organized what long ago became the best stock company in existence, although recruited mainly from amateurs; and ever since he has been acting Shakespeare up and down the land, winning renown in all the larger cities, and, at the last, appreciation in London. For twenty-four years he has directed the annual festival at Stratford, presenting, in that time, some thirty of Shakespeare's plays, and chiefly with his own performers. His representations, in which he himself plays many parts, are notable, not so much for brilliancy on the part of particular actors, as for their vigor, vitality, intelligence and full Shakespearean flavor. London managers were quick to discover that his company was an unfailing source of supply, whenever they were in need of a good actor, and have never hesitated to deplete his forces. Most of the rising young actors in London are ex-Bensonians, but he seems always able to fill his vacancies. His vindication of the stock-company principle is triumphant. He has created a school whose graduates need no other certificate of general acting proficiency than the proof of their service with him. Among them may be mentioned Oscar Asche, Henry Ainley, Mattheson Lang, Alfred Brydone, J. B. Fagan, Otho Stuart, Charles Quartermaine, E. Lyall Swete, and the lamented Weir.

There can be no doubt that his labors are bearing fruit. The Shakespeare Festival of Stratford, of which he is the inspiring genius, has now acquired an international fame. Shakespeare lovers can enjoy no such feast elsewhere. Sir Herbert Tree has paid it the compliment of imitation. The prominent London "stars" are eager to be associated with it. Among the performers this year are Tree, Bourchier, Waller, Martin Harvey, Ellen Terry, and Genevieve Ward, not to mention lesser lights. But the solid foundation is supplied by the Bensonians. The programme includes no less than sixteen of Shakespeare's plays, "The School for Scandal," "The Knight of the Burning Pestle" of Beaumont and Fletcher, and the prize play, "The Pip-

er," by the American poetess Josephine Preston Peabody. One day, the performances will be furnished by Old Bensonians exclusively, and there could be no more convincing evidence of the solidity of their founder's achievement. He has set an inspiring example and enforced a pregnant lesson, which is that the creation of actors is the first step towards a revival of the higher drama.

Brieux's "The Three Daughters of M. Dupont," which Laurence Irving has produced in the Comedy Theatre, is a clever, purposeful, and in some respects impressive, play, but deals with conditions so essentially French, and illustrates them in so extravagant a fashion, that it cannot be regarded as an especially valuable or timely addition to English stage literature. In offering a translation of it Mr. Irving shows praiseworthy respect for the author, but he might easily have made the piece more attractive and significant to English-speaking audiences by a little judicious adaptation. Even in France, where the *mariage de convenance* is favored both by law and custom, parental authority is not always callously indifferent to the personal inclinations of the contracting parties, nor are the results of such unions always disgraceful or tragic. On the contrary, domestic happiness is just as common in France as in any other civilized country. M. Brieux, like many other enthusiasts, weakens a good cause by overstating it, and trying to deduce a general rule from exceptional instances. His M. Dupont is the embodiment of cunning, tyrannical, hypocritical selfishness. One daughter, betrayed in early youth, he turned out upon the streets, with the inevitable consequences. The second, doomed to hopeless spinsterhood by his heartless greed, has become a withered devotee. The youngest, and prettiest, in the hope of a prospective legacy, he delivers into the hands of a notoriously heartless profligate, whom he deliberately cheats in making the bargain. Of such a marriage, of course, there could be but one issue, but in depicting the climactic quarrel between the young wife, maddened by the realization of her husband's grossness and her own degradation, M. Brieux breaks all the laws of artistic reticence and offends against good taste and probabilities. The violence in word and action in this scene would be excessive even in melodrama. After this the final reconciliation, with which the play ends, falls little short of the ridiculous. Such a tale would culminate more fitly in murder and suicide.

The Russian actress, Mme. Nazimova, furnished one more example of her great versatility when she appeared, in her new theatre here on Monday evening, as Rita Allmers in Ibsen's disagreeable play "Little Eyolf." Her impersonation, if it had little that was distinctively Norwegian or Ibsenian about it, was entirely distinct from either her Nora or Hedda, and as an exhibition of pure acting power was exceedingly striking. Her exact position in the artistic world cannot be determined until she has been tested in characters of more exacting quality than any of the eccentric or grotesque parts in which she has won her present reputation, but there can be no question that she has a positive genius in the invention of appropriate and effective pose and of delicate, varied, and illuminative by-play. She was applauded rapturously for some of her most elaborated effects—as in the passionate scenes with her husband, and her horror and collapse at the death of Eyolf—but it was in her periods of silence, when she was comparatively in the background, that some of her best work was done. Her denotement of her personal interest in the business of the scene, by the slightest facial changes or by apparently unconscious movements of the hands or fingers, is singularly subtle. She never drops out of her part for an instant, and her "business" shows great imaginative ingenuity. With each succeeding impersonation she confirms previous impressions of her rare abilities, but thus far she has only played supremely well in second-class characters. Until she gets clear of the Ibsen drama, which offers nothing beyond the capacity of the ordinary actor, it will be impossible to determine her exact standing as an actress.

Music.

TOO MUCH MUSIC?

Time was when, as soon as the opera season ended, concert givers rushed into the music halls like waters that had been held back by a dam. Nothing of the sort has happened this year; with the exception of Wüllner's farewell, on Tuesday of last week, which closed the musical year 1909-10, no concert of any importance has been given since the Metropolitan Opera Company, which outlasted the Manhattan by a week, closed its doors and departed for Boston and the West. Concerts are seldom as popular as operas; and, inasmuch as even the opera had been obliged, during its last few weeks, to rely on Russian dancers for most of its large audiences, the concert-givers wisely concluded that they had better hie them to Europe, where the season lasts four months longer than on this side of the Atlantic.

If the situation shows conclusively that New York has had too much music during the last six months, the musicians need not be alarmed, for the conditions were exceptional, and will not be the same next season. For three years this city was able to support two opera houses in addition to the usual number of concerts; trouble came when both the opera companies nearly doubled the number of their performances and the Philharmonic Orchestra at the same time gave considerably more than twice the usual number of concerts. Next autumn Mr. Hammerstein will have no extra Opéra Comique company, and Mr. Gatti-Casazza will not run opposition to himself by giving simultaneous performances at the Metropolitan and the New Theatre or the Brooklyn Academy. That will make a difference. The Philharmonic Society also has decided to reduce the number of its offerings by about a dozen. What with the concerts of the New York and Boston Symphony Orchestras, the Russian and Volpe bands, the multitudinous Sunday entertainments at the opera houses, the choral performances, and the recitals of singers, pianists, and violinists, there will still be more than enough. But there will be less of a glut in the operatic and orchestral branches, in which we have tried, during the past six months, to surpass all European cities, quantitatively as well as qualitatively, with somewhat discouraging results.

It should be borne in mind that the consequences of such overproduction would have been the same in London or Paris, Berlin or Munich. Tickets for extra concerts are hard to dispose of everywhere. As Mme. Schumann-Heink once remarked: "The music-lovers of the large German cities set aside a certain amount for concerts each season, and they attend the regular subscription series in their own towns, and won't spend a penny more for anything else."

Probably orchestral concerts not included in the regular subscription series would be better patronized if an effort were made to consult the taste of the public. *Vox populi* is not necessarily *vox dei*, nor is it necessarily vulgar, as professional prigs assume. At the opera houses public taste is studiously consulted, and it is borne in mind that there are audiences and audiences. Some want Luisa Tetrazzini in "Lucia" or "La Traviata," others want Mary Garden and Maurice Renaud in "Thaïs" or the "Jongleur," while still others are willing to pay, once or twice, to hear sensational novelties, like "Elektra" and "Salome." All these tastes are catered to.

This sensible and profitable method of feeling the public's pulse does not prevail in concert halls. On the contrary, the singers and players and the orchestral conductors seem to take a special delight in inflicting on the public precisely and persistently what it does not want. Cacophonists and mathematicians have the place of honor, while the melodious masters, whom the public desires to hear above all, are, for the most part, ignored. When "Pelléas et Mélisande" was first produced in this city, the prediction was made that its life would be short. It was given seven times that winter, three times this season, and that probably ends its career. The absence of melody (intentional in this case) killed it. In the realm of concert music the banishment of unmelodious works is less prompt because the programmes are usually mixed. Beethoven, Tchaikovsky, and Wagner thus help to float pieces that, unaided, would soon sink out of sight. It is significant that while nearly every programme has a Richard Strauss piece, no conductor dares to give a special Richard Strauss concert.

The public would infinitely prefer Johann Strauss to Richard; Wagner

agreed with Brahms in his ardent admiration of Strauss's waltzes, and Bülow urged their inclusion in symphony concert programmes. But "dignity" must be preserved, though the concert-halls remain empty. At the Paderewski recitals nothing arouses more enthusiasm than the Liszt rhapsodies. They have been admirably orchestrated, and if played at symphony concerts would do much to attract the public. Liszt's other works are too much neglected; so are the symphonic poems and symphonies of Saint-Saëns, and Dvorák's overtures and symphonies—melodious all, and beautifully colored. The "Peer Gynt" suites are second in popularity to no music ever written, and often played, but there are a dozen other works of Grieg's, equally beautiful and of the same popular character, yet never performed. The Brahms "Hungarian Dances" have not been played for years, nor Rubinstein's "Feramors" and "Nero" ballet music and his Bal Costumé, and Bizet's "L'Arlésienne" suites. In all these there is abundant melody. If the conductors put more of this kind of music on their programmes and the singers selected the melodious songs instead of the declamatory kind, the impression that too much music is offered to the public would soon disappear.

Some Musical Recollections of Fifty Years. By Richard Hoffman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

Richard Wagner in Bayreuth. Erinnerungen gesammelt von Dr. H. Schmidt und U. Hartmann. Leipzig: Carl Klinner.

When Mendelssohn's "Elijah" had its first performance, at the Birmingham Festival of 1846, under the composer's own direction, the organist was Dr. Gauntlet, and the stops were pulled out for him by a lad of fourteen, named Richard Hoffman, who, in the following year, emigrated to New York. He soon became one of its most eminent musicians, but none of the later honors made him feel so proud as the recollection of having taken a part, however humble, in that first performance of Mendelssohn's masterwork. The organist appears to have been somewhat refractory, for when the composer said to him, "Not so loud," and asked him to push in certain stops, Gauntlet asked the boy to pull them out again as soon as the other's back was turned. In his "Recollections," Richard Hoffman notes the odd fact that Mendelssohn would seldom beat more than the first sixteen or twenty-four bars of an overture or movement from a symphony. He would then lay down his bâton and listen, often applauding with the audience, and not beating time again until he wanted an acceleration or retarding of the pace, or some other effect not noted in the parts.

When Barnum brought Jenny Lind to the United States, in 1850, he engaged Richard Hoffman as pianist for the company. This not only gave him a prominence and experience that years of ordinary work would not have brought, but had a most salutary effect on his musical education, besides providing him with much interesting material for the "Recollections" relating to that great singer's art and diverse incidents. On one occasion Barnum hired the enormous hall over the Fitchburg Railroad Station in Boston. Even that was so crowded that the pianist, having by mistake used the main entrance, could not get out again and had to be lifted up and passed over the heads of the people till he reached the stage.

Among the other musicians with whom Mr. Hoffman became intimate were Thalberg and Gottschalk, both of whom devoted themselves almost entirely to their own compositions or arrangements, and wisely so. Many things were different in those days. Imagine the Philharmonic Orchestra serenading a popular prima donna on her arrival from Europe! That is what happened when Christine Nilsson first came over, in 1870. In that epoch, to be sure, serenading was not an unusual thing. A lover who wanted to pay the girl of his choice a delicate attention would engage a double quartet of male voices, or a brass band, to make music for her in the street after midnight. Mr. Hoffman has quaint things to tell also about Bülow's scrap book, Balfe's way of finding melodies, and many other things. In the appendix, there is an essay of his: "How to stimulate thought and attention in a pupil," which is worth reading. The first fifty-nine pages of this volume contain a biographic sketch by his widow, from which the following, relating to Hoffman's father, may be cited: "When he was seventy-five, I heard him play all the scales on the piano with remarkable velocity, and with a wine-glass full of water on the back of one hand, never spilling a drop, nor moving the glass."

Recollections of Richard Wagner during the ten years he lived in Bayreuth make up most of the book by Schmidt and Hartmann—not the reminiscences of artists, but of the humble town folk who helped the great composer build his villa, fill it with furniture and books, make the garden, and so forth. In the various anecdotes related we see him as a friend and protector of the poor, a lover of animals, an irascible, yet kind-hearted employer, a democratic citizen, a clubman who prefers solitude, an indulgent friend of bandmasters, and divers other things, including the digger of his own grave before his house was finished. Of particular interest are the details given by the bookbinder who helped him give his library the luxurious aspect on which so many eminent visitors have commented. Christian Senfft was his name, and the visitors carried his fame to all parts of Europe, so that he received orders from far-away cities like Vienna and St. Petersburg. He frankly admits that he owed his success largely to the hints given him by Wagner regarding colors and other details of decoration. Money was no object, $15 for binding a book being nothing unusual. For years Senfft was at Wahnfried nearly every day; not infrequently the composer would suddenly stop, strike some chords on the piano, jot down a few notes, and then resume the conversation.

The name of Anton Seidl appears often in these reminiscences; to him Wagner generally entrusted the rehearsing of special performances on social occasions, and also the making of excerpts from the Wagner dramas for the bands, which did much to familiarize the German nation with this new style of music. That Wagner composed six fanfares for one of the Bayreuth bands will be news to the best-informed of his admirers; it would be interesting to hear them. How he taught four trombonists to play the Grail motive in "Parsifal" is told in an instructive section, and other pages describe his joy over the new viola, invented by Hermann Ritter. In this case, another had provided the special tone quality he had desired; in others he had to invent it. On pp. 112 and 114 we read how he went to work to get the realistic tone he wanted for the ox-horn blown by Hagen in "Götterdämmerung," and how he made a prominent piano manufacturer construct a special instrument for the chimes in "Parsifal."

American composers are not the only ones who complain of being neglected in their own country. The Parisian publisher, Jacques Durand, has undertaken to give four Thursday evening concerts at which the best of the works printed by him are performed. Among the composers represented are Debussy, d'Indy, Dukas, Ducasse, Ravel, Louis Aubert, René Baton, and Saint Saëns, whose C minor symphony gave the impression of being the fountain head of contemporary French music.

Americans going abroad this summer will have a number of music festivals at their command. Munich, in particular, is making great efforts to attract tourists. Besides the usual Wagner and Mozart festivals in that city there will be concerts, on May 20-30, in commemoration of the centenary of Schumann's birth; a Beethoven-Brahms-Bruckner cycle of twelve "symphonic festival concerts" between August 5 and September 4; a Richard Strauss week, June 23-28; three festival concerts by the Vienna Philharmonic; first performance anywhere of Gustav Mahler's seventh symphony, under the composer's direction. Bonn will have a Schumann-Brahms festival on May 3, 4, and 5.

Julius Blüther, the famous German piano maker, died at Leipzig last week, at the age of eighty-six. He established his piano factory at Leipzig in 1854.

Art.

THE INTERNATIONAL.

London, April 8.

The International Society, left without a home by the closing of the New Gallery, has opened its tenth exhibition in the Grafton, and is not to be congratulated on its change of headquarters. Indeed, few events could better show how serious to London and to artists is the loss of the New Gallery. The Grafton is not half so well designed for the exhibiting of pictures, while it is not designed at all for the exhibiting of sculpture, and it must be remembered that the full title of the International is the International Society of *Sculptors*, Painters, and Gravers, and that its president is Rodin. Smaller examples of sculpture, of course, can be shown. As it is, a not over remarkable Torse de Femme by Rodin occupies the centre of the little Octagon Room devoted to prints and drawings. In another room the centre is filled by Harry Wilson's Sketch for a Monument, a tomb of imposing architectural proportions adorned by several figures, for which it would be impossible to make place were the monument finished, or even for the different details. A few bronzes, among them two ingenious little Danseuses, by Troubetzkoy, look well enough, scattered throughout the galleries, better certainly than set out in long tedious rows as at the old salon.

There can be no question that in another way the society disregards the obligations of its name, for the international element threatens to vanish with the years: a change for which the Society itself must be held responsible. It was at the beginning, actually as well as nominally, liberal enough to offer artists from abroad the same chances as artists at home, or better if they deserved it. The two Salons in Paris may throw their doors open to artists of every nationality, but the Royal Academy in London has never had much use for any work that is not "made in Great Britain," and the smaller societies, until the International set the example, were as insular. And now the International, as if forgetting that to this liberality it owed the chief interest and importance of its shows, has almost ceased to justify its name, and the artists of most foreign countries are conspicuous by their absence. From America the contributions are but few, and these few come mostly from Americans who at the present moment live on this side of the Atlantic: Pennell, who shows his Pittsburgh and New York etchings, which have already been seen at home; D. S. MacLaughlan, who also has a group of prints; Henry Muhrman, with the landscapes in pastel to which he knows how to give such solemnity and impressiveness; Miss Mary Cassatt, whose one picture, La Tasse de Thé, comes with a group of paintings by the French Impressionists, with whose work hers is now wholly identified. Direct from America there is nothing save a series of four wood-engravings by Henry Wolf, admirable reproductions, especially Whistler's Music Room and the portrait of Stevenson, and further notable as the only wood-engraving in the collection. Germany is virtually unrepresented, for the one notable picture by a German is the excellent and dignified portrait of Cardinal Gibbons by George Sauter, who for years has been a resident of London and a member of the Society's council. From Belgium and Holland, again nothing, except two or three landscapes by W. Bruckman, who, likewise, is a resident of London. From the Scandinavian countries, nothing. From Italy, nothing of note. From Spain, work by Zuloaga alone; but at least this is something to be thankful for. Certainly, if his three pictures are not of Zuloaga's best, they are among the most striking and suggestive from the living contributors to this year's International. There is nothing else as vigorous as his Poète Improvisateur Antonio Llanas, a full-length, life-size study of a Spanish peasant wrapped in a large cloak, bare-headed, a long shepherd's crook in his hand, posing against a landscape background, simple to the point of primitiveness, and under a sky put in with great swirls of the brush, which are so wholly out of keeping with the quiet, almost austere treatment of the rest of the canvas that they seem a bit of bravado to show what the painter could do had he a mind to. The color is sombre; reminiscences of Velasquez are in the type and in the modelling of the head, but the figure has not the spontaneity, the character, the "go" that is the charm of so many of his peasants and gypsies.

I have said nothing as yet of France because it is the one exception, the one country which does make some sort of a representation, and for which space is generously spared. Greater advantage might have been taken of this generosity. The French group is made up of the Impressionists who belong to an earlier generation and school and who have been seen often in London of recent years, and of a few of the more distinguished men of to-day, who, it is evident, have reserved their more important work for elsewhere, probably for the Salons. Only one picture here calls for mention. This is Manet's Ecce Homo, presumably the picture catalogued in M. Duret's book as Jésus Insulté, which was hung with the Olympia in the Salon of 1865, the ridicule both received from a bewildered public embittering Manet far more than even the laughter excited by his Déjeuner sur l'Herbe, a couple of years earlier at the Salon des Refusés. It does not strike one to-day as at all revolutionary; rather, it "smells" of the Louvre. In it, you feel, as in all Manet's religious pictures, the impersonal attitude of the painter. The subject seems to have been chosen by him because of its interest to the Old Masters, and the treatment seems an exercise in their manner that helps to justify Whistler's description of Manet as always "l'étudiant." But, then, how masterly is this exercise of the student, how fine the flesh tones, how real and living two of the figures, especially the one standing to the left so detached from the scene as to have the air of having been borrowed for the occasion and set down there for the mere pleasure of the painter in painting it! With all the criticism the picture invites, it, infinitely more than the Zuloagas, makes the surrounding work appear sadly lifeless and anæmic, and at the International becomes in its turn an Old Master.

As they are here represented, none of the French artists of later generations can dispute the ascendancy of Manet. Even the men of more independent schools are not as stimulating as often in the past. Vuillard has two studies that arrest attention by their ingenuity and their mastery of difficult problems. One shows a group engaged in a Partie de Dames, looked down upon from a height above; the other, a group round a table, seen in violent perspective. But neither has the beautiful feeling for his medium, for textures, for color, which he sometimes brings to the working out of his problems.

If the British members of the Society showed themselves so strong as to be able to stand alone, the weakening of the foreign element might be overlooked, though it would still be a serious mistake. But this year they cannot of themselves maintain the Society's originally high standard. It is astonishing, how little rises above the general average: one reason, perhaps, is that British members as well as French exhibitors have reserved their more important work for elsewhere. You must look in vain for even the eccentricity that, however absurd or affected or youthful, speaks of experiment or effort or thought. The collection is simply colorless. There is not a portrait of marked distinction. William Strang, who as vice-president occupies one of the chief centres of honor, fairly hurts by his sharpness of color and hardness of surface. William Nicholson could never err in this direction for his is a convention that makes for sobriety and refinement, but he is apt to rely more upon his convention than upon nature, and in his two portraits it has failed him. In the larger of the two, Portrait of Lady Pearson, the figure is placed in a vast expanse of canvas, no doubt to give dignity, but it takes a greater master than Nicholson to fill so large a

space when it is empty of pictorial incident. Velasquez could, and in his Meniñas the figures lose nothing in size and dignity because they occupy so small a proportion of the canvas, but then, no part of this canvas is empty, filled as it is throughout with atmosphere. Nicholson seldom suggests atmosphere. His portraits are usually decorative arrangements of flat spaces of color. As a consequence, on this huge canvas the figure is dwarfed, which is a pity, for the dress, the silk of the coat, the bunch of pinks stuck in it, the mass of white lace on the near table are all rendered with technical dexterity and delicacy. His other picture, The Conder Room, is an interior with two figures, something in the manner of his portrait group of Lord Plymouth and Family shown a year or so ago. But the figures have scarcely more life than the Conders on the wall. Nor is there any coherent design or scheme of color to bring the decorations of the room into harmonious or any other relation with its occupants. Charles H. Shannon has a portrait of a man so reticent in treatment that the veriest shadow of life in it would seem an impropriety. There is a vivid study of A Manda Lady, by Gerald Kelly. But the one painting of a figure subject that has any real character or force is by William Orpen: a record of something seen to which, as a concession to his Frith-like love of anecdote, he gives the title Living the Life in the West. What he means by this, or whether he means anything except to puzzle the critics, matters little. The merit of the work is in its cleverness as a statement of fact. On the far wall of a room, behind a table littered with papers and draperies and bottles, hangs a gilt-framed mirror reflecting the figure of a young man, evidently Orpen himself, and behind him a window with cool gray light falling through most skilfully painted green Venetian blinds. The values of the objects inside and outside the mirror are rendered with admirable truth. But, after all, it is no more than an amusing study, not a picture. Perhaps in saying this I explain why it tells so strongly at the International. The painter has seen his subject, unpictorial as it may be, for himself with eyes trained to see; he does not merely reëcho the statement of others, nor look for his facts through their eyes instead of his own.

With the landscapes again, one picture alone seems to rise above the average. This one exception is D. Y. Cameron's Marble Quarry, though, even as I write, I feel that I should qualify my praise. It does not show careful observation of fact when examined in detail. It suggests less an intimate and profound study than a vivid memory, carried away from a quarry actually seen, of the contrasting effects of strong shadow and strong light under a romantic sky, and of the picturesque value of machinery and men at work: a memory which, the painter afterwards essayed to realize on canvas without rectifying it by further research on the spot. It is more than a note or an impression, but its elaborate construction savors less of nature and of fact than of the studio. N. N.

A sale of the paintings, sketches, and studies of Carroll Beckwith, who is about to go to Rome, was held at the American Art Galleries, in this city, last week. The pictures sold included The Blacksmith, $300; The Golden Pool, $280; Dawn, $270; and Pastoral, $210. The entire lot of seventy-seven pictures brought $7,500.

An exhibition of thirty-six of the pictures of George B. Luks, at the Macbeth Galleries, in this city, shows that he is nothing if not versatile. Such a raw and drastic study as The Wrestlers would cause a shudder at every tea-pouring in Manhattan. On the other hand, long-haired lecturers will some day pounce upon the Whistlerian mystery and loveliness of The Little Gray Girl. He provides you with such masterpieces of characterization and beautiful painting as "The Duchess," The Old Clothes Man, The Little Milliner, and then produces a series of rather commonplace portraits, distinguished only by a certain probity of workmanship. What he has always is a wholesome love of his materials. He adores paint, plays with it, wrestles with it, scatters it royally upon his canvas. He makes all methods his as he needs them. He has been much praised for his sheer strength. It seems to the present writer his least valuable quality. What is precious in him is a quite tender and sympathetic quality, which takes him to the heart of certain things. Let us insist upon the important point that Mr. Luks is not a realist, except when he is on parade. His quality is visionary and imaginative. His defect is trusting his vision too little, and thinking too much of his biceps and his paint. What an extraordinary invention is Woman and Macaw. Three gorgeous birds stand, or dangle their scarlet, emerald, and lapis finery before an outer obscurity varied by the glitter of a wire net. Between the birds the rubicund vain face of a slatternly woman withdraws itself. What is remarkable spiritually is the juxtaposition of kindred human and animal types. If one cannot follow Mr. Luks in his Rabelaisian mood—and who cannot is to be pitied—one may enjoy him instead in these drastic yet sensitive portraits. In routine portraiture, Mr. Luks is very able. The canvas of E. W. Root, Esq., poised at full length in riding costume, is conventionally handsome. The likeness of Charles Fitzgerald, Esq., the art critic, is remarkably successful in suggesting a quizzically sensitive nature, less so in presenting the palpable effigy of the man. Equally full of character is the head of the writer W. H. Fraser, Esq. Mr. Luks is less satisfactory when dealing with surfaces than when dealing with souls. He is, we have been told, an *enfant terrible*—that awful thing a ruthless realist. He does take a pleasure in frightening timid people by occasionally wearing a horned mask. But look at that justly famous picture, The Spielers. Two ill-conditioned little girls waltz wildly towards you, glorified by the excitement of dance. All the light seems drained from the surrounding air by the flying blonde hair of the larger spieler. The thing is real, but of a transmuted reality. Mr. Luks's brain and heart have had more to do with it than his eye. Nothing is more stirring in the show than the stage scene from "I Pagliacci." Before such a picture there is no need to ask if Mr. Luks is a great painter. Whether he is a great artist or not is a more difficult question, the answer to which cannot as yet be given confidently.

Henry C. Frick has acquired Frans Hals's Portrait of a Woman, which was sold from the Yerkes collection to Knoedler & Co., the New York art dealers, last week, for $137,000, and has installed it in his Fifth Avenue residence in this city.

The National Academy of Design elected last week twenty-three new associate members, as follows: Painters: Robert MacCameron, Mrs. Charlotte B. Coman, Gardner Symons, William Ritchel, Thomas P. Anshutz, Ernest L. Blumenschein, Ralph Clarkson, Edward Dufner, W. Howe Foote, Daniel Garber, De Witt Parshall, W. Merritt Post, and Albert Sterner. Sculptors: Bela L. Pratt and John J. Boyle. Architects: Edmund M. Wheelwright, Robert S. Peabody, Henry J. Hardenbergh, John Galen Howard, Arnold W. Brunnen, Frank Miles Day, Wilson Eyre, and C. Grant La Farge.

Among the American exhibitors at the salon of the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts, opened in Paris last week, were James J. Shannon, Miss Elizabeth Nourse, Miss Florence Upton, Eugene P. Ullman, Myron Barlow, Frederick Frieneske, Miss Ethel Mars, and Julius Rolshoven.

Sir William Quiller Orchardson, R.A., painter of subject pictures and portraits, died last week in London. He had just finished for the coming Academy exhibition a portrait of Edwin Austin Abbey, the American artist. Mr. Orchardson was one of the most popular of modern historical, romantic, and dramatic painters. He was born in Edinburgh in 1835, went to London in 1863, and in the same year exhibited at the Royal Academy for the first time. In the following year he exhibited at the British Institution a figure of Peggy, from Allan Ramsey's "Gentle Shepherd," and at the Royal Academy another Scottish subject entitled Flowers o' the Forest. In 1865 there appeared at the Royal Academy one of the most successful of his Shakespearean illustrations, Hamlet and Ophelia, which was followed in the winter exhibition at the French Gallery, Pall Mall, by The Challenge, which won a prize of £100, given by Mr. Wallace. In 1866 came the striking Story of a Life, which attracted much attention at the Academy—an aged nun relating her life experience to a group of novices; and Christopher Sly, which was exhibited in Mr. Wallis's winter exhibition at the Suffolk Street Galleries. In January, 1868, Orchardson was elected an associate of the Royal Academy, only four years after his arrival in London. He achieved a great success at the Paris Universal Exhibition, where his Challenge and Christopher Sly were greatly admired by French critics, and won for the painter one of the very few medals awarded to English

artists. He was elected a Royal Academician in 1877, and a D.C.L. of Oxford in 1890. He was knighted in 1907.

Andreas Achenbach, one of the foremost of German landscape painters, died recently in Düsseldorf, at the age of ninety-four. When still a boy he became a pupil of Schadow, at Düsseldorf, where he became associated with his brother, Oswald. He painted chiefly the scenery of Holland and Scandinavia, and examples of his work are to be found in most of the important German collections.

Dr. Henry Thode, the German critic and art-historian, has retired from the position of lecturer on art at Heidelberg, which he has held for sixteen years.

François-Emile Ehrmann, the French painter of historical and classical subjects, died in Paris recently, at the age of seventy-six. He first exhibited at the Salon in 1863, and last year was awarded the Prix Estrade Delcors, valued at 8,000 francs, by the Académie des Beaux-Arts. Several of his designs were reproduced in Gobelin tapestries.

Finance.

AN UNSOLVED PROBLEM.

On Thursday of last week, the government gave out its report on the country's foreign trade in March. Public interest had centred mainly in the question whether that month, like its predecessor, would show the highly abnormal condition, for this country, of an excess of merchandise imports over exports. The March figures not only reported such a condition, but the excess of imports, $19,254,000, was very much the largest shown by any month in twenty years past, except April, 1897, March, 1893, June and July, 1890, and July, 1889.

As every one is aware, this "import excess" began in the three summer months last year; until May, 1909, no month in our history since June, 1897, had shown anything but a surplus of exports over imports. The first comparison, therefore, may profitably set the figures of recent months over against those of the two preceding years, within which time the increase in imports and the decrease of exports have reversed our monthly balance. In the subjoined tables, a monthly excess of exports is printed in ordinary Roman type; excess of imports in heavy figures:

	1910.	1909.	1908.
Jan...	$10,805,007	$53,136,341	$121,117,204
Feb...	**4,368,460**	7,398,208	83,004,381
Mar..	**19,254,613**	6,417,441	52,474,542
Apr...	.....	3,007,185	45,920,129
May..	.....	7,262,243	29,567,750
June..	.....	**7,245,540**	23,262,352
July..	.....	**3,151,402**	16,764,083
Aug..	.....	**7,342,187**	19,259,519
Sept..	.....	32,948,265	40,899,221
Oct...	.....	73,023,992	69,944,428
Nov..	.....	53,489,905	57,337,406
Dec..	.....	33,642,470	76,910,345

These three columns show by what stages the present status has been reached. The earliest monthly figure given—that of January, 1908—was the largest export surplus of any month in our history, before or since. Inasmuch as the five monthly import surpluses of 1909 and 1910 to date were the first that have been witnessed since 1897, it will perhaps be worth while to glance back across the intervening thirteen years. The three years which call for particular study under present circumstances are 1893, 1895, and 1897. This is the monthly record of those years—figures of an import excess again being printed in heavy type:

	1897.	1895.	1893.
Jan...	$42,597,865	$13,682,064	**$7,494,598**
Feb..	20,583,709	**2,333,247**	**12,770,254**
Mar...	10,930,803	**4,133,646**	**20,146,953**
Apr..	**23,673,620**	**3,494,317**	**17,140,355**
May..	**1,486,871**	**1,761,675**	**6,999,886**
June..	**11,989,987**	**6,694,214**	**4,247,975**
July..	17,429,209	**16,488,017**	**5,927,790**
Aug...	40,980,445	**15,131,324**	15,042,546
Sept..	62,111,786	**6,765,257**	25,726,186
Oct...	61,764,805	12,010,628	35,940,159
Nov...	64,317,674	23,967,764	42,396,335
Dec...	73,547,998	30,328,070	43,626,862

Now for the causes. During 1893, the turn in the monthly balance of trade was attributable both to a sharp decrease in exports and to a great increase in imports. Neither process was attributable to abnormally high commodity prices in this country. Prices, in fact, were low; but they were lower still in Europe. For this the reason was that industrial England particularly, and in a less degree the Continent, were suffering from the after-effects of the London Baring panic of 1890. The United States had at the time been little injured by that commercial setback; it was, therefore, not unnatural that Europe, in its prolonged spell of financial and industrial liquidation, should have bought less than usual from America and sold to us at lowered prices in constantly increasing quantities. From this double process came the months of "import excess" early in 1893.

The story of 1895 was different. Following our own panic of 1893, the United States had for more than a year indulged in close economy. With February, 1895, came a sudden change. The Belmont-Morgan syndicate artificially stopped gold exports from New York; the Treasury's depleted gold reserve was restored and protected; the government's credit was upheld. A burst of optimism followed in every market, the rise on the Stock Exchange being followed by rapid and continuous marking-up of prices for practically every commodity of production and manufacture, and for foreign goods as well. But the advance in commodity prices was very much overdone. European commodity markets did not rise with ours; therefore we lost the international trade. Farmers held back their wheat until Russia had satisfied the international demand; merchants had stocked up heavily, not only with domestic but with foreign goods, in the belief that old-time normal conditions had been restored. The result was a considerable shrinkage in the monthly export trade, and so abnormally rapid an expansion of our imports that the balance was again reversed.

Still different was the history of 1897. People who watched the foreign trade movement at that time were at no loss to explain it. The Dingley tariff, with its great increase in import duties, was to go into effect by July; seeing the drift of things, merchants made haste to get in foreign merchandise before the new duties were clapped on. In April, 1897, imports increased $42,000,000 over the year before; in May, $22,000,000, and in June, $28,000,000. This was a more violent expansion in imports than last month's; it was bound to reverse the monthly balance of trade.

It may be left to the observant reader to determine which of these three years, with their divergent conditions, the present season most resembles. What will perhaps be more immediately interesting is to show how the country, on each of the three occasions, once more restored its normal international balance. In 1893, a violent shock, with a season of prolonged and forced liquidation, was the course pursued; it was a thorny path. In 1895, no panic followed, but a general, rapid, and substantial reduction of prices on home commodity markets had the double effect of checking the abnormal importations and eventually restoring the normal export trade. The "import excess months" of 1897 had no ulterior result, except perhaps to curtail proportionately the import trade in the two or three months after the tariff law had gone into force. Before the autumn season had begun, the whole situation had been changed by the European harvest failure of 1897, the great American wheat crop, and the rise in our grain exports to unparalleled magnitude. Even in 1897 as a whole, excess of exports footed up $357,000,000; in 1898, it had risen to $620,000,000.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

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Bartholomew, J. G. A School Economic Atlas. Frowde.

Bostwick, A. E. The American Public Library. Appleton: $1.50 net.

Bower, B. M. The Happy Family. Dillingham. $1.25.

Buchanan, J. Works. Vol. XI, 1860-1868. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

Calthrop, D. C. Tinsel and Gold. Dillingham. $1.50.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 28, 1910.

The Week.

We are tempted to ask of what use it is to have opinions, when we see it stated that President Taft, while opposed to the bill creating a retired list for all surviving volunteer officers, will not go so far as to veto it. He regards it, so the story runs, as nothing but an attempt to catch the old-soldier vote at the coming elections, and as a wholly unnecessary drain upon the Treasury—but he will not veto it. It will cost $9,264,012, in addition to present pensions awarded to the prospective beneficiaries—but Mr. Taft will not veto it. Why not, Mr. Taft? Is it fear of the elections? Then let us suggest to the President a study of Mr. Cleveland's Administration. Does he know that Mr. Cleveland read every pension bill that came before him; that his wholesale vetoes of unworthy pension bills did more than anything else to convince the country of his downright honesty and devotion to the public welfare? Mr. Taft's friends are most eager for him to recover his lost ground. We suggest a vigorous use of the veto as an easy and highly desirable road to public favor. And nothing calls for a veto more loudly than this scandalous raid upon the Treasury by the pension-grabbers.

"The chief difficulty among Senators on the other side," said Senator Bailey in the debate on the railway bill last Friday, "is one of nice distinctions as to how they shall comply with party platforms. If that is to be the rule, there will be no need for Senators of wisdom, ability, and learning." Irrespectively either of its application or of its source, the point is well taken. There are two kinds of fidelity to party pledges. One comprises the fulfilment of the broad purposes to which the party has been clearly committed, and the carrying out of such specific promises in the platform as were the embodiment of intentions deliberately arrived at and known to be part of the party's programme. The other kind of fidelity consists in taking the platform, plank by plank, and undertaking a literal compliance with its language, as though it were a contract. The first kind is right and wise, the second kind flies in the face of the most elementary principles of statesmanship. To pursue it would mean to make the result of a twenty-four-hour discussion, engaged in by a group of men who have been selected for a few days' service and who have never before been associated in a common work, conclusive as to the policy of the national government for four years. Everybody knows that the platform is a variegated affair, some parts of which are to be taken at their face value and others not. It is a rough guide to the voters, but its various parts have to be estimated in the light of common sense and political judgment. If Mr. Taft had appreciated the evident fact that the whole country understood the tariff plank as binding him to do more than it said in so many words, and other planks as not binding him at all, he and his party and the country would to-day be in a better position.

In his speech at Port Jervis, N. Y., on October 23, 1906, during his first campaign for the Governorship, Mr. Hughes thus set forth his beliefs on the Anti-Trust Law of 1890:

> We do not want anything which will interfere with business enterprise. We don't want anything which will interfere with investments to give opportunities for labor. We do not want to return to soup houses. We don't want to make it difficult for men to find employment. But, on the other hand, we do want to make it difficult for anybody or for any set to unite together and prevent other people from having perfectly fair and just treatment. We want to end discrimination in business. I am for the Anti-Trust act.

Even without this explicit affirmation, the Governor's activities in preparing the new insurance law and in establishing the Public Service Commissions would have provided convincing evidence of his position. But the speech of 1906 also reflects the Governor's belief in conservative interpretation of the law. It was the man he succeeds, Justice Brewer, who, in the Northern Securities case, although he concurred with the four other Justices who found against the company, held that the verdict should be based distinctly on the ground of "unreasonable restraints of trade," and not extended to "those minor contracts in partial restraint of trade which a long course of decisions at common law had affirmed were reasonable and ought to be upheld." Neither in Justice Brewer's attitude, nor in that of Gov. Hughes is there to be found any support for Judge Lacombe's Circuit Court opinion on the Tobacco case in 1908, that the Anti-Trust Act "prohibits every contract or combination in restraint of competition," and that two rival express-wagons, which should join forces in operating between villages on opposite sides of a State line, would be repugnant to the law.

> My position as regards the moneyed interests can be put in a few words. In every civilized society property rights must be carefully safeguarded; ordinarily and in the great majority of cases, human rights and property rights are fundamentally and in the long run identical; but when it clearly appears that there is a real conflict between them, human rights must have the upper hand, for property belongs to man and not man to property.—[Mr. Roosevelt at the Sorbonne.

This is sound doctrine, every word of it. It is the same doctrine that Mr. William Jennings Bryan made familiar in his first great campaign. He packed it into epigrammatic form in the phrase, "The man above the dollar." To him, however, it "clearly appeared" that there was a "real conflict" between human rights and property rights in the question of the gold standard, and his conclusion accordingly was that the gold standard must go. Mr. Roosevelt, on the other hand, was at that time denouncing Bryan as a repudiationist of the worst kind, because it was *not* clear to him that the line between human rights and property rights was to be drawn in the way that recommended itself to Bryan and his followers. Mr. Debs, again, is firmly convinced that human rights conflict with property rights in a far more profound manner; while Count Tolstoy goes further still. In fact, the doctrine so solemnly set forth by Mr. Roosevelt leaves us exactly where it finds us; and every man Jack of us, from Senator Aldrich to Herr Bebel, can subscribe to it without fear that it will incommode him.

The promptness with which the trial of a peculiarly atrocious and revolting

murderer was brought to a close in this city last week, the firmness and dignity with which the proceedings were conducted by the judge, and the efficiency of the District Attorney's office in the handling of the case, have been made the subject of deserved commendation in the press. What has been praised as an exception ought to become the rule, and indeed a mere matter of course. Our country distances all other modern countries, by far, both in the number of homicides and in the small proportion of convictions. Although it is not the only cause, yet it is certain that one of the great causes of the multitude of murders in our country is the lack of business-like determination in the prosecution of murderers. Even the comfort that can be got out of this case, in which the matter was concluded with proper expedition, is diminished by the consideration that the crime was so unspeakably abhorrent, and the criminal so devoid of any redeeming quality, that there was no room for sympathy on the part of the most morbid or the most silly; and in addition to this, the evidence was simple and overwhelming. Nevertheless, it is to be hoped that this example of expeditious procedure, sacrificing no right of the accused, but at the same time not trifling with the stern demands of justice, will help to set a standard for future trials.

For reasons not obvious, American operas based on plots concerned with red men have never been successful. A conspicuous instance of undeserved failure was "The Ogallalas," by Henry Waller, who is also remembered to-day because he was the first American who succeeded in getting one of his works performed at the Royal Opera in Berlin. It does not seem likely, however, that the demonstration made against "Pola" in that city on Saturday night and in the following day's newspaper criticisms had anything to do with its Indian subject. The Germans have ever been fond of Indian stories; their boys and girls read Cooper as much as ours used to read him, and he has been imitated by Gustav Nieritz and other popular writers. Moreover, exotic music is much in favor at present, and as Arthur Nevin's opera contains tunes gathered in the camps of Blackfoot Indians, it should have made additional appeal from this point of view. Had it been simply an uninteresting opera, it would have been damned with faint praise and allowed to vanish silently. The heat of the opposition was evidently due to long repressed indignation at the Kaiser's predilection for things American, including opera singers. Was it not enough to have half a dozen of the best places at the Royal Opera given to Americans, without lugging in American operas, too, when Germany has so many composers awaiting a hearing?

Renewal of trans-Atlantic wireless telegraphy by the rebuilding of the burned station at Glace Bay was assuredly a fitting occasion for the exchange of congratulatory messages between the postmasters-general of Canada and Great Britain, and Mr. Marconi. "We are the real rectors of the world," said one of the most distinguished living Canadians not long ago to the rector in whose parish lies one of his country estates; "we men who are bringing the peoples of the world closer together by means of great railroads and steamships, who devote our lives to the annihilation of time and distance." Powerful agents of progress such men undoubtedly are, and if within their overwhelmingly practical personalities there is left a spark of idealism, as in the instance referred to, the world may consider itself doubly blessed. The possibilities of the wireless are yet as vague as they are tremendous. Who may foretell the effect on the history of the future of world-wide conversation through the air? Already, in its infancy, its C. Q. D. has thrilled the human mind with its message of elements conquered and man triumphant.

The wreck of the Zeppelin II will elicit world-wide sympathy for the aged inventor, who seems fated to see a long life of endeavor filled with disappointments. It is not to be supposed that the German people will again come to his aid as they did last summer, when they subscribed nearly three-quarters of a million dollars to replace the airship that was destroyed at Echterdingen. That popular upheaval was more in the nature of a national vote of gratitude to Count Zeppelin than of confidence in his solution of the problem of the air. Expert opinion has all along been against the Zeppelin type of a rigid and enormous airship that is costly to build, costly to drive and stable, and, by very reason of its enormous bulk, at all times exposed to the mercy of the storms, as has now been tragically demonstrated. Even if Zeppelins could be kept from dashing themselves into fragments, they would call for an elaborate equipment that would greatly reduce their value under actual conditions of warfare. A whole regiment of men to hold the ship down is something that a commanding officer in the field might find hard to spare. If the dirigible is to play a part in modern armaments, the choice plainly points to the smaller semi-rigid or flexible type as developed in the German Gross and Parseval machines and in the various French airships.

But even the cheapest of dirigible machines is an expensive affair compared with the cost of a Wright or Farman aeroplane; and the question of cost will enter largely into the ultimate decision between the merits of the heavier-than-air machine and the steerable balloon for purposes of war. The last two weeks have shown that in fair weather the dirigible can fly far and the aeroplane can fly far, as it has done for Paulan and the Englishman White. And it has also been shown that in rough weather aeroplanes and dirigibles will alike go to smash. It becomes, then, a practical question for the people in charge of Europe's military budgets whether it pays to invest the same amount of money in a single dirigible or in a dozen aeroplanes. The greater degree of stability is, of course, still with the former; but as a matter of practical economy, it might pay to let a half-dozen aeroplanes turn turtle for every one that responds to the task put upon it. It is not necessary in the ultimate settlement of the question that the decision shall be all for the aeroplane or all for the dirigible. There may easily be room for both. The balloon, with its expensive sheds and equipment, would correspond to the present fortress or system of coast-defence. The aeroplane, comparatively compact, portable, independent of gas and hydrogen supply, would be the counterpart of the field artillery, or even the light machine gun.

Despite the optimistic reports from Havana indicating that the Republic is proceeding vigorously against the disaffected negroes headed by Gen. Estenoz,

there is no disputing the critical situation of the Government. Whether the present action will really inspire fear of the Administration sufficient to tide it over the summer remains to be seen. The West, it is rumored, has been "organized" against Gomez, as the phrase runs, for some time past. There is acute jealousy between the new regular army, unnecessarily created by the last American government of intervention, at whose doors many sins must be laid, and the Rural Guards. Gen. Pino Guerra, the commander of the uncalled-for regular army, was careful to recruit most of its members from his own province, Pinar del Rio. Having been himself merely a frequenter of cafés, without regular employment, prior to the revolution of 1906, his major-general's commission was so rich a reward for heading the rebellion against the Palma Government that it is not to be supposed he would look with disfavor upon another uprising, particularly as he is reported to have quarrelled with Gomez. The distribution of spoils has been going on now for something over a year—long enough to create many malcontents who feel that they are not getting their share of the booty. Fortunately, the sugar crop has been a good one; else the outlook would be menacing, indeed.

That the head of Scotland Yard should have used official secrets to supply to a newspaper articles which, it was obvious, would be used as campaign material is certainly a sufficient cause for British indignation, even after the lapse of many years. It is no wonder that a division in the House of Commons has been necessary to negative a motion to cancel the appropriation for Sir Robert Anderson's annual pension, after his bland avowal in a magazine that he was the author of the sensational "Parnellism and Crime." Hardly less humiliating to Englishmen than this revelation is the memory that the judgment of all concerned in the London *Times's* notorious publications was as ridiculous as the evidence with which a sorry attempt was made to combat the charge of libel. Piggott confessed forgery and blew his brains out; Le Caron, the spy, was obliterated, and the newspaper itself was almost wrecked. Had the evidence been sound, it would have been a matter for the prosecuting authorities, and if a detective's unsupported story was insufficiently corroborated for such a course, it was equally at fault for the purposes of newspaper publicity and party capital. But statements now freely made that the spy was an *agent provocateur*, and that the whole affair was a "put-up job" in which all the principals concerned were conspirators, will not be generally believed. Exasperation followed constant Fenian outrages. The Government was justified in using a secret service. To charge that this secret service itself instigated outrages is to charge conduct entirely out of harmony with British character.

The French electoral campaign has been enlivened by the appearance of a score of women as candidates for the Chamber of Deputies. How recent is the suffragist movement in France may be gathered from the fact that while the suffragette has almost disappeared from the columns of the British comic weeklies, she has now for the first time been exploited by the Paris press. Albert Guillaume in *Figaro* suggests that the woman whose husband is inclined to grumble at dressmakers' and milliners' bills is now in a position to threaten him with the much more expensive dissipation of running for Parliament. And yet one would imagine that the question of woman-suffrage would present itself most seriously in France, which is in the habit of thinking of itself as holding the vanguard of civilization, as the first nursery of political and social revolutions. The case is all the more odd because the French woman is so frequently on an equal economic basis with her husband, whether he be wage-earner or small business-man. And in higher circles of society, French women do exercise that indirect influence on politics, art, and literature which is in other countries more spoken of than real. Possibly in this very fact consists the reason of the French woman's smaller measure of discontent.

Something more than considerations of administrative military policy is probably involved in the reported decision of the Russian war office to transfer an entire army corps from the western frontier to the Volga region and southern Russia. The move is described as tantamount to an abandonment of Poland in case of an invasion by Germany. But the decisive step in that direction was taken some time ago when the Russian Government determined to abandon its chain of Polish fortresses and to concentrate its defences on the Asiatic frontier. Is it against Persia that the Russian forces are massing? Is it to Turkey in Asia, or possibly to Japan, that the index points? Or are the Polish battalions needed for keeping domestic order in the Volga provinces where, three years ago, there was danger of peasant uprisings? Whatever may be the motive, it is a situation which will be received with bitter dissatisfaction in France. This Russian alliance which has cost the French so many hundreds of millions and which utterly failed them in the hour of need, five years ago, will become a weaker reed than ever if Germany is entirely relieved of the menace of Russian troops on her eastern frontier.

Big with the promise of the future is the so-called United Universities Scheme, originating with Oxford and Cambridge, and intended to promote the foundation of a university in China which shall unite the educational forces at work there under a central head, at the same time preserving their autonomy, and shall also found new branches of educational work from the same source. On this matter, the distinguished Rector of Hatfield, the Rev. Lord William Gascoyne Cecil, brother of the Marquis of Salisbury, is now in this country with a mission to the presidents of our leading universities to arouse their interest in the plan. It is contended that far-reaching results will be attained by forming the forces of education into colleges and hostels on the plan of the English universities, and it is hoped by the committee in charge of the scheme, a committee on which are many men prominent in scholarly and clerical life in England, that not only will China be benefited by the adoption of such a plan, but that also by it the bond between England and the United States will be strengthened. In the words of Lord William Cecil, "China *will* have Western civilization," and the idea of combining the forces of this country and of England to present that civilization in a desirable and dignified form, must appeal strongly to those who are carrying on the work of our universities.

GOV. HUGHES'S APPOINTMENT.

Gov. Hughes's decision to accept the appointment to the Supreme Court offered to him by President Taft takes from our active political life its finest figure. We had, frankly, not thought it possible that Mr. Hughes would even consider the offer. That so splendid a moral force, so rare an Executive, and so unselfish a patriot should be removed from the sphere of statesmanship, even by appointment to so exalted a position as the bench of our highest tribunal, appears to us a severe blow to the whole movement for the reform of our political conditions. The judge is necessarily excluded from the arena. His voice may be heard occasionally, as was Justice Brewer's, in the forum or the pulpit or on the platform. But when Gov. Hughes takes his seat in Washington a great educative force will be lost. That tremendous driving power which, coupled with his downright earnestness and sincerity, has twice convinced the State where its best interests lay, and with it his unusual executive ability, will fall into disuse. The strongest force for reform—strongest because of wise radicalism allied with a judicial temperament—is now to go out of our workaday political life.

From this point of view we cannot conceal our regret at Mr. Hughes's decision. Mr. Taft has rightly called him the Republican party's greatest asset. Even had Mr. Hughes gone back to the practice of the law, he must have remained a source of inspiration and power, ready to lend his ability and prestige to the great work of driving from our public life the bosses who have opposed his reforms, and of putting back into the hands of the people the control of their own affairs. It was impossible to think of Mr. Hughes really divorced from our political struggles; it was very easy to think of him as Senator in Washington, and even occupying a higher place, and still easier to think of him as in his law office a great moral leader of his party in the nation, in reserve for just such an emergency as made him Governor in 1906.

Yet from the point of view of the Supreme Court, everybody must rejoice; and we should be the last to underestimate the value of the services Mr. Hughes can render as a member of that body. Questions of far-reaching moment that call for another Marshall are coming before the Court, and will continue to come before it, testing our written Constitution as it has never yet been tested. That the Court needs vigorous, active personalities, men of sound judicial training combined with a clear understanding of the underlying political forces of the day, is undeniable. It has needed strengthening, needed it so badly that Mr. Taft's exultation on receiving Gov. Hughes's acceptance is easy to understand. So keen and trenchant a mind is bound to make itself felt at once; and it is natural to look forward to its exercise, later on, in the Chief Justiceship. Moreover, the Governor's comparative youth insures that continuity of service for years to come, the lack of the possibility of which caused the opposition to Justice Lurton.

If it is seldom of late years that a man has stepped from high executive office to the Supreme Court, no one will dream of criticising Mr. Hughes's appointment for that reason. Between Salmon P. Chase's service as Governor of Ohio from 1855 to 1859 and his becoming Chief Justice were his three years and more in Lincoln's Cabinet. Like Gov. Hughes and Edwin M. Stanton, Chase had never held any judicial office before going to the highest. But in his executive position at Albany, Mr. Hughes has displayed such unquestionable judicial qualities, besides exhibiting extraordinary zest for severe mental application, that Mr. Taft did the merely obvious thing in offering him Justice Brewer's place. That Mr. Hughes received it as a call to service is beyond question. We would not lay stress today upon the pecuniary sacrifice which Mr. Hughes makes in accepting the Justiceship. The alternative of a lucrative law practice in New York, with an income of a hundred thousand a year or more, might have made some men waver in their minds, but not, we are sure, Gov. Hughes. It is the opportunity to continue in the public service which has appealed to Gov. Hughes.

In what shape Gov. Hughes's transfer to the bench leaves his party in this State, on the eve of an important campaign; the effect of turning over the Governorship to the discredited Lieut.-Gov. White, and the fact that this change in Mr. Hughes's fortunes makes Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft undisputed masters of the Republican party in the nation—these are questions into which we do not propose to enter to-day. We would rather, for all the regrets we have expressed, congratulate the country that Mr. Hughes is to remain in the public service, even if not in that capacity in which we feel that the country's need of him is most intense. He has done the State inestimable service—service the value of which will be better understood as time passes. For time can only add to the appreciation of his courage and his unsparing devotion of every thought and action to the people's interests. As soon as we get a perspective, we shall perceive clearly that Mr. Hughes has not only set up new standards of executive devotion and skill, but has made the whole country realize afresh the possibilities offered by the headship of our State governments for distinguished and useful service to State and country. In that way at least his influence will remain active in political life.

THE PHILIPPINE LAND SCHEME.

Whether it is the Sugar Trust or some other purchaser that has obtained a large slice of the Philippine Friar lands seems to us for the moment relatively unimportant. Congressman John A. Martin of Colorado is certain that the Sugar Trust has bought it through a dummy named Poole. That would not be surprising. When Mr. Forbes, the new Governor-General, was last in New York city he made an urgent appeal for the investment of capital in the Philippines. He wanted American business men to build railways, erect mills, purchase plantations, and generally to exploit the archipelago, or, as the cant phrase runs, "bring the blessings of civilization and prosperity to the islands." Only the lack of capital, he declared, prevented an extraordinary advance in the Philippines. It was consciously or unconsciously a deliberate invitation to the powerful syndicates that are seeking outlets for American capital abroad to come to the Philippines, whose richness Mr. Forbes vaunted.

Naturally, those who believe in the Philippines for the Filipinos protested. All, on the other hand, who desire to see the United States permanently hold the archipelago for purely money-making purposes applauded. They feel sure that if millions of American dollars are invested in the Philippines by the all-powerful business interests, the flag will

never come down; that all those solemn pledges of benevolent intentions on our part, given by McKinley and others, will be forgotten, save by a handful of New England cranks, with their mouthings about national honor and duty. Unfortunately for Mr. Forbes's ambitions—we would not, of course, for an instant suggest that his motive is other than a sincere, though in our eyes mistaken, desire to aid the Filipinos—the organic law of the Philippines, a noble and enduring monument to the late Senator Hoar, is a fatal obstacle to the plans of capitalistic exploiters, in that it forbids the selling of more than forty acres of land to an individual and of more than 2,500 acres of land to a corporation. And this was made the organic law for the *express purpose* of preventing that very capitalistic exploitation of the islands now desired. It has prevented such exploitation, because 2,500 acres is too small a holding of land to make possible sugar planting on a sufficiently large scale to attract a syndicate or Trust.

As the National Progresista Party of the Philippines recently declared in convention assembled, the majority of the Americans in the islands, besides wishing these land restrictions removed, maintain that a declaration of perpetual American sovereignty is also essential as an inducement to that foreign capital which the Filipinos themselves have no desire to see entering the islands. Why should they? To exchange their present situation with all its limitations for a tense industrial system with overbearing foreigners—and Americans are the most hated foreigners in the Philippines—driving them to their tasks, is a thing that in no wise appeals to them. They, in their blindness, do not long for greater comforts of life and for higher standards of living at the cost of lives spent at arduous factory or plantation labor. They make a livelihood, bare at times, and why must they do otherwise at the behest of outsiders? To this has come a sharp reply from the United States Government headed by William H. Taft, the man whom, of all the Americans sent to them, the Filipinos loved best, because of his freedom from race-prejudice and his insistence upon the doctrine of "the Philippines for the Filipinos."

This reply is the sale in one lump of 55,000 acres of Friar lands to one purchaser. Unable to upset the organic law, the Administration has seized upon the opportunity afforded by the acquirement of Friar lands to declare, through an opinion of Attorney-General Wickersham, that the Friar lands are outside of the organic law. Indeed, the Insular Bureau asserts that "it has never been the understanding of the Philippine Government that the Friar lands were public lands in the sense in which the sale and lease of public lands was legislated," and avers that it would have had to dispossess tenants of long standing, if it did not permit them to purchase the lands they have rented. Mr. Wickersham as a lawyer of eminence would, of course, be indignant at any suggestion that he would write opinions to please the Government. It is surprising how many times the law happens to fit an Administration's desires! In this case, his opinion has been strongly assailed by able lawyers like Moorfield Storey of Boston. And it is a striking fact that the Senate Committee on Philippine Affairs has approved a repeal of the organic law. "Come in," the Administration can say to the Trusts, if this bill passes, "and help yourselves to the Philippines. We pound you at home, but will make it up to you in the Philippines"; and, of course, approval of the act will salve the consciences of those who, to our mind, have been acting under an interpretation of the law which, good or bad, is heartless, a betrayal of confidence, and essentially a violation of national faith.

There lies the meat of the matter. Whether the Sugar Trust is or is not the purchaser, whether the Henry W. Taft law firm is or is not involved, the sale of the 55,000 acres is indefensible morally, a shocking violation of trust, incredible from Mr. Taft's Administration, in view of his attitude when Governor-General. Of the repeal of the organic law, which Mr. Lodge is now moving for, we can only say that if it comes to pass, it will reveal anew how firmly the Republican party is in the grasp of the corporate interests. As for the Filipinos, the repeal of the organic law and the sale of the Friar lands would be enough to implant the seeds of revolution in the hearts of all who learn of it. It would mean a new motto: "The Philippines for the land-grabber, the exploiter, the Trust, the conscienceless corporation."

CULTURE AND DEMOCRACY.

The letter from President Woodrow Wilson which appears elsewhere in this issue it gives us particular pleasure to print. We hasten to add, however, that we were not in need of the assurance with which it closes. "I beg you will not believe," says Mr. Wilson, "that because I seem incapable of stating more than one side of a question in any one speech, I do not know and appreciate the other side." It is not the state of President Wilson's own mind that has caused us to criticise one or two of his utterances. On the contrary, it is because he is the very kind of man who inherently stands for the value and dignity of learning and culture that we regretted to see him, whether consciously or not, adding force to a current that sets strongly against them. There has been in recent years a remarkable spread of the idea that the only result worth caring for in the work of our colleges is what can be measured by definite external achievement; an idea which, though it may be but the exaggeration of a sound and laudable sentiment, is nevertheless doing serious mischief. Were it to become dominant it would sap the vitality of our colleges in the performance of what has been, and ought to continue to be, one of their chief functions. There is room in the world, and there is need in the world, for men of quiet tastes and of keen intellectual interests; men who modestly and faithfully fulfil their duties as citizens, neighbors, friends, but who are not by nature gifted with either the powers or the inclinations necessary for leaders in the world of business enterprise or of political struggle. Nor can we easily imagine a more serious loss to the life of a nation than would come from depriving such men of a recognized and respectable place in it.

The view against which we are protesting has been prompted, above all, by the great preacher of strenuosity. Mr. Roosevelt has omitted no opportunity to impress upon the young men of the country the doctrine that any life not chiefly concerned with "doing things" is a life to be looked upon with contempt. Properly understood, we should probably all agree with the ex-President. But there is no mistaking the sense in which he has meant to be understood and in which he has been

understood. The "mollycoddles," whom he never tires of belaboring, are not creatures of the imagination. When he holds them up to public scorn, he means something definite. It is not a harmless recluse here and there that he has in mind; these extremely rare birds of our American human fauna would certainly not be worth the great hunter's powder and shot. He means, and he has been understood to mean, a somewhat considerable class in our American citizenship; a class which, we are free to admit, could be dispensed with at less sacrifice of the primary requisites of the national life than could the more strenuous type of which Mr. Roosevelt himself is the extreme specimen. But we contend that our country is not so poor, not so hard-driven by fate, that it must confine its desires or its expectations to the fulfilment of the primary requirements of national life. Nor have we ever been able to see that the multiplication of men devoted to intellectual interests has been going on at so dangerous a rate as to constitute an imminent peril to the nation.

Of a type as nearly opposite to that of Col. Roosevelt as can well be imagined, President Eliot has nevertheless given a curious illustration of the influence of the prevailing current. At least, no other explanation seems so plausible of his extraordinary doctrine of the five-foot shelf. It is scarcely possible that Dr. Eliot should have seriously believed that everybody could become a liberally educated man by a half hour's reading every day of a list of books prescribed once for all. But he could not even have fallen into the momentary error of making such an assertion had there not taken place in his mind some sort of undermining of the position of a liberal education. That nothing is of very much consequence which is not accessible to everybody; that the peculiar, the remote, the thing that calls for special exertions and special tastes and special spiritual endowment, is a thing scarcely worth considering among the important acquisitions of life—this is the sort of view which, alien as it must seem to the whole of Dr. Eliot's life and character, must yet have been at the bottom of the five-foot shelf escapade. And it is of a piece with the Rooseveltian levelling strenuosity; of a piece with the new cult which would make democracy and self-contained individuality mutually exclusive terms.

The great danger that threatens this Republic, we are all agreed, comes from the concentration of interest upon the accumulation of wealth, from the love of luxury, ostentation, and plutocratic power. That has been the prolific source of corruption in politics and business; that has been the prolific breeder of discontent, of class antagonism, of socialistic and anarchistic agitation. The dangers thus arising must be fought by a sturdy citizenship arrayed against it under the inspiration of strong and aggressive leaders. But it is idle to attempt to recruit every man into active service in this war; it is still more idle to exhort every man to fit himself for the post of a captain or a general in it. We hold no man exempt from the faithful performance of the ordinary duty which, by common consent, falls upon all the citizens of a republic: the duty of forming a conscientious and intelligent judgment, and fearlessly acting in accordance with that judgment. Those who do more shall be duly appreciated; those who do most shall be held in the highest honor. For the great majority, however, there is no question of a life of notable and strenuous service for the community. The question for them is, what they are going to make out of life in the pursuit of one or another of the ordinary vocations of mankind. And of all the ways of meeting this question, there is none that can be more useful, in this very struggle against the dangers of materialism and plutocracy in which Mr. Wilson is so brave a leader, than that which contributes to holding up before the eyes of all men some other goal than the possession of power or the boast of pecuniary success.

TWO FRONTIERSMEN.

It is an odd reflection that the future literary historian who seeks the greatest American writer of the end of the nineteenth century will pretty surely have to choose between Mark Twain and Henry James. None of their contemporaries, we feel, has so fully realized his native gift. Mark Twain and Henry James have apparently gone as far as it is possible to go in diametrically opposite directions. Yet there is a point at which their talents meet. Both are essentially frontiersmen. Mark Twain is the chronicler *par excellence* of the palpable frontier of robust America; Henry James is the scrupulous analyst of that spiritual frontier which unrobust and nostalgic America established in the old country. Each has brought to his chosen material a singular expertness and fidelity. If Mark Twain has stretched his muscles and spent his sympathy from the Mississippi to the Sierras, Henry James has no less lived strenuously through the more sombre spiritual adventure of the American in Europe.

Sooner or later, sociologists will take account of a significant reciprocal movement. Just as America has attracted the alert, muscular, and hopeful hordes of Europe who seek material prosperity, so Europe has obsessed the gentler, more discursive, and brooding imaginations of a certain type of Americans. It is easy to dismiss them, once for all, as bad Americans. A careful reading of Henry James's novels would prompt a more pitying judgment. Through their lack of simplicity and of constructive energy these people are aliens in their own land. They long for certain fruits of leisure and joys of reflection that it supplies in rather short measure. They are oppressed by the sense of a relentless activity the value of which they are forced to question. Whether they go to Europe or stay, they are in a manner outlanders, and where they settle in numbers there is a spiritual frontier.

It is needless to say that Henry James is their prophet. That he is their advocate, it would be hazardous to assert. With them he shares the habit of suspending judgment in favor of simple observation. Their minds and his are possibly never made up. A kindred destiny forces them to seek a lodging-place amid the graceful forms and complicated allurements of relatively finished civilizations.

Now, the characteristic of Mark Twain's people is that their minds are made up on all main issues. They laugh at themselves and their neighbors, but they never ask the paralyzing question *cui bono?* For them anything and everything is worth while. Their extreme exemplar is the Yankee at King Arthur's Court. It never occurs to them to see the other side. Why is "Innocents Abroad" an infinitely diverting book? Partly, we think, because the Innocents are so supremely unconscious of the fact

that the gods are laughing not with them, but at them. No other writer has created so many forth-right efficient persons; no one so fully grasped the stalwart *insouciance* which is the very genius of outward America.

How exterior Mark Twain was, it is difficult to imagine. It was at once his superiority and his limitation. One may say that the philosopher in the man almost never slopped over into his books. His concern was with action, and it is significant that when he essayed what he probably regarded as higher flights, not the novel but sheer romance was the result—"Joan of Arc." He is akin to the great impersonal geniuses who have made the picaresque tale classic—the Le Sages, the Defoes, the Smolletts. His manner grew inevitably out of his matter. It was plain, forceful, with the effective inelegant flexibility of life itself. In a high degree, he was creative. He set forth in flesh and blood pretty much all that Whitman intimated in nebulous and rhythmical metaphysic. A great figure who knew his bent and followed it to culmination with instinctive and unperturbed consistency.

An equal fidelity to his vision distinguishes Henry James. Being complicated, he has disdained to make it simpler than it is. Every phase of the soul yearning for orderliness amid the tumult of mere deeds—all the pathos of the temperament vainly seeking congenial forms—he has fathomed and exemplified. Is Europe a home, a casual inspiration, a mere narcotic? Such problems he never settles. Enough that it draws those pioneers who at home find no space for dreams. As Mark Twain was predestined to be a clear writer, Henry James was fated to be a difficult and obscure one. Mark Twain's material has bounds—is as apparent as a pack train on a sky line. Henry James's material leads him to deeper mental involutions, border-line stuff, where the landmarks are matter of conjecture.

Of these two great writers whose stars have led them to antipodal frontiers, which will the future choose? We are not in a position to answer. Possibly the future will perceive the value of Mark Twain's four-square pioneers, whereas, when America has absorbed her nostalgics, Henry James's people may look like odd and incredible figments. We rather think that some place may be found for them beside other exemplars of disillusion—Pater's Marius and Byron's melancholy Childe. And obviously the ultimate preference will depend largely upon whether the choice is by life or by art. On either score, Mark Twain's chances seem pretty good, while the fate of Mr. James's delicate art seems to be involved in the hesitancy that afflicts his own heroes.

UNNECESSARY QUESTIONS.

In the way of serious comment, it may be proper to point out that the results of the Census, though as yet unknown, are bound to show that for increase of population, wealth, and happiness, we are still far ahead of all other nations. But most of the comment at the present stage of the nose-counting is of a distinctly humorous quality. It consists in pointing out the Spartan inflexibility with which the Director of the Census insists on getting the obvious answer to a perfectly useless question. Why is it essential to the success of our decennial enumerations that the head of every family shall be called upon to state that his sons are males and his daughters females; that not only is he of white descent and his wife of white descent, but that their children are also of white descent; that his youngest son, aged two, has never been in the military or naval service of the United States, and that his venerable grandfather, aged eighty-six, has not attended school since September 30 last? Is not all this a waste of good paper and ink and time?

The waste may be there, but it is the kind of waste that enters into the most intimate phases of life. The questions that really shape human happiness in the daily life are perfectly obvious questions. The replies that count are the replies which the questioner knew he would get and was even prepared to insist upon getting. What reply does the minister await when he asks the man and woman who have appeared before him whether they are willing to be joined in lawful wedlock? What reply does the minister await when he asks the parents of the newborn infant whether they are willing to have the child baptized into the community of the redeemed? What is all ritual as it has been drawn to meet all the needs of the heart, but a preordained order of questions and answers? In birth and in burial, in joy and in sorrow, for those who have escaped shipwreck and those who have escaped the plague, the practice of the ages has laid down formulas which the pious soul does not find the less acceptable because they are ready made. Question and response as ordered in the book of prayer are solemn largely to the extent to which they are ordained by long practice. The clergyman who puts the question the communicant waits for, the communicant who pronounces the reply it is incumbent on him to utter, are partners in the solemn ratification of a treaty wherein the old formalities are based on a present and active consent.

The mumbled question that is seldom heard and the traditional reply that is seldom listened to, make up the ordinary meeting of minds in the great routine of life. The clerk in court stares at the wall and repeats his formula beginning "Dyousolemnlyswear" and ending "swelpyougod," and the witness on the stand answers impatiently "I do." The Chief Justice of the United States asks the President-elect if he will be faithful to the Constitution and the duties of his office, and the President-elect invariably says that he will. The candidate for American citizenship is asked whether he hereby renounces all allegiance to foreign kings, emperors, and potentates, and responds fervently that he does. The member-elect is called upon to state whether he promises to live up to the laws and by-laws of the organization and never fails to give his promise to do so. The insurance examiner asks you whether you have ever been afflicted with asthma, bronchitis, calculus, dementia, erysipelas, and a hundred other visitations, to all of which he himself solemnly replies "No."

We are in the habit of speaking of the increase of human knowledge and of the thirst for information which persists in asking questions about the North Pole and the currents of the air and the unfathomed depths of the sea. But for every question calling for an unascertained answer, there are a million asked every day in which the reply is preordained. In so many laboratories there are biologists putting questions to their microscope; in so many offices are clients putting questions to their counsel; in so many other offices are anxious men and women putting

questions to their physicians. But great as their total must be, it is quite insignificant in proportion to the number of questions that are put during the course of a single day, in all the schoolrooms of the world. A greater amount of human intercourse has centred about the multiplication table than about all the spectacular achievements of science since the beginning of time.

If anything were needed to emphasize the importance to man of a well-adjusted scheme of query and response, it is only necessary to recall how suspicious and uneasy and discontented most of us are in the presence of an unfamiliar reply to a familiar question. If we were to ask a stranger whom he regarded as the greatest dramatist of all time, and he were to say Shaw instead of Shakespeare, the effect would be the same in kind, if not in degree, as if one were to ask the same man whether he liked coffee or tea for breakfast, and he said he preferred arsenic. It would be almost as if, when one said to one's hostess, "Well, I suppose I have stayed quite long enough," she were to yawn and say, "Yes, I think you had better be going."

THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE TEXT-BOOK.

The history of what has become known as the text-book forms an important part of the annals of American education in the last half-century. The name indicates the idea that a book represents the essential teachings concerning a subject, as the text of a sermon represents, or is supposed to represent, the chief doctrines of the discourse itself.

The text-book is a teacher of teachers. If it is not a force which the teacher may substitute for himself, or as the text of an author stands for the great truths which the commentator interprets, it is at least a condition through which the teacher presents a subject to the class. The wise teacher and large uses many text-books for his own training, and for suggesting to himself the most effective methods of teaching. The text-book also remains for the student a permanent treasure-house, where he may refresh his own declining memory, and whence he may draw specific facts for his own use.

The more obvious change in the character of text-books in recent years relates to the part of the publisher. The book has become a far better book, both to the eye and to the hand. The paper is firmer, the ink blacker, the type easier for the eye, and the different forms of type serve to represent more clearly and impressively the primary and subordinate truths presented. The composition is also fairer, the binding more lasting and more artistic. The illustrations and plates of many sorts are chosen with greater care and with a better adjustment to the text, and are executed with finer taste.

The fundamental change, however, wrought in the text-book during this period, is that it is written for the purpose of teaching the pupil and not for the purpose of presenting a subject. The point of view has absolutely changed. The author of the text-book of the former time desired to give a scientific statement regarding his subject; the author of the present time desires to teach students. It is important, imperatively important, to make at times a scientific statement of a subject, but that work is distinct from the purpose of teaching boys and girls. A better psychology has come to prevail. The text-book represents a desire to adjust truths and the presentation of truths to the mind of the pupil. A careful study has been made by the makers of books of the content of children's minds. They have sought to adjust the progress of their instruction to the enlarging growth and increasing power of those who will use the book. The best text-book of the generation represents the union of two elements—a proper knowledge of the subject and a proper knowledge of the mind of the child.

Allied to this psychological condition is also the fact that the text-book has come to relate itself to the present or the future needs of the student. The authors of these more modern volumes have pictured to themselves the lives which these boys and girls are to live, and the work which they are to do. They have sought to make their books of practical value, adopting a clear interpretation of the ability of pupils. They have also found it not difficult to try to be of special service in their future careers. They have recognized that these boys are to become clerks and merchants, and these girls heads of homes and heads of school-rooms, as well as to be daughters at home. Under this conception of the student's future, changes revolutionary have been made in the text-books on almost every subject.

In that old and absorbing subject of arithmetic, the change has been fundamental and is characteristic. It has resulted in simplifying the whole treatment of numbers. It has cast out "true discount," which was never "true," and has given real discount which is constantly used. It has eliminated that trying topic of "equation of payments," a topic quite useless in our present currency, and also "permutations" and "combinations." It has resulted in introducing into the problems of arithmetic facts which are immediate and vital. In one practical text-book, under problems of magnitude are introduced questions on the building and furnishing of a house. Bills for lumber, for plastering, for carpets, for papering, for laying out a garden and grounds, are topics considered.

In geography the change is hardly less fundamental. School geography has ceased to be concerned only with mere facts and with exterior descriptions, and has become an interpretation of the world and of its peoples. It has come to represent the reasoning processes about the globe and its inhabitants; it has become physical, and the physical has become psychological, and it has also become social.

History, too, has taken on the elements of a story of the life, the customs, and the thoughts of nations and peoples. Wars no longer consume a large part of the interest. Kings and queens do not command so great a share of the student's attention. The way in which people live, day by day, the books they read, the way they earn and spend their money, and the amount of money they earn or spend, the food they eat, the houses in which they live, the topics about which they talk, the schools to which they go, have become quite as important in the thought of makers of text-books as the story of Victoria's reign or the downfall of either of the Napoleons.

In a word, the text-book is humanized. It has come to be written with a desire to adjust itself to the mental state and growth of students. It has also sought to follow the needs of the future life of these same students.

These books, moreover, represent a manner of writing far superior to that obtaining in the earlier examples. The primary qualities of good style are more common. Other elements which, though not so essential as clearness and force, are frequently, even if not constantly, found. There are rhetorics which are themselves examples of good rhetoric, and grammars which in their writing inspire pupils to write correctly, and historical text-books written by masters of historical composition.

In one department has occurred not so much a revolution as an expansion. In English literature the student has been brought into a reading of the great authors themselves. The reading book of the earlier time taught the student to read, but it offered him little worth reading. The new book not only aids in getting the art of reading, but it also offers the best which our literature contains. The result represents the enrichment of the mind and the strengthening of the character by the noblest wealth of the race.

I wish, further, to add that in the improvement of the text-book for the American school and college in the last

half-century, the publisher has borne a necessary and efficient part. Pecuniary motives have influenced, but they have not proved to be the only incentives to this high service. He has also desired to make books which should result in the enhancement of the welfare of the community. He has come to recognize that the community is more urgently demanding the most effective books for giving training and culture. To this end he has used every force for securing the best writers.

The result is that, through this interest and other causes, the school-books of to-day are far superior to those of the middle decades of the last century. They are, on the whole, better than those of any people, though in respect to a certain deftness and beautiful clearness of writing the French are superior.

CHARLES F. THWING.

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BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON.

By the death of Björnstjerne Björnson, Norway has lost her chief interpreter. The world at large will not mourn for him as it did for Ibsen or for Grieg; but loyal Norwegians feel that he has been their most representative countryman for above half a century, and that they have lost a leader, the like of whom they cannot hope to see again. Throughout a long life of seventy-eight years, the vigorous poet has been an unwearying champion of national causes—a great patriot and a great democrat.

Björnson was the son of a poor parson, the grandson of a peasant. Born in 1832, he passed the first six years of his life in a desolate region, high up in the Dovre Mountains. Then his father moved to a beautiful, sunlit parish in Romsdal, where views of mountain and fjord filled the boy, he tells us, with ecstasy of joy, but with yearning also beyond his power to explain. There he dwelt among peasants, witnessed their happy, if narrow lives, and developed for them that understanding and sympathy which was later to quicken his tales of the countryside. From the age of twelve to seventeen, he attended school at Molde, where, neglecting study, he steeped himself in the sagas of the ancient North and sought the secret of their sinewy style. Then, with growing pride of nationality, there came to him a vision of a reinvigorated Norway, once more independent and proud. He started a little hand-written paper, and named it *Liberty*. In 1849, he went to Christiania to prepare for the university, and became intimate, amongst others, with Vinje, the peasant poet, the novelist, Jonas Lie, a congenial comrade, and Ibsen, "intense and thin, with complexion like gypsum, underneath a coal-black, extravagant beard." Ibsen's first play appeared in 1848; Björnson's was written in 1851. Significantly, the former dealt with Catiline, and has world-wide appeal; the latter had a Northern heroine, Valborg, and dealt (we are informed) with emigration. After a stimulating sojourn in Christiania, and another year in Romsdal, Björnson finally decided to abandon his father's plan of having him enter the ministry, and arranged to live independently by his pen. In 1853 he began work as a journalist, dramatic critic, and newspaper correspondent. His articles at once revealed an eager nature, provocative of dispute. "Norway for the Norwegians" became his insistent plea, and, thanks to his energy and personal magnetism, he soon rallied an enthusiastic body of young men to his side. Most strenuously he opposed the Danification of the stage, and with such success that after a few years the alien party in control of the Christiania theatre completely lost its hold. Henceforth Norwegian drama was to be presented there by Norwegian actors alone.

During this period, the poet grew steadily, and some of his best literary work was now achieved. Eighteen hundred and fifty-seven is the memorable date of "Synnöve Solbakken," when was inaugurated that series of inimitable peasant tales which is likely to form the chief basis of his permanent fame: "Arne," perhaps the finest of them all, appeared in 1858, "A Happy Boy" in 1860, and "The Fisher Maiden" in 1868. In 1858, he published two saga-dramas, "Between the Battles" and "Lame Hulda," not works of first rate importance, but virile and earnest, and calculated to stir deep feeling in the nation. Already he had visited Copenhagen; in 1860, he travelled to Italy, where he remained the greater part of three years. Thence he sent home other works, among which were two historical plays, a trilogy on the Norwegian pretender "Sigurd Slembe," and "Mary Stuart in Scotland," the latter a distinct dramatic success. "The Newly Married" (1865), a realistic comedy which showed Björnson in an entirely new style, also added greatly to his renown. A yearly stipend was now voted to him by the government, and at the same time he became director of the Christiania theatre and editor of the *Norske Folkeblad*. But his forte was soon seen not to lie in administration: he lacked consistency, discretion, and balance. In 1870 appeared his remarkable epic poem "Arnljot Gelline," in which he represents the forces of heathendom and Christianity in tremendous clash; also another saga-drama, "Sigurd the Crusader," of no great merit; and a collection of "Poems and Songs," where, on the contrary, his lyric genius manifested itself abundantly.

For several years ensuing, Björnson occupied himself chiefly with politics. In all issues he took the radical side, and often aroused bitter antagonism and animosity, not the least because he now deliberately abandoned the narrow orthodoxy of the Lutheran State Church. Though at this time he produced no works of æsthetic value, he advanced in maturity of thought, and emancipated himself in more than one way from the parochialism of his youth. In 1874 an astonished but admiring public witnessed his realistic play, "A Bankruptcy," dealing with the problem of business ethics, which reaches very near the high-water mark of his dramatic achievement. It was soon followed by "The Editor," an open attack on the methods of the defamatory press, which the theatre directors at first found too personal and refused to present. In "The King" (1877) he satirized the institution of monarchy. And continuously since, in play and novel, he has handled present problems of social life. In "A Glove" he repudiated the conventional idea of unequal demands for sexual morality on the part of men and women. In "The New System" he handled satirically, and as if from personal experience, the baneful influences of a petty state on great achievement. "Geography and Love," in a lighter vein, seems like a quizzical acknowledgment of his own self-absorption at the expense of his family. "Beyond Human Power" (1883) deals with the question of faith-healing, and this, its first part (the second appeared in 1899), was as original and powerful a play as Björnson has written. Of his later novels, "The Heritage of the Kurts" and "In the Ways of God" are the most noteworthy. The former is a grimly intense study of heredity, the latter a strong plea for divorce. Björnson's manner in these and in his other recent works is a far cry from that of his youth—realism for romanticism, satire for gentleness. To the end, however, the poet preserved his force of expression, and his latest plays, especially "Paul Lange and Tora Parsberg" (1898) and "Laboremus" (1901), bear witness to his astonishing vitality and versatility.

In 1874 Björnson purchased an estate at Aulestad in Gausdal. There he has lived much of the time since, and there many foreigners have enjoyed his hospitality. Meanwhile he has travelled extensively in Europe, and in 1880 he made a prolonged visit to America. Despite his cosmopolitan associations, Björnson remained to old age Norwegian in every fibre; his style, though always original, never lacked the stamp of national peculiarity.

The characteristics of his early prose recall those of the Old Norse sagas. From them he learned the power of incisive epithet, succinct description, and significant suggestion. In accord with them, he displays impersonality of attitude, willingness to let his characters speak for themselves without comment or preachment on the author's part. In them he also found a model for the use

of lyrics as a constituent part of the narrative, which, notably in "Arne" (where the story may be said to be keyed in one song), contributes so much to the effectiveness of his work. The impression is too often given by critics that these tales, being pastoral and idyllic, are vague and unreal like many other sentimental stories of country folk. As a matter of fact, they are strikingly detailed and definite, although they convey a sense of glamour in situation and their characters seem all more or less poetic in temper. Never have actuality and illusion been more imaginatively blended for the reader's delight. These tales have about them an indescribable charm—that mysterious, appealing something which, as an Old Norse writer says, "it is better to have than to be without." Their simplicity has the complexity of nature, their restraint the distinction of confident art.

In pure lyric verse no Norwegian has equalled Björnson. Beneficent like the sun in the meadow, jubilant and dancing, full of fancy and fire, of earnestness, tenderness, and pathos, Björnson's verses respond to the varying moods of his people. There is something haunting, something of trolldom, both in his joy and melancholy. For Norwegians he is in poetry what Grieg is in music. It is hard to choose examples, when so many present themselves. "Over the High Mountains" voices strongly the deep longing of the limited; "Olaf Trygvason" is admirable in its rapid effect; "Bergliot" is a stirring renewal of a saga-scene; and no one can hear Norwegians sing the national hymn, "Yes, we love that land," without sharing their emotion. It is not that Björnson's lyrics are perfect in technique—many show serious offences against prosody—but their spontaneity and freshness cover their faults. They mount seemingly unbidden from the well-springs of a born poet's heart.

It is in his dramas that Björnson shows most clearly the defects of his qualities. His geniality led him sometimes to swerve from the naturally inevitable when that seemed too severe to ordinary view; out of sheer friendliness he was sometimes inclined to mitigate justice for his characters, and to compromise with logic; implacable fate was beyond his power to execute. His zeal made him a prey to didacticism; his enthusiasms betrayed him into extravagance; his mercurial temperament denied him consistency; his pictorial instinct limited his care for subtlety of effect. He was the people's poet, and he ministered to their needs.

Björnson differs from Ibsen as much as two men living in the same land, age, and general environment could well do. By nature Björnson was akin to Thor, the Northern peasants' god, who gleefully swung his mighty hammer in giantland, ever eager to save the race of men from evil powers—yet naïve, gullible, able to see only one thing at a time, sentimental, insensitive, fond of his kind. On the other hand, Ibsen seems like the heir of Odin, the god of viking chieftains, who from a high seat surveyed the whole world, whilst his ravens, Memory and Thought, perched on his shoulders, whispered words of wisdom in his ear—calm, cautious, critical, caustic, aloof, and alone. Björnson was beloved, to the point of reverence, for his geniality, his ready sympathy, his mighty blows against evil and the foes of his land—primordial virtues. Ibsen was admired, to the point of awe, for his subtlety, his keen intelligence, his dexterity of thrust in combats of the mind, his ability to win renown abroad—virtues of the sophisticated elect. Björnson, it is true, experienced often at home "the proud man's contumely"; but he endured this with little pain, steadily encouraged by the confidence of many supporters: in life he had his reward. Ibsen was long disregarded, if not scorned, by his fellows both high and low; late and reluctant were the honors awarded him: in death his fame grows from more to more.

Two years ago the present writer saw Björnson for the last time. Then, in the course of conversation, the marvellous old man recited a short poem that he had composed many years before, in substance as follows:

I choose April; in it the old falls; in it the new takes root; it brings a little turmoil—yet peace is not the best, but that one something wills. I choose April because it storms and revels, because it smiles and melts, because it force possesses, because it powers upsets—in it is summer born.

"That's it," he said with a smile; "there you have me in a nutsheli. I am an April poet."

WILLIAM HENRY SCHOFIELD.

Cambridge, Mass.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Among Charles Lamb's associates at Christ's Hospital was John Matthew Gutch. In 1800 Lamb was lodging with him in Chancery Lane, and no doubt they carried on a correspondence for many years though two letters only from Lamb to Gutch seem to have survived. Gutch moved to Bristol and worked his way to distinction as editor of one of the most flourishing provincial newspapers, *Felix Farley's Bristol Journal*. He was a great admirer of the writings of George Wither, and, having a printing office at his disposal, he put many of Wither's poems into type, being, as he says, "encouraged to proceed in his selection by his warm-hearted friend and school-fellow, Charles Lamb." A set of printed sheets, forming two volumes, interleaved throughout with quarto paper was sent to Lamb early in 1810 Lamb's letter, acknowledging their receipt, first printed by Gutch in 1847, is, in part, as follows:

The books have pleased me excessively; I should think you could not have made a better selection. I never saw "Philarctè" before—judge of my pleasure. I could not forbear scribbling certain critiques in pencil on the blank leaves. Shall I send them, or may I expect to see you in town? Some of them are remarks on Wither and his writings. Do you mean to have anything of that kind? What I have said on "Philaretè" is poor, but I think some of the rest not so bad; perhaps I have exceeded my commission in scrawling over the copies; but my delight therein must excuse me, and pencil-marks will rub out.

Gutch, awful vandal! seems to have followed Lamb's suggestion, at least to some extent, and to have copied over these notes in ink on other blank leaves, and then erased Lamb's autograph writing in pencil. He seems to have added also many notes of his own (at least they cannot now be identified as Lamb's), and then to have submitted the volumes to Dr. John Nott, also of Bristol. Nott, on his part, added, in pencil, copious notes and comments, some referring to Wither's writings, others to the manuscript notes by Lamb and Gutch.

Some time after, but probably before 1818, the volumes once more came into Lamb's possession, and he put together portions of his original notes, and printed them in the two-volume edition of his "Works," published in that year, as the well-known essay "On the Poetical Works of George Wither." Then, or later, he seems to have gone through Gutch's volumes again, adding new notes and correcting errors. Dr. Nott's comments exasperated him, and many of these new notes are sarcastic remarks on him and his critical ability, with frequent puns upon his name. At the same time (we may suppose) Lamb signed his initials "C. L." to some of his longer early notes. In two instances he has written "C. L. thus far," indicating that portions only were his. Gutch, writing in 1847, mentions the fact that the volumes went a second time to Lamb, saying: "These pencil marks Charles Lamb afterwards requested the editor to return to him, and they formed the matter of one of his papers in the collection of his works first published in 1818." He does not mention, however, that he himself had erased Lamb's "pencil marks" and copied them over in ink!

Perhaps it was when the books came a second time in his possession that Lamb wrote his name in each volume—the unusual and rare full signature "Charles Lamb"—in Vol. I at the top of the recto of the first of the blank leaves, and in Vol. II on the printed half-title of the book. He then presented the two volumes to James Brook Pulham, a fellow-worker with him at the East India House, and each volume contains an inscription. Pulham is chiefly known as the artist whose pencil drew and needle etched the full length portrait of Lamb which has often been reproduced. Lamb sent one of these etchings to Colcridge on June 1, 1826, and said that the likeness was "stolen from my person at one of my unguarded moments by some too partial artist, and my friends are pleased to think that he has not much flattered me." And, further, "The painter, whoever he was, seems to have taken me in one of those disengaged moments, if I may so term them, when the native character is so much more honestly displayed than can be possible in the restraints of an enforced sitting attitude. Perhaps it rather

described me as a thinking man than a man in the act of thought."

Pulham may have received the books about this time, as he has inserted in Vol. II the original pencil drawing of his portrait of Lamb, and in Vol. I a proof of the engraving, before the lettering was put upon the plate. The second volume also contains an impression of the print, with lettering: "Scratched on Copper from Life in 1825 by his friend Brook Pulham." Pulham is not mentioned in the Dictionary of National Biography, though he seems to have had literary tastes. He brought together a wonderful collection of material, printed, and manuscript, relating to George Wither, and wrote a sketch of the life of Wither, which appears to have been printed. His library was sold shortly after his death, in 1861, and the Grolier Club owns a copy of the Catalogue. The two interleaved volumes of Wither are there described as follows:

Fair Virtue—The Shepheards Hunting—Abuses Stript and Whipt, 2 vols. Reprinted by Mr. Gutch from the editions of 1622.

Interleaved and Illustrated with numerous Manuscript notes by Charles Lamb, by whom the volumes were presented to the late Mr Pulham. The second volume contains the original pencil full-length portrait of Lamb by Mr. Pulham, from which he made his well-known etching.

They brought £2 10s., but the purchaser's name cannot be traced. Later they were acquired by Swinburne and were described by him in his Essay "Charles Lamb and George Wither," first printed in the *Nineteenth Century* for January, 1885, and collected in the volume "Miscellanies" published the next year.

Swinburne seems to have been cautious in describing the manuscript and was, apparently, uncertain as to which of the earlier annotations were in Lamb's own autograph. In fact, in reading his article the impression is received that most of the annotations are autographic. While the volumes were in Swinburne's possession, they were examined by Canon Ainger, and, from his account we are led to think that Lamb's own annotations form the bulk of the manuscript. Lucas, the latest editor of Lamb, seems not to have examined the volumes himself, but reprints Swinburne's description. Swinburne, on his death, gave his manuscripts and books to his friend Watts-Dunton, who promptly disposed of the major part of them, and these volumes of Wither, as well as many of his manuscripts have come to America. The annotated Wither has been acquired by John A. Spoor of Chicago and finds its proper place in his wonderful collection of material relating to Charles Lamb.

Aside from the two presentation inscriptions, the volumes contain on the margins of the printed sheets or on the blank pages of the inserted leaves, many notes and memoranda in ink or pencil, in Charles Lamb's autograph, of which the following are a selection:

VOLUME I.

Facing p. 5. The initials "C. L." (in "a large dancing hand" as Swinburne describes them) and the word "Stuff" affixed to a marked out paragraph above. The Introductory remarks headed "Fair Virtue, or the Mistress of Philarete," which fill the preceding five pages, are certainly Lamb's composition and were, in large part, printed by him in the Essay on Wither in his "Works," 1818. This was apparently originally written by Lamb, in pencil, on the pages facing pp. 7 to 13. Considerable portions of the essay are still decipherable on the blank pages facing p. 12 and p. 13.

Facing p. 48. "Meanly is simply *in a mean* or in *moderation*." This in reply to a note by Dr. Nott.

Facing p. 70. "Endeared?" suggested for "endured" as printed in the line "Jove's endured Ganimed."

Facing p. 76. "Qu. Spenser & Sidney," written below an earlier note "Lodge and Sidney."

Facing p. 122. "Then why give it one?" In reply to an earlier note "The beauty of this passage is too apparent to need a comment."

Facing p. 204. Initials "C. L." The notes to "The Shepherds Hunting" filling the pages facing pp. 204 and 205 were originally written by Lamb in pencil on the pages facing 211 to 215, and much of it can now be read, sometimes the assistance of a glass being necessary.

Facing p. 262. Initials "C. L." The whole of the paragraph, ten lines, is certainly Lamb's composition.

Facing p. 265. Initials "C. L." The paragraph is certainly Lamb's composition. There are evidences of pencil-writing not now decipherable above the note. Very probably this was the original note written by Lamb.

P. 267. "Better spell it rusteling, as in Edit. 1620."

Facing p. 268. "Sadness (*i. e.* Sobriety or Sanity) oppos'd to madness; gladness is quite unantithetical, & meaningless C. L."

Facing pp. 285 and 286. The quotation from Milton at the bottom of p. 285 and top of p. 286 was evidently written by Lamb in pencil on the page facing p. 286, and can still be deciphered. Dr. Nott wrote below this quotation, "Why is this quoted? I see little similarity." When the books came again into Lamb's possession he wrote, in his own autograph: "It was quoted for those who *can* see. I. I. I. I. I. in Capitals—for shame, write *your* Ego thus little l with a dot stupid Nott!"

Facing p. 336. "Damn the Public & you, too, thou Bellua nullius capitis!"

VOLUME II.

Facing p. iv. "C. L. thus far." The matter on the four pages facing pp. 1 to iv was originally written in pencil by Lamb on the pages facing pp. 1 to 4, and portions can still be readily deciphered.

P. xxix. "in the sense of niceness." Explaining a use of the word "curiosity."

Facing p. 56. "I'll be damn'd if Daw was not his name C. L. Explain this line in any other possible way. Not compare himself with the other, why 'tis the commonest way of speaking, if I did so and so I were a greater fool than he I arraign of folly. But I waste words on this Daw of Daws." This in reply to Nott's comment, "I should doubt this," affixed to an earlier note (probably Lamb's) "I take the name of this man to have been Daw."

Facing p. 77. "Pray expunge your observations, or make them a little more pungent." This is in reply to a comment by Dr. Nott, "There is but little pungency in this either."

Facing p. 86. "Shamrocks." A correction for "sham-roots."

Facing p. 108. "Why double-dull it with thy dull commentary? have you nothing to cry out, but 'very dull,' 'a little better,' 'this has some spirit,' 'this is prosaic,' foh! If the Sun of Wither withdraw a while, Clamour not for joy, *Owl*, it will out again & blear thy envious Eyes." This is in reply to Nott's comment, "A very dull essay, indeed."

Facing p. 117. "I, why not, Nott?" This in reply to Nott's comment, "Who would read this satire twice?"

Facing p. 142. "Is anything else dear to you?" This on Nott's note "dear me!" Lamb has also drawn a line under Nott's "me."

Facing p. 183. "Wither has here made a masculine of Pirene, the muse's fountain. C. L."

Facing p. 186. "To smoke like Bacon." Explaining Wither's phrase "to hang at roof."

Facing p. 196. "You damn'd fool!" The long note on the pages facing pp. 196, 197, and 198, was undoubtedly first written in pencil by Lamb, then copied over in ink perhaps by Gutch. Nott observes, "I cannot think the passage deserves so high an eulogium." Lamb's comment on this is short, as above.

P. 297. "The Puritan pokes out his tender horns here."

Facing p. 320. "Bugs (fool) do not here mean fleas' relations. All this is" [continued on next leaf]

Facing p. 322. "Great Poetry, tho' thou knowest it Nott!" This is written in large letters, and is a comment on Nott's note "bugs! Enough to make a man quake," etc.

P. 354. "analogous?! Why, this note was written to show the *difference*, not the *analogy* between them. C. L."

Facing p. 354. "It was meant to be an odd one, to puzzle a certain sort of people. C. L." Nott had written "this seems an odd association."

Facing p. 354. "C. L. thus far." The matter on these pages, facing pp. 353 and 354 is Lamb's and was first written in pencil on the pages facing pp. 359 and 360. Portions are still legible.

P. 372. "In whose style are thy remarks, in the name of modesty? What bit of discovery hast thou made to entitle thee to sit judge upon Common Place. Why Capel Lofft may *keep aloft* from such as thee." This was brought about by Dr. Nott's remark, referring to an earlier manuscript note: "This is very true, but something in the style of Capel Lofft."

P. 378. A long quotation from Sir Thomas Brown facing pp. 377 and 378, was first written in pencil by Lamb, and portions are still legible.

Facing p. 383. "Not so fond as you to catch him tripping. He speaks passionately; you deride coldly. You sin; he never." This in reply to Nott's note, "How very fond he is of this phrase."

Facing p. 386. "don't you? who the devil are you? what are you, & what are you Not? C. L." This in reply to Nott's note, "I do not think this worth quoting."

Facing p. 407. Initials "C. L." This paragraph was originally written on this same page in pencil by Lamb. Nott remarks, "This should be rewritten with more simplicity." Below, Lamb writes, "it should *Not*, Nott! C. L."

Facing p. 460. "Is that all you have to say on this divine Epigram & the following? O Eloquent in abuse! Niggard where thou shouldst Praise! most *negative Nott!*" This in reply to Nott's note "His quatrain stanzas are much smoother than his couplets."

The final history of Gutch's edition of Wither seems to be uncertain. There is, according to Lucas, a copy in the British Museum, in four volumes, the fourth incomplete. On the fly-leaf is written, "This selection of the Poems of Wither was printed by Gutch of Bristol, about 20 years since, and was edited by Dr. Nott. The work remained unfinished, and was sold for waste paper; a few copies only were preserved. 1839." Another copy, which we have examined, is owned in New York. It is in four volumes, with the title, "Selections from the Juvenilia and Other Poems of George Wither, with a prefatory Essay By John Matthew Gutch, F. S. A., and His Life, by Robert Aris Willmott, Esq. Vol. I [etc.] Typ. Felix Farley: Bristol." In addition, the first volume has another title-page, "Poems by George Wither, in four volumes. Vol. I. London: 1839." On the verso of this is the following Preface:

These Poems were many years ago edited and printed at Bristol by Mr. Gutch: Proof sheets being submitted to Dr. Nott, and the celebrated Charles Lamb, who wrote some very pithy comments on the Notes of the Doctor, which have not been printed. The work was never completed, and the whole impression was consigned to the "Tomb of the Capulets" and supposed to be effectually destroyed. Now, however, by the resuscitating powers of sundry Bristol Book Chapmen—"Monsieur Tonson's come again!" etc.

Signed "J. R. S." and dated "London, 1839."

Very few copies could have been made up by the "Bristol Book Chapmen," as the Life by Wilmott has been broken from his "Lives of the Sacred Poets."

Swinburne, unfortunately, has not written his name in the books, as his association with them adds to their interest. One slip of paper used by him as a marker contains two or three words in his autograph.

Correspondence.

CULTURE AND DEMOCRACY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I do not need to tell you that the reports of my recent address in Pittsburgh have, by piecemeal quotation, conveyed an entirely false impression. You yourself have made allowance for this distortion in your kind editorial of this week. The criticism embodied in that editorial is quite just, if the speech be interpreted as you have interpreted it; and I must say I cannot blame you for the misinterpretation. Unfortunately, my mind is a one-track affair on which I can run only one through train at a time. Some of the trains are scheduled in the newspapers because they seem to contain sensational matter. The rest are ignored. I can only assure you, therefore, that I entirely agree with the views of your editorial. It would be inexcusable for any man responsible for the administration of a university to overlook the value of culture and of all that quiet and deeper development of the mind which displays itself in personal poise, in quiet insight, in the finer forms of intellectual power, rather than in public service and material achievement. I can agree with your editorial, because I am not guilty as charged.

If culture be the intimate and sensitive appreciation of moral, intellectual, and æsthetic values, I heartily agree with you that the production of men capable of these deeper insights is one of the things most to be desired in the life and influence of a university. My difficulty is on the side of organization. For, after all, culture is not a thing produced in classrooms, but by the subtler influences of life and association among men of the finer sort of taste and the higher kind of learning. I wish very much that from some quarter, light might be thrown upon the processes by which a university may produce those subtle atmospheric influences in which culture thrives, while the spirit of service and of achievement is not dampened or slackened.

I beg that you will not believe that because I seem incapable of stating more than one side of a question in any one speech, I do not know and appreciate the other side.

Woodrow Wilson.

Princeton University, April 21.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Far be it from me to inform the *Nation* on the interpretation of President Wilson's ideals for colleges in America. But, so far as recognition of the masses rather than the classes and the omission of culture as an end in itself go, is it not true that a young nation requires a different instruction from an adult or mature one? If President Wilson, looking about him, sees that the present need of college training lies in the democratic broadening rather than the intensifying of sensibilities, does it necessarily follow that he is an enemy to the refining influences of culture in the individual? Has it not been Dr. Eliot's effort to do away with "exclusiveness" at Harvard? Not that "choice spirits" in themselves are not the earth's best answer to "culture," but America is still laying foundations, and the college boy for generations to come must help to lay foundations. The country needs now not "choice spirits" so much as practical, honest, disinterested, informed public servants.

G. Wallace.

New York, April 21.

QUOTATIONS IN CONGRESS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Having had occasion lately to turn over the pages of the *Congressional Globe* for a number of years during the anti-slavery controversy, I took the opportunity to note the use our legislators made of the anti-slavery literature. As a student of Lowell and Whittier, I had often wondered (the more so as poets, if there are such, in reform circles of to-day have little weight in determining public opinion) how far their voices carried in the din of controversy.

I found several poetical passages which were not familiar. Amos Tuck of New Hampshire, on January 19, 1848, in a speech on the President's message, quotes the following lines:

> We know no crime in colored skin,
> Nor think the God above
> Could fix the brand of slave upon
> The children of his love.

In the same speech:

> We ask not ye shall snap the links
> That bind you to your dreadful slaves;
> Hug if you will a corpse that stinks,
> And bear it with you to your graves:
> But that you *may* go coupled thus,
> You never shall make slaves of us.

And again this version of the Latin lines:

> We know the right, and we approve it too;
> We know the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue.

J. J. Slingerland of New York, in a speech on internal improvements, delivered June 22, 1848, applies these Hudibrastic lines to the candidate for the Presidency, Lewis Cass:

> He wires in and wires out,
> And leaves a body still in doubt
> Whether the snake that made the track
> Is going south or coming back.

When John Quincy Adams, on January 25, 1842, introduced the Haverhill petition, perhaps drafted by Whittier, for the dissolution of the Union, he was addressed by T. W. Gilmer of Virginia as one

> Who, in the course of one revolving moon,
> Was poet, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon.

Characteristically, these lines are quoted on February 3 by Adams as gracing a cartoon of himself, which he exhibited to the House, at the same time commenting caustically upon the variant "babbler" substituted for "fiddler," the second line reading, "Is statesman, poet, babbler, and buffoon." In the same speech Adams expresses the hope that the Virginians may feel

> That holy shame which ne'er forgets
> Whose blush remains when virtue sets,
> To show her sunshine has been there.

I do not know the source of these lines, though the sentiment is familiar enough in both Whittier and Lowell.

I found only one quotation each from Lowell and Whittier. J. G. Palfrey, in a speech on the Territorial Governments, delivered February 26, 1849, quotes, with picturesque application, the lines from "The Pine-Tree":

> Sat with Bibles open, around the council board,
> And answered a king's missive, with a stern
> "Thus saith the Lord!"

To-day the lines are printed:

> Sat in council with their Bibles round the board,
> Answering England's royal missive with a firm,
> "Thus saith the Lord!"

Two days later, J. M. Niles, debating the same subject, quoted the familiar stanza from Lowell's "Stanzas on Freedom," beginning:

> They are slaves who fear to speak.

Dr. Channing is the only anti-slavery writer whose name I saw on the pages of the *Globe*. Isaac Hill, from Virginia, in the Senate, February 12, reprobated the introduction of Dr. Channing's book, obviously on slavery, into the Senate. I have not been able to find the speech referred to. On February 9, 1839, Senator Morris of Ohio, speaking against the contemptuous treatment of petitions, points out the moral pollution of slavery, saying:

> I have deeply deplored this stain upon our national morals; and the words of Dr. Channing have, thousands of times, been impressed upon my mind, that "a slave country reeks with licentiousness."

Quotations from the classic English poets are rather abundant, especially from Shakespeare; lines from Goldsmith and Pope also often occur. I do not know how many times I ran across the familiar

> Vice is a monster of so frightful mien.

There seems, as it were, an occasional epidemic of verse, a subject perhaps for the student of psychologic suggestion. Twice in the same volume the phantom of secession is challenged:

> Never shake thy gory locks at me;
> Thou can'st not say I did it.

And surprising, indeed—in the same volume occurs twice the swelling story of the seven in buckram. But this is a digression.

Of course, the question here raised is not the general one: What was the influence of such a man as Whittier? To the answer of that many other circumstances must contribute. But the facts here brought together may be regarded as indicative of the degree of importance attached by practical politicians to the outbursts of the muse; then as now slight. I confess a sense of disappointment that I did not once hear the homely accents of Hosea Biglow rebuking corruption and silencing cant.

Wm. H. Powers.

Brookings, S. D., April 18.

ONE WAY OF MAKING TEXT BOOKS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In view of the deluge of text books which floods the educational world every year, it would be well to decide just how far it is legitimate to use the "scissors and paste-pot method." An interesting phase of the question may be illustrated

by the procedure of Messrs. Kastner and Atkins in their "Short History of French Literature," which has been quite favorably received. The preface makes the following statement in regard to the authors' indebtedness:

All the leading authorities on French literature, among whom may be mentioned Gaston Paris, Darmesteter, Lanson, Brunetière, Faguet, and Jules Lemaître, have been consulted, and in the case of the most conspicuous writers, the criticisms expressed are based on a first-hand acquaintance with their writings, supported, where possible, by the internal evidence of the works themselves.

The parallel passages given below are not the result of any painstaking search, but merely the outcome of a few days' reading of Lanson's "Histoire de la littérature française," and Derechef's translation of Brunetière's "Manual of the History of French Literature." Other passages might have been cited showing the same similarity. No attempt has been made to find parallels in other secondary sources mentioned by the authors. With the exception of the paragraph quoted above there is no reference to the source of these passages, nor are quotation marks used.

The works of Marot are composed: (a) of translations and allegories, such as the translation of the first two books of the "Metamorphoses," and his "Temple de Cupido," or again his "Enfer"; (b) of *chants royaux, ballades,* and *rondeaux*; (c) of occasional pieces, *étrennes, blasons, complaintes,* etc.; (d) of his translation of fifty of the Psalms. p. 46.	The works of Marot are composed: (1) of Translations and allegories, such as his translation of the "Metamorphoses," bk. I. and II., and his "Temple de Cupido," or again his "Enfer";—(2) of *Chants royaux, Ballades,* and *Rondeaux*;—(3) of *Elegies, Epistles,* and epigrams;—(4) of occasional pieces that figure in anthologies under the titles *Etrennes, Epitaphes, Blasons, Cimetières,* and *Complaints*;—(5) of his translation of fifty of the Psalms. Brunetière, p. 42, note.
His learning is that of the Middle Ages: (a six-line quotation follows) p. 46.	Son érudition est du moyen age: (the same quotation) Lanson, p. 237.
He was lacking in intensity of feeling, picturesqueness of vision, and vividness of style. p. 47.	Marot possessed neither the intensity of feeling, nor the picturesqueness of vision, nor the vividness of style of a poet. Brunetière, p. 41, note.
(Of the "Amours de Cassandre") . . . and partaking rather of the artificial character of old French "courteous" poetry than of the passionate character of modern lyricism. p. 63.	It partakes rather of the artificial character of the "courteous" poetry of our old literature than of the passionate character of modern lyric poetry. Brunetière, p. 58, note.
Moreover, we know that Malherbe's finest poems, which during his lifetime were scattered through, and to some extent lost in, the anthologies of the day, did not appear in collected form till 1630, two years after his death, and that he did not leave any disciples rightly so called. p. 96.	To . . . since his finest poems, which during his lifetime were scattered through and to some extent lost in the anthologies of the period, did not appear in collected form until 1630, two years after his death. Brunetière, pp. 112-113. . . . that he does not appear to have left any disciples rightly so called. Note, p. 120.
It would be almost impossible to be more deficient than he is in enthusiasm, imagination, sensibility, and naturalness. His ideal, as was the case with Ronsard as he grew older, tended towards the entire elimination of the personal element from poetry, and	It would be impossible to be more deficient than he is in enthusiasm. . . . His want of imagination. . . . His want of sensibility. . . . Finally his want of naturalness. His ideal, as was the case with that of Ronsard as he grew older, tended towards the entire elimination of the personal element from lyricism;—and in consequence to transform lyricism into oratorical verse. . . . This transformation responded exactly to the taste of the time. Brunetière, p. 19, note.
After the affirmation of his thesis Perrault attempted to prove the truth of it in the famous "Parallèles des Anciens et des Modernes" (1688-1699), adducing six principal reasons for the superiority of the moderns; the fact that they came later; the greater exactness of their psychology; their more perfect method of reasoning; the art of printing; Christianity; and, finally, the protection of the king.	Il y a six causes qui font les modernes supérieurs aux anciens dans la littérature; le seul fait d'être venus les derniers, la plus grande exactitude de leur psychologie, leur méthode plus parfait de raisonnement, l'imprimerie, le christianisme, et enfin la protection du roi.
From the first Fontenelle had sided with Perrault. . . . p. 156.	Aux côtés de Perrault s'était rangé dès le premier jour Fontenelle. Lanson, p. 592.
But at bottom Boileau was in a false position; he was a modern himself. . . . p. 156.	Au fond, Boileau était dans une fausse position: il était très "Moderne" lui même. Lanson, p. 593.

One of the most surprising things is that the editors have seemingly preferred to excerpt from the English translation of Brunetière's "Manual." It should seem that in the case of some of "the most conspicuous writers the criticisms expressed are based upon a first hand acquaintance" with Lanson and a second hand acquaintance with Brunetière.

DONALD CLIVE STUART.

Princeton, N. J., April 20.

A PATTERN FOR PARENTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: For those who, passing on the lamp of culture to the youth of our best families, sometimes deplore the influence of home in hindering that high endeavor, the incident here told may be of comfort. Here, at least, let a parent be held up, who realized his duty, and, by his own standard, measured up to it.

I had occasion recently to take to task a gilded creature of New York's best making, for his total lack of those things, the sartorial excepted, which go to make a man polite. I urged upon him that a college junior who wrote, "We eagurly clamored down the rocks an found he was alright," was wasting his imagination. At the institution which I served we were content to turn out bad spellers of the common kind, but we discouraged originality in any form; and he really must conform more closely to our mould. This, with other things, I told the junior from New York; mark what came of it.

Yesterday he called on me and said: "I told father when I was home vacation what you said, and you know what he done? He fished out a twenty-dollar bill, and said, 'My boy, go buy a spelling-book.'"

Such straws as these foretell a change of weather, surely, and must bring gladness to the hearts that are sighing, "Western wind, when will ye blow?"

SCHOLEMASTER.

New Haven, Conn., April 22.

A QUESTION OF GRAMMAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When I went to school we were taught (with great difficulty) that a definition could not run: "Synalœpha is *where* the final vowel of a word is elided before another word beginning with a vowel." Instead, we were made to say: "Synalœpha is the elision, etc." Now, in F. B. Gummere's "Handbook of Poetics" I find several instances of this fashion of definition. On page 105 he writes: "A simile, then, is *where* two objects are presented to the mind for comparison." Since the author is a professor of English, it must, of course, be done advertently. Logically, it seems to me inadmissible; still, I should welcome any adequate authority that would make it possible to indulge the natural inclination of the human mind toward this form of definition.

ELIZABETH KNIGHT TOMPKINS.

New York, April 21.

Text Books.

EDUCATION AND PSYCHOLOGY.

"Habit Formation and the Science of Teaching," by Stuart H. Rowe (Longmans), has two purposes: first, to present more fully than has been done in any previous book the psychology of habit; and, secondly, to treat the subject of habit-formation in such a way as to point out to the supervisor or teacher its application to the daily work of the schoolroom. Organization of experience is the underlying process in learning, and this results in ideas and habits. These two types of experience are entirely different. "The first great principle in scientific teaching is to analyze the subject-matter and determine what elements in it are to become habitual." Four important considerations with reference to habit-getting are these; there must be a careful consideration of the habit to be formed; there must be in the mind of the pupil an idea of the habit and of its value to him; there must be abundant practice; and all exceptions must be prevented. Each of these essentials is worked out in much detail in a separate chapter. The author shows that bad habits are best removed by substituting for them good ones. The brief chapter in which the general principles of habit-formation are applied to school discipline and to moral training is one of the most helpful in the volume. The book is, of course, written primarily for the teacher and should be of distinct service in focusing attention upon the importance of habit in education and of planning for its development. But the lessons it contains are for the parent no less than for the teacher. Condensed and stripped of technical language it might be helpful in bringing home to fathers and mothers the importance of a training for which they seem to hold themselves less and less responsible.

"High School Administration," by Horace A. Hollister (Heath), discusses a large number of the problems connected with the organization and management of public high schools in this country. After an historical survey and some discussion of the legal status of the high school, the author

reaches the central theme of his book—the programme of studies. The school is organized for the presentation of this programme, and out of it arise those questions of administration which are here discussed. A wide knowledge of the conditions at present existing in high schools, both large and small, and an eminently sane and moderate statement of some topics which are frequently subjects of controversy, characterize the book. Perhaps the schools of the Middle West are more frequently and more largely in the author's mind than those of the East. The relation of the high school to the college is presented with fairness to both sides. The chapter on examinations is calculated to emphasize a qualitative rather than a quantitative basis of rating for pupils. The book should prove of large value to beginners in administrative high school work, and will be found very suggestive to all workers in the field of secondary education.

Dr. Felix Arnold's "study in psychology and education," entitled "Attention and Interest" (Macmillan), suffers apparently from having attempted too much in one direction and too little in another. It aims "to clarify and arrange the many facts that have been brought to light in the psychological laboratories" on its subjects. But this task has fallen considerably beyond the author's competency, as it exceeds the power of every living psychologist. Dr. Arnold has gathered his facts well, and his schematic division of them shows no little skill; but much is left to be sighed for in the way of lucidity. On the other hand, in feeling himself "bound not to uphold any special theory or school, but present the facts as they seem to be," the writer suffers from a paralyzing conscientiousness or else timidity. What is known about attention and interest simply cannot be presented, at this hour, save largely in terms of what is conjectured. Simply to tell off the results of many experiments is to leave the student in worse confusion than before, inasmuch as the very methods of investigation frequently presuppose some general working hypotheses. When Dr. Arnold turns to the practical bearings of his psychological topics, he is at his best, but here unfortunately at his briefest. Part iii, dealing with the teacher's application of psychological discoveries, fills only one-ninth of the volume.

Its classical forms all notoriously outworn and unserviceable, Sensationalism is made over by Prof. Edward Bradford Titchener. Neither Locke nor Hume nor Mill would recognize more than its name in the Cornell scientist's "Lectures on the Experimental Psychology of the Thought Processes" (Macmillan). The last word of the title gives the leading clew to the lines along which the old psychological doctrine of England has been recast; it is not what men think, but rather what goes on when they think that concerns the experimentalist. In confessing himself guilty of a sensationalistic bias, Professor Titchener enters the mitigating qualification that this bias means "simply that psychology prefers to work with as few tools as possible, and that . . . sensation and affection together seem to give it all it requires for the work of analysis." Sensationalism, therefore, is for him "an heuristic principle and not a creed"; and the present volume attempts to justify this limited faith by its works, as these have, during the past nine years, been rapidly accomplished under the leadership of Marbe in Germany and Binet in France. Viewed merely as a digest of contemporary psychological investigations and theories about the nature of thinking, Professor Titchener's book is one no student of the subject can leave unread. It is, however, much more than a summary; it is a vigorous defence of the laboratory method as the most profitable attack upon the secret ways of our most complicated and fleeting mental processes. In sharpening the issues between his own hypothesis and that of "imageless thinking," Professor Titchener is at his best, because at the crisis. His notes alone on this and its implicated problems constitute almost a complete bibliography of the field. His running fire at his opponents lights up the whole scene, but does not scorch.

In view of their inevitably limited range and rather predetermined style, text-books on logic multiply amazingly. One might reasonably suppose that, long ere this, the ideal elementary treatise had been penned and generally recognized; yet, among teachers, the sighing for something better in the way of an introduction to the reasoning art is perennial. The trouble is that the logician is by profession addicted to niceties; he wants his students to have a book as neat and as well hinged as his own finished thoughts; but the students, who have yet to acquire the logical virtues, learn unwillingly and little from such a work. Grace, pretty illustrations, amiability, and comments on the doings of the hour are called for by the pampered learner. Recognizing this dilemma, several recent writers have chosen the student's horn of it; of their books no other seems quite equal to the latest of the group, which Prof. Boyd Henry Bode has just written. "An Outline of Logic" (Holt) conveys all the elements of the science down an agreeable stream of talk about the reason and unreason of our contemporaries. Professor Bode is as informal as an expounder of logical formalities dares be without losing caste; but he does not expound loosely. He does not reprint the good old modes of the schoolmen. He does not even quote Mill by the page—an achievement much to be respected. Nearly half the volume consists of clippings from newspapers and magazines of recent date, with the author's appended analysis and criticism of their reasoning. The exercises at the back include the old but ever useful common properties of logic interspersed among paragraphs from the Interstate Commerce Commission and its critics, from Mrs. Eddy, from the stand-patters, from biology, and from disciples of table-rappers.

ENGLISH.

William J. Long's much-heralded "English Literature" (Ginn) is a thoroughly animated and readable text-book. Its shortcomings are mainly unavoidable in any brief history which possesses the virtue of a definite, personal point of view. Excluding what he cannot vitalize, Mr. Long leaves the fifteenth century blank; a sound moralist, he passes the Restoration period with bated and uncommunicative breath; romantic, he treats the whole school of Dryden and Pope with a harshness now a little archaic. He arranges his material, however, and in general characterizes literary movements and individual writers with clearness and distinction. Never dull, and seldom trite, he speaks of a great variety of men and books with that desirable gusto which provokes the reader's appetite. To these spiritual values must be added frequent tabular views of literature and history, select but ample bibliographies for each period, a jolly lithograph of the Canterbury Pilgrims, with many other stimulating illustrations, Prof. W. L. Phelps's literary map of England, and an index. It would be difficult to name another book of similar intention and compass which more happily unites method and solidity with humanity and grace.

Prof. W. E. Simonds, already author of a useful "Student's History of English Literature," now presents as a companion volume "A Student's History of American Literature" (Houghton Mifflin). Largely derivative, and somewhat academic in treatment, it has the merit of presenting some of the "best that is known and thought" about our colonial writers and our perpetual "classics"—Irving, Cooper, Bryant, and the rest. In the longer articles, Professor Simonds attempts too much detail for the best effect. Falling a little into the chronological style of "Who's Who," he sacrifices contours, lights, and shadows to mere inclusiveness. His last chapter, dealing with the living and the recently dead, was doubtless intended to add a note of freshness and timeliness; but it had been much better omitted. Its sins of inclusion and exclusion are inexplicable, and, after all, its twenty-five pages are only an unedifying mass of names, titles, and dates. The historian of so brief a literature as the American must either orient himself and steer boldly and wisely among the living, or else wait another generation for Old Mortality.

Among the new English texts we note the apearance of Walter C. Bronson's "English Poems" of the Elizabethan and the Puritan period (University of Chicago Press). This full and admirable selection is the second in his proposed series of four volumes. Shakespeare is represented by "Hamlet" and "The Tempest" in the New Hudson edition (Ginn); by "Henry V" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in the "Lakeside Classics" (Scott, Foresman), and by "Richard II," "Julius Cæsar" and "Macbeth" in a single volume published by the Clarendon Press. Debaters will be interested to find in P. M. Pearson's "Intercollegiate Debates" (Hinds, Noble, and Eldridge) a collection of briefs and reports of all the important contests of the past year. It is a great pleasure to announce that F. C. Prescott's "Selections from Poe" (Holt) is not another edition of the Gold Bug, etc., but a well-chosen and well-edited volume of Poe's most important critical writings.

There is something almost communal in the composition of rhetorical text-books—*das Volk dichtet*. The rhetorical "movement" this spring is characterized by two auspicious tendencies: the omission of the word "rhetoric" from the titles, and the emphasis upon the use of models. Both signs indicate an attempt to win the confidence of the student, and to get closer to the actual business of writing. Thus Prof. Charles Sears Baldwin's substantial tome is called simply "Writing and Speaking" (Longmans), a title which puts the whole matter on an eminently practical base. Perhaps the most salient feature of his treatment is his reduction of all rhetorical

virtues to Clearness and Interest. The most valuable feature is his attention to the possibilities of mutual helpfulness existing between oral and written composition. "A College Course in Writing from Models," by F. C. Berkeley of the University of Wisconsin (Holt), is another collection of "specimens," such as the last two or three years have been fruitful in. Mr. Berkeley's development of the type consists in a not very strenuous or brilliant set of exercises adapted to the models. The step, however, is in the right direction. Professor Canby and four colleagues of the Sheffield Scientific School have put out an "English Composition in Theory and Practice" (Macmillan), which endeavors to combine richness in specimens with fulness in precept. The "hit" of the book should be the structure of a brief, represented diagrammatically in the form of a railway trestle for the better comprehension of engineers. On the whole, the best book of the season is a fully revised edition of Scott and Denney's "Paragraph-Writing" (Allyn & Bacon) —a really original work, an exception among scores which have no reason for being—beyond the impulse, innate in every teacher of composition, to increase and multiply.

One young writer in a hundred will find a kind of gospel inspiration in Joseph Russell Taylor's "Composition in Narration" (Holt). In all probability that exceptional one will be as well worth saving as the ninety-nine others who take the dusty highway to salvation. The author of this unique and personal little treatise believes that the teacher of composition should himself be a writer. He should attempt to induct his pupils not into the rules, but into the creative and artistic spirit. The power to write as artists write, he believes, arises not from obedience to the rhetorical decalogue, but from a trained vision, imagination, and experience. The method and intimacy of his counsels the following passage will illustrate:

> Years ago, in old vacation swimming days, and in a prosy little Western river, I used to swim across to the diving log with a notebook and pencil in my teeth; these instruments were deposited on the log; and up from every dive I came to scribble in the notebook another wet-fingered phrase or two, of the underwater world, of how the sun looked like a lamp in a dome, of how my swimming comrades were turned golden, green, beautiful! for I was writing a poem on Hylas and the nymphs. So in another year I was writing upon a theme whose symbol and image was the wind blowing, and, of course, a girl in the wind; I watched five seasons through, watched and caught at and tried to express those beautiful living images. I remember an undated midwinter in Chicago—or was it New York?—when at the corners of those deep city cañons every woman became, this instant and that, statuary beautiful as the winged Victory. . . . If I may paraphrase Stevenson, that, like it or not, is the way to learn to tell the truth; whether I have profited or not, that is the way. Live it out for yourself, and all these things shall be added unto you, the rules and the rules, as you grow in wise experience of your own life.

GREEK AND LATIN.

The student of Greek, no less than the student of archæology, has long needed a book that would give in English a brief and more or less popular survey of the progress made so far in the study of all branches of Greek archæology and art. That progress, owing mainly to excavations carried out in the past generation, has been immense, but the results have not been easily accessible to the English reader. The "Handbook of Greek Archæology," by Prof. H. N. Fowler and J. R. Wheeler (American Book Co.), is the latest addition to the college series edited by Professor Smyth, and is an excellent introduction to the whole field. Architecture, sculpture, terra-cottas, metal work, coins, gems, vases, and painting are all treated, architecture with especial minuteness in the chapter contributed by Gorham Stevens. In a volume of only five hundred pages, which is moreover copiously illustrated, one hesitates to complain of omissions. But surely the chapter on Pre-Hellenic Greece, which tells us so much about Mycenæ and Cnossus, might have included some account of Hissarlik, a word which does not occur in the index. Yet, for most readers, that great site is of all others the most interesting. Cnossus has indeed given us far more remains, but Cnossus is not the background of the masterpiece of epic literature, and will never permanently fix the attention of the whole world, like Troy. In the chronological sketch of Crete the dates given are those adopted by Eduard Meyer, which are later than those proposed by Dr. Evans. There is a useful bibliography, and the illustrations are admirably reproduced. The book will no doubt take its place, for some time to come, as the standard short English handbook on this great subject.

An interesting attempt to convince school boys of the living force of the Greek language, and to make its acquisition what it ought to be, an exercise in ingenuity and an intellectual game, at least in the early stages, is being made by Dr. Rouse, the headmaster of the Perse School, at Cambridge, Eng. In his "Lucian's Dialogues, Prepared for Schools" (Frowde), he offers, first, a small volume containing most of Lucian's dialogues, with the necessary omissions, the syntax modified to accord with the normal Attic. As Lucian was the most skilful of all the Atticists, the modifications are mainly in the use of ἄν and a few particles To be used with this he has arranged a little volume of notes to explain all the important words and allusions. The new departure consists in the fact that these notes are written in Greek. At first sight they repel like the Greek scholia, but unlike scholia they are composed in Greek so simple that they need not daunt a student in his first year of Greek. They are intended to fix the grammar by use, to enlarge the vocabulary, and to do away with the use of a dictionary, which Dr. Rouse calls a "time-wasting device." The essential thing is that the whole lesson is conducted in Greek, and that translation into English is reserved for home work, and is written. Dr. Rouse gives a full description of the method which he has for some time followed with success. For most American schools it would probably demand more time than is usually given to the subject, but where time can be spared there is no doubt that here is an excellent way of securing the interest of the students, and there can be no better author than Lucian for the experiment. The "Anabasis," which hardly ever attracts the young, could then be discarded altogether, and a boy who is to have only one year of Greek would at least have pleasant and vivid memories of the experience.

Prof. Carl Darling Buck's "Introduction to the Study of the Greek Dialects" (Ginn) supplies, for the first time, in a single volume (of 300 pages), the needs of those who desire to appreciate the wide range of speech in the Greek world. Even those who are deeply read in the Greek classics will have met few of these dialects in literature, and there is no reason why their acquaintance should be reserved for special students of inscriptions or for those who write critical studies of dialect for the doctor's dissertation. An admirable general grammar of the dialects is followed by a selection of inscriptions with brief footnotes. The Glossary supplements Liddell and Scott, now of course hopelessly out of date in this as in several other fields. There are useful charts and a dialect map.

Prof. Charles E. Bennett's "First Year Latin" (Allyn & Bacon) is intended to prepare the pupil for the intelligent study of Cæsar, and the vocabulary is chosen from the commonest words used in the "Gallic War." The arrangement of the material falls into line with the ordinary Latin grammar, so that there need be no readjustment of the pupil's mind in the second year of grammar work. The lessons are followed by Book ii of the "Gallic War," with footnotes and a map. Professor Bennett lays stress on the necessity of learning the declensions and conjugations thoroughly at the outset, and on the advantage of oral drill over written work on the forms.

MODERN LANGUAGES.

Racine's "Phèdre," edited by Irving Babbitt (Heath), is a model of compact and skilful work, the introduction and the notes alike bearing on the text in an illuminating way. The introduction attains real distinction. It is an essay, not merely by courtesy, in which are expounded (1) Racine's life; (2) his art; (3) the special literary problems presented by "Phèdre." Most suggestive of all is Part ii. Here the editor explains the relation between classic and neo-classic art, and traces the over-refinement of manner manifest in French tragedy back through the artificial pastoral romances ultimately to the conscious poses of Petrarch. Part iii furnishes a comparison of "Phèdre" with its chief sources, the "Hippolytus" of Euripides and the "Phædra" of Seneca. This part, valuable as it is, could easily have been improved if Professor Babbitt had inserted the main lines of all three plots; in that case Racine's relations, in the large, to his predecessors would have become more apparent. Such matters can, it is true, be inferred from the well-chosen extracts, given in the original Greek and Latin, together with translations, which form a part of the notes.

"Les Maîtres de la critique littéraire au XIXe siècle," by W. W. Comfort (Heath), is a collection of twelve French critical essays, so chosen as to suggest the trend of French criticism throughout the nineteenth century. Such a volume, even though we admit that the selection is not always quite skilful, is bound to be so useful that one must regret the lack of a general historical introduction. This could have been made unusually precise by means of illustrative

references to the French text. The book contains a number of misprints.

The new series, known as "Crowell's Shorter French Texts" (Thomas Y. Crowell) now includes twenty-four volumes. Provided with a brief introduction in French and with exercises requiring comments on the text in French, each volume aims to surround the student with a strictly foreign atmosphere; the illusion is carried still further by the un-English sounding names of most of the editors. It must be said, however, that the series throughout presents the appearance of slightness: the texts are intentionally very short; so are the notes (three of Molière's plays, which, by the way, seem out of place in any series for very young readers, receive but a page apiece), and also the vocabularies, which are awkwardly arranged, page by page. In general, the selections are drawn from obscure works.

Of French grammars and compositions there is the usual variety. Chardenal's "Complete French Course" (Allyn & Bacon), which now appears in a new, revised edition, shows a gain from having been expunged of its ambiguous sentences; it will continue to be a book of great practical value for secondary schools. Scarcely less important is the "French Composition," by William Koren (Holt), which is designed primarily for colleges. The book appears to be superior to the previous work by Vreeland and Koren, in that from the very start composition is based upon passages of French text. Part ii, especially, comprising large excerpts from "Le Voyage de Monsieur Perrichon," with the accompanying composition, offers good practice in variety of expression.

C. F. Martin's elaborate treatise on "The French Verb" (American Book Company) is hardly likely to gain a foothold in many schools or colleges. Though the importance of the verb in French is not to be denied, the advantage of devoting the 230 pages of Part i to scarcely more than mere conjugation is not apparent. The exercises and observations in the rest of the book also seem a bit fussy and futile.

Much learning of the useful sort is manifest in "Common Difficulties in Reading French," by C. C. Clarke, jr. (William R. Jenkins Co.). It is a book to which one may refer with great convenience, owing to the alphabetical arrangement of the matter, for the more frequent idioms of the language. In grammars these are likely to be treated more inaccessibly.

In the series of Spanish Readings, under the direction of Prof. J. D. M. Ford (Holt), appear "La Mariposa blanca" of Selgas, edited by H. A. Kenyon, and "Tres Comedias modernas," edited by F. W. Morrison. To students of Spanish the latter of the two books will doubtless be the more welcome, as the plays which it contains are in every way charming; by comparison, "La Mariposa blanca" seems melodramatic.

Professor Cusachs of the Naval Academy, with his edition of Valera's "Pepita Jiménez" (American Book Company), reintroduces us to an old acquaintance, this story having been already edited for the Heath Series in 1908 by G. L. Lincoln of Harvard. The pages of pseudomysticism of the first part, wisely excised in the previous edition as being too subtle for mere beginners in the language, are here found in full. The notes add nothing new, and throughout are slight.

A volume of first German readings, by P. S. Allen, bears the inviting title "Herein" (Holt). Design and method are worthy of emphatic approval. The editor has skillfully attained simplicity without silliness and without sacrifice of idiomatic flavor, even at the beginning. A genuine German atmosphere pervades the book, tempered but not impaired by American common sense.

A new edition of Schiller's "Jungfrau von Orleans," by P. S. Allen and S. T. Byington (Ginn), is chiefly distinguished from its numerous predecessors by a more scrupulous Vocabulary, and by more attention, in the interpretation of the play, to sources and literary analogues. Summaries of the successive scenes are transmitted from Bellermann "without subterfuge—and without water." This explanation is not a little surprising. Why dilute Bellermann? The application of a sharper reagent than water would improve his analyses, excellent as in many respects they are. This edition aims consistently at sympathetic appreciation. Some stimulation to a critical attitude would surely make the study of this drama more instructive. One might, for instance, raise the question whether there is any difference between epic and dramatic poetry in respect to a catalogue of the ships; and one might safely go farther than to characterize Montgomery as "somewhat of coward, or at least capable of deep discouragement in war."

Among many new editions of favorite prose narratives, F. W. J. Heuser's "Höher als die Kirche" (Charles E. Merrill Co.) is an example of minute attention to details. To secure a Vocabulary perfectly adapted to his text, Mr. Heuser did not disdain translating the whole story into as good English as he could command. His annotations seem unnecessarily ample. A special and commendable feature of his book is a series of original exercises based upon a systematic presentation of principles of syntax as they are found illustrated in the first chapter. The book is well fitted for a combination of intensive with extensive methods of instruction.

"Exercises in German Syntax and Composition," by Marian P. Whitney and Lilian L. Stroebe (Holt), strives to develop in advanced students the capacity for treating literary subjects in German. Most books of exercises are concerned primarily with colloquial idiom. This one illustrates fundamental syntactic matters by a series of well-chosen paragraphs about poets or poetic works, each accompanied by a paraphrase for translation into German. A second part consists of an equally excellent series of short paragraphs, chiefly by American writers, on German subjects. Part third contains a number of literary topics for free thematic composition. Students who can profitably use this book must certainly be advanced. The translation of idiomatic English into idiomatic German is not easy; and not all students will find all the aid they may need in the Vocabulary to these exercises. All students will, however, be impressed by the dignity of the goal here set before their eyes; and whoever under criticism conscientiously works through these exercises cannot fail to acquire considerable power of expression in literary style.

Calvin Thomas's "Anthology of German Literature" (Heath) ranges from the "Hildebrandslied" to the youthful works of Schiller. Monuments antedating the Reformation appear in modernized German versions, in part by the editor. The volume is handy, and the selections are representative, and are elucidated, so far as appears to be necessary, by judicious notes.

HISTORY.

Teachers of history in secondary schools will find much food for thought, and, if they will, a deal of chastening and inspiration, in M. W. Keatinge's "Studies in the Teaching of History" (Macmillan). Unlike most American school men who have written so prolifically of late on the best method of teaching history to boys and girls, Mr. Keatinge faces squarely the inherent difficulties involved in teaching history in an elementary way at all: namely, the vastness and infinite variety of content, the danger of memorizing too much or too little, the problem of differentiating the home work of the pupil from the classroom work of the master, the lack of logical precision in either methods or results, and the practical difficulties of poor textbooks, ill-prepared teachers, the absence of proper school libraries and other facilities, and the abuse of examinations. By way of showing what can be done, however, even under these untoward conditions, Mr. Keatinge fills the larger part of his book with practical exercises, carefully worked out in detail, illustrating the use of sources and texts, the training of memory and judgment, and the technique of note-taking. We know of no book that does this sort of thing so thoroughly, or which opens to the ambitious teacher so large a possibility of making the study of history interesting. Yet to most teachers in this country these exercises, prepared for the use of English schoolboys of rather less than the average American high-school age, will seem, we frankly fear, quite impossible, which is another way of saying that history, in spite of all the zealous discussion of its pedagogical conditions, is still one of the most carelessly and indifferently taught subjects, and one of the least intellectual value in the secondary-school curriculum.

A revised edition of D. H. Montgomery's "Leading Facts of American History" (Ginn), with the narrative brought down to the beginning of President Taft's Administration, has just appeared. While the well-known characteristics of the book, including its somewhat fervid patriotism, have not been changed, a testing of the text at various points shows that the author has kept well abreast of recent literature in his field, and that the standard of accuracy is very high; while the references for reading have been thoroughly overhauled, and now include many of the best recent books. There is the usual apparatus of outlines, questions, and reference tables, a profusion of illustrations and maps, and a good index.

"A Syllabus of European History," by Profs. Herbert D. Foster and Sidney B. Fay of Dartmouth College (published by the college), has passed to a third edition. As compared with the first edition, the outline, covering the period from 375 to 1870, shows material improvement in the division and arrangement of topics and the more precise indication of work to be done by the student; while the typographical arrangement is clearer and more usable. The bibliogra-

phy is notable for its predominating reference to really serious books, instead of to a small list of handbooks and compends, and for its rigid exclusion of assignments of impossible length. Although the syllabus is not, of course, intended as a substitute for either text book, lectures, or notes, it should prove serviceable in any thorough college course in the general history of Western Europe.

A novel aid to the study of international law is "International Incidents for Discussion in Conversation Classes," by Prof. L. Oppenheim of the University of Cambridge (Cambridge: The University Press). Under twenty-five sections, but without particular attempt at topical classification, are presented one hundred typical international incidents, most of them of actual occurrence, but some hypothetical, intended to illustrate the leading principles of international law in their everyday application. In the hands of a skilful teacher, and with the aid of suitable text and case books, the collection ought to prove both useful and stimulating, though for American use the selection might well be supplemented by further incidents drawn from American experience. A feature of importance is the printing of the topics on the right-hand pages only, and on a writing paper. G. P. Putnam's Sons are the American publishers.

SCIENCE.

The "Text Book of Physics" (Blakiston & Co.), edited by Prof. A. W. Duff of Worcester, and written by him in collaboration with six other physicists, has proved its popularity by reaching a second edition in a year. The book has been carefully revised, and has, perhaps, been made a little more homogeneous. By dividing the text into coarse and fine print, provision has been made for a more elementary course than the complete book requires. On the whole, the subject is treated in a fairly adequate manner, surprisingly so when we consider the difficulty of such a plan of editorship. But the different sections do still show a decided variety in presentation, which detracts from the logical development of the science. For example, some of the collaborators treat their sections from the historical standpoint, while others ignore it. In mechanics and heat the large type portion of the text is frequently more advanced and difficult than the presumably less elementary part given in the small type in the subjects of light and electricity. In fact, the treatment of heat, and especially thermodynamics, is too advanced for the rest of the book, and the obscurities are increased by a rather cumbrous style. The discussion of sound seems inadequate for so extensive a book, and might be expanded to advantage. The authors have gone back to the method of separating mathematical equations from the body of the text, and clearness of exposition has been aided by this plan. The book is not a piece of hack-work, and shows careful search for new material and verification of old. The diagrams are poor, in many cases so small and badly drawn and printed as to be unintelligible. We note the following errors: Impigning for impinging (p. 340); diagrammatic for diamagnetic (505); the nomenclature for electrolysis should be credited to Whewell instead of to Faraday; the discovery of the effect of the phase on the appreciation of the direction of sounds has been credited by Lord Rayleigh to the earlier work of More and Fry.

In "Electricity" a text-book designed in particular for engineering students, by H. M. Hobart (Van Nostrand), the author has attempted to discard the crystallized pedagogical methods of the schools. To this end he has eliminated such outworn topics as friction machines, frog-legs, sealing-wax, electrophorous, the aurora borealis, which are usually, in his opinion, found dished up even in the most progressive of the recent text-books. His aim is to be more matter-of-fact. He begins his book with the statement that "electricity is a form of energy"; now, this may be a novel definition of electricity, but it is not matter-of-fact. We may not know what electricity is, but we do know it is not energy. And this typifies the work of writers who discard the cautious and conservative founding of engineering problems on the study of physics; where they are novel they are likely to be in error or superficial. The remainder of the text shows no special originality; most of the problems are worked out by the usual methods. The diagrams, tables, and problems form a useful set for the student.

Prof. J. A. Culler of Miami University has issued the first part, mechanics and heat, of a "Text-Book of General Physics" (Lippincott). This treatise is evidently designed for the college rather than for the university student, as it is better adapted to prepare the student for class recitations than for lectures. The subjects are treated clearly and concisely, and will give a good general knowledge of natural laws and phenomena. The diagrams and text are for the most part adequate. Some of them, however, are slovenly; for example, figs. 147 and 177; and fig. 151 is wrong. The definitions and laws of mechanics are clear enough, but Newton's fundamental laws of motion certainly deserve a more careful announcement than the off-hand statement: "These laws were written in Latin, and their interpretation is about as follows." The interpretation that follows is quite inadequate and partly wrong. The discussion of the luminiferous ether could easily be improved; in addition to its vagueness, it would be strengthened by a consideration of the more modern ideas. On the whole, however, the book has been carefully planned, and is a safe text for the student.

The text and hand-book on "Electric Power Conductors," by William A. Del Mar (Van Nostrand), is useful for those desiring knowledge on electric conductors, their materials, insulation, installation, and all work of this character. It is packed with data and formulæ, carefully chosen and skilfully presented. Diagrams and cuts are accurately drawn and printed, and great care has been taken to make the information readily accessible. Typographical errors are few: Kirchhoff's name, on page 38, should be correctly spelled, and the meaning of the symbol Z has been omitted on page 40.

That physical chemistry is coming to be a science of the laboratory as well as of the lecture room is shown by the appearance of new guides to its practical operations. One of the best of these is the "Physical Chemistry Theory and Practice" (Blakiston), by Prof. Arthur W. Ewell of Worcester Polytechnic. It lives up to its name in admirable manner, for each section contains a succinct development of the mathematical formulæ involved, the directions for an experiment, and a few problems and suggestive questions. Dr. Ewell takes pains to state just what apparatus is best and where it may be purchased, and his instructions are so carefully worded that we hardly need the assurance given in the preface that "the exercises described have been performed by the author's laboratory class for several years." The book is intended especially for the training of students in their third or fourth year of collegiate work, but it will also be handy for reference on methods to men engaged in researches involving the measurement of light, conductivity, vapor densities, reaction velocities, heat of combustion, dissociation, solubility, and the like.

Another work of very similar scope and purpose is Roth's "Exercises in Physical Chemistry" (Van Nostrand), translated by A. T. Cameron. This is about half the length of Professor Ewell's book and not quite so closely adapted to American conditions; otherwise it does not suffer by comparison, and is well worth translating. It is based upon the *Kleine Practikum* of physical chemistry which the author conducted for Nernst in Berlin before being called to Greifswald. The chapters on optical constants, thermo-chemistry, and molecular weight determinations are particularly thorough, and the volume closes, like the preceding, with a brief section on the measurement of radio-activity.

The "Manual of Physical Geography," by Dr. F. V. Emerson (Macmillan) is a laboratory guide. The subject is presented in the form of exercises and experiments, by means of which the student will gradually build up accurate physiographic conceptions. Starting with the form of the earth, the student is conducted through the topics of meteorology, earth sculpture, lakes, oceans, shore lines, and soils. Seventeen typical areas are then reviewed. The author is instructor in geology in the University of Missouri, and naturally treats his subject from the evolutionary standpoint.

After many years' experience in the teaching of geography in schools and normal colleges, W. J. Sutherland has prepared a work, "The Teaching of Geography" (Scott, Foresman & Co.), which is a strong appeal for improved instruction in this important subject. In carrying out his plan, he has passed in review the relations of geography to other sciences, and to the many activities of human life. Besides these points the reader receives much valuable advice in the matter of presentation, equipment, and works of reference.

The "Advanced Physiology and Hygiene" of H. W. Conn and R. A. Budington (Silver, Burdett) is the third in Conn's graded series of physiologies, and is apparently intended for use in high schools. The authors have endeavored to reduce the load of anatomical details commonly carried by such books, and in this are measurably successful. Hygiene is treated briefly and rather didactically, but the general directions for the preservation of health are good and might be made impressive. In purely physiological matter the book is very uneven. Many of the facts are so well presented that the defects are the more regrettable; the most inexcusable is perhaps the statement that the cranial

nerves are ten in number. The directions for demonstrations are hardly adequate except for a skilled teacher well able to make extensive modifications.

Literature.

MALTA.

A History of Malta, During the Period of the French and British Occupations, 1798-1815. By William Hardman. Edited with Introduction and Notes by J. Holland Rose. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $6.50 net.

Mr. Hardman, who for fifty years made Malta his second home, brought together from the archives of Malta, Naples, Paris, and London a valuable collection of documents referring to events in the history of the island from 1792 to 1815. He wished to gather material which would enable students of history to form a correct appreciation of Great Britain's actions toward Malta during these years. He had woven the documents together with a good connecting narrative, but death overtook him before the manuscript was quite ready for the press. His executors gave his material into the hands of perhaps the ablest English interpreter of Napoleonic statesmanship, J. H. Rose. This was fortunate. For Mr. Rose has added many explanatory notes and written an admirable introduction, and thus made clearer some of the larger questions of the period.

If this volume were merely the history of a little island of a hundred square miles, with a population of only a hundred thousand souls, during a score of ordinary years, we should not deem it worth an extended review. But it so happened that Malta was a most important pawn in the greatest game of war the world has ever seen. Like Copenhagen, Gibraltar, Egypt, and Panama, it came to be regarded as one of those vantage-points of world-empire importance, whose fate it is to be bandied about in strifes in which they have no prime concern. A whole year before the Egyptian Expedition actually set sail, the keen eye of Bonaparte had seen and considered the strategic importance of Malta. With his usual foresight he sent a secret agent, named Poussielgue, to establish relations with disaffected persons there, and to report on possible means of seizing the fortress of Valetta. Poussielgue's interesting report, here reproduced, like many of the other documents in the original French, reached Paris early in 1798, and was considered by Bonaparte and the Directors a few days before they decided to abandon the expedition against England in favor of one against Egypt. Bonaparte's intention to seize Malta on the way to Egypt must have been confirmed by Poussielgue's report and his statement that "celui qui possède Malte est le maître absolu du commerce de la Méditerranée. C'est un autre Gibraltar." The truth of this has been made evident enough by the events of the nineteenth century, but the English had not appreciated it until the French made it clear. Even Nelson at first thought "the possession of Malta by England would be a useless and enormous expense" (April 6, 1799); but after maturer consideration he later correctly pronounced Malta to be "a most important outwork to India" (June 28, 1803). So the fate of Malta depended, not on the Maltese, not on the Knights of St. John, but on the mighty forces that were set in motion by the will of Bonaparte, and were ultimately thwarted by England's sea power.

Yet the history of the Order of Knights and of the Maltese population is also not without an interest of its own. The island had been given to the Order by Charles V in 1530, to protect Europe against the Mohammedan advance. A statement of the revenues of the Order just before the French Revolution, drawn up by Bosredon Ransijat, the treasurer, shows tolerably well the cosmopolitan character of the Order and the relative influence in it enjoyed by each of the European countries. In 1788 France contributed 1,392,974 livres, Spain 651,492, Italy 564,802, Portugal 220,503, Germany 103,396, and Poland 15,880. From these sums, together with a small revenue extracted from Malta itself, the Knights had lived in comfort. But their finances became hopeless after 1792, when all their possessions in France were confiscated, and the outbreak of European wars entailed further losses. Incredible as it may seem, their income shrunk from £136,417 in 1788 to £34,663 in 1798. For this reason alone the collapse of the Order was merely a question of time. The Knights were further weakened by their own degeneracy; when the Mohammedans were no longer a menace, their *raison d'être* was gone. Yet they continued to exist as an arrogant oppressive aristocracy, who stirred discontent and hatred in the hearts of the Maltese people. The Maltese were never allowed to become Knights. They could not walk on certain promenades; they could never sit in the first dozen rows at the theatre, even if the seats were vacant. They had no share in the government. At the same time every Knight insisted on having some Maltese wife or daughter as his mistress; husbands and fathers dared not object. Coleridge the poet, who was private secretary to the first English Governor of Malta, summed up the state of affairs by saying that "the Knights were little better than a perpetual influenza, relaxing and diseasing the hearts of all the families within their sphere of influence."

On June 12, 1798, when the Egyptian Expedition anchored off Malta, the Knights were compelled to surrender in quick order. Mr. Hardman shows that this was not due altogether to the pusillanimous behavior of the grand master and the cowardice of the Knights. It was due in good part to traitors within the Order with whom Bonaparte had been in communication, and also to the fact that the Maltese population hailed the French as liberators. The islanders thought they would prefer the rule of the French to that of the Knights. They were soon disillusioned. They found themselves pestered by a host of fussy officials who were determined to force upon them the blessings of the French Revolution. They were ordered to wear tri-color cockades. They were heavily taxed and their churches were plundered to help pay the costs of the Egyptian Expedition. Their joy in June turned to anger in August, as they began to realize that their last state was worse than their first. The Arabic strain in their blood and their remoteness from the main current of European thought made them subject to superstition and fanaticism. It needed only a spark to set them aflame. They were encouraged by the news of the total defeat of the French fleet by Nelson at Aboukir. On September 2 the confiscation and sale of some monastic property led to a riot, and the riot grew into a revolt. Just eighty-two days after their arrival these same French were murdered in the open country or driven into the fortress at Valetta. Here, for two years, they sustained a gallant siege under Vaubois, whose detailed diary is published in an appendix. The Maltese shut the French in on the land side, and the English blockaded the port. Within the fortress rats were soon worth 40 sous apiece. On September 5, 1800, the French surrendered the fortress and the island into the hands of the English, who have retained it ever since.

At the peace of Amiens England promised to restore Malta to the Order of St. John within three months under certain conditions, one of which was that Russia should agree to the terms of the peace. But before this the exiled Knights had sought refuge in Russia and flattered the fancy of the crazy Paul I by making him grand master. If he had not "died of apoplexy," to use a Russian euphemism, it is altogether probable that the English would have handed over Malta to Russia after the peace of Amiens. The Maltese were in despair at the prospect of the restoration of the Order, and sent deputations to England to prevent such a disaster. But the English could do nothing for them except insert in the treaty a clause which made it possible in the future for Maltese to become Knights and have a share in the government of the Order. Russia steadily refused to accept this clause, as well as other parts of the

treaty. The three months passed by, and it became clear to the English that Bonaparte did not intend to respect the treaty; so the English did not keep their part of the agreement to restore Malta to the Knights. Malta thus became one of the chief occasions for the renewal of the great war. Mr. Hardman's documents allow the student to follow and understand all the intricacies of these negotiations of which Malta was the centre.

Maltese histories in the past and Maltese politicians to-day are inclined to assert that the Maltese were the principals and the English only auxiliaries in the expulsion of the French, and to complain that the English deprived them of their right of self-government. Mr. Hardman shows conclusively the absurdity of both of these points. Except for Nelson's victory at Aboukir and his blockade of Valetta, the French would have received provisions which would have enabled them to hold out any length of time against the handful of Maltese on the land-side. Nor did the English deprive the Maltese of self-government, since the Maltese had never enjoyed it. The *Consiglio Popolare* was never in any sense a representative or a legislative assembly. Statistical tables in an appendix leave no doubt as to the material prosperity of Malta under British rule.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Thief of Virtue. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: John Lane Co.

In "The Haven," Mr. Phillpotts departed, though by a hair's-breadth, from his familiar field of the Devon moor-country. His fisher-people were not very different humanly from his people of the tors; but something of atmosphere was lacking; one missed the pictorial quality, which gives a characteristic charm to the moor tales. "The Thief of Virtue" is upon much the same plane as "The Three Brothers"—built upon a tragic motive, and yet less sombre than certain of the earlier stories—for example, "The Whirlwind." Retribution is the familiar theme, but it is a retribution altogether clear from the punishment of man by man. Philip Ouldsbroom is a sort of rustic Lear, a big nature and a little brain, who comes to ruin through excess of the qualities which make him admirable and lovable. In the full of his youthful pride and strength, he steals away the promised wife of a poorer and less assertive man. She herself is by no means a weak woman, and she loves the weaker man; but there are ruthless elements in her composition. She covets what Philip can give her, and admires the force of his character. He really loves her with all his strength, but marriage means children first of all to both of them. He is one of the rare men in whom paternity is a veritable passion. But the years pass, and they have no children. Then comes the turn of the injured lover. His vengeance upon Philip takes the form of a son whom Philip brings up as his own. The supreme irony of the subsequent action lies in the fact that never to the very last does Philip suspect that his wife has been unfaithful to him, or that Martin is not his son. Retribution takes the subtler form of the development in the son of his real father's narrow and ungenerous nature, and in the disappointment of all the supposed father's hopes. Philip Ouldsbroom becomes a drunkard, but dies of a broken heart. Martin, ignorant of his real parentage (since nobody but his real parents have ever known the fact), grows up the perfect opposite of the man whose name he bears. As always with Mr. Philipotts, the mood of the tale is stern, without bitterness. A kindlier light shines upon his Devon than upon Mr. Hardy's Wessex.

The Green Mouse. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

We realize that the theme of the maiden in distress, with the opportune arrival of the knight-errant, is a perfectly legitimate one for the story-teller to choose. It may date back to the palæozoic era, but its possibilities are eternal, provided it is treated in the proper fashion. Whatever that fashion may be, it is not the one employed by Mr. Chambers in the present volume. His first episode, which presents this theme in its entirety, is a masterpiece of banality. The stage machinery groans with the piteous ills of old age. Dust lies thick on every page, in spite of the breezes of a rapid-fire style. We almost shrink from outlining it: The tall, clean-cut, young man, once rich, now poor, ever well-bred and fashionable; the beautiful young woman, also well-bred and fashionable, with bluish-violet eyes, and many millions of dollars; her runaway horse in the park; the gallant rescue; the ensuing *entente*—financial, as well as matrimonial. Farther into the details we dare not go. Yet Mr. Chambers is so charmed with his little idyl of the idle, as he cleverly calls it, that he proceeds to repeat it, not once but six times. It seems incredible, but between the cryptic dedicatory poem and the publisher's notices seven unusually beautiful young women fall on seven unusually manly breasts, after listening to seven sets of phrases expressing love and eternal devotion. Seven times we learn that "radiant, yet sweetly shamed, confident yet fearful, she lifted her adorable head from his shoulder." The details vary a little; in one case, instead of a runaway horse we have a runaway elevator, again a runaway cat, and so forth; but the result in each case is identical.

The connection between this series of sentimental episodes is obligingly supplied by the hero of the first. He invents a wireless apparatus for bringing affinities together by means of their particular individual psychic waves. So the love affairs are machine-made in more senses than one. A company is formed to exploit the invention, and the book then describes the numerous instances in which its operations are successful. A green mouse—he was white once, but somebody dyed him—happens along and is made to furnish the title. Having accomplished his task, he is heard of no more. Financial backing for the Green Mouse, Limited, is furnished by the heroine's father, an explosive old gentleman addressed by his daughters as Pa-*pah*. He wears a monocle and from time to time, we are told, he emits a mellow bellow. Comment upon him we do not feel able to make.

The Fir and the Palm. By Olive Briggs. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Fir is a New York surgeon, grave, preoccupied, wonderfully skilful with his professional hands, indifferent to women apart from the operating table. He is a true woman's hero, stern, silent, abrupt, a worshipful person in the eyes of his creatrix. The boys in the clinic, the nurses in the hospital, all adore him:

> "Bi-chloride!"
> They flew.
> "Sterile gauze!"
> "Here, Doctor."
> "Rubber plaster! . . . A probe!"
> They were there by his side. . . .
> "The thermometer. . . . See what it registers."
> Instantly it was placed and recorded.

Not even the thermometer dares delay. No wonder the Palm is unable to resist him. The Palm is a little Italian dancer, daughter of a famous lion-tamer who has finally lost her life in the arena. The daughter plans to take her mother's place among the lions, but the surgeon will not have it. The girl has been virtually committed to his care by the dying mother, and, besides, he loves her madly. How he marries her, how and why she escapes him, how he pursues her for a long time in vain, how he at last finds her and they are reunited, forms the substance of a narrative in which the author herself takes an intense interest.

The Fulfillment. By Alice P. Raphael. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co.

In some ways, this novel seems a little old-fashioned. The New Woman, sacrificing things domestic to a Career and Self-development—how frequent and familiar she was, some fifteen or twenty years ago! The radicals have pretty well thrown her over by this time; for them "the individual withers and the world is more and more." The reader soon finds, however, that the author

is not so sympathetic with her individualistic heroine as her minute description of Vera's exotic beauty had led him to expect—in fact that she is bent on using the poor girl to point a relentless moral. And here is where the book is really and rather refreshingly old-fashioned: the author actually has a point of view, a definite theory of life and morals. Therefore, apart from the merits of her particular theory and despite the frequent obviousness, sententiousness, and even banality of her reflections, her work stands distinctly, in unity, emphasis, and clear organization, above that of more modern novelists whose æsthetic as well as their moral creed seems to be that everything and everybody is as good as everything and everybody else.

Gwenda. By Mabel Barnes-Grundy. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co.

Reflecting on the innocently primitive character-drawing and the amiably slipshod style of this harmless work, one wonders how it ever got into print. The secret lies, one comes to suspect, in the supposedly realistic, certainly minute, vivid, and unpleasant account of a case of appendicitis, operation included, which as a crisis, and a substitute for the usual first baby, in the heroine's life, constitutes the novel's only claim to originality. Probably the countless numbers of the appendixless will enjoy comparing experiences with Gwenda, and make for the book a profitable audience.

GERMAN NATURALISM.

Die neue Form: Ein Beitrag zum Verständnis des deutschen Naturalismus. Von O. E. Lessing. Dresden: Carl Reissner.

To orthodox believers in old-fashioned literary standards and ideals, the author of this book offers a number of simple formulas (besides much learned but rather irrelevant matter), which will solve all their doubts as to the importance of the new phenomenon known as German naturalism: "Artists and learned art critics rarely understand each other"; "The creative instinct and the conventional æstheticism of the mere observer often conflict within the same individual"; "Lessing follows much too faithfully his infallible Aristotle"; "Goethe and Schiller struggle painfully and not always successfully against the subtle influence (Suggestion) of Winckelmann and Kant"; "If the subject matters nothing and the form is everything [the author is led to the deduction by a remark of Schiller's in the "Briefe über die ästhetische Erziehung"], then the question as to what are legitimate motives is solved. Then the artist has the whole world at his disposal, anything and everything, whether 'beautiful' or 'ugly,' gruesome or attractive, sublime or lovely"; "Then whatever is real is true, in so far as it becomes æsthetically alive; then everything in which the form has conquered the subject is beautiful; then beauty is inherent and not transcendental; then beautiful is synonymous with artistic." To all of which skeptical followers of the old school will be tempted to reply, in the language of the *Fliegende Blätter:* "Nicht Alles was hässlich ist, ist schön—not everything that is ugly is beautiful."

Not thus is daunted Prof. O. E. Lessing. He holds up to our unbounded admiration every line of the writer to whom he devotes the bulk of his book, Herr Arno Holz, the ripest exponent of German naturalism. In him, we have the "new form" in its highest perfection. Take these simple lines, an imperfect, though literal, translation of which we venture to add:

Draussen die Düne.	Out there the dune.
Einsam das Haus, eintönig, ans Fenster, der Regen.	Lonely the house, monotonous, 'gainst the window, the rain.
Hinter mir, tictac, eine Uhr, meine Stirn gegen die Scheibe.	Behind me, tick-tack, a clock, my forehead 'gainst the pane.
Nichts.	Nothing.
Alles vorbei. Grau der Himmel, grau die See, und grau das Herz.	Vanished the whole. Gray the heavens, gray the sea, and gray the heart.

Mr. Lessing's critical comment on this gem is as follows: "Expression, in its greatest simplicity, has here reached the highest degree of vividness, and, wonderful as it may seem, the rhythm no longer halts: it obtrudes neither by roughness nor smoothness; it is as such not noticeable at all. Contents and form are absolutely at one. There are few lyrics in German literature which accomplish so much with such simple means." Still, just as the artless simplicity of Heine's most exquisite songs was the result of incessant filing and polishing, so is the witchery of Arno Holz's rhythm often the crowning triumph of various changes in topography, including punctuation, leads, indenting of lines, and marking of "explanatory stops" (*Sinnpausen*), which make a world of difference to the initiated. Take, for instance, this stanza of four simple words, as first arranged, and as finally given to the world by Herr Arno Holz:

Vergeben?
Ich?
Dir?
Längst!

This form "werges on the poetical" (to speak with the elder Mr. Weller), but

Vergeben? Ich? Dir?
Längst.

is decidedly "more tenderer." As Mr. Lessing explains, "the dual oneness of the I and Thou, disturbed by the guilt of the one, becomes more pronounced by the juxtaposition," etc., etc. And "what power of description, what magic insight, what splendor of coloring live in the Oriental phantasies of the modernist" who could pen lines like the following, descriptive of a Japanese dragon?—

Mit der Nase
stürzt er in den Baikalsee,
sein linker Hinterzeh zerquetscht den
Dhawalagiri.
(Nose foremost
he drops into Lake Baikal,
his left hind toe crushes Dhawalaghiri.)

So much for the new form in lyric poetry. Of the dramatist Arno Holz we speak with more hesitation. Mr. Lessing devotes fifty pages to an analysis of "Sonnenfinsternis," a tragedy which, as its subject is unspeakably revolting to our uncultivated taste, we are bound to confess we shall not read, even after being assured that "at last Germany possesses a tragedy which did not spring from Greek, Roman, English, French, or Scandinavian soil, but is entirely German in its essence and form." We prefer to be classed with the public which "has no eyes" and "revels in the hollow rhetoric of a lying classicism" or "staggers once more in the fog of transcendental romanticism." Mr. Lessing would probably refer those who pass over in silence (because of its subject) the "profoundest tragedy of modern times," to the "Œdipus Tyrannus." Indeed, there is a slightly sneering allusion to the "miraculously accidental primal guilt" of the "Œdipus," which evidently means to imply that if the world has so long been able to stomach the unconscious guilt of Sophocles's tragedy, it ought to swallow without a murmur the tangible horror of the German modernist.

It is, indeed, a nauseous mess which the learned elucidator of Arno Holz places before us. Let us ask him, in all candor, whether he thinks it advisable in an American teacher (Mr. Lessing is professor in the University of Illinois) to set up literary standards which are in contravention of what the entire civilized world has cherished for thousands of years? Thirty years ago the great Hellenic scholar, Professor Gildersleeve, spoke in the *Nation,* after a performance of "Œdipus" at Harvard, of "the permanency of the ancient classics as an integral part of our civilization." Would Professor Lessing advocate the production of "Sonnenfinsternis," that "tragedy raised to the highest power" (*Tragödie in der Potenz*) by American college students?

Across Papua: Being an Account of a Voyage Round, and a March Across, the Territory of Papua, with the Royal Commission. By Col. Kenneth Mackay, C.B., M.L.C. With 40 plates from photographs, and a folding map.

New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

This is the entertaining account by Col. Kenneth Mackay, C.B., of a visit to British New Guinea as chairman of the Royal Commission, sent out to report upon the present conditions of the territory and the best means for their improvement. To get the necessary information they sailed round the entire coast-line, visited all the principal settlements, and crossed the island from north to south over the almost impassable Owen Stanley Range. His impressions, scribbled down, to use his own words, after the day's work was done, are of enchantingly beautiful scenery and a land of extraordinary fertility. In a station garden he saw growing twenty-one different fruits and vegetables, and counted fifteen dozen bananas in one bunch, while from the produce of twenty acres nearly fifty persons had been sustained for a year. A prosperous future undoubtedly awaits Papua, from its special adaptation to the cultivation of coffee, copra, and rubber. The greatest interest was awakened by the study of the natives, who consist of "many tribes, often distinct in physical type, language, occupation, customs, dress, weapons, and character." The mountaineers are of fine physique and are generally a moral and dignified people. Cannibalism, however, still seems to survive even among the tribes brought closest into contact with the whites. As an illustration of the intelligence of the children, he quotes a missionary who told him that "he was constantly being critically questioned by his pupils after telling some of the Bible stories. For instance, having given his class an account of how Noah took two of each type of bird, animal, and insect into the ark, and so preserved the various species, a boy next day came to him and asked, 'Did Noah take two of each sort?' 'Yes,' replied Riley. 'Two fowls?' 'Yes.' 'Two pythons?' 'Yes.' 'No fear,' said the boy. 'But why?' 'Why,' laughed the boy, 'because if Noah had put two pythons in the same ark as those fowls, there wouldn't be any fowls now.'"

In regard to the vexed question of colonization Col. Mackay's judgment is that "in this fruitful region there is room enough for white and brown alike to work out and mutually improve each other's destinies, if only the more highly developed race will realize that morality, industry, honesty, firmness, and patience are virtues that to be rightly claimed must be consistently practised in every-day intercourse with a people who can respect these attributes, and will eventually respond to them, and in certain instances possibly absorb them into their own lives." In a book written as this was there are, of course, many rather trivial things told, and most readers will regret some occasional attempts at humor and the too frequent use of sacred words. But these are minor blemishes in a work which gives much useful information about a little-known country and people, and in which there is special mention and hearty commendation of the valuable work of the missionaries. Many of the forty reproductions of photographs are exceedingly attractive, and an excellent map enables one easily to trace the route of the commission.

Personal Power: Counsels to College Men. By William Jewett Tucker. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50 net.

As President of Dartmouth College, Dr. Tucker exerted great influence upon his students in the direction of clean, wholesome, and effective life. His success as an administrator and builder was not less than his power as a moulder of student opinion. He found his college in a questionable position among New England institutions of the second rank, and he left it challenging the very first in respect to the importance and quality of its strictly college work. He came to Dartmouth, also, when general opinion did not credit the institution with the most helpful moral tone, but it was not long before Rollins Chapel was celebrated as one of the most powerful influences toward good morals among young men to be found east of the Hudson river. The present volume reveals his method and the secret of his power. It contains about twenty of his sermons and addresses at the opening of the academic year. The thought is vigorous and clear, if not profound, and the style is direct and simple. There is no eloquence, no pleading, none of the rhetorician's "action," but neither is there cant or commonplace. A visitor at Rollins Chapel once overheard a student's comment at the close of one of Dr. Tucker's services, "Wasn't that the slickest thing you ever heard?" Without disparagement, it may be said that the student's slang adjective was well chosen. President Tucker was always tactful, and there is a cleverness of approach and treatment in each of his discourses which one who bears in mind his audience and his purpose must greatly admire.

The morality of a tactful and successful college administrator is in constant danger. To lift student sentiment always a little higher, while realizing that perfection is impossible, to maintain the personal hold needful to impart carrying quality to one's words, is to be tempted constantly to do evil that good may come. One may ask, if Dr. Tucker has not yielded to this allurement in his admission that "the prevailing type of mind in the colleges is set toward affairs," and in his contentment in the fact that the scholar is no longer the exclusive or chief product of American academic life. The growing proportion of students who are devoid of the interests and ambitions of real scholarship finds no strong protest in his pages, but rather contented recognition. The reports which used to issue annually from Cambridge sounded a worthier note. Exaggeration of athletics has found little discouragement in Dartmouth utterances, if one may judge from this volume. The discourses are uplifting and instructive in a hundred directions in which American students need guidance, but in the two respects in which college men most need challenge, the loss of scholarly devotion and the over-emphasis upon athletics, they would have been better for a more resolute iconoclasm.

Notes.

Yale University Press will soon publish a work of peculiar timeliness, entitled "The High Court of Parliament and its Supremacy. An Historical Essay on the Boundaries between Legislation and Adjudication in England," by C. H. McIlwain, who is a member of the Department of History, Politics, and Economics at Princeton University.

We welcome the announcement of a new series of books, Harvard Studies in Comparative Literature, to be published under the general editorship of Prof. W. H. Schofield. It will comprise works by Harvard graduates or instructors. The volumes are to be handsomely printed at the Merrymount Press, and can be got separately, or by subscription at a discount of 10 per cent., from the Publication Agent of Harvard University. The first volume, now in press, is "Three Philosophical Poets—Lucretius, Dante, and Goethe," by Prof. George Santayana. Other works, in preparation, are as follows: "Poetic Values in Anglo-Saxon Verse—a Comparative Study," by Prof. Francis Burton Gummere; "Boethius," by Prof. Edward Kennard Rand; "The Old Norse Journeys to America," by Prof. Merritt Lyndon Fernald; "French Influences on Chaucer," by Prof. John Livingston Lowes; "The History of Allegory in Spain," by Dr. Chandler Rathfon Post; "The Literary Relations of England and Scandinavia from the Norman Conquest to 1300," by Dr. Henry Gordon Leach; "The Comedies of Ludwig Holberg," by Oscar James Campbell.

The John Lane Company announces the following forthcoming publications: "The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century," by Houston S. Chamberlain; "Robert Dodsley: Poet, Publisher, and Playwright," by Ralph Straus; "Memories of Sixty Years," by Oscar Browning; "John Lothrop Motley and His Family:" further letters and records edited by His Daughter and Herbert St. John Mildmay; "Simon Bolivar, 'El Libertador,'" by F. Loraine Petre; "Lady Charlotte Schreiber's Journals," edited by Montague Guest, with annotations by Egan Mew; "Self-Love: the Book of Pleasure"; "Indian Birds," by Douglas Dewar; "The Starlit Mire," by James Bertram and Russell Wilkinson; "Insect Wonderland," by Constance M. Foot; "What Pictures to See

in Europe in One Summer," by L. L. M. Bryant; "Simon the Jester," by William J. Locke; "The Wicker-Work Woman," "The Elm Tree on the Mall," "The Opinions of Jerome Coignard," "The Aspirations of Jean Servien," and "At the Sign of the Reine Pédauque," by Anatole France; "Alongshore," by Stephen Reynolds; "The Way Up," by M. P. Willcox; "Tropical Tales," by Dolf Wyllarde; "The Saint's Progress," translated from the Italian of Ciro Alvi by Mary Gibson; "The Cradle of a Poet," by Elizabeth Godfrey; "Half in Earnest," by Muriel Hine, and "My Brother the King: The Tale of James Darcy (King James I of Yalmal) and His Sister, Wyemarke Darcy," by Edward H. Cooper.

Herbert Putnam, librarian of Congress, desires us to make known the fact that the "Report on the Star-Spangled Banner, Hail Columbia, America, Yankee Doodle," by O. G. T. Sonneck, chief of the division of music, which has been offered for sale by certain private concerns for $1.25, can be obtained of the superintendent of documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, at 85 cents a copy.

Gen. James Grant Wilson's entertaining volumes on "Thackeray in the United States," were originally issued in 1904, at the price of $12.50. By omitting the bibliography of 174 pages the two volumes are now published as one, by Dodd, Mead & Co., at the more comfortable price of $3.50. The old wealth of illustrations has been retained, and indeed six Thackeray drawings have been added. The book is a mine of interesting and characteristic anecdotes.

In the "Waverley Synopses," published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., J. Walker McSpadden has arranged Scott's novels chronologically, and under each title has given an alphabetical cast of the characters and a summary of the plot. A general index at the end makes the book more useful for speedy reference.

Percival Chubb has planned three small volumes of selections from Mark Twain, presenting that author less as a humorist than as an historian and autobiographer. Of these volumes the first, "Travels at Home," has just been issued by the Harpers. It is made up chiefly of experiences on the Mississippi and in the mining fields. Especially adapted for the higher classes of elementary schools, it will serve as a travelling companion for older readers. The energetic literary quality which is completely merged in the mazes of the complete books is here in a sense isolated and more palpable. The frontispiece is an excellent recent portrait of Mark Twain in the familiar white flannels.

It is sixteen years since Sarah M. H. Gardner's demurely charming book "Quaker Idyls" (Holt) saw the light. It is now reprinted, with the addition of two sketches. With singular delicacy and humor this author reveals the heroic tragedy of the Friends in contact with great causes, and the comedy of their contact with the sly and insistent world. The workmanship is always delightful, and the book simply must be read. There could be no pleasanter escape from the problem novels—though problems are here and are not evaded—and from the prevailing overemphasis.

"The Pageant of English Poetry" comes to us from the Oxford University Press in two forms, one being printed on India paper. It is an anthology of 1,150 poems and extracts by 300 authors, the arrangement being alphabetical by authors. It is an interesting treasury of song, the more interesting probably because it permits the liberty, unusual in anthologies, of printing parts of poems. Sometimes this liberty is, in our judgment, abused, as when, for instance, only two stanzas of Praed's "The Vicar," certainly the best thing Praed ever did, are given, although six pages are accorded him. The book is also out of the usual line of English anthologies in including American authors. For this we may be grateful, although it seems strange to find among the selections from Longfellow "The Slave's Dream" and "Excelsior," but not one of his noble sonnets. From the same house we have "The English Parnassus, an Anthology of Longer Poems," with introduction and notes by W. Macneile Dixon and H. J. C. Grierson. Works of such length are included as "The Knight's Tale," the third and fourth cantos of "Childe Harold" (though nothing from "Don Juan, perhaps *pudoris causa*), "In Memoriam," "Sohrab and Rustum," and the "Rubáiyát." The book is admirably adapted for use in college reading and in the higher school grades. With these anthologies may be mentioned "Eighteenth Century Literature: An Oxford Miscellany," which contains a number of rather slight papers by various writers on such topics as Steele and the Sentimental Comedy, Lady Winchelsea, Fielding's Jonathan Wild, Horace Walpole's Views on Literature, and Enthusiasm. The book affords pleasant reading.

The *National Geographic Magazine* for March contains an instructive account of the compass in navigation and the work of the non-magnetic yacht Carnegie, by its director, L. A. Bauer of the Carnegie Institution. To give the mariner correct information is the main purpose of the yacht's work in the recently finished cruise of 8,000 miles, and in the next to circumnavigate the globe. As the result, it is hoped that in five years the institution will be able to issue magnetic charts for nearly the whole earth, based for the first time upon uniformly and systematically acquired data. An earnest appeal for the proposed Glacier National Park in northern Montana is made by G. E. Mitchell of the Geological Survey. In addition to displaying wonderfully beautiful mountain scenery, the park is inhabited by wild animals and birds, and the streams and lakes abound in many kinds of fish. The project meets with favor in Canada and a railway to reach it may form a connecting link between the Canadian Pacific and Northern Railroads, to the great advantage of the farming region through which it would pass.

A comparison of the statistical data in the last edition of "Minerva" (1909-10), with the figures contained in the edition of fifteen years ago (1894-5), which we happen to have before us, shows a remarkable growth of the Slavic universities. In this short space of time Moscow has advanced from sixth to third place among the universities of the world, being inferior only to Paris and Berlin with respect to the number of students, while St. Petersburg, which was seventeenth in order, comes now next to Moscow. The two institutions have between them upward of 17,000 students, a figure which appears the more striking when we consider that it is about equal to the aggregate attendance at the score of German universities not longer ago than the Franco-Prussian war. Kharkov has quadrupled, having now above 4,000 students—as many as Harvard; Odessa, which had an attendance of only about 500 in 1895, has more than sextupled; and Kazan has increased from 800 to 2,900. The limitation of the number of Jewish students will account for the relatively slow growth of the university of Kiev, which is centrally located with respect to the Jewish population of Russia proper. The famous university of Dorpat, in Livonia, which has recently been Slavicized (the Russian language having supplanted the German in all the faculties except that of theology), has increased about 80 per cent. Muscovite repression in the former kingdom of Poland is manifested by the decline of the attendance at the University of Warsaw from 1,200 to 800. On the other hand, the vigorous and untrammelled assertion of Polish nationality in the composite realm of the Hapsburgs is evinced by the growth of the two Galician universities, those of Lemberg and Cracow, whose attendance has quadrupled and doubled respectively in these fifteen years. The Czech University of Prague, the focus of the intellectual activity of the Slavs of Bohemia and Moravia, established not quite three decades ago by the side of the oldest university within the bounds of the Germany of the Holy Roman Emperors, now boasts about 4,000 students, the increase since 1895 having been about 50 per cent. The Southern Slavs have, in their modest way, kept pace with their consonant-tongued brethren in the North. The university of Sophia, which, in 1895, had only 300 students, has now about 1,500, and the progressive spirit of new Bulgaria, only recently emancipated from its five centuries of thraldom under the Moslems, is revealed by the circumstance that above 200 of the students are women. The attendance at the Servian and Croatian universities (Belgrade and Agram) has increased 100 per cent. Russia has one important university which cannot be reckoned among Slavic institutions of learning, that of Helsingfors, in Finland, whose teaching body still consists of Swedes and Finns.

The Beguiling of Juries might fairly serve as the sub-title of Francis L. Wellman's "Day in Court" (Macmillan). The author describes with clearness, humor, and apt illustration, the arts by which juries are propitiated, witnesses confirmed or undermined, in short, the whole delicate conduct of a jury trial. Interesting as the book is it will leave the layman a little at a loss to see how substantial justice can result from such a process. Mr. Wellman, as a veteran pleader, naturally takes the severely professional view of the matter. For him a trial is mostly a contest of wits between opposing counsel, with the victory likely to turn to him who adds to wit moderation and tact. His examples of the right and wrong ways of introducing witnesses under direct examination are most instructive. It is in direct examination, not in the brilliant feats of cross-examination, he feels, that cases are won and lost. On every point of courtroom human nature he is illuminat-

ing. Lawyers will naturally enjoy a book that magnifies their profession and sets it in a positively æsthetic light; young lawyers will find many practical hints in it. On the whole, however, the enlightening effect of this confessional volume will be greatest in the case of laymen. We know of few books that reveal so completely what one might call the legitimate histrionism of pleading—the delicate adjustment of demonstration to the capacities and prejudices of the twelve plain men in the box. Mr. Wellman's subject is the lawyer, but we wish he had approached the fundamental mystery how a jury verdict obtained under skilful manipulation by counsel will usually result in substantial justice. His conception of pleading is, though finer, not very far removed from the Greek and Roman precedents. The opportune exhibition of Phryne's bosom, or of the tears of the next of kin, would, unless we misread him, fully meet his approval. The paradox of essential justice surviving the wiles of the master advocate was worth elucidation. No one could attack the enigma more hopefully than Mr. Wellman. Possibly juries have a kind of transcendental sixth sense, which blindly makes for righteousness. Mr. Wellman's anecdote of that jury which, pestered by lying witnesses on both sides, agreed to ignore both the law and the evidence, and "find on the merits of the case," is suggestive. Again, the more familiar tale of the jury that, in spite of Rufus Choate's evidence, had to find for his client, being reluctantly constrained thereto by the law and the facts, may profitably be analyzed by lawyers of the ornate tradition. Among minor slips we may note an allusion on page 148 to a Tilden-Beecher trial, and the perverted form of a Ciceronian quotation on page 247. An excellent and most entertaining book.

Charles Ffoulkes's "Armor and Weapons" (Frowde) is a concise description of what the ordinary man wore, how he wore it, and how it was made in the days of chivalry and of the tournament. Originally the facts were given out in lecture form before the University of Oxford during the Lent term, 1909; they are here illustrated and magnified into a handbook for use in studying history and as a short guide to the somewhat intricate technicalities of the craft of the armorer. As an aid in following out the evolution of civilization and as an explanation of ancient modes of warfare with which the advance of civilization has been indissolubly connected, these studies hold something more than mere sentimental interest. Roughly speaking, the period of armorial defence extends from the Norman Conquest to about 1660, and may be divided into the age of mail (1066-1277); the transition period (1277-1410); and the era of plate armor (1410-1660). With our modern notions of defence, in which lightness and speed are the chief requisites, it is little short of ridiculous to read that the accoutrements of a cavalryman were sometimes so heavy that he could not mount his horse without assistance, and that in long marches he was often tempted to throw away his expensive outfit in order to conserve the strength of himself and his beast for the actual encounter with the enemy. This fact was especially in evidence during the period of plate armor, when the cavalry horse was covered from ears to tail with the most elaborate and costly steel which the craftsman could invent. By the middle of the sixteenth century, the influence of the Renaissance brought about an arabesque strangeness and grotesqueness which marked the beginning decadence of the *homme de fer*. With an attempt at ornateness the practical utility of armor began to decline, though it was still commonly worn in pageant, joust, and parade well on into the seventeenth century. Leg armor was the first to go, the jambs being replaced by buff leather boots, a distinct forerunner of modern cavalry leggings. The epoch most advantageous for the study of armor in its perfection is the fifteenth century. The Renaissance, so rich in the materials out of which what we are pleased to call the higher civilization has been woven, tolled the death knell of the crafts.

In a reprint of Mrs. Everett Green's "Elizabeth Electress of Palatine and Queen of Bohemia" (Dutton), we have another illustration—following the recent lives of Madame, Mère du Régent, and the lives of the Duchess Sophia and the Princess Elizabeth—of a singular revival of interest in that branch of the Stuart family. The present work is taken from Mrs. Green's "Lives of the Princesses of England" (1849-1855), and has been revised in some minor details by the author's niece, Mrs. S. C. Lomas. It is a sympathetic study, based on thorough documentary knowledge, of a life of strange romance and adventure. Mrs. Lomas in the introduction discusses the moot points, whether the Elector Palatine plotted to obtain the crown of Bohemia before his election in 1619, and whether Elizabeth urged him to accept that crown. Mrs. Green had given a negative answer to the first of these questions; her editor maintains that such a view cannot be correct. On the second point Mrs. Green had no doubts, and represented Elizabeth as exerting all her powers to influence her husband to take the throne; Mrs. Lomas brings strong evidence to show that her part in the affair was rather passive than active, taking "a normal and womanly course, probably more in favor of acceptance than against it, but willing to do what her husband and her friends thought right."

The first volume of Prof. Charles Foster Kent's "Student's Old Testament" appeared in 1904, and an interval of nearly three years separates the third volume of the series from the present issue, "The Sermons, Epistles, and Apocalypses of Israel's Prophets" (Scribner). In this fourth volume the canonical prophetical writings appear in a new translation, more literal than the usual versions, arranged in chronological order, with appropriate headings and brief explanatory notes, and with indication of later additions and glosses. The work is the result of great pains and of minute and scholarly examination of the text. Care has been taken to summarize the labors of a large number of critical scholars, including the German authorities. The period covered extends from the earliest literary prophecies to the fragmentary messianic and eschatological discourses embedded in the larger canonical collections. As a handbook for the study of any period of Hebrew prophecy, or for the study of the development of the history and religion of Israel, the work is of great value. Professor Kent is cautious in accepting the emendations of the Hebrew text suggested by Duhm, Martl, and Cheyne.

From Lemcke & Buechner we have received "Lettres d'amour à Aimée d'Alton," by Alfred de Musset. The poet fell in with this descendant of an Irish refugee and was captivated by her desire to reform him. To effect this difficult task, she readily submitted to all incidental intimacies. The affair lasted something more than two years, and furnished the motive for one of his best stories, "Le Fils du Titien." To her, besides the sonnets in the story, was written the well-known poem "Charmant petit moinillon blanc." After the death of Alfred, Aimée became first the mistress and, at fifty, the wife of his brother Paul, whom she outlived. She cherished the memory of what she called "mes Musset," and under advice of M. Troubat gave Alfred's letters under seal to the Bibliothèque Nationale. It seems to us that it was hardly worth Léon Séché's while to rescue them from the files. Aimée's heart was apparently in the right place, but her lover took her with little seriousness. He calls her his doll, and gives the impression of her which is confirmed by the Sèvres statuette forming the frontispiece of this volume. One letter, in which he declines her proposal to marry him and reform him altogether, is true Musset, displaying that severe clairvoyance and self-knowledge which occasionally make a wilful sentimentalist seem almost a man. But, in the main, these are scraps of notes, outcries of a coquettish passion, mere arrangements for rendezvous; the very smallest beer, in short, of what was never a very great passion. To eke out a book these notelets are printed each on its separate page and "Le Fils du Titien" added as an appendix. The material for a minor essay has thus been commercially distended, a proceeding unworthy the standing of the editor and of the publisher, the Mercure de France.

It is surprising how little is known, outside of German circles, of the history and activities of the German organizations in America. It is an interesting fact in institutional history that the patriotic societies formed for the cultivation of the German language and literature (the so-called Sprachgesellschaften) of the seventeenth century should have found a new lease of life in the German societies of America. These associations in the seaboard cities of America arose out of the necessity of aiding needy German immigrants upon their arrival. The oldest of these societies is the German Society of Pennsylvania, founded in 1764. The example of Pennsylvania was followed by Georgia; by South Carolina, with its German Society founded in 1766; by Maryland, with its German Society in 1783; and New York, with its German Society in 1784. The Societies of Pennsylvania and New York have already found their historians in Seidensticker and Eickhoff. The Maryland Society now has its chronicler in Louis P. Hennighausen, whose "History of the German Society of Maryland" (read at the meetings of the Society for the History of the Germans in Maryland, 1909; for sale by W. E.

C. Harrison & Sons of Baltimore), renders valuable service in clearing up the early history of the society, fixing the date of its formation as 1783, and shedding new light upon its earlier Southern predecessor, the German Society of Charleston, S. C., founded in 1766. The author gives a graphic account of the significance of these societies, and of the Maryland one in particular, in bringing about humane legislation on immigration.

"The Hebrew Prophets for English Readers," edited by Francis H. Woods and Francis E. Powell, arranges the Revised Version in poetical form and in sections with brief notes and appropriate headings. These helps, though meagre, are sufficient to bring clear meaning into passages which the reader of the text alone finds obscure. The second volume includes Zephaniah, Nahum, Habakkuk, and Jeremiah (Henry Frowde).

The distinguished German poet and novelist, Dr. Paul Heyse, celebrated on March 15, his eightieth birthday and received warm congratulations from all parts of his fatherland as well as from many other countries of the civilized world. On this occasion he was presented with an album containing the signatures of three hundred admirers, including the German Emperor and other sovereigns, and the most prominent representatives of intellectual life in Germany. Heyse published his first book, the tragedy "Franceska von Rimini," when he was twenty years of age, and since then he has been for sixty years a very productive and popular author, and shows as an octogenarian no diminution of his intellectual abilities and literary qualities. This is evident from his five short stories just published in a volume entitled "Helldunkles Leben."

Charles Edwin Hurd, literary editor of the Boston *Transcript* from 1874 to 1901, and previously connected with other Boston and New England newspapers, died last Thursday at the age of seventy-six. He had published "New England Library of Genealogy and Personal History," and "History of the United States."

Samuel Langhorne Clemens (Mark Twain) died last Thursday evening at Stormfield, his country home in Redding, Conn., at the age of seventy-four. He was born in Florida, Mo., November 30, 1835. Three years later his family removed to Hannibal, Mo., where he attended the common schools, and at the age of twelve became a printer's apprentice in the office of the Hannibal *Weekly Journal*. After learning his trade, he became a tramp printer, and before he was sixteen years old had worked in composing rooms of newspapers in St. Louis, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, and New York. In 1851 he returned to Hannibal, where he again worked as a printer and as a clerk on river boats, and in 1859 he took out a river pilot's license. For a few months in 1861 he served in the Confederate army under Gen. Sterling Price, but in the same year became private secretary to his brother, who had been appointed territorial secretary of Nevada, and went with him to Carson City. He remained here about a year, and then went to Virginia City (in the same Territory), where he became city editor of the *Enterprise* newspaper. For this newspaper he wrote sketches of mining camp characters, and episodes, which he signed with his afterward famous pseudonym, "Mark Twain"—derived from the river leadsman's parlance, and meaning two "marks" on the sounding line, that is, two fathoms.

These signed articles at once attracted attention, and in 1865 he became a member of the staff of the San Francisco *Call*, but remained there only about six months and then went into the mining region of Calaveras County, Cal., where he found much of the material for the book which was to establish his fame in the East, "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County." In 1866 Clemens went to the Sandwich Islands, of which he wrote sketches for the Sacramento *Union*. He then (1868) engaged to go abroad with a party of tourists and write a descriptive account of his journey for a group of newspapers. Out of these letters he subsequently made his famous book, "Innocents Abroad." Soon after his return he became editor of the Buffalo *Express*, where he remained for two years. Thereafter he went to live in Hartford. In 1884 he invested heavily in the Charles L. Webster Company, a publishing concern, whose failure ten years later swept away virtually all of his means and left him heavily in debt, every penny of which he repaid after a highly successful round-the-world lecturing tour. In 1907 he received the honorary degree of doctor of letters from Oxford University. His publications include: "The Jumping Frog," "The Innocents Abroad," "The Gilded Age" (with Warner), "Roughing It," "Sketches New and Old," "Adventures of Tom Sawyer," "A Tramp Abroad," "The Prince and the Pauper," "The Stolen White Elephant," "Life on the Mississippi," "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur," "The American Claimant," "The £1,000,000 Bank Note," "Pudd'nhead Wilson," "Tom Sawyer Abroad," "Joan of Arc," "More Tramps Abroad," "The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg," "Christian Science." At the time of his death he was engaged in writing his reminiscences, parts of which have been published in *Harper's Magazine*.

Science.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 21.

The annual session of the National Academy of Sciences, held in this city from April 19 to April 21, has been one of the largest and most successful meetings held by that body in many years. The printed programme contained thirty-three titles of papers, of which the time permitted presentation of only twenty. Without doubt, the papers of most general interest were those by George E. Hale of the Mt. Wilson Solar Observatory on Solar Magnetism, and on some visual and photographic observations of Mars. With the unparalleled facilities at his command for the study of the spectrum of the sun, Mr. Hale was able to make about two years ago the remarkable discovery of the vortical rotation of sun spots, observed by photographing the spectrum of low-lying iron vapor and the high level clouds of hydrogen present in the sun. Certain separations of spectrum lines showed the presence in these vortices of strong magnetic fields. These fields, Mr. Hale accounts for by the presence in the whirling vapor of electrically charged particles or electrons, the rotation of which constitutes an electric current. This discovery is undoubtedly one of the great achievements of American astrophysics. Mr. Hale also exhibited a number of recent photographs of Mars which, far from showing the geometrical structure or net work of fine lines that have been described by recent Martian observers, failed completely to give any indication of such geometrical structure. We may mention also the paper on the spectrum of Mars as photographed with high dispersion by W. W. Campbell and Sebastian Albrecht of the Lick Observatory. Photographs made last autumn on the top of Mt. Wilson, the highest point in the United States proper, in a dry climate, gave results that have been completely confirmed by observations made this year at Mt. Hamilton, in which the lines due to water vapor or oxygen on Mars were separated from the similar lines due to these substances in the earth's atmosphere, by utilizing the displacement due to the motion of Mars relative to the earth. The result proved that water vapor is absent on Mars, or at least that there must be much less per unit of area than there is over Mt. Wilson or Mt. Hamilton.

A paper of great practical interest was read by Gen. H. L. Abbott on the Hydraulics of the Chagres River, on which there is probably no more competent authority. The disposal of the rainfall by the river, by soaking into the spongy ground and by evaporation, was carefully studied, with the result that it should seem impossible to dispose of the great amount of water precipitated from the enormous freshets on the isthmus without a system of controlling locks, for the reason that for the lowest twenty-seven miles the river has virtually no fall and the water backs up in vast quantities. This, in General Abbott's opinion, effectually disposes of the project of a sea-level canal and confirms the theories of the French engineers and our own expert commission.

The paper by Dr. Franz Boas, of the American Museum of Natural History, on the influence of environment on human type, made with the assistance of the American Bureau of Immigration, led to the conclusion that European types are undergoing profound modification in this country. Measurements of children born within ten years of the arrival of the mother in this country show decided change in the cephalic index (*i. e.*, the ratio of the width to the

length of the head), which has long been regarded as one of the most unchanging of anthropometric characteristics. Although, in general, under the conditions in this country, the physical condition is improved, in the case of Sicilians this is not the case. Nevertheless, the cephalic index in the case of the Jews has decreased by as much as 5 per cent., while the smaller index of the Sicilians has increased by almost the same amount, so that, under American environment, Jews and Sicilians are now nearly alike in this respect. The broad face of the Bohemians has become noticeably narrower in this country.

In geology, C. D. Walcott of the Smithsonian Institution, presented a paper, with many slides, illustrating the development of Olenellus, a fossil belonging to the Cambrian Epoch, on which he is our leading authority. This fossil Trilobite is a crustaccan, much resembling the horse-shoe crab, which was stated to be the dominant organism of its epoch, if not the superman perhaps the super-crab. This Trilobite exists in a stratum of about 5,000 feet in thickness, and Mr. Walcott has not only examined the Rocky Mountains, but has sent expeditions to Sweden, Russia, India, and China. Not the least interesting of his results was the discovery that Trilobites, hitherto supposed to have been blind, possessed a well developed multiple eye, by which they could see as well as present-day crabs.

George F. Becker of the United States Geological Survey, presented a paper on the evidence of denudation in relation to the age of the earth. Mr. Becker's method seems to be entirely new, and consists in finding the amount of salt in the sea and accounting for that salt by the decomposition of feldspathic rocks carried down by the rivers. Some of this salt is returned in the air and falls on the land. Estimating that between 98,000,000 and 142,000,000 of tons of salt are annually washed into the sea, and assuming that the annual amount lost to the land is proportional to the amount remaining, Mr. Becker arrived at the earth's age as between fifty and seventy-five millions of years—a result gratifying to the physicists as coming from a geologist, since fifty years ago Lord Kelvin's estimate of several hundred millions of years was looked upon by the geologists as preposterously short. Mr. Becker has confirmed his calculation by arguments from the cooling of the earth similar to Lord Kelvin's.

S. W. Stratton, director of the Bureau of Standards, gave a very clear and interesting account of the methods of that great physical laboratory belonging to the government. The Bureau is divided into divisions dealing with all questions relating in any manner to measurements connected with (1) mass and length, (2) heat, (3) light, (4) electricity and magnetism, (5) chemistry, (6) engineering problems and the properties of materials. In the past year the Bureau has done work for every other Government bureau, for a large number of universities and scientific institutions, and for many firms and individuals.

A. L. Day, director of the Geophysical Laboratory of the Carnegie Institution at Washington, described his Bureau, which has for its immediate problem the determination of the condition of formation of the rocks found in the crust of the earth. In order to determine their temperatures of formation, not necessarily to their melting points, more exact data were required, according to Mr. Day, than physics can afford the geologist. Great attention has, therefore, been paid to high temperature measurements, in which Mr. Day is an expert. Not only thermal data are requisite, but it is necessary that the minerals examined be in a high state of purity, and for this elaborate chemical researches are necessary. This laboratory is undoubtedly one of the great undertakings of the Carnegie Institution. In this connection may be mentioned the paper of J. M. Crafts, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, on the gas thermometer, which he has been developing with wonderful precision for the last thirty years, long before there were either bureaus of standards or geophysical laboratories. As a result of Mr. Craft's researches, we have the method of tempering the glass used in the thermometers of precision which can determine temperatures with an exactness of the one-thousandth part of a degree.

Within a few weeks the Academy has sustained a great loss in the person of its former president, and actual foreign secretary, Alexander Agassiz. Feeling reference was made to his career and interest in the academy by President Remsen, and at the pleasant dinner given by the Washington members, a letter was read from Agassiz to the home secretary, Mr. Hague, proposing to offer a dinner to the Academy at the time of the present session in honor of the eightieth birthday of Dr. Weir Mitchell. Dr. Mitchell responded with much feeling and his health was drunk.

George E. Hale was elected foreign secretary. The following new members were elected: In mathematical astronomy, Forest Ray Moulton of the University of Chicago; in chemistry, William Albert Noyes of the University of Illinois and Thomas Burr Osborne of the Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station; in palæontology, Charles Schuchert of Yale University; in botany, Douglas Houghton Campbell of Stanford University; in physiology, Jacques Loeb of the University of California; in philosophy, John Dewey of Columbia University; as foreign associate, Giovanni Schiaparelli of Milan. A visit was made to the magnificent new national museum in which, by the courtesy of the Smithsonian, the Academy expects to meet next year.

ARTHUR GORDON WEBSTER.

THE LIFE OF ANTS.

Ant Communities and How They Are Governed. A Study in Natural Civics. By Henry Christopher McCook. Illustrated from Nature. New York: Harper & Bros. $2 net.

In this volume, Dr. McCook presents another of his most interesting and informing studies of the insect world, taking for his subject the ants, which he deals with especially as social animals. The sub-title, "A Study in Natural Civics," refers to what Dr. McCook regards as "parallels, more or less distinct, between the communal actions of ants considered simply as natural history, and the communal actions of man, considered, as all human beings are bound to consider them, in their relation to the highest welfare of the race." On this topic, he says:

> In many of the higher and complex duties of human communities it is impossible that insects should be models for men, in whom there is an element that separates from all other creatures by an impassable gulf. But in the great physical functions of a commune, which are a bond of sympathy between us, we may have something to learn from the ants, who manifestly have kept and still keep the primitive ways of nature more closely than we.

Dr. McCook satisfied himself that an actual communal relation existed between the inmates of a group of seventeen hundred well-developed ant-hills, which he found within a space of fifty acres, near Hollidaysburg, Penna.:

> A small oak-branch, covered with aphides and their attendant ants, was broken from a tree and placed upon a mound twenty rods distant. It was thought that if anything would incite to hostility, it would be the intrusion of members of a separate community upon a congener's feeding grounds. On the contrary, the ants being called from the hill, came out and mounted the branch with the usual excited bearing, and then mingled with its original occupants on friendly terms, and began to feed quietly from the galls and aphides. . . . A spadeful of earth was swiftly cut from the mound, and with the ants, cocoons, and broken cells, thrown into a pail, carried to a cone fifty rods distant and cast upon the surface and around the lower gates. . . . After the first sharp challenges with crossed antennæ the imported ants melted away into the general community as though at home. . . . Thus it appeared (and to the writer it was then an astounding revelation) that among the myriads of creatures occupying these more than one thousand seven hundred mounds there was a complete fraternity—if, indeed, they were not one mighty confederacy! Here was a republic which in

the number of its separate states—for every mound was an independent community of ants—and in the multitude of its total population exceeded the most sanguine prophecy of the future of the American republic.

Dr. McCook calls attention to "a well-defined division of labor among the worker castes, viz., workers-major, workers-minor, and minims or dwarfs." And there are sentinels or policemen, masons or builders, foragers, nurses, and courtiers or queen's body-guard, but "apparently all branches of service have recruits from all the castes, and these pass from one to another at will. On the surface (as far as human intelligence discerns) it is a 'go-as-you-please' arrangement, which nevertheless is dominated by some occult principle that brings orderly results out of seeming chaos." And our author makes the further remarkable observation that "among these millions of citizens, there is not one criminal, not one degenerate! I do not recall, in all my long and varied observations, a single example of an ant whose actual offending called for the administration of civil punishment." Here, he says is "the perfect social commune whose citizens are all perfect in that 'righteousness which is of the law.'" Our enormous office buildings are, indeed, wonderful structures (and are often aptly likened to ant-hills), but as mere achievements in building, relative to the size of the builder, they are far less remarkable than ant architecture:

> Those who are curious in such comparisons find grounds here for a striking parallel between the achievement of an ant three-eighths of an inch high (long), and of a man one hundred and seventy-six times as high (five and one-half feet.) Were we to reckon a proportionate rate of progress between the two on the basis of height, one man would have to be credited with a storied structure 1,408 feet deep. Apart from such fanciful comparisons, it is certainly well calculated to excite our wonder that such insignificant creatures can, by their united exertions, bring about results so vast, unaided by mechanical contrivances.

And as to the physical strength of the ant, Dr. McCook observes:

> I have often admired the vigor and skill shown by baggage-porters in shouldering and bearing up several flights of stairs the immense trunks which American ladies take with them on their travels. But here, if we may be indulged in the comparison, is an insect three-eighths of an inch long (and the worker-minors are shorter), who can carry up sharp inclines and perpendicular surfaces, over distances three-hundred times its length, a burden six to ten times its weight. If, as heretofore, we estimate the average man at one hundred and fifty pounds in weight, our baggage-porter would needs carry a half-ton trunk up one-tenth of a mile of stairway to meet on equal footing the emmet athletes of the occident anthills!

Readers who are familiar with Dr. McCook's manner of approaching his subjects will not need to be told that he does not indulge many of these popular comparisons, which, he is at pains to remark, "are apt to be superficial and misleading," but the foregoing ones seem quite admissable, and actually instructive.

Only in this general way can we indicate Dr. McCook's method of treating this most interesting subject in natural history. Throughout he is at once the careful observer who sees details in relation to essentials, and presents the results of his observations in simple and lucid description which bears all the evidence of versimilitude. In this manner, he treats the Feeding of the Commune, The Language of Ants, and Other Insects, How Ants Communicate, Female Government in Ant-Communities, Warrior Ants, and Their Equipment for War, How Ants Carry On War, The Founding of Slave-Making Ant Communes, and Problems of Sanitation and Personal Benevolence. The illustrations, which are clearly drawn sketches, are of great assistance.

Drama.

With all its artificiality and sacrifice of sense to sentiment, the "Caste" of Tom Robertson is still an effective play, owing to its cleverly devised situations, its romantic story, and the vitality of its personages. It has now been revived in the Empire Theatre, in this city, with what is described as an "all-star cast," but the representation, though good as a whole, is not equal to several of those seen in this city in former years. Judged by modern standards of motive and construction, the piece is thin in substance and violent in mechanism, and the only valid reason for its revival is to furnish a specimen of what was best in mid-Victorian comedy. The characters and the atmosphere now are of more importance than the play. These have not been reproduced with general success at the Empire. As a rule the plebeians are more satisfactorily embodied than the aristocrats. The Eccles of G. P. Huntley is an exceedingly humorous bit of low comedy, but is inferior to the impersonations of such men as Honey and Davidge both in variety and force. These actors were wont to infuse a dash of passion into their drunken ravings which suggested the power for mischief existing in just such degraded agitators. Grahame Brown, as Gerridge, was a typical workman, if not a typical cockney. Miss Elsie Ferguson played Esther with pleasant simplicity. She did not make the mistake of adopting a manner altogether superior to her supposed station, as other Esthers have done before her, and in the crucial situations displayed natural and sympathetic emotion. The Polly of Marie Tempest, though amusing, and very smart in the theatrical sense, was too full of manifest artifice to create realistic illusion. The youthful, sanguine, and ardent George D'Alroy, in the hands of Edwin Arden—a player of a most inflexible style—assumed the grave and resolute habit of middle age. Julian Royce was partly successful in catching the languid, "haw-haw" manner of the heavy cavalryman, Hawtree, but failed to suggest the real man beneath the foppish exterior. Maud Milton gave to the Marquise an affected air, but no real distinction. The revival was received with much favor, and affords as good theatrical entertainment as can now be found in the city.

Ludwig Fulda's "Das Exempel" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.) is an unpretentious play rising but little above the clever mediocrity of Blumenthal and Kadelburg. The theme is interesting and timely, illustrating in lively fashion the theories of love and marriage which the ultra-new women of Germany attempt to put into practice. To show their ineptitude the author needs to present the heroine as undergoing a change in character; but instead of having this change come about naturally from within, he resorts to espionage and other hackneyed theatrical tricks, and the play, which had in it the material for a capital modern comedy, ends like a hundred others built upon a similar motive.

"Sieben Einakter" is a volume of enjoyable and actable little plays by Ludwig Fulda, recently imported by G. E. Stechert & Co., all of which had been separately published before.

Richard Dehmel is not contented with being the foremost poet of Germany, now that Liliencron is gone, but is reminding his admirers of the fact, that he, too, aspires for dramatic honors. The new edition of "Der Mitmensch," which comes from S. Fischer of Berlin, is considerably changed from the first version published in 1895, and played by an academic society some years ago. The work was then pronounced a dismal failure, and when performed in its present form at the beginning of this season gave the same impression. The paradoxical treatise, "Tragik und Drama," which serves as preface to the book, is likely to interest more than the play itself. Dehmel sees in the decadence of pure tragedy a result of our monistic reading of life which knows no complete annihilation but sees in every death a new birth. He maintains that the headstrong characters which are brought into drama, with all their irrational passion for power, simply to justify the working of tragic fate, are out of place in our time:

> In spite of Nietzsche, it is no longer great to rise beyond one's self and to die in the attempt. For that is something man shares with every moth that is burnt and every bubble that bursts. Of course, we cannot undo the fate that rules everything, but for that very reason it is no longer an heroic manifestation of the human will blindly to rush beneath its wheels. . . . Therefore, we have no longer the spontaneous, blindly instinctive reverence for the sacred desire of vengeance, which is satisfied by tragedy; we feel superior when we punish by contempt, and this moral sentiment is æsthetically more related to comic or tragic malice.

Formerly, Herr Dehmel continues, the question was asked: "What is life worth to us?"; to-day it reads: "What are we worth to life?" There is as much unhappiness in the world as ever, and always will be, but "it will not always be the

acme of nobility to take that fact tragically."

Carl Hauptmann has published a volume of plays symbolically entitled "Panspiele" (München: G. D. W. Callwey). The friends which the author made during his stay in American will find in this book the little masterpiece entitled "Im goldenen Tempelbuche verzeichnet," which made such a profound impression, when read in the German theatre in New York. This dramatic poem in three scenes, founded upon a Japanese sketch, and, as he indicates, "to be played behind veils," is a gem of that poetic impressionism in which he excels all his German contemporaries. In dignity and purity of diction and delicacy of imagery it is perhaps unequalled by anything that has recently come from a German pen. The book admirably reflects the quaint personality of the author and is remarkably varied in mood and manner. Nothing more grimly humorous could be conceived than the one-act comedy "Der Antiquar," with its original treatment of a triangular relation. The tragicomedy called "Fasching" is vibrant with carnival joy, and like the preceding has some clever bits of characterization. "Frau Nadja Bielew" is unsatisfactory. It is one of those works in which the author's mannerisms counteract the effect he intends to produce.

Music.

The Rhythm of Modern Music. By C. F. Abdy Williams. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

Rhythm is what is left of music if you take away melody and harmony. Tap a tune on the table and you have its rhythm unalloyed. The Salvationist's drum represents this element of music in its most elementary form; from this to the complex combinations of Liszt, Chopin, and Strauss there is the same progress as from the simple chords of a hymn tune to the complicated harmonies of Wagner's "Tristan." The object of Mr. Williams in this book is to show that such rhythmic complications and elaborations are not due to a desire to do anything out of the common, but are the genuine art expressions in a highly civilized and complicated condition of society.

In the days when instrumental music had not yet become an independent art the church looked with disfavor on rhythm because of its association with worldly pleasures, especially the dance; yet that people felt the want of it is shown by the edicts forbidding the playing of dance music on the organ. An impediment to its development lay in the fact that the organ was the first instrument to attain artistic maturity, and the organ lacks accent, which is the soul of rhythm. Accent was also missing in the harpsichords and clavichords, and it was only when these were developed into the pianoforte, on which, as the name indicates, one could play loud or softly at will, that rhythm in art music began to come into its own. Bach's fugues are full of rhythmic interest; "with him," as the author remarks, "rhythm is not merely a framework on which to build harmonic and contrapuntal combinations, but he makes it more or less a living thing, and greatly adds thereby to the power of instrumental music."

Thenceforth the development of this element was more rapid, in spite of the opposition of conservatives who tried to stop the evolution of rhythm as well as that of harmony. Schubert was found fault with because his phrases did not always conform to the orthodox four-measure construction. But Schubert was simply in advance of his age; the irregularity of some of his music is to us one of its chief charms. A further development lay in the simultaneous use of two or more different rhythmical motives—a proceeding which often results in sublime effects. Modern music is likely to develop still further in this and other directions, some unthought of hitherto, others simply an assimilation of old rhythms from exotic sources; the five-four rhythm, for example, which is so rare in our music as to seem eccentric, was in favor with the ancient Greeks and is found in the folk music of Turks, Finns, negroes, Basques, and in Bavarian and Bohemian dances. In contrast with these we have also, in Strauss and others, passages of rhythmless music which seem daring, but find their justification in the "programme" they illustrate. In these diverse ways rhythm, from being merely an element of form, has become, in our days, "a very powerful means of expression."

To prove this last assertion is the main object of Mr. Williams's book. He has much to say about accents, phrasing, anacrusis, tempo, pauses, rests, staccato, rubato, and divers other points; but the value of his volume lies chiefly in the emphasizing of this expressional aspect of rhythm. As he well says: "So subtle is the art of music, that the undue lengthening or shortening of a single note will sometimes alter the whole character of a phrase." Players as a rule pay much more attention to melody and harmony than to rhythmic subtleties, and so do most listeners. All of these will find this book a valuable aid to the appreciation of modern music. It would be more valuable still if the author had shown more catholicity in the choice of his abundant musical illustrations. One may pardon in an English writer the inclusion of two English works among the six which he subjects to a detailed rhythmic analysis, but it is annoying to find almost all the shorter illustrations taken from the works of Brahms, while Wagner, Liszt, and Chopin, who are rhythmically even more remarkable and who preceded Brahms in various innovations, are almost ignored. Some of the points made could have been driven home more effectively by citations from Liszt's book on Hungarian music and by the remarks of Schumann and Wagner on the tyranny of the bar in musical notation.

Art.

Manet and the French Impressionists. By Théodore Duret. Forty illustrations, including four original etchings. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.75 net.

So much sheer rhetoric and flummery has been written about the Impressionists that it is a pleasure to find, translated and in amplified form, a book, in which objective common sense prevails. M. Duret is, in the main, the annalist, not the critic of the movement. We follow, year by year, the work of Manet, Monet, Sisley, Renoir, Berthe Morisot, Cézanne, and Guillaumin, hear of their exhibitions and disastrous auction sales, mark the attitude of the public and the critics, rejoice in the appearance of an intelligent patronage—in general, deal with the externals of the movement from the beginning until to-day. M. Duret nowhere undertakes a real analysis of the style. For him, these friends and comrades were merely fine enthusiasts with a love of out-of-doors, a predilection for the bright colors, and a loathing of dark shadows and formal composition. One could read the book without learning of Manet's doctrine of planes, or Monet's theory of the vibratory quality of juxtaposed colors. For such matters, one must still go to Geffroy, George Moore, MacColl, or Brownell.

Possibly because of these limitations, this book is wholesome. It seems to normalize facts that have been presented with undue mystery. We see simply a group of fellow-minds, struggling in quite a human way for publicity and sales, sharing a nonchalant attitude toward composition and an exquisitely experimental manner of applying bright colors to canvas. It is well to be reminded that Cézanne was a provincial, a conservative, and a devout Catholic. In these men, who have been travestied as traitors or heroes, there was a quite usual work-a-day streak. They merely happened to like beautiful color which the world, through unfamiliarity, had come to scorn, and to affect sunlit subjects which the routine painters dared not undertake. It was unquestionably Manet who proved that a finer structure could be got out of well-balanced planes of bright color than out of darkly shadowed forms. But this Fragonard, in a less strenuous spirit, understood, and Delacroix quite scientifically. Indeed, so far as color goes, the Impressionists were in the true French tradition, the

Institute being astray. The weakness of the new school was its disregard of composition, form, and all the reflective qualities of painting. In their passion for atmosphere, all mere objects became indifferent. Just enough suggestion of form to supply solar reflections or to hang saturated vapors upon sufficed these innovators. The result is a fusion and liquidation of the data of landscape which, while not without its beautiful and distinguished quality, represents an excessive sacrifice to the notion of aerial envelopment. The landscape painters of China and Japan get more exquisitely, by fine placing and indication of objects, pretty much all the effects which the Impressionist gains by effacing them and generally over-manipulating the surfaces. "The sensation which they wished to convey," writes M. Duret, "was that of movement and light, and they could often only achieve this by leaving forms and outlines in a state of indecision and flux." The answer to this apology is that the balance of excellence seems to be shifting to those devotecs of impressionistic color who retained certain traditions of draughtsmanship and composition. Unless it be Cézanne, the most strenuous executant of the group and the least bound by its formulas, no one of them seems likely to stand the test of time so long as their forerunner Manet, and such remote allies as Degas, Besnard, at his rare best, and Mary Cassatt. All of these, be it noted, are in a considerable degree traditionalists. Cézanne was a true archaic, painting as if the world began with him. He seems more significant than the group which built up a formula out of the practice of Manet and the scientific theories of Monet.

The future may possibly regard the movement as a magnificent aberration. It will not fail to note that such a revolution was necessary, and that the art of painting has been thereby transformed and greatly benefited. We may expect, in fact begin to see, a saner vision of landscape prevailing. But, as M. Duret says, pretty much everybody to-day is more or less an impressionist. The word "may be said to be applied to all artists whose works reveal an instantaneous rendering of nature, by means of bright coloration freed from conventional shadow." Let us amend by saying that this instantaneous rendering of nature is a pure myth—merely a forcible antithesis by which to condemn the usual studio procedure. Let us say swift, instead of instantaneous, and we shall be near the fact. For purposes of observation and preliminary study, the value of such immediacy of vision and celerity of notation cannot well be exaggerated. But the task of the artist will, as it has ever been, be to revise, combine, and articulate these impressions. In such a process, there should be not merely no attenuation, but actual enrichment. The fact that these valiant workers under the sun have not accepted this truth has limited their achievement. They abound in admirable sketches, in suggestions of evanescent charm, they have enlarged our vision; whether any or all of them have produced anything as significant and permanently valuable as a fine Constable or Roussean, may well be doubted.

However that may be, no one who reads in M. Duret's pages the honorable record of the Impressionists can fail to be moved to admiration. Here are many illustrations, which often give a blurred effigy of the originals. Only the figure painters abide this transcription successfully. Four original etchings by Manet, Morisot, and Renoir (2) are actual documents of this art. The letter press and whole makeup of this in quarto are exemplary. J. E. Crawford Flitch's translation reads like an original. An appendix with a catalogue of Manet's works is of evident utility. It is a book which every admirer of the school will wish to place beside those more critical volumes, the most important of which have been mentioned above.

In recent numbers of the *American Architect*, William H. Goodyear has largely supplemented his studies of concealed curves, asymmetries, and similar refinements in mediæval architecture. He reviews as well certain polemical aspects of the question. Admitted by Violet le Duc and Ruskin, and perceived by Choisy, this principle of calculated asymmetry has been worked out elaborately by Professor Goodycar. It was he who invented the most expeditious method of ascertaining divergences from the perpendicular. By photographing across a plumbline with a carefully levelled camera all slanting columns or walls are immediately revealed, and the amount of the divergence may he roughly calculated by the use of a surveyor's disk or by comparisons with minor features of the building of which the dimensions are known. In many quarters the value of Professor Goodyear's investigations was generously recognized. His numerous honorary memberships in European learned bodies attest it. Among foreign critics, Baron Geymüller and Professors Choisy and Cloquet; among Americans the late Russell Sturgis, A. L. Frothingham, and many practising architects have accepted his views, some have put the rediscovered refinements into practice. A few architects, particularly in England, have declared that the discoveries were illusory, representing either false photographic observations or accidental irregularities, due to settling or other damage to the building. Against the theory of settling weighs heavily the fact that an outlean, often amounting to a yard or more in the walls of a nave, must, if due to settling, have caused extensive dislocation of the vaulting. The most notable cases of outlean show no such damaged vaults. Furthermore, it is significant that the titular architects of such buildings as the cathedrals of Pisa, Venice, Rheims, Amiens, with other church architects, have accepted Professor Goodyear's views. These gentlemen are in a position to know if the noted irregularities in the buildings under their charge are or are not due to settling. A few critics have objected to Professor Goodyear's method of sighting with a camera across a plumbline, alleging that imperfect levelling of the camera has produced distortion of the perspective. They forget that any camera error that made a perpendicular pier seem to lean would affect a plumbline to precisely the same degree. In short, failure to level the camera would penalize itself. We think that those who have given any attention to Professor Goodycar's photographic enlargements have had to admit the demonstrative character of the evidence. A certain number of opponents hold their ground by the simple expedient of declining to consider the data. In the *American Architect* for March 16 are some peculiarly instructive plates on a large scale, mostly from Rheims and Amiens, but a serious student should consult the photographs themselves at the Museum of the Brooklyn Institute.

The extent of Mr. Goodyear's researches may be suggested by the following figures:

> Some 78 [buildings] are offered by the exhibition as showing presumably convincing instances of constructive asymmetry. Among these buildings there are 19 which represent perspective illusions or predetermined arrangements which appear to have that result, whatever the purpose may have been. There are 15 churches which represent asymmetries of arcades or other demonstrably purposed asymmetries, aside from those of the perspective illusions or of the outline ground plan. There are 18 Italian churches which represent oblique and asymmetric plans, not including those with bent or curving lines. There are seven mediæval churches with interior bends of alignment not found on the exterior. There are 14 mediæval buildings which represent horizontal curves of alignment as distinguished from bends. There are three mediæval churches which exhibit curves or bends in elevation. There are seven ancient temples which represent horizontal curves, either in plan or in elevation. There are 32 churches which represent the widening refinement.

Truly a formidable list. No candid mind will fail to admit that the case for optical refinements in mediæval architecture is now quite as convincing as it is in Greek. In fact, one might hazard the opinion that these evasions of a too rigid symmetry are characteristic of any architecture that is really alive. In the light of the facts we must revise our view of the mediæval architects. They were not inspired dreamers, but knew what they were about. Wherever the Middle Ages are really studied the same thing results. We find not the romantic, instinctive people of historical fiction, but men essentially like ourselves, and a society not picturesquely disordered, but highly organized. Professor Goodyear's studies of mediæval architecture gain a credibility from the parallel investigations in literature and art of such scholars as Petit de Julleville, Gaston Paris, Xavier Kraus, and Emile Mâle.

Part of the art collection of Mrs. Charles H. Steinway was sold at the Fifth Avenue Art Gallery, in this city, last Friday. The highest price paid was $5,100 for an Edward Branders canvas, Near Boulogne, while a Henner painting brought $2,500, and one by Berne-Bellecour, $3,100.

Ch. des Granges, the French writer on the history of art, died recently. He was born in 1825. For many years he was director of *La France illustrée* and also of *L'Etoile du foyer*, and he was one of the oldest members of the Société des Gens de Lettres.

Finance.

MOODS OF THE INVESTING PUBLIC.

Two weeks ago, it was quite universally declared that "Wall Street sentiment" was cheerful. The week before it had been exceedingly gloomy. Last week, pessimism was again in the ascendant. These fluctuations apparently reflected the shifting ideas regarding the general investing public. They could not have been altogether a result of visible financial causes. If much has been made of the gold exports, the large demands on capital by corporations, the abnormal excess of imports over exports, the high cost of living, there is the one obvious comment that all these conditions existed in 1909, and were followed by a violent rise in the Stock Exchange.

The mood of an investing public may or may not be the mirror of fundamental financial conditions. Money, or credit, or both, the public must have if even a favorable mood is to be of any value to the markets; but except in case of a panic month or a really serious business depression, it is likely to have these at command, if it wishes to use them. What combination of circumstances—political, social, or financial—could be imagined much more unfavorable on its face to a public's mood for excited speculation than the state of affairs to-day in London? Nevertheless, the London public selected this moment for its plunge.

Our own public's mood in 1908 was a psychological study. Conditions of trade were distinctly unfavorable; almost all precedent favored a year of genuine hard times and Stock Exchange depression. Harriman, however, guessed the public's mood, started the ball of speculation rolling, and the public scrambled after it. Indeed, by Harriman's own admission, the speculating public actually snatched the stock market away from him after the November election, and rushed along at a pace which extorted a warning even from the initiator of the movement.

There are occasions when the outside public's mood is as hard for capitalists and speculators to discover as it seems to be to-day; and there are times when the most ordinary sagacity can discover it. A notable instance of the latter sort was 1901. The American public's imagination had been fired by what it saw in the markets of the day. Our "foreign trade credit balance" had risen from $23,190,000 in 1895 to $649,000,000 in 1900. Wall Street, which, in 1895, had been forced to apply to London for help in a crisis of its own, was now subscribing to British war loans in blocks of $100,000,000. Holders of stock of industrial companies which were absorbed and amalgamated, found themselves made rich overnight. Railway shares were bought up on the Stock Exchange in unprecedented amounts and at violently advancing prices, and the public, which did not then know that the purchasers were other railway companies who were about to issue bonds to raise the money, supposed that boundless reserves of individual capital were being tossed into the investment market.

The resultant mood of wild enthusiasm, which grew into passionate resentment at any one who predicted an untimely end to the speculation, was nothing more than the Wall Street of 1901 might reasonably have expected. What it did not expect was the instantaneous change in the public's mood after the 9th of May. So far from regarding that spectacular crash as a passing incident of the period, the public's attitude, during at least the three succeeding years, was one of suspicion and distrust. Whatever inducements Wall Street dangled before its eyes, the public would not buy, and before very long promoters and syndicates who had accumulated stocks, in expectation that the April craze of 1901 would forthwith be resumed, were liquidating at a prodigious loss.

Never, perhaps, have the moods of the general public been more sharply contrasted than in the present condition of things at London and at New York. Such London critics as have kept their heads in the "rubber craze" are beginning to draw comparisons with the famous South Sea Bubble, for the fury of speculation in enterprises of whose actual value the English public knows nothing whatever. Yet at this very moment the American public seems to be gazing in sullen apathy at the market for stocks and bonds, and a day's half-million-share sales on the Stock Exchange are notoriously made up of swapping of stock by rich professional operators on the floor.

With two such diametrically opposite phenomena, in markets so closely affiliated with one another, it is impossible not to wonder which mood, London's or New York's, most truthfully reflects the real situation of the day, and which gives the better clue to the financial future. Perhaps one answer is, that our own speculative markets had their fling in 1909, and that this is the morning after; whereas London waited until 1910. As for London now, very few people in this country doubt to-day that the London "rubber mania" is riding for a fall, and riding fast, or that, with the political complications now overhanging England, the fall will be severe. The one grain of comfort may be found in the plausible inference, even granting such presumptions, that the mere fact of the London public's ability to engage in such a speculation means in England, at all events, public prosperity behind the excesses of the markets. At any rate, this was so with ourselves in 1901, when the departure from our market of the chastened, angry, and crestfallen speculative public had not the slightest influence on the country's wonderful expansion in legitimate trade activity.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Archer, W. Through Afro-America. Dutton. $3 net.
Biss, G. The Fated Five. Brentano. $1.50.
Boyce, R. W. Health Progress and Administration in the West. Indies. Dutton. $3.50 net.
Brady, C. T. South American Fights and Fighters. 1499-1868. Doubleday, Page. $1.50.
Browning, O. Memories of Sixty Years at Eton, Cambridge, and Elsewhere. Lane Co. $5 net.
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Cook, F. F. Bygone Days in Chicago. Chicago: McClurg. $2:75 net.
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Dewe, J. A. Psychology of Politics and History. Longmans.
Dickens's Tale of Two Cities. Edited, with notes, etc., by J. H. Lobban. Putnam. 30 cents net.
Gilchrist, B. B. The Life of Mary Lyon. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
Gillette, J. M. Vocational Education. Amer. Book Co. $1.
Gregory, H. E., Keller, A. G., and Bishop, A. L. Physical and Commercial Geography. Boston: Ginn. $3.
Hamilton, P. J. Colonial Mobile. Revised and enlarged. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $3.50 net.
Hardy, Gathorne. A Memoir, with Extracts from His Diary. 2 vols. Longmans, Green.
Harland, M. Autobiography. Harper. $2 net.
Hay, I. The Right Stuff. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.20 net.
Landor, A. H. S. An Explorer's Adventures in Tibet. Harper. $1.50.
Lloyd, J. W. Life's Beautiful Battle. Westfield, N. J.: The Lloyd Group.
Massachusetts Historical Society Proceedings, February and March, 1910.
Meyer, V. M. Small Talks on Auction Bridge. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.
Packard, W. Woodland Paths. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.20 net.
Palmer, F. The Winning of Immortality. Crowell. $1 net.
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Sinclair, B. W. The Land of Frozen Suns: A Novel. Dillingham. $1.50.
Stewart, C. D. Essays on the Spot. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
The New School of Japan, Founded for the Purpose of Making the Use of the Newly Invented Letters. Tokio, Japan: Society of Dokuritsu Bongakkai.
Thomas, E. Rest and Unrest. Dutton. $1 net.
Thomas R. W. A Manual of Debate. American Book Co. 80 cents.
Thompson, C. M. An Army Mule. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Valentine, C. S. How to Keep Hens for Profit. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
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By L. P. Gratacap of the American Museum of Natural History. $2.50 net; by mail, $2.70.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 5, 1910.

The Week.

Mr. Taft's defence of Secretary Knox is another illustration of the way he suffers from the defects of his qualities. Loyalty to a subordinate, resentment at what he considers injustice to one who is faithfully working for him, and his genial good nature, all impel him to the rescue. And so we have a generous, kindly, well-meant defence of the Secretary of State. Without mincing of words he upholds Knox's policy in Nicaragua, by inference even to that shirt-sleeves diplomacy denunciation of Zelaya which is unparalleled in the history of our State Department. He even goes so far as to insist that our relations with South and Central America have never been so friendly; that Mr. Knox has gallantly carried on the policy of Mr. Root with gratifying success. Now, as it is impossible to conceive of Mr. Taft's saying anything he does not honestly believe, this would seem to be another case where the President is ignorant of the facts. Why does Mr. Taft not seek to obtain unbiassed information from men doing business with South America or from unbiassed South Americans? He would, unless we are wholly misinformed, speedily hear from all sides that Mr. Knox has undermined the work done by Mr. Root and roused a feeling of uneasiness and antagonism where previously better relations had existed than for a decade past—since the conquest of Cuba aroused general anxiety.

Newspaper comment on Gov. Hughes's proposed resignation shows a clear appreciation that the service he has rendered is not merely to the State of New York. It has awakened thoughtful men everywhere to perceive the possibilities of the office of Governor. They see that here are openings which appeal to masterful men and to the keenest of intellects. It is apparent now that if a man has the right qualities, whether in Indiana, Minnesota, Ohio, or New York, here is a straight road to a nation's esteem. But it will be objected that this has always been the case; that Grover Cleveland, for instance, won his Presidential nomination by his stalwart administration at Albany during less than two years. That is true, but a long list of mediocrities, since Cleveland, has made us forgetful of the fact, and we have failed, too, to note the rapidly growing importance of the office. This is due not only to the material development of such a State as New York, but to changed political conditions and the new industrial and social problems with which Congress has been called upon to deal in the last ten years. The readjustment of the relationship of State to nation has been one of the most striking political developments of the past few years, second only to the change in the relation of all administrative officials to corporate entities. Nobody dreamed in Mr. Cleveland's Governorship of a Public Service Commission. We were still in the hey-day of the *laissez-faire* policy. The volume of legislation was comparatively small; we had certainly not entered upon the present era of far-reaching legislation in every field of social and philanthropic endeavor.

Something of this kind was in Mr. Root's mind when he made his now famous speech warning the States that if they did not exercise their present powers and functions, the Federal Government would. It is quite suggestive, therefore, that when Gov. Hughes acted upon this advice and came out in opposition to the proposed income-tax, on the ground that certain State rights were endangered thereby, Mr. Root should be found arguing on the other side. But the case illustrates clearly how the interests of State and nation are likely to conflict. The corporation-tax, avowedly imposed more for the purpose of building up Federal control of corporations than for the sake of revenue, is another case in point. This tax may prove in practice to work injury to the taxing-power of the State. Plainly, it calls for careful study by watchful Executives, particularly if radical departures are to be jammed through Congress, like this tax, without giving the country any opportunity to pass upon them. Certainly, every one will agree that the pressing character of these corporation questions alone calls for more men like Mr. Hughes in high office.

The defeat of the Taggart machine in Indiana is the best news that has come out of that State for many a long day. Throughout the Union it will hearten Democrats who wish to purge their party of degrading associations. How Taggart could have attained his prominence and influence has never been explained. A man of less than mediocre abilities, without charm of personality, Taggart is the kind of man who would figure admirably as the head of a country grocery. Had he been the choice of the convention for the Senatorship, there would have been a united outcry from the Republican press the next morning that the stupid old blundering Democratic donkey was more than ever a donkey, and less than ever to be trusted. All that they can say is that Kern is a friend of Taggart. But Kern is a wholly respectable figure, if not a great one. Indiana has had worse representatives in the Senate than he would be—we are inclined to say than he will be. For this action, with Taggart's frank admission that his "machine is on the scrap-heap," ought to insure a Democratic successor to Senator Beveridge unless Taggart should play false. As for the Governor, he is entitled to great credit for his stand. Gov. Marshall is demonstrating anew that courage in an honest public man in high position is invincible. He has made his party shake off Taggartism without himself having a machine or stooping to play politics under cover.

The Tennessee press has not grown quite reconciled as yet to a Governor with a soft spot in his heart for assassins. The question has been kept alive by a formal statement issued by three judges of the Supreme Court of the State, constituting a majority of that tribunal, in which they accuse Gov. Patterson of resorting to intimidation in order to force a favorable decision in the Cooper case. With a Governor who holds a club for recalcitrant judges in one hand and a fountain pen eager to sign pardons in the other, the fine free spirits that chafe under the law of Tennessee must be in great good humor.

Nine hundred and fifty-six pardons in three years and two months is a record to be proud of. Of the 956 happy partakers of executive clemency, 152 were guilty of murder, 124 of larceny, 175 of carrying concealed weapons, and 103 of violating the liquor laws—good-natured amusements all, that make for the peace and well-being of a community. No wonder common report speaks of a book-agent who entered the Governor's office and said, "Pardon me, I——," and the Governor, reaching for a blank, said: "Certainly, what was it you did?"

The committee of wholesale dry goods merchants of New York is just now calling attention to some effects of the cotton schedule that make curious reading in these days of complaint of high prices. The committee's letter gives a list of ten representative classes of cotton goods, with the net cost of each as imported, the duty under the Dingley law, and the duty under the Aldrich law. Samples of the goods are enclosed, with a view perhaps to increasing the feeling of reality; and they certainly do look like the very kind of thing that a man's wife would be apt to buy. Well, on the average, the duties on these cotton goods under the new tariff are just about half again as high as they were under the Dingley act. There have, indeed, been reductions in the tariff, but it looks as though great care had been taken not to make any reduction in cases where the result would be an increase of foreign competition. With the monstrous woollen schedule left as it stood, and the cotton schedule aggravated as shown in this exhibit, Republican spellbinders will have a hard time in any joint debate on the tariff in the autumn elections.

The promotion of the cause of peace has been a constant object of Mr. Carnegie's endeavors. The dedication at Washington of the magnificent building devoted to the uses of the Union of American Republics is an event which will take rank alongside that of the Peace Palace at The Hague, which, like the Washington building, was provided by his munificence. President Taft, at the dedication, spoke for permanent and unbroken peace among all the twenty-one Republics of America; Mr. Carnegie's speech sounded the note of universal peace, and in several of his sentences he put the case of the reasonableness of peace and the unreason and injustice of war in a telling way. Perhaps the argument to which attention might most profitably be directed is the declaration that one of the chief missions of the Palace of the American Republics should be to promote the manifestation by each of those Republics of an "earnest desire for the prosperity of all their neighbors." The greatest source of international hostility to-day is the vicious delusion that the gain of one nation in commercial prosperity must mean the loss of some other.

The resignation of Dr. Charles W. Needham of George Washington University is received with expressions of regret by the Washington press, where it is regarded as an act of self-sacrifice. There has been for a long time past an embittered struggle over the affairs of this institution, and the climax was reached when it was brought out before a Congressional committee that the Corcoran endowment fund of $200,000, left to the university to be kept intact, had all been expended with the exception of a small balance in the shape of a mortgage on the President's house. Dr. Needham explained, if accurately reported, that it had only been borrowed, and that the trustees planned to replace it as soon as they could raise the money elsewhere—which bears a curious similarity to the plea of the embezzling bank cashier. College endowment funds ought to be sacred, even in the eyes of college presidents and boards of trustees. We think Dr. Needham's resignation quite in order. Education of all kinds in the District of Columbia is ever in hot water. There is always some bitter fighting with a political tinge, which usually finds its way into Congress before it ends, and this new row ought to make those people pause anew who think that the seat of the Federal Government is the proper place for a great or a "national" university.

Mr. Edward Payson Weston has done it again. It has, of course, taken him somewhat longer to walk from Los Angeles to New York than it took M. Paulhan to fly from London to Manchester. But so far have we moved forward in civilization that the two men's achievements in the most primitive and the newest modes of human locomotion are welcomed with almost equal enthusiasm. We have not quite learned yet how to fly and we have forgotten more or less how to walk, and it is good that we should be reminded simultaneously of what lies before us and what lies behind. For what Weston has done is to remind us that, go as far as we like in cleaving the atmosphere or sailing the depths of ocean, we are destined to remain, in the end, children of earth, drawing sustenance from her as well as the resources and the strength and the agility which we utilize in speeding or diving or flying. Long after Zeppelins and biplanes and monoplanes have grown commonplace, people will still be walking on earth's pathways for the value of the effort and the joy of looking at green things. Walking is destined to remain for a good many years to come the favorite recreation of the lovers, philosophers, and dyspeptics who make up the bulk of the world's population.

The author of a short paper in the *Green Bag*, entitled "Is Lying Increasing?" does nothing more than raise the question. But whether or not lying is on the increase, there can be little doubt that, with the increasing complexities of civilization, it is becoming constantly more difficult to find out the truth. And especially is this the case with the great mass of us who are compelled to judge by the printed word without the jury's advantage of studying the witness's face and behavior. In so complex an affair, for instance, as the Ballinger case, gathering up as it does the acts and writings and spoken words of two-score men in a dozen States for a period of five years, what endless opportunities are present for the misstatement, the suppression, the under-emphasis, the improper correlation of facts that make all the difference between truth and what is not truth! All this aside from the fact that even the most blatant falsehood will impose on the crowd, if repeated with sufficient frequency and vociferousness.

We note with regret a growing editorial niggardliness on the part of our leading religious publication, the *Outlook*, in the matter of its weekly sermonettes. On last week's cover it announced only the following articles from the Roosevelt-Abbott Editorial Troupe:

CITIZENSHIP IN A REPUBLIC.
Mr. Roosevelt's Sorbonne Lecture.

THE PIGSKIN LIBRARY.
An Editorial by Mr. Roosevelt.

MR. ROOSEVELT IN EGYPT.
By Lawrence F. Abbott.

THE HABIT OF IMMORTALITY.
An Editorial by Lyman Abbott.

This is not only a limited bill of fare, but it is unfair, we are assured, to other members of this hard-working literary combination. If we are correctly informed, there are three more articles which could and should have been added to the weekly five cents' worth:

ROOSEVELT AND THE RAILROADS.
By Ernest Hamlin Abbott.
(*Washington Correspondent.*)

DR. ABBOTT'S AID TO AFRICA.
By Kermit Roosevelt.

KINDLY KILLINGS OF KERMIT.
By Theodore J. Abbott.

The simple addition of these articles would, we are sure, have removed all grounds for complaint that the *Outlook's* readers are not getting enough Roosevelt-Abbott matter.

With one of its most contentious provisions stricken out, the British budget for 1909-10 has at last been passed by the Lords and signed by the King. Agricultural land is relieved of the 20 per cent. increment value duty, which was possibly the chief cause of the budget's previous rejection by the Peers, who represent so strongly the landed interests. The leader of the opposition in the Upper House again condemned the Government for surrendering to the Irish; but, broadly speaking, the Lords may be said to have acted on the conclusion that the country did not reject the budget at last winter's election. Now comes the unprecedented effort to collect the arrears on the 1909 income and property tax, of which the London cables estimate upwards of $60,000,000 to be collectible. This will draw on the reserves of the banks, with an effect not easily calculable off-hand. Another year's income-tax is almost due. Is it not probable that many taxpayers, being only human, may have spent last year's money reserved for the collectors? But with all the back taxes and super-taxes he expects to collect, the Chancellor of the Exchequer's final balance-sheet shows a surplus of only $14,500,000, after a reduction of the annual contribution to the sinking fund amounting to $17,500,000. Mr. Lloyd-George frankly admitted that his estimate of whiskey revenue was a failure. With an increased duty of ninety cents a gallon, consumption promptly fell 22 per cent. and the revenue by $14,000,000. Many of the budget's new taxes have already been felt; others soon will be. The questions of the House of Lords and of "tariff reform" still remain, and it may be doubted whether the passing of the budget will clear the strained political situation to any notable degree.

"Important as is the honesty and the efficiency of the German city," says Frederic C. Howe in an article in the May *Scribner's*, "it is the bigness of vision, boldness of execution, and far-sighted outlook on the future that are most amazing." The remark is perfectly just; and surely the lesson for us lies as much in the largeness of plan and in the enlightened foresight as it does in the honesty and efficiency. Given the honesty and efficiency, however, all the rest would, we may be sure, in the course of a reasonable time be added unto us. But the honesty and efficiency must be a permanent and assured possession, not a thing for which we must fight desperately most of the time, and which we enjoy breathlessly while it lasts. There are other qualities in the German character, and other peculiarities in German institutions, which go to account for the splendid results that have been accomplished in German cities in the course of the past twenty years; but no one can reflect on the paralysis of higher endeavor which has necessarily accompanied the wretched state of American city politics without feeling that therein lies the prime cause of our failure to do anything that compares with the achievements of Berlin, or Munich, or Frankfort, or Hamburg. But we are progressing, beyond a doubt; and twenty years from now there will be a different story to tell.

Vive la France! Every time the Englishmen arrange the supreme carnival in the air, a Frenchman takes the Dover packet, when he happens to have his flying machine packed up, arrives defiant, and wins. Paulhan, Frenchman, beats the world to Manchester, guided at night by a rocket-flying train rumbling along on the utterly contemptible earth below. Pooh! So much for Farman, Englishman, who lives in France and occasionally flies himself! England was excited enough without having a German in the race. From London to Manchester at nearly forty-five miles an hour, when he was flying—a thing calculated to make the question of the Dover-Calais tunnel assume a new aspect. The Guardsman, too—he who opined that the use of cavalry in war was "to give tone to blooming rabble"—will tug at his moustache dubiously, and no doubt the incident conveys its suggestion for him and for others, although at present a well-aimed bullet could have stopped the flight at any moment. But this was peace, not war; and therein lies magnificence. It was a sporting event of a high order. And what matter whether it be aloft or below, Blériot or St. Yves? *Toujours le sport!*

The importance attached at Constantinople to the uprising in northern Albania is shown by the fact that the command of the troops in the field has been assumed by Shefket Pasha, head of the Turkish armies, and the man who led the patriot troops against Constantinople after the mutiny of a year ago. In the uprising against the régime of Abdul Hamid the Albanians took an important part, but it seems that the present trouble has been largely brought about by a too rigorous application of reform methods among a people used to a generous measure of lawlessness. For the new constitutional régime in Turkey the situation is weighty for more reasons than one. If the insurrection is put down with a fair degree of dispatch and effectiveness, it will add greatly to the prestige of the new Government. The Albanians are the most turbulent subjects and the best fighters in Turkey, and if the Government shows itself fit to cope with them, it can deal with any domestic disturbances that may come. In the second place, it will be instructive to see how good a showing the Turkish soldier of to-day can make against a formidable opponent. Rumor has it that demoralization has fallen upon the Turkish soldier, who, even when unpaid and starved in the old Hamidian days, was yet a first-rate fighting animal, courageous and devoted. The admission of non-Mussulmans into the army is said to have created discontent; and possibly the possession of a little more spending money has proved detrimental to good discipline.

AN ISSUE HARD TO KILL.

If any one had predicted, a year ago, that the tariff would to-day be the liveliest of political issues, he would have been laughed at. The Republican Administration had just come in, with an electoral majority of 159, and a popular plurality of a million and a quarter. The opposition party had long been lukewarm on the subject; and the victorious party, moreover, was pledged to a revision, which it immediately undertook. The country would be content, for the time being, with what it had got, and there would be peace or a long truce on the tariff question—such at least was the natural view at the beginning of the Taft Administration. And this view received a great accession of strength from another source as the extra session of Congress proceeded. The exhibition made by a large number of the Democratic Representatives and Senators was of a kind to dissipate the last traces of hope that anything could be made of tariff reform sentiment. These gentlemen seemed to feel no embarrassment at all about going in for such share of the tariff pork-barrel as interested any of their constituents; they showed precisely the same spirit as that which directs the most orthodox protectionists. It looked, for a time, as though tariff reform were as dead as a doornail.

By the time the Payne-Aldrich bill was passed, however, the state of the atmosphere had completely changed. The persistence of the Republican insurgents in demanding a genuine fulfilment of campaign promises, and the vigor of their protests against the final failure to do so, constituted one of the most gratifying exhibitions of political vitality and independence that have been witnessed in our country for many years; and it soon became evident that there was a mighty public sentiment behind them. From that time to this, the tariff issue has been looming larger and larger on the political horizon. One of the substantial evidences of the strength of this sentiment is furnished by the steady growth of the idea of the tariff commission; there is now a fair prospect of an effective commission, such as was recommended by the President. If Mr. Taft had had the wisdom to confine his dealings with the Payne-Aldrich bill, since its passage, to this recommendation of a commission looking to amendment of the tariff, he would have strengthened instead of weakening himself, and would have prevented the present demoralization of his party. But his and its loss has been the country's gain; the Winona speech acted as a call to independent sentiment to show its strength, and the call has been responded to with a vigor surpassing all expectation. That all this will put backbone into the Democratic party, the signs of the time strongly indicate.

The sensational victory of Mr. Foss in Massachusetts was the outcome of a campaign fought on the tariff issue; and although in the case of Mr. Havens the crucial question was that presented by the candidacy of the discredited Aldridge, yet in Rochester, too, the Democratic fight was made on the issue of tariff reform. The centre of interest then shifted to Indiana, where Gov. Marshall opened the convention with a speech of uncompromising vigor attacking the protective system—a reminder, by the way, of the unambiguous position of his Ohio confrère, Gov. Harmon. Mr. Marshall appealed to the Democrats of Indiana to "proclaim their undying opposition to the system of protection, and by their votes to register the will of the people against its iniquities." A somewhat demagogic flavor in the Governor's speech does not detract from the significance of the fact that he gave the tariff the leading place in it; on the contrary, it rather adds to the evidence that the issue is one to which the country is wide awake, and which is therefore likely to be taken up with enthusiasm by the party leaders.

Unquestionably, in addition to resentment against the treachery of the Payne-Aldrich act, the high price of the necessaries of life has contributed powerfully to intensify interest in the tariff. Nor is it essential that the rise in prices be traced directly to the tariff in order to justify this feeling. It is indisputable that the tariff does result in making many prices higher; and even if we have been laboring under its weight all along, yet it is natural that we should cry out most against it when we most feel the pressure of high prices. And there is another point, which was effectively urged by Senator Newlands in a debate in the Senate a few days ago. The exclusion of foreign competition, he pointed out, may have been just as complete in certain lines ten years ago as it is to-day; but, under cover of that exclusion, there has been going on a steady suppression of domestic competition; so that while the Trusts ten years ago "were not able to take advantage of the entire 45 per cent. of tariff duty, they have, by a gradual process of consolidation and combination and the destruction of free competition at home, been able to raise monopoly prices to the height of the tariff wall." All this may not be literally true, but there is enough truth in it to make a serious element in the just arraignment of the protective system. It furnishes a connection not only between protection and high prices, but between protection and the recent rise in American prices, through the connection of the tariff system with the Trust system; and it goes far to break the force of the old-time argument of protectionists that domestic competition would certainly make all things right after an industry had been nursed through the years of its tender infancy.

PENSIONS MILITARY AND CIVIL.

Our arguments against the bill creating a retired list for the surviving volunteer officers have brought us several protests, one of which we print in this issue. We have also been taken to task for accepting a published statement that Mr. Taft would not veto this measure should it pass Congress. There is, we are informed, no basis for this report. We sincerely hope not; as we said at the time, this is an excellent opportunity for Mr. Taft to exercise that veto control of pension bills which made Mr. Cleveland's reputation in his first term for dogged courage and fidelity to his trust. This particular bill is, we are free to admit, no worse than many which have slipped through Congress. Every soldier of the bummer, or camp-follower, type is now entitled to a pension if he served ninety days—no matter whether he was injured in the war or not. Service under fire or in campaigns is no longer the test. Only the other day, we called attention to the attempt of the majority of the House Committee to pension a deserter who never enlisted until the hard fighting was all over and during his entire service was never within a thousand miles of the scene of war.

This kind of pensioning is, we submit, an insult to the honest soldiers,

whether enlisted men or officers—to those men who did their duty and by their sacrifices made the survival of the Union possible. Where they are genuinely in need the United States has always been liberal to a hitherto undreamed of degree. Soldiers' homes are scattered over the country; special pension bills, in deserving cases, pass Congress by the hundred, not merely on behalf of officers, but also for the benefit of their kin. A case in point is the pension of $100 a month voted last week to the widow of the late Gen. O. O. Howard. He had been drawing a retired major-general's pay from 1886 until the time of his death, and had had a full major-general's pay for years before his retirement. Yet the condition in which he left his widow necessitated prompt action. No one objected. But where the widow of one distinguished general is taken care of, we pay pensions to the wives or daughters of dozens of men who never heard a hostile shot fired and did not marry until years after the close of the war. It looks as if the whole pension policy had been planned so as to discourage thrift among the veterans, most of whom were under thirty when they left the army, with their best working years before them.

But most we resent the long assumed attitude that these old soldiers have a claim upon the Government the measure of which they shall alone determine. These men enlisted to save the Union, knowing full well what they were risking, and the Government made them no pledges of future Treasury aid. Must American patriotism be on a cash basis? To read the number of applications for pensions of Spanish war veterans, one would think that they enlisted for the sole purpose of obtaining for life a small government income—and, of course, only a few thousand saw any fighting. Are there no Americans who decline to cash in their patriotism for gold? Some, of course, must have aid, and no one grudges it to them. But on the pension rolls are hundreds and thousands of men—some millionaires—whose pensions are not even pin-money, yet who feel that they are entitled to them of right. What kind of example does this set to the youth of America?

So far as the proposed volunteer retired list is concerned, it would take in, if he is alive, the major of the Pennsylvania regiment who declined to lead his men against Pickett's division at Gettysburg on the ground that the tactics assigned to the major of a regiment a place in the rear of his men. It would add at least $13,000,000 a year to the tremendous military budget which is sending our taxes up. The lowest estimate of those who favor the bill is something under ten millions. It would place the man who has been forty-five years in civil life on the same footing with the retired regular officer who has given all his years to the service of the country in the Indian wars, in Cuba, and the Philippines. To argue that the volunteers are more entitled to a retired list than the regulars, is merely another illustration of the way in which desire to obtain Treasury aid—to be supported at public expense—befogs the issue. Men who would die rather than enter a poorhouse and live at the cost of the community, see no wrong in living at the cost of all the taxpayers, believing that, because they donned a uniform forty-nine years ago, they now have an inherent right to aid in their old age.

There is a special reason for speaking essential truths on this question, because Congress is to-day nearer to passing a civil employees' pension bill than ever before. The measure has been formally reported by a House Committee. Every head of a department in Washington finds in the aged and superannuated clerks his greatest stumbling-blocks to administrative efficiency. They have spent their lives in the Government service, not under fire, it is true, but mostly on small pay, and with little or no incentive to save. At first the government will indubitably have to carry many of these; but the principle ought to be one of contributory payments from the employees. We believe that is clearly understood in Washington. Though the military pensioners have never been asked to contribute towards any provision for their old age, they yet demand it as of right—regardless of the burdens which the $160,000,000 budget for their benefit places upon the country. The older they grow, the keener the hunger for more government aid to everybody without distinctions of any kind. The country ought not to start its civil pensions on any such principle of a vested right, nor admit that principle in the case of the soldiers.

THE CONTENTED FRENCH.

About half of the new French Chamber is still to be filled by reballotings, but of the general outcome of the elections there is no longer any doubt. It is only a question of how much the *bloc* of Radicals, Socialist Radicals, and Independent Socialists that has ruled France for more than a decade will add to its numerical strength. The result was foreseen by the Government and the Opposition, and the latter has been occupied in supplying explanations in advance. One of the most ingenious, and all the more ingenious because true, has been brought forward by a writer of reactionary tinge. The present régime owes its long life, he argues, to the indifference of the electorate, and the electorate is indifferent because it is too busy with more important things. Why look for profound political upheavals, asks M. Marcel Prévost, among a people that has increased its foreign commerce by almost one-half in the last ten years? This is not what we should regard as a deadly argument in our own country, where political parties are accustomed to take the credit not only for our increased commerce and manufactures, but for the rains and the sunlight that produce bumper crops, and for the foreign famines that raise the farmer's prices. A 50 per cent. increase in foreign trade is something that would keep a thousand orators busily engaged.

For the present, however, the interest is not in the merit of the argument brought forward by M. Prévost, but in the statistical fact it cites. It would be unfair to expect a popular novelist and psychologist to be absolutely exact in the use of figures, but that respectable authority, the "Statesman's Year Book," does show that, in a comparison of the years 1907, 1908, and 1909, with the years 1897, 1898, and 1899, there has been an increase of nearly 44 per cent. in the total value of goods the French people have exported of their own production and imported for their own consumption. This will come as a surprise to most people. The habit of looking upon France as a stagnant nation has extended to its industry, as well as its population. Of France, the banker nation, we are accustomed to think; and as the event shows, we have thought too much of France as a nation content to live on the interest of its foreign investments, averse to en-

terprise, and content to putter along in the matter of manufactures and trade. On the contrary it turns out that the French have added to their trade more rapidly than Great Britain, and almost as rapidly as Germany, that type of bouncing commercial prosperity. "Are Frenchmen in this April, 1910, either insane or totally degenerate," asks M. Prévost, "that so grave a national event as the regular Parliamentary plebiscite leaves them absolutely torpid? No, many symptoms indicate quite clearly that since the beginning of the century there has been a revival of national energy and of the spirit of initiative among us."

And still turning to this surprising growth of French commerce and industry, we are impressed by the fact that the gain has been made by an absolutely stationary population. It is natural enough that the United States or Germany or Great Britain, with their annual additional half-million or million of population, should annually produce more goods and consume more goods. But that the same number of Frenchmen should, in their foreign trade, do half again as much business in 1910 as in 1900, suggests a marked increase in individual and national efficiency and in the individual and national well-being. If the outside world has been brought to look upon France as a nation sick with discontent and seething with the forces of dissolution, the responsibility attaches to the Frenchman's own traditional habit or policy of painting himself darker than he is. So steadily do the cables bring news of labor wars in France—dock and shipping strikes, miners' strikes, strikes among electric-workers, postal-employees, government employees in the arsenals, and the small vine-growers of the Midi—that the average man's conception of French industry has been one of progressive chaos. If, at the same time, French money has been pouring out abroad in increasing quantities and the average man has never stopped to ask himself where this surplus wealth for foreign investment comes from, it only shows the average man's reluctance to put two and two together.

This combination of economic prosperity and political tranquillity cannot fail to induce a feeling of skepticism when one reads of the sense of anxiety with which the leaders of French thought are looking towards the future, of the feeling of *malaise* which possesses the entire social body, of the growing bitterness of class-conflict, of popular dissatisfaction with parliamentary government, and many other portentous symptoms of grave national danger. We are even assured that France longs for, and must have, and will have, an Emperor who shall lay the iron to the wound, and, having performed his healing mission, proceed to put France once more at the head of Europe. These, of course, are only the desperately pious hopes of a steadily decreasing band of reactionaries. The Third Republic is to-day among the most stable of the world's governments. When Germany stands torn by popular discontent with autocratic government, when Great Britain shivers on the edge of new trade policies, new governmental policies, and new party tactics, there is little ground for worrying over the immediate future of a nation that has kept the same party in power for a full decade, and seems bent on doing it indefinitely; that has passed through a tremendous conflict between Church and State and a very serious crisis in foreign affairs without losing its self-control, and that stands to-day manifestly contented with the policy of honorable peace abroad and social progress at home which its rulers have given it.

COLLEGE DEBATING AND WRITING.

A volume of 170 closely printed pages devoted to the single topic of municipal government by commission, for the use of debaters in the colleges and literary societies, would seem to be conclusive evidence of a growing popular delight in forensic oratory. The volume is only one in a Debaters' Hand-book Series. Presumably, the series has accorded equally complete treatment to the question of local option versus prohibition, woman suffrage, and the corporation tax, to say nothing of such veterans of the debating platform as the income tax and popular election of United States Senators. Debaters' handbooks, fitted out with elaborate lists, references, and model briefs, constitute an increasingly important part of text-book literature. In all such books the tendency is strongly towards the extremely sober problem in politics and economics, the kind of topic that ninety-five newspaper readers out of a hundred regularly pass over. Even questions like woman suffrage or the income tax are falling into disfavor because of the large element of inexact sociological and sentimental reasoning that enters into their discussion. The very dry and the very statistical is what our text-book writers consciously strive for, in panic reaction, doubtless, against the times when the academic youth debated whether Greece had done more for civilization than Rome, or whether the pen was indeed mightier than the sword.

Repeated contact with such handbooks of argumentation impel one strongly to the belief that the thing is greatly overdone. It is open to question, in the first place, whether the purpose of clear reasoning is really subserved by these elaborate briefs for affirmative and negative, with their half-dozen main points marked A to F, each subdivided into a half-dozen headings marked (a) to (f), and so on through the numbers 1 to 6 and a goodly sprinkling of letters from the Greek alphabet. This is almost as bad as the old formal logic, with its ineffectual rules and mechanical patent devices. There is little stimulus here to the faculty of true ratiocination, which is something more than a compilation of sub-head under main head and infra-sub-head under that, with the appropriate authority for each. It is a method of arguing that scarcely has place outside of a Court of Appeals. It is certainly not a method that greets us very frequently on the floor of parliaments or on the political platform. Great debates have been won by one or two points driven home with facts or pleaded with passion. Burke's orations analyzed for the use of high-school students have their drawbacks. For, in the first place, Burke spoke all day, where the ordinary school or college debater speaks eight minutes. And, in the second place, when Burke began on his closely reasoned chains of argumentation, the members of the House of Commons used to go home for dinner. Perhaps the only person who can steer his way through one of our complicated model briefs is the debater himself; and with him it is most often a question of parrot assimilation.

There is no denying, of course, that the text-book method of debating is implied in the text-book matter set up for debate. If one is to argue on the mer-

lts of the corporation tax or a Central Bank, the need for a certain amount of classification and sub-classification with much statistical underpinning is apparent. But why, after all, should the high-school student or the college student debate corporation taxes or central banks? As we have said, the text-book writers have gone in passionately for such topics in their desire to escape Rome and Greece, the sword and the pen, or the respective merits of Dickens and Thackeray. For such deadly academic topics, the desire has been to substitute the "live" topics of the day, first, because where there is life there is interest, and, second, because the topic of the day is usually susceptible of exact treatment; one cannot rant or vapor very long about a corporation tax. But in practice it is seriously open to question whether to the average high-school pupil the corporation tax or the Central Bank is in any way more real than Greece, Rome, Dickens, or Thackeray. It is really no more convincing to have the average undergraduate juggle a few hundred million dollars' worth of Treasury bonds than to have him analyze the part played by Roman law in the historical development of Europe. There can be little doubt that the average high-school student is better qualified to say why he prefers "Pickwick Papers" to "Vanity Fair" than to show why the physical valuation of railroad property is an essential element in rate regulation.

In college debating, as in college writing, it is possible that too much stress has been laid on the principle that if a man has something to say, he will find a satisfactory way of saying it; though, to be sure, it does not quite follow from this principle that the way to make an effective debater is to fill him up with information on the corporation tax running all the way from A, through a, (a), and 1 to alpha, beta, and gamma. It is well to remember that often in the beginning is the word, and that thought as often follows upon the power of expression as fit expression upon thought. The world is full of uncommonly good writers and speakers who are always looking for something to say; and it is full of scientists and warriors who are unable to state clearly what they know. And so it may not in all cases be out of the question that a goodly amount of spouting about Greece and Rome, with a goodly amount of turgid composition work of the kind that perishes under the rhetoric teacher's blue pencil, is necessary to set the young stylistic siphon flowing.

RECENT GERMAN FICTION.

So absorbed in problems of their own time are the writers of Young Germany that one experiences something like surprise when any member of that group turns back to the past. Almost simultaneously with the latest work of the veteran Julius Wolff has appeared an historical novel by a member of the modern school, Bruno Wille's "Die Abendburg" (Eugen Diederichs, Jena). Centring about a mountain near Schreiberhau, the home of the Hauptmanns and the site of a literary summer colony, the story has for its background and foundation incidents of the Thirty Years' War; but the folk-lore of the Riesengebirge has lent it an atmosphere of romance. With the all-embracing sympathy of the genuine lover of nature and the people, the author has grasped the very spirit of the period when belief in alchemy and astrology had, in the minds of the cultured, replaced the simpler superstitions of the uncultured. The old herbalist, brooding in his mountain hut over the problem of obtaining the fabulous treasure of the Abendburg, is one of those characters that seem part of the soil out of which they have grown; rugged and austere of manner, but of sterling honesty and sincerity. The incidents of the plot interwoven in the events of the war are narrated with admirable vitality, and the author's philosophy has infused new life even into such well-worn themes as the religious fermentation of the period. The moral of the story reminds one of the Ring of the Nibelung; for not until the gold found in the Abendburg is returned to the bowels of the earth is peace restored in that section of the country.

Julius Wolff has in his new book, "Der Sachsenspiegel" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.), remained true to his pseudo-romanticism. It is a story of the Hohenstauffen period, and of the famous code of laws. Armed with the science of law, which he had studied in Bologna, and encouraged by the Emperor himself, Eike Repgow accepts the invitation of his old friend, Count Hoyer, to be his guest, while engaged upon his task. The count is old and the countess is young; but Eike remains loyal to his host. This love episode has its counterpart in the less innocent flirtation between Eike's secretary and the maid of the countess, which supplies the book with an element of humor. The story is told with the author's usual charm, though with no great strength in the delineation of the characters.

A third work with an historical background is "Der getreue Kleist," by Paul Schreckenbach (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.). The hero is Ewald von Kleist. Schreckenbach traces the development of his hero from a dreamy boy who longs for the simple life of a forester to a student, poet, courtier, and soldier, under the reign of Frederick the Great. The youth's integrity and independence give rise to collisions with those about him whose conscience is less scrupulous and more inclined to compromise than his. The pathetic interest in the hero's unhappy love is balanced by incidents forcibly reflecting the spiritual unrest of the period.

A remarkable female character holds the centre of attention in the story by Ernst Zahn, "Einsamkeit" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.). Frau Jacobäa is one of those unusual women who restrain their emotions until they appear devoid of any feeling; a joyless youth and a joyless marriage have made her a pessimist, who points out the fallacies in the philanthropic fancies and pours cold water upon the ardent dreams of her son, the optimistic parson. Even when the futility of his parish work dawns upon him, and renunciation of his love for a girl of a different creed crushes his spirit, the mother, proud of being able to do without the society of her fellow-beings, offers no consolation but solitude. The quiet tenor of the narrative is admirably sustained by an undernote of great intensity and fervor.

Rudolf Hans Bartsch has, in his "Elisabeth Kött" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.), also created a rare type of womanhood. There is no lack of stories dealing with the seamy side of stage life. Bartsch treats the dramatic undercurrents of a life predestined by inherent gifts, physical and temperamental, to seek expression of its own individuality in the impersonation of the great and strong women of the drama. Elisabeth Kött is not of ordinary clay; she is not content, after her triumphs before the footlights, to bask in the sunshine of a quiet love. All her emotional energy, all her passion, she devotes to her art. There is an extraordinary variety of minor characters, limned with a sure and strong touch.

The story by Maria Seelhorst, entitled "Das Schicksal der Tänzerin Ermina Hautaine" (S. Fischer, Berlin), is a noteworthy first book. For the author has not only drawn a heroine of extraordinary personality, but has also succeeded in inventing a new plot. This Ermina, a sculptor and dancer, works out her career as her salvation, but always stops short of the final triumph, and it seems a logical end to her life that she should at the last isolate herself to take care of the mother who had deserted her in her childhood.

Another book by a new writer is distinguished by the fine portrayal of the

heroine—"Oriol Heinrichs Frau," by Anna Deming (S. Fischer's Bibliothek zeitgenössischer Romane). Two worlds are presented in striking contrast at the outset of the story: the opulent carefree owners of the "gray house," lords among the vintners of the region, drifting with the tide of pleasure, as though the spirit of wine in the making had fired their very blood; and their poorer neighbors, the careworn widow and her daughter, women of a more delicate nervous fibre, of a more religious bent, and of an intense imagination. The marriage of the girl to the young master of the "gray house" is typical of the tragedy of a love from which the spiritual element is absent.

In the same collection of fiction, commendable for its moderate price, has appeared a second book by Norbert Jacques. It is entitled "Der Hafen," and tells the story of a shiftless youth, chafing under the exacting severity of his wealthy father and the narrow-minded pettiness of the townspeople, until he runs away with some itinerant musicians. Adventurous experiences give this book an absorbing interest for the average reader, while the delineation of the characters raises it far above the standard of average fiction. Robert Michel, too, justifies the interest in his earlier stories by his novel "Der steinerne Mann" (S. Fischer). The book has a curious psychic element and vibrates with a haunting atmosphere of mystery. Apparently uneventful, the life of the hero holds unusual emotional experiences, and the catastrophe which follows his writing the gruesome chronicle of the stone image in the castle is a fit ending to this record of an abnormal development.

The preface of Georg von Ompteda's "Excelsior" (Egon Fleischel & Co., Berlin) is a plea for the simple life and the outdor sports culminating in Alpinism. But on reading a few pages of the story itself one is profoundly impressed with its psychology. For the author traces with sympathetic insight the life of his hero from the boy's first vague longing for the heights to the young man's fatal end on the Matterhorn, and he suggests the emotional experiences so strongly that the very atmosphere of the book is tense with the spirit of vague dangers and with the ever-present lure symbolically summed up in the title.

Max Geissler, whose native sense and human sympathy lent a rare charm to his pictures of mountain life, has in his story of a Frisian fishing village, "Die Glocken von Robbensiel" (imported by Lemcke & Buechner), written a book of intense dramatic interest. It seems rather venturesome for a writer nowadays to choose for the setting of his story a country so thoroughly exploited by Frenssen as to have become identified with his works. But Geissler has caught the spirit of the soil and the people, and tells his story with a distinct individual charm.

Quite out of the ordinary is the book by Alexander Ular, "Die Zwergenschlacht" (Literarische Anstalt Rütten & Loening, Frankfurt, aM.). The author's familiarity with the economic and other problems of the day gives weight to his books, and this somewhat Utopian story of an American millionaire who organizes a giant Trust to establish international peace rests upon a foundation of solid practical knowledge.

The quality of the books of short stories recently published in Germany is rather high. In two of these books the individual stories are set as in a frame. Diedrich Speckmann's "Herzensheilige" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.) is founded upon a passage in Ludwig Richter's "Lebenserinnerungen eines deutschen Malers," in which he speaks of the household saints enshrined in every heart. A group of congenial people that meet in a summer hotel and discuss that book agree to tell of the men and women whose memory they cherish, and the several narratives are a series of clever character sketches receiving their individual color from the narrators themselves. In the other book, "Murwellen," by Wilhelm Fischer-Graz (Imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.), the connection is not so close. These stories have only the scene in common, the beautiful valley of the Mur, and they ripple on in a sort of intangible way, charmingly woven out of poetic reality and fanciful romance, as remote from the every-day world as it they belonged to the realm of fairy-lore, though they deal with men and women of our own day, and children of that particular soil.

Detlev von Liliencron's posthumous volume of stories, "Letzte Ernte" (Schuster & Loeffler, Berlin) is a fair example of the author's strong and wholesome individuality. The story of the North Sea flood in which the storm of the elements raging without is supplemented by the storm of elemental passions raging within; the war-time reminiscence; the story of the misercoupie, are of a haunting vitality. They make one realize poignantly what a great loss to German letters was the death of this man, who in his modest way was a true philosopher and a consummate artist.

Gabriele Reuter's "Sanfte Herzen" (S. Fiseher) is a book with an amazing diversity of feminine types. There are girls devoting themselves to an artistic career or to the care for some helpless member of their family; there are widowed mothers burdened with financial cares or worried about the future of their offspring; there are women so pampered that they are nothing but *articles de luxe;* and all of these women are charmingly old-fashioned, timid, and sensitive creatures. There is not one strong and self-assertive personality among them. It is a distinctly feminine book with a message and a manner of its own.

But the strongest of these volumes of short stories is that which bears on its title-page the name of Clara Viebig—"Die heilige Einfalt" (Imported by Lemcke & Buechner). Clara Viebig writes with the understanding born of sympathy with all that is human, and her style is distinguished by a wholesome realism and intense vitality. The description of the incendiary fire in the initial story; the sorrow of the mother who has waited seven years for her son's return from Rome, and, on his coming to preach his first sermon in his native village, realizes that he has become estranged from the love going out towards him; the story of the old maid who, after numerous efforts at trying her fortune in the lottery, draws a big prize, plans to enter upon a new life, and dies from a long postponed operation—all these pictures from every-day life, told with an admirable blending of humor and pathos, are wonderfully simple and convincing.

A. von Ende.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The Library of Harvard University has recently, by the liberality of an anonymous donor, acquired the collection of first and later editions of the works of Alexander Pope, which was made by Marshall C. Lefferts, and which has been referred to in these columns. Mr. Lefferts's intention was to prepare a bibliography of Pope's writings including descriptions of all contemporary editions, and it is to be regretted that he has definitely given up the plan. His collations and notes, together with electrotypes and other material, went with his books, and it is to be hoped that the work will be carried to completion by some one of the University staff.

Pope died on May 30, 1744, and in his will he left to Warburton "the property of all such of his works already printed as he had written or should write commentaries upon, and all the profits which should arrive after his death from such editions as he should publish without future alterations." Warburton's first collected edition appeared in 1751, and no books issued after this date were considered by Mr. Lefferts as necessary for his purpose, unless they contained matter actually printed for the first time. The series of editions of "An Essay on Man," "The Dunciad," "The Rape of the Lock," and other pieces is without much doubt the most extensive ever brought together. With the "Miscellanies" and other works containing contributions by Pope, and with its large collection of "Popeana," the collection comprises upwards of five hundred volumes. A descriptive catalogue, octavo, fifty pages, with collations of many of the books making up the collection, was prepared by Luther S. Livingston, and may be had gratis from the publishers, Dodd, Mead

& Co. Fifty copies printed on hand-made paper with several facsimiles are for sale.

The sale of the first part of Wilberforce Eames's collection of books on the American Indians, at the Anderson Auction Company's rooms, April 26, showed that the interest in historical Americana is keener than ever—at least, if the prices paid are a criterion of such interest. New record prices at auction were made on many books. The following are a few of the more important items: Columbus's first letter in Latin, Plannck's second edition (1493), $1,350; Alsop's "Character of Maryland" (1666), with the larger part of the inscription in verse below the very rare portrait in facsimile, $500; Hamor's "Present State of Virginia" (1615), a fine copy, $625; Boucher's "Historie des mœurs et productions du pays de la Nouvelle France" (1664), a fine copy, $150 (this copy cost Mr. Eames $81 in the Bourinot sale only four years ago); the "Memoirs of William Augustus Bowles, Ambassador from the United Nations of Creeks and Cherokees to the Court of London" (1769), $81 (this little volume cost Mr. Eames $18 a few years ago); Hopkins's "Memoirs relating to the Housatunnuk Indians" (1753), $180 (the $155 paid for the Hollingsworth copy a few weeks ago far surpassed any previous record of sale). A long series of the original Jesuit "Relations," twenty-nine numbers, brought in the aggregate $1,722.50; and a set (of course far from perfect) of the Voyages, published in German by Hulsius, brought $250.

At the sale of the collection of the late Edwin B. Holden, at the American Art Galleries, extending from April 21 to May 5, very high prices were obtained for the more notable portraits and views, although many of the lots of lesser importance sold at moderate sums. Following are a few of the prices: "An Impartial History of the War in America" (Boston, 1781), with portraits by Norman, $400; Ethan Allen's "Narrative of Captivity, written by himself," first edition (1779), $350; first edition of the "Trial of Major André" (1780), $85; Clarke's "Narrative of the Battle fought on Bunkers' Hill" (1775), $122.50; Washington's copy of Winthrop's "Journal" (1790), with his autograph signature and book-plate, $500.

A "Bibliography of the Travels of John Carver" has been prepared by John Thomas Lee and published in the Proceedings of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin and also as a separate. Carver returned to Boston from his Western journey in August, 1768, and in the *Boston Chronicle* for September 12 of that year announced his proposal to publish, "as soon as a proper number of subscribers encourage him in the design, An Extract Journal of His Travels in the Years 1766 and 1767." The book, however, did not see the light for ten years, the first edition appearing in London in 1778. Mr. Lee describes no less than thirty editions of the "Travels," besides the "New Universal Traveller" (1779), which bears Carver's name on the title-page, and two editions of his "Treatise on the Culture of the Tobacco Plant." The title-pages of three volumes are reproduced in facsimile.

The first American edition of Shakespeare's Works, 8 vols. (Philadelphia, 1795-96); first editions of White's "Natural History of Selborne" (1789), Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" (1848), and Shelley's "Alastor" (1816); and several manuscripts by Bret Harte are included in the Merwin-Clayton Company's sale of May 10, 11, and 12.

Correspondence.

LEWIS CARROLL ON LETTER-WRITING.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: There is a little work by Lewis Carroll which is unknown to many of his admirers. The British Museum does not possess a copy, or did not when its printed catalogue was issued. It is one of those trifles that may easily escape notice, and unlike some trifles it contains good sense as well as good humor. From a bibliographical point of view it is somewhat difficult to catalogue, and in place of a mere title which would be misleading, I will set down a description of my own copy which I bought when it was new—some twenty years ago.

In the first place, we have an envelope of red paper; on the front of this is printed:

The "Wonderland" Postage Stamp Case.
Invented by Lewis Carroll, Oct. 29, 1888.
This case contains 12 separate packets for Stamps of different values and 2 Coloured Pictorial Surprises taken from "Alice in Wonderland." It is accompanied with 8 or 9 Wise Words about Letter-Writing.
1s. post-free 13d.

On the flap of the envelope is:

Published by Emberlin & Son.
4 Magdalen Street, Oxford.

The stamp case consists of a stiff paper folded with two pockets on the inner leaves and a picture on each outer leaf. This case is enclosed in a sliding cover, and in this way the pictorial surprise becomes possible. A picture of Alice holding the baby is on the front cover, and when this is drawn off there is underneath a picture of Alice nursing a pig. On the back cover is the famous cat which vanishes to a shadowy grin on the pictures beneath. These designs the author says are not used elsewhere in the illustration of "Alice."

But the envelope contains also a booklet 9.5 cm long by 7.3 cm wide. This has its own title page:

Eight or nine wise words about Letter-[Writing.
By Lewis Carroll. Emberlin & Son. 4, Magdalen Street, Oxford, 1890. pp. 40.

The text is divided into five sections, the first of which is devoted to a description of the stamp case. In the second we are told how to begin a letter. Lewis Carroll advises that we should first read over again the letter to which we are about to reply:

Next address and stamp the envelope. "What! Before writing the letter?" Most certainly. And I'll tell you what will happen if you don't. You will go on writing till the last moment and just in the middle of the last sentence you will become aware that "time's up!" Then comes the hurried wind-up—the wildly-scrawled signature—the hastily-fastened envelope, which comes open in the post—the address, a mere hieroglyphic—the horrible discovery that you've forgotten to replenish your stamp-case—the frantic appeal to everyone in the house, to lend you a stamp—the headlong rush to the Post-Office, arriving, hot and gasping just after the box has closed—and finally, a week afterwards, the return of the letter from the dead letter office marked "address illegible."

He urges that dates and addresses should be given in full. As to "how to go on with a letter," he lays down the golden rule: "*Write legibly.*" The bad writing is often due to haste. "Of course, you reply, 'I do it to save *time*.' A very good object, no doubt: but what right have you to do it at your friend's expense? Isn't *his* time as valuable as yours?" Again he has a wholesome warning against filling "*more* than a page and a half with apologies for not having written sooner." Letters controversial, or that may lead to irritation, should be kept till the next day and then read over again with a view to pacific modification. Of all such letters, he says: "*Keep a copy.*" Another counsel of perfection is "Don't try to have the last word." Of one absurd custom which is unhappily not yet quite extinct in England, he says, "Cross-writing makes cross-reading." He calls it an "old proverb," and then, in a moment of compunction, confesses himself to be the inventor of this "ancient" saw. On "how to end a letter," he says: "Refer to your correspondent's last letter and make your winding-up *at least as friendly as his:* in fact, even if a shade more friendly, it will do no harm." There are other rules laid down by Lewis Carroll, but I will only mention the last of them:

When you take your letters to the post, *carry them in your hand.* If you put them in your pocket, you will take a long country walk (I speak from experience) passing the post office twice, going and returning, and when you get home, you will find them still in your pocket!

The last section is devoted to a plan of registering the dispatch and receipt of all letters with the briefest possible summary of the contents of each. The specimen entries which Lewis Carroll gives are not, he warns us, autobiographical. How a joke may miscarry is shown by the entry of a letter which tells the alarmed recipient that a "white elephant—very savage" is on the way to him as a present. He promptly writes to the Zoölogical Gardens transferring his interests in the package to that institution. The Directors write to say that they have received the case of wine sent by him and that it has been gratefully consumed at the dinner!

At the end of the booklet are some bibliographical notes, from one of which we learn that the "Law of Idleness," published in *Aunt Judy's Magazine*, as the work of Lewis Carroll, was really written by Fräulein Ida Lackowitz.

Apart from its interest as a literary curiosity, this effort of C. L. Dodgson is full of good sense and good advice. To be legible is the first duty of a letter-writer. There are some men who have reached the evil ingenuity of being illegible, even when using a typewriter. One great English scholar uses a battered machine, and corrects freely with an overworked quill pen. The result is picturesque—but disastrous!

William E. A. Axon.

Southport, England, April 20.

WEST POINT IN 1824.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In view of the recent discussion regarding affairs at West Point, your readers may be interested in this letter from Theodore Sedgwick, jr., to the well-known Harmanus Bleecker of Albany. The first half of the letter is dated Norwich, Vermont, July 9, 1824; the second half is in a dif-

ferent ink and was probably written July 13, which is the date of posting.

MARY PARKINSON.

Albany, N. Y., April 26.

Norwich Vermont July 9th, 1824

My dear Sir

I received your very kind letter the day we returned from the march. I now set down to express my Obligations to you for it & to answer your enquiries. You desire me to give you an account of the school which I will do as correctly as I can—the academy is under the sole direction of Captain Partridge who has under him 3 professors & 1 french master. There is one particular concerning these professors which is not at all favourable, The Captain pretends in his Catalogue to have 9 professors, but when you come here they are all gone—The branches which are taught here are Mathematics, Philosophy, Military Science, Ethicks, Belles lettres, Praetical Geometry, Topography, Greek, Latin, French, & Music—Fencing is likewise taught; also Geography & history—The exercises of each day at this time of the year are as follows—at half past 4 *A. M.* the reveille drum beats, when we all attend roll call soon after which, the officer of the day (whom Captain appoints every evening for the ensuing day) inspects all the rooms sees that all the beds are made, rooms swept, & none on bed & reports all those whose beds are not made, whose rooms are not swept or who are on bed—at six o'clock, we go to breakfast at our boarding houses at 7 o'clock we attend prayers in the building after which the studies and recitations commence and continue till 1 o'clock when we go to dinner; at 2 o'clock we have another roll call, when the studies commence again—during the afternoon as well as in the morning the officer of the day inspects twice—at 6 o'clock we have a drill & at 7 we sup at half past 8 we have a roll call in the lecture room at 9 the inspector sees that all are in their rooms, & reports all who are out—At 10 he inspects again when all are required to be in bed—There are some things which do not appear well at all; such as the Captain's taking students who have been dismissed from other seminaries also tho' he has one regulation that all the Cadets shall attend Church he pretty well fills up the remainder of the time with duty which is not of a religious kind—As I suppose you would desire to know something about our march, I will give you a short description of it. We left this place June 9th & in two days reached Rutland distant 44 miles Sunday night marched to Castleton 10 miles Monday morning marched to Whitehall 14 miles Tuesday left Whitehall in steamboat & reached Burlington 80 miles Wednesday afternoon left Burlington & reached Plattsburgh in steamboat Monday afternoon left Plattsburgh & reached Vergennes 20 miles below Burlington left Vergennes reached Middlebury 11 miles Wednesday Friday left Middlebury & reached this Sunday morning 10 o'clock having marched 65 miles in 20 hours—I marched all the way, the distance of the whole route was 300 mile of which we marched 170 & of which I carried my musket 60.—I must not forget however that I asked twice to ride on the baggage waggons though I was not permitted to—Give my kind remembrance to all my friends in Albany

And believe me
Your very affecte friend
Theodore Sedgwick Jun

Harmanus Bleecker, Esqr

P.S. Please let no person see this

THE PENSIONS FOR VOLUNTEER OFFICERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I never open the *Nation* without a feeling of regret at the tone of its attack upon those who are laboring for increased appropriations for those old soldiers who are, like myself, drawing very near the end of life. I belong both to the Loyal Legion and the Grand Army, and the more I look into it, the more I learn how large a proportion of the survivors need help increasingly in their old age. This has been shown over and over again by printed figures, and, although it may be sometimes overrated, it much oftener is understated. So long a time has passed since the war that, out of the 131 major-generals of the volunteers, only two are living, and of the 446 brigadier-generals, only 19 are living; and of the more than 3,000 surviving colonels of regiments, there are less than 200 to be affected by this legislation. Of these I am one.

Younger men can hardly realize how many of these were driven out of the field by wounds or their consequences, as I myself was, in a way for which my pension of $240 a year gives no adequate compensation. My richer relatives, who also served, were no better off after the war was ended, and business successes alone saved them. You also do not, perhaps, realize that the officers sacrificed much more in proportion than the privates did; for the officers must pay their own bills as they went along, while the privates were publicly rationed. Even this did not save them from impoverishment. I will not bore you with further particulars, but I belong to the relief committee of my own branch of the G. A. R., and it has just been necessary to issue a new appeal to the public to keep the old soldiers out of the poor-house.

COLONEL OF INFANTRY.

Boston, May 1.

HOUDON'S DIANA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of April 14, giving a list of the prices obtained for paintings and art objects at the Yerkes sale, you made no mention of Houdon's Diana in bronze, purchased by Duveen Bros. for $51,000.

The history of this statue is full of interest, and, being by Houdon, the celebrated sculptor of Washington, should enlist the sympathies of your American readers.

The marble original dates from 1780, and went to the Empress Catharine of Russia. It is in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg to-day, and, tested by the value of the bronze, would command an enormous figure. Of the bronze statues there are but three: (1) the one, dated 1782, just sold in New York, which until 1902 was in Paris, having been disposed of at the sale of "Bagatelle" after the death of Sir Richard Wallace; (2) that in the Louvre, dated 1790, this was purchased by the French government at the sale of Houdon's effects in 1828, and was obtained for the modest sum of 4,000 francs; (3) that in the Museum of Tours, thought to have been cast in 1839 by Corbonneau from a terracotta or plaster figure executed by Houdon in 1776.

A curious fact is that exhibition was denied the statue at the Salon from motives of academic modesty. We are apt to think of Frenchmen and French art from a different standpoint. It was, therefore, exhibited at Houdon's studio and attracted universal notice and admiration.

Houdon's world-famous seated statue of Voltaire was executed in 1778, so that his Diana is the work of his genius at its fullest power. He was then thirty-seven years of age, and came to this country about seven years later (1785) to model his statue of Washington, and to create the marvellous bust pronounced by contemporaries to be the best resemblance of that great man. Gilbert Stuart, it may be recalled, considered Houdon's bust the best likeness of Washington and his own celebrated portrait next to it in resemblance.

EDWARD BIDDLE.

Philadelphia, April 27.

A CORRECTED TITLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Japanese printers of my "Buddhist and Christian Gospels now first compared from the Originals" (Tokio, 1905), reversed the second clause and put it after the subsidiary title, viz., "Gospel Parallels from Pāli Texts," by which my translations were already known to readers of the *Open Court* of Chicago. This blunder has been perpetuated on the government catalogue cards and in numerous reviews, though it is pointed out in my list of errata.

If librarians and readers will apply to me I can supply them with a correct printed slip to paste immediately under the words "Buddhist and Christian Gospels."

Of course this only applies to the Tokio edition.

As a life-long librarian, I consider it right to catalogue the title of a book as the author wrote it, at least when, as in the present case, it is made clear in the list of errata. ALBERT J. EDMUNDS.

Philadelphia, April 26.

Literature.

A DISPUTED WORK OF DANTE.

Dante: Quæstio de Aqua et Terra. Edited and translated by Charles Lancelot Shadwell, D.C.L., Provost of Oriel College. New York: Henry Frowde.

The "Quæstio de Aqua et Terra," a short physical treatise on the relative levels of earth and water on the surface of the globe, which claims to be the work of Dante, was first published at Venice* in 1508, by one Benedetto Moncetti, a friar of the Augustinian Order of some note, who a few years later published a treatise (admittedly genuine) of Egidio Colonna, a contemporary of Dante, which he dedicated to Henry VIII of England. The claim of the "Quæstio" to be from the hand of Dante was almost universally admitted until about five and twenty years ago, when the late Professor Bartoli devoted several pages of the fifth volume of his "Storia della Letteratura Italiana" to an attempt to prove that it was a clumsy and impudent forgery of the sixteenth century. Bartoli's lead was followed by Dr. Scartazzini. In his volume on Dante's life and works, publish-

*The book is exceedingly rare, only seven copies being known, one of which is in the Fiske Collection in the Cornell University Library.

ed in 1869, Scartazzini had had no doubts as to the genuineness of "this little tractate of the supreme poet"; he described it as worthy of a place in the annals of natural philosophy, and pleased himself with the picture of Dante busied with arid and prosaic scholastic disputations in the midst of his poetical labors. But writing in 1890 (in his "Prolegomeni della Divina Commedia") a few years after the publication of Bartoli's opinion, he roundly declared that to admit the "Quæstio" to be a work of Dante would be tantamount to admitting a miracle; while in his "Enciclopedia Dantesca" (1898) he was even more emphatic:

> Bartoli gave the *coup de grâce* to the treatise by proving to demonstration that it was the work of a forger. Nobody at this time of day with the smallest smattering of science believes for a moment in its authenticity. The question may now be regarded as settled once and for all.

A like skeptical attitude was adopted by other Italian critics. In 1892 an elaborate article was published in the *Giornale Storico della Letteratura Italiana* by Professors Luzio and Renier, in which the theory of a forgery was fully accepted, and it was further sought to show that the probable forger was Moncetti himself, the original editor and publisher of the treatise. Professor Gaspary, on the other hand, maintained that for a sixteenth-century forger to produce a composition so essentially Dantesque both in thought and diction, would be "miracolo troppo grande." The first to make a serious attempt to stem the tide of skepticism was Prof. Filippo Angelitti of Palermo, who in a work, "Sulla Data del Viaggio dantesco," published in 1897, declared himself convinced, mainly for scientific reasons, that the ground-work at any rate of the treatise was genuine, and that Moncetti was quite incapable of forging it.

Meanwhile the attention of the Oxford Dante Society had been drawn to the subject by a remarkable paper on the "Quæstio" by Dr. Shadwell, the present Provost of Oriel. Dr. Shadwell pointed out that the text is in many places obviously corrupt (in itself a strong argument against its being a forgery), and he proposed a number of emendations which were subsequently introduced into the text in the third edition of the Oxford Dante. Dr. Shadwell also established the most important point, that the *editio princeps* was undoubtedly printed from an early manuscript. He showed that certain of the errors in the text were manifestly due to the ignorance of the printers, who wrongly expanded the contractions in the "copy" from which they worked. Only on this supposition could such blunders as *ecentrica* for *concentrica*, *sed* for *secundum*, and the like—blunders easily intelligible to any one who has had experience of manuscripts—be satisfactorily accounted for. Dr. Shadwell's arguments led Dr. Moore, the editor of the Oxford Dante (whose previous skepticism, as evidenced in the preface to the first edition of that work, had already been shaken), to reëxamine the whole question, with the result that in 1899 he published (in the second series of his "Studies in Dante") a weighty article in which he dealt effectively with the principal objections urged against the genuineness of the treatise, and succeeded in shifting the balance of opinion once more in favor of Dante's authorship. This article called forth a reply from Giuseppe Boffito of Turin, who in two papers, published in the transactions of the Accademia Reale delle Scienze di Torino in 1902 and 1903, sketched the history of the whole question, and restated the objections to the treatise at great length and with great learning, without, however, carrying conviction to the minds of those he set out to persuade. The case for the defence has been taken up again within the last two or three years by an able advocate in the person of Dr. Vincenzo Biagi, who in an exhaustive volume on the "Quæstio," published at Modena in 1907, has developed the lines of inquiry initiated by Dr. Shadwell and Dr. Moore. Dr. Biagi shows conclusively, what had already been maintained by Angelitti, that, if the work be a forgery, Moncetti at any rate could not possibly have been the forger; and he proves, almost beyond a doubt, that the treatise must have been printed, not from a transcript by Moncetti, but directly from a manuscript of the fourteenth century.

In the present unpretending little volume (consisting of less than eighty pages), Dr. Shadwell has embodied the essential results of his labors on the text and contents of the treatise, which, together with those of Dr. Moore, had the effect, as already stated, of reawakening the interest both of Dantists and of men of science in the subject. Dr. Shadwell reprints his revised text (which in default of any manuscript is necessarily based on the *editio princeps*), with an *apparatus criticus*, in which are recorded the readings of the original text wherever he has departed from it. This text is a conservative one; in fact in several instances he has been able to dispense with emendations previously proposed by himself and others, and to adhere to the reading of the *princeps*. Some of the apparently corrupt passages have been rendered intelligible by the simple expedient of altering the punctuation.

Dr. Shadwell's text is accompanied by a translation which we have no hesitation in describing as a masterpiece of its kind. The harsh scholastic Latin of the original is rendered in terse and vigorous English, which brings out the author's meaning with admirable precision, while for the first time the logical terms are represented by their correct equivalents, a point in respect of which previous translators had lamentably failed. The sequence of the arguments, which at times, is somewhat difficult to follow, is indicated by notes on the margin, which enable the reader to distinguish clearly whether Dante is speaking *in propria persona* or by the mouth of his opponent. In the footnotes, which are all too scanty, attention is drawn to sundry interesting correspondences of thought and expression between the "Quæstio" and certain of the undisputed works of Dante. Comparisons of this kind have proved of the highest value. Not only have they furnished the critic with many strong arguments in favor of Dante's authorship of the treatise, but they sometimes also have supplied the clue to the correct meaning of the writer's phraseology. To give a single instance—the phrase "ad apparentiam magis quam ad veritatem" (section i, ll. 4-5) is usually rendered "according to appearance rather than truth." Dr. Shadwell, whose intimacy, as a translator of the "Commedia," with Dante's vocabulary here stands him in good stead, translates "rather for display than for the discovery of the truth," a rendering which he justifies by references to "l'amor dell' apparenza" in "Paradiso" xxix, 87, and "per apparer ciascun s'ingegna" in line 94 of the same canto.

We much regret that Dr. Shadwell has not thought it necessary to provide an introduction. Presumably, though we are not told so, he held himself absolved by the fact that recent writers on the subject, notably Boffito and Biagi, who, with several others, are mentioned in the brief preface, have dealt with it so exhaustively from every point of view as to render any further discussion superfluous. Nevertheless, a statement of the case from Dr. Shadwell himself would have been welcome, especially in view of the fact that he was the pioneer who first opened at least one important line of inquiry. It is generally admitted that if, to quote the words of the preface, "the claim of the 'Quæstio de Aqua et Terra' to be reckoned a genuine work of Dante may now be considered established," it is in a large measure to his patient investigations and scholarly labors that this result is due.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Magada. By W. M. Ardagh. New York: John Lane Co.

The Canary Isands in the days of the Spanish conquest, just before the discovery of America, form the background of this story. Perhaps they might be said to form its subject, for at times, it is not certain whether Mr. Ardagh intended an historical romance

or a bit of romantic history. For the latter, we have the melancholy plight of the Canarios, who are being civilized, converted, and incidentally exterminated by the Spaniards. For the romance, we have the adventures of a youth, named Juan de Betancour. Even the author admits that Juan is conceited and something of a braggart, but his bravery is conspicuous. We are inclined to think Mr. Ardagh shares the feeling of the Canario boy, in whose eyes, as he looked at Juan, "there was no amusement, only faithful admiration." Juan is wounded in a skirmish with the natives and recovers consciousness to find himself a prisoner, guarded by two young princesses, Tessineboia and Tenaguana. The latter soon enters the service of the Magada, or chief priestess of the Canarios. Tessineboia is betrothed to a native prince, but, in spite of this detail, Juan succeeds in persuading her to elope with him by the simple process of taking her by the arms and shaking her rudely. Her betrothed arrives in the nick of time, recovers his penitent bride, and chases Juan up the mountains in the dark of the night. Henceforward Juan's interest lies in Tenaguana, the handmaiden of the priestess. Fleeing from the prince, he kills one of his pursuers and then claims sanctuary at the feet of the Magada in her cave on the Mountain of the Four Doors. Saved from death, he is kept prisoner by the Magada until the Spaniards raid the place. Then the priestess and all her maidens leap over a cliff to escape capture. Juan in his efforts to save Tenaguana falls over too. Parenthetically it might be remarked that the number of people in the story who, for one reason or another, go over cliffs, is something appalling. Most of them die of it, but not so Juan and Tenaguana; they land unhurt on a convenient ledge and wander off to further adventures.

The book is written pleasantly enough, though there is little pretence to characterization or plot and a good deal of conversation on the order of "How, now, boy, wilt come to Gran Canaria?" The author is obviously conscious of his story all the while, with the result that the scratch of his pen—or the clack of his typewriter—is too frequently audible. In the last few pages, however, when he drops the burden of his tale and speaks directly to the reader, his manner is distinctly simpler and more attractive.

My Heart and Stephanie. By R. W. Kauffman. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

"It seems impossible . . . . that the commonplace death of a poverty-stricken stranger in a little Pennsylvania village should contain the seeds of a mystery which imperilled the succession to a crown, sent the spy systems of two great empires buzzing over half the world, and at one time threatened to plunge Europe into the greatest war of modern history."—With this tempting sentence, Mr. Kauffman introduces a most aristocratic detective-story, bristling with nobilities, and even royalties, a countess with a scarlet mouth and "carefully chiselled" temples, a superb Austrian ambassador of six feet six, and spies of every variety, including a half-witted specimen who certainly seems an odd choice for a great government engaged in extremely delicate business. The maze is threaded by Frances Baird, the female detective, whose ability the author has celebrated in an earlier work, and by a young American newspaper correspondent, who alternates, rather than combines, the wiles of the serpent with the guilelessness of the dove, but chiefly depends after all upon his rather unusual muscular resources. As an example of its class, this story shows decided cleverness in working the trick of ending every chapter with a dramatic surprise, but has a serious fault. It is not merely complicated, but confused; the reader, instead of being led on by the constant temptation to solve for himself one definite central problem, is soon reduced to a state of bewilderment, in which he waits passively for the author's explanation.

A Hind Let Loose. By C. E. Montague. London: Methuen & Co.

"Naphtali is a hind let loose; he giveth goodly words." So runs the motto which stands upon the title-page by way of gloss upon the title. The story, or elaborated sketch, that follows is a clever and telling satire upon modern journalism. Naphtali is the journalist whose goodly words flow from an adroit pen rather than from a mind or heart. More particularly he is a leader-writer named Fay, pursuing his trade in an English provincial city, "Halland, like some others, the second city in the Empire." Fay is an Irishman, still young, of brilliant mind and warm natural impulses. He has served his apprenticeship at political journalism, and has discovered that neither a brilliant mind nor honest impulse is necessary, or tolerable, in that game as practised at Halland. He has mastered the formula of the successful leader, and is able to turn it out with little effort. If he writes always with his tongue in his cheek, it is not because he is a cynic or a sly dog by nature. Such trouble as his conscience gives him is pretty well offset by the amusement he finds in the game. Halland has its two daily journals, the *Warder*, Conservative, and the *Stalwart*, Liberal; each with its long-established policy and "its own dynasty of editors, . . . for eighty years a reigning Brumby and a reigning Pinn." Fay has made himself indispensable to both papers, and has gained for them both a wider audience than they have hitherto commanded. Fay's secret is that he has brought nothing new to either paper, but has been content, in turn, to out-Brumby Brumby and to out-Pinn Pinn. He has "raised each of them to the n^{th} power"; and since they represent merely variant types of an average dulness and an average prejudice, at their best they are precisely what the public wants. The action begins at the moment when Brumby and Pinn discover that Fay has been common property. They turn him off with high words. But they cannot get on without him: the public will have none of mere Brumby and mere Pinn. They have to take him back on his own terms; and the crowning jest is his agreement to provide the leaders for a third and independent organ, which purposes to put the *Warder* and the *Stalwart* out of business. All this seems to make Fay something of a rascal: the author's triumph is in his successful enlistment of sympathy with the performer. Brumby and Pinn are the contemptible persons.

We are not familiar with Mr. Montague's name. The story reads like the first book of a practised writer, and it is undoubtedly written out of experience. Its manner is elaborate, conscious, rather distinctly Meredithian; its matter is fresh and alive.

The Voice in the Rice. By Gouverneur Morris. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Here is a romance as original, as chivalrous, as plausibly impossible as "The Prisoner of Zenda." One advantage it has over Anthony Hope's delightful tale: it is less easy of imitation. The Ruritanian vein has been sadly worked out in the last ten years, but who will be bold enough to hide another self-sufficing, world-defying, aristocratic, slave-holding community in the rice-swamps of the Santee? Mr. Morris's story is as fantastic as its pretty binding and decorated margins, and much more masculine and adventurous than these would lead one to expect. There are certain echoes, no doubt, and slightly discordant ones. The Herculean hero would be very much at home in any of R. H. Davis's stories; the atmosphere of "Lady Baltimore" hangs about the innocent, flirtatious young ladies and their gracious elders; and the villain's hold upon the heroine through her father's indebtedness to him is an old, old device. Nevertheless, the tale is full of surprises from beginning to end; it is written in fresh, vigorous language, and moves with refreshing rapidity and economy of detail; and in the main task which the author has set himself, that of keeping alive the reader's as well as the hero's belief in the surpassing loveliness of a persistently invisible heroine—a voice in the rice—he has succeeded to admiration.

PALESTINIANA.

Rambles in Bible Lands. Edited by C. Lang Neil. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.75 net.

Life and Adventure Beyond Jordan. By the Rev. G. Robinson Lees. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.75 net.

Going Down from Jerusalem. By Norman Duncan. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.50 net.

Studies in Galilee. By Ernest W. G. Masterman. With a preface by George Adam Smith. University of Chicago Press. $1 net.

The supposition of a decreasing interest in religion does not seem to be borne out by the records of the book trade; and specifically the religion which interests the reading public is still the religion of the Bible. So in looking over the record of sales of the "American Lectures on the History of Religion" we have observed, with some surprise, it must be confessed, that no less than three of either of the volumes dealing with the religion of the Bible are sold to one of any of the volumes dealing with the religions of India, Egypt, Japan, etc. What is true of the Bible is true also to a considerable extent of whatever may be accounted lands of the Bible, ancient or modern. A generation since, the English reader seeking information about Palestine, its geography, antiquities, people, and customs, was almost limited to Thomson's "The Land and the Book" and Robinson's "Biblical Researches." Now, the books on Palestine available, not only to the student but also to the general public, constitute a library of very fair size; and, with the increasing stream of travel to the East, the number of these books, some of them most beautifully illustrated by brush and camera, increases apace. Of them some are purely artistic: others, however, and these are the majority, are written primarily to illustrate the Bible, the pictures being secondary to this purpose.

To the latter class belongs Neil's "Rambles in Bible Lands." This is the sort of book which a pious mother, desirous of bringing her children up in a knowledge of the Bible, may well put in their hands. Abundantly illustrated, it seeks especially to elucidate and illustrate the Bible. An index of the passages connoted, a couple of hundred in number, is provided at the back of the volume. The work is fairly abreast of modern scholarship and may be honestly commended for its purpose. The illustrations, of which several are colored, are well chosen and add much to the interest of the book for the class of readers for whom it is intended. These would be more valuable, however, if the plates were better executed.

Lees's "Life and Adventure Beyond Jordan" is in part a reprint of articles published in a boys' magazine, and, like the preceding, is intended particularly to attract the attention and interest of the young. The author's long acquaintance with the country and the people, among whom he has been a missionary (his volume on village life in Palestine is recommended as a text-book in the last number of the *Journal of Religious Education*) stood him in good stead as a traveller, and the journeys here recorded include a trip through a then unknown region in southern Bashan, full of ancient and well-preserved ruins. In general, Mr. Lees describes parts of Palestine comparatively unknown and little visited by the ordinary traveller. He writes, however, rather from the point of view of the adventurer than of the explorer. He also has in mind the Bible student, for whose benefit a list of Scripture passages, illustrated by his observations, is provided at the commencement of the volume. The book is beautifully illustrated, and both the colored plates and the photogravures are full of interest and instruction. This volume may be heartily commended to those who are interested in the picturesque as well as the Biblical aspects of Palestinian life and travel.

"Going Down from Jerusalem" is of a different type. The author, Norman Duncan, and the illustrator, Mr. L. Harris, made a journey from Jerusalem to Egypt in company. The sole object of both appears to have been to find and reproduce the picturesque. In a vague way the book reminds one of Kinglake's "Eothen," except that here one has a sense of a certain straining after effect. The ordinary reader probably would say that the effect is very Oriental; but the "Orientalism" really lies in the fancy of the writer himself. He has conceived an idea of the East, and all that he sees is colored by that conception. It is not the work of a careful observer, but of a bookmaker seeking to make an attractive, readable book, in which he has certainly succeeded. If the scenes and the people are not real, being somewhat too much shaped and colored by the writer's fancy, nevertheless the book is well worth reading by one who wishes to idle away a couple of pleasant hours and who enjoys literature as such. Some of the stories, Oriental and other, are delightful and the illustrations harmonize admirably with the text.

Dr. Masterman's book is a scholarly and valuable series of papers on Galilee, which are, at the same time, eminently readable. This is a work to be commended to Bible scholars. Stationed at various times as a missionary physician at Jerusalem, Safed, and Damascus, Dr. Masterman has utilized his opportunities to study the people and the land to the fullest extent. He has informed himself with regard to the archæology and the history of the country. He has been in contact with the leading scholars who have conducted researches and explorations in Palestine in recent years, several of whom he has accompanied and assisted in parts of their work. Already well known to scholars from numerous articles in the publications of the University of Chicago and of the English Palestine Exploration Fund, the papers contained in this volume will add much to his reputation as a careful and intelligent observer. The central part of the volume is taken up with a discussion of the sites at the northern end of the Sea of Galilee—Gennesaret, Chorazin, Capernaum, and Bethsaida; and Dr. Masterman seems to have come pretty close to saying the final word, or at least the final word which can be said without systematic excavation, in regard to the disputed location of the last two towns. The first paper in this volume, on the physical features, boundaries, and chief towns of Galilee, gives the most intelligible view of Galilee as a whole yet published. Inland Fisheries, Ancient Synagogues, and Galilee in the Time of Christ, the remaining papers in this volume, if not quite of the same importance as the first named, are of much interest and contain matter of great value to the Bible student.

A Treatise on the Federal Corporation Tax Law of 1909. By Arthur W. Machen, jr. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50 net.

The passage of an act so wide-reaching in effect as that of August 5, 1909, was ample incentive to the preparation of a book such as Mr. Machen's, which is impartially self-styled a "treatise" and a "commentary." It can hardly be dignified by the former description, while as a commentary the second edition will doubtless be more useful than the first. However, the author may be right in the usual modest admission that the book "needs no apology," especially as it was intended to be "of assistance at this juncture," while the returns were being prepared for filing under the new tax law. The terms of the statute, the regulations and forms of return laid down by the Treasury Department (all of which are printed in the appendices) make the process of compliance with the statute quite simple for the lawyer acting for a corporation in ordinary circumstances, while a return by a corporation in exceptional circumstances could not have been made much easier by the use of this volume.

Mr. Machen has striven well to build up a volume where a pamphlet would suffice. If the act is upheld, his book may secure the distinction of being the earliest "second edition" on the subject. If the act is overthrown, his effort will result in an additional title in the overloaded law catalogues. Not content merely with annotating the statute, Mr.

Machen has enlarged his comments on the statute by the introduction of much material of a purely argumentative character.

He admits (sec. 12) that "it may be said that the tax is upon the privilege of having a capital stock represented by shares." This theory he promptly destroys, though later (sec. 19) he hastily says that "no corporations except such as have a capital stock represented by shares are subject to the act." This leads to the discovery that by adopting the English system of stock, "which is not divided into indivisible shares, but is infinitely subdivisible," there might evolve a corporation which "would not be subject to this Federal tax, or be bound to make any returns under the act." "The device is as simple as it is efficacious"; but we have not heard of its adoption. A similar offering is that, in securing the deduction for interest paid on indebtedness of an amount not exceeding the paid-up capital stock, it is desirable to show as large capital stock as possible, and the author concludes: "Thus an additional inducement is added to the practice of stock-watering—rather a curious result of a statute most of whose advocates profess to regard that practice with abhorrence." Instead of imagining what may happen, the author might well have given adequate attention to an analysis of the actual effect of this exemption, comparing, for instance, a company which for years may have raised new funds by stock issues and a company which may have raised such funds by debentures or bonds. Thus two companies for years past might have pursued these different financial methods, each correct in every particular, with the result that the company which has habitually given security for such new money is now in a worse position than the company which has merely floated additional stock.

The author remarks (sec. 132) that "the absence of some provision for a review by an impartial tribunal is certainly a blemish in the law," but a very prompt review has been secured in spite of this "blemish." The portion relating to payment under protest might well have been enlarged, as that part of the procedure was the most vital for many at the "juncture" in which the volume was designed to appear. All such details may well be explained by the desire to produce quickly a serious lawbook. The work should be regarded only as a critical study of the text of the statute, and as such it may be suggestive to Congressmen and of such interest and value to lawyers as comes from very close analysis of a statute and from discussion or citation of more than three hundred cases bearing upon the various points of statutory interpretation.

The Inspiration of Poetry. By George Edward Woodberry. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

These eight lectures were delivered before the Lowell Institute, Boston. The first and the last are of general import, treating Poetic Madness and Inspiration. Between are appreciations of six typical poets: Marlowe, Camoens, Byron, Gray, Tasso, and Lucretius. The whole constitutes an informal poetic, and, by implication, an æsthetic.

The poet is the man of passion. His temperament, in Nietzsche's phrase, is Dionysiac; he illustrates "the power and the passion to live":

> It is a widespread error, and due only to the academic second-hand practice of poetry, to oppose the poet to the man of action, or assign to him a merely contemplative rôle in life, or in other ways deny reality to the poet's experience; intensity of living is preliminary to all great expression.

Some element of excess, rebellion, anarchy, we must expect to find in the poet. This insurgency, however, is dominated by the Apollonian faculty, which impels him to lend to his passion form. He is thus, as artist, the self-disciplined man *par excellence.* He qualifies the feeling of the throng as the philosopher qualifies its thinking.

Into his speculations on the origin and social utility of poetry, we cannot follow Mr. Woodberry. He imagines an emotional crisis in the history of the race, akin to that which we find in the individual poet, which may have concurrently urged men towards the invention of emotional and intellectual forms. Our best thinking may be grounded in some such emotional stress. With this suggestive view may be compared Benedetto Croce's doctrine that every idea perforce passes through an æsthetic (emotional) stage. If this be true, the crises imagined by Mr. Woodberry would become simply collective intensifications of a universal experience.

Admirably clear and telling are the illustrative studies of six poets. The most novel and stimulating, perhaps, is the essay on Byron, who is regarded as an un-British, nay, as a "Mediterranean" poet; the most eloquent that on Lucretius. In his sympathetic treatment of Gray it seems to us that Mr. Woodberry evades the problem of the poet at low pressure. How square with the theory of "poetic madness" those poets whose inspiration seems compact of reason? or at least whose Dionysiac periods are so rare? A full elucidation of this paradox might have taken a confessional form. As it is, we are left in some doubt as to how we must regard the Grays, Arnolds, Heredias, shall we say Woodberrys? Is the difference between them and a Byron or a Camoens merely quantitative, or is it, in some instances, of kind as well? How shall we discriminate between the unrobust but true poetry of a Gray and that practice which we have been told is "academic and second hand"?

In the matter of Tasso, Mr. Woodberry follows the legend in making the imprisonment at Ferrara romantically mysterious. To us it seems, with all its tragedy one of the painfully commonsense episodes of history. Suppose a half-mad poet to fall in love with a princess, what should the prince, her brother, do? Plainly, seclude the unfortunate until he recovered his balance. Nor is it strange that Alphonso of Ferrara would not give Tasso up. There was no telling what he would have said in another court, whereas sane or mad, free or in prison, he was the brightest ornament of the house of Este. To credit Tasso's account of what may have been imagined distresses, to impute to Alphonso any but the obvious prudential and benevolent motives, seems to us gratuitous. But the legend is too enthralling to die readily.

Mr. Woodberry's book should do good. Quite in the ardent spirit of the defences of poetry of the Renaissance, it vindicates the character of poetry as a universal and necessary ingredient of right living. There is possibly some exaggeration of the Dionysiac view, but surely such over-emphasis is salutary at a moment when poetry is pretty generally regarded as a rather futile accomplishment.

The Return of Louis XVIII. From the French of Gilbert Stenger by Mrs. Rodolph Stawell. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3 net.

The Bourbon Restoration. By Major John R. Hall. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $4 net.

To judge from the large number of memoirs and histories which have lately appeared on the post-Napoleonic period, there seems to be an increasing interest in the Bourbon Restoration. It was an age of intrigue. The returned *émigrés* were intriguers by nature and by circumstances. Fouché and Talleyrand were pulling hidden wires of several different policies at once. It is characteristic of the age that Louis XVIII continued to keep a minute police supervision over Fouché, even after he had accepted him as his Minister of Police. A *dossier*, which has recently been brought to light, shows that a detailed record was kept of Fouché's daily doings. The names and, so far as possible, the business of all his visitors were recorded. If he seemed to be in a good humor, or if he seemed to be depressed, the fact was duly noted. The vigilance was not relaxed even on his wedding day. And the amusing side of the situation was that this elaborate system of espionage on the Minister of Police was carried out by one of Fouché's own police agents.

The two recent volumes on the Bour-

bons by Stenzel and by Major Hall resemble each other in giving much of this flavor of intrigue; but otherwise, in character and subject-matter, they are quite different. The first chapters of Stenzel's interesting volume are devoted to the wanderings and vicissitudes of Louis XVIII and his friends at Verona, Blankenburg, Mittau, and finally at Hartwell; the remaining chapters describe their mistakes and follies during the first restoration, their ignominious flight from Paris at the beginning of the Hundred Days, and their final return from Ghent after Waterloo. "I have dealt," says the author in his preface, "with that court, with its princes and its dignitaries, faithfully but ruthlessly; without injustice, but at the same time without the flattery that is too common among royalist writers." Unfortunately, however, he has exercised too little discrimination in the use of the memoirs of the period from which he largely quotes. He is too prone to follow the characterizations of such a cynical misanthrope as the Abbé Montgaillard. The restored Bourbons were, to be sure, a foolish, narrow-minded, and altogether sorry lot, after Napoleon and the heroes of the Revolution, but they were not quite so bad as Stenzel represents.

Major Hall disposes briefly of the Bourbons during the period of their exile; he does not allow himself to be led astray by the charm of the Waterloo campaign; he comes quickly to his main theme—the history of the whole Bourbon Restoration from Louis XVIII's entry into Paris in 1814 to Charles X's overthrow in 1830. He addresses himself conscientiously to the confused electoral laws, the complex political parties, and the elusive intrigues. He has chosen his chapter headings extremely well, but, once in the midst of a chapter, he is apt to obscure the significant facts by too much tedious detail. His work is painstaking, accurate, and unbiassed; it is perhaps the best account of this period in English, which, however, is no great praise. But, being based on memoirs and on the works of Ernest Daudet, Houssaye, Castel-Viel, and other well-known secondary authorities, it cannot have the freshness nor the permanency of a first-hand investigation in archives.

Theism and the Christian Faith. By Charles Carroll Everett. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50.

Until the publication of the present volume and its logical predecessor, "The Psychological Elements of Religious Faith" (Macmillan, 1902), Dr. Everett was generally known only as the author of a book of profound thought and charming style, entitled "Poetry, Comedy, and Duty" (Houghton Mifflin, 1888), and of certain literary and theological essays which appeared in various periodicals, especially in the *New World*, of which he was one of the editors during the whole of its brief and brilliant career. Scholars, indeed, knew of a book on "Fichte's Science of Knowledge," which, however, was mainly expository, and of an earlier book, "The Science of Thought," built on Hegelian lines and almost severely technical in character. In the volume now published we have a record, edited from students' notes, of his most important course of theological lectures delivered annually to students in the Harvard Divinity School. The editor, the Rev. Edward Hale, deserves high credit for the skill and self-effacing loyalty with which he has accomplished a most difficult task, for he has succeeded not only in accurately reproducing Dr. Everett's thought, but also in suggesting the charm of delivery corresponding to the limpid style of the published essays. The style is so clear that sometimes one hardly realizes how deep the thought is, just as in the lectures Dr. Everett's gentle flow, "too full for sound or foam," often carried the student placidly over depths unsuspected at the time.

Dr. Everett's two great masters were Schleiermacher and Hegel, and it may be said that the former affected the substance and general tenor of his thought, while the latter had greater influence upon the form which it assumed in his own mind and in which it was presented. Fundamental is his sense of the wholeness of things and his demand that this unity shall be manifested in thought. In this sense of unity his sympathy is revealed with what he calls the mystical type of theology in contrast with the "common-sense" type to which his Unitarian affiliations would seem to have inclined him. This craving for unity is seen not only in thought, but also in social relations, where it appears as the ideal of goodness, and in æsthetic experience, where it underlies the ideal of beauty. Now, in faith, which is but the philosopher's consciously adopted "good faith" of an unsophisticated mind, Dr. Everett interprets reality as answering to these three ideals of the reason. The world exists for us in space and time, but, so existing, it is not a world of unity: unity in space is possible only in spirit which finds itself in its opposite, and unity in time also can be fulfilled only in spirit which makes of the past a moment of the present and so preserves identity. If, therefore, reality fulfils the demand for unity, it must be conceived in terms of spirit. Moreover, the ideal of goodness finds its fulfilment only in love wherein the interests of another actually become one's own, and self-realization includes the realization of that which is loved. If, therefore, reality fulfils this idea, the Spirit must be conceived in terms of love. Similarly, beauty is realized only when the unity of the ideal is manifest in the diversity of the actual, and so beauty is witness to the glory of God shining through the order of the world.

Dr. Everett's theological system has points of contact with current theory which make it an interesting study; but scattered through the book are sentences of insight, literary and religious, touches of quiet and delicious humor, appreciations of the masters of thought and poetry, which make the book worth reading altogether apart from philosophical or theological doctrine. Many readers, as well as students of theology, will be grateful to the editor, and to the *Harvard Theological Review*, which issues this as a supplementary volume.

The History of French Literature from the Oath of Strasburg to Chanticler. By Annie Lemp Konta. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.50 net.

There is distinctly need of a good history of French literature in English. Van Laun's work, which formerly had some vogue, has become archaic, and that of Professor Saintsbury, although based on the "personal acquaintance" of which he constantly boasts, is quite unsatisfactory as an interpretation. The other English works are scanty outlines or dull compendiums. On the other hand, a history such as M. Lanson's book, excellent as it is, presupposes too much knowledge, and is correspondingly vague to the student viewing France from a foreign standpoint.

As a candidate for the vacant place on the book shelf the "History of French Literature from the Oath of Strasburg to Chanticler (*sic*)," by Annie Lemp Konta, is a disappointment. At first glance it promises well: the volume is not disfigured by the erratic orthography and accentuation which disgrace so many American books on France, and it is clearly the work of one who has read a great deal in French literature and has made a conscientious attempt. Not only has the author unexpectedly tried to account for many of the less famous though significant authors, but occasionally an interesting and suggestive anecdote appears in the text or notes.

Unfortunately, praise stops here. Not to mention many peculiar phrases, such as "Godfrey of Monmouth," "Angelo, Poliziana," the education of Loyola at the "College of Montaigne," the attribution of Malherbe's reform to the middle of the sixteenth century, the reader is forced to conclude that the author herself has never grasped, or has not expressed, the important tendencies of French literature, nor has she even thoroughly assimilated what other critics have said. We do not expect a writer nowadays to be original about the seventeenth century, but a treatment of Corneille in which we are told in the space of two pages that "Faguet

says," "said La Bruyère," "says Demogeot," "Brunetière writes," "but writes Lanson," and "adds Lanson," produces a scrappy effect. One feels also in many places, that Mrs. Konta's authorities are not altogether the most recent or the most judicious; and that perhaps too much confidence has been placed in the statements of Aubertin and Paul Albert or of Bernard Shaw and Mr. Henry Wellington Wack.

The treatment of authors, as to relative importance or literary significance, is puzzling. To dismiss Regnier with the statement that his "only claim to celebrity are his satires," as though that were not merit enough, tantalizes the seeker for information; to put Rollin between Quinault and Malebranche on the same page is not a *mélange*, but a *potpourri des genres;* to treat Marivaux after Beaumarchais, and to give almost as much space to Henri Rochefort as to Descartes or Pascal is the *monde renversé*. The bibliography is beneath contempt.

Notes.

The Oxford University Press has published an illustrated booklet giving a history of its career of more than three centuries.

"Scotch Irish Pioneers in Ulster and America," by Charles K. Bolton, librarian of the Boston Athenæum, will soon appear from the press of Bacon & Brown, Boston.

Four more volumes of Scribner's excellent Memorial Edition of Meredith bring us through "Sandra Belloni" (III and IV), "Rhoda Fleming" (V), and "Evan Harrington" (VI). As in the earlier volumes there are a few illustrations from photographs of places connected with Meredith's life at the time of writing the particular book.

"In Praise of Gardens" (Baker & Taylor Co.) is an anthology of garden verse, selected by Temple Scott. The pleasure of reading the poems is marred by extraordinary slovenliness of printing.

J. Logie Robertson's complete text of Scott's Poems and Thomas Hutchinson's carefully prepared text of Wordsworth are now issued in the low-priced Oxford Edition by Henry Frowde. Byron is added to the same edition. The prefatorial note to this reads as follows:

> We are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. John Murray, publisher of the Edition of 1867, for permission to use any copyright matter contained in that issue. The following is prefixed to Mr. Murray's Edition: "Although various editions are circulated purporting to be 'Byron's Works,' none are complete except those bearing the imprint, etc."

This statement is perfectly correct for Murray's edition of 1867, which the present Oxford text reproduces; but since that date Mr. Murray has himself published the great thirteen-volume Byron, including, besides other new matter, the beginning to a seventeenth canto of "Don Juan"; and the verse of this edition has been issued also in a single volume (imported by Scribner). Furthermore, the Cambridge Byron of Houghton Mifflin Co. is even more complete, if we may use the phrase, than the new Murray. It is right to add, however, that the matter brought into print since 1867 is virtually all of it worthless.

The new edition of Professor Hoffmann's "Hoyle's Games Modernized" (Dutton) contains a chapter on Auction Bridge, by Ernest Berghoit, and new chapters on Roulette and Trente et Quarante by Capt. Browning. Another card-book worthy of mention is Capt. S. H. Hingley's "Hints on Advanced Bridge" (Macmillan).

A book of pleasant entertainment is Ada M. Ingpen's "Women as Letter-Writers," which contains a selection of letters from Margaret Paston down to Christina Rossetti. On glancing through the list of correspondents, fair or witty or wise, we miss only one favorite, the famous Molly Lepell, Lady Hervey. We could pick out several letters written by that charming lady from the weary confinement of Lord Bristol's country place, which would bear comparison with most that the volume before us contains. However, the writer of this note is probably the only man now living who is enamoured of the beautiful Molly Lepell, and otherwise, at any rate, the collection is admirable. (Baker & Taylor Co.)

"The Students' Standard Dictionary" (Funk & Wagnalls Company) is a convenient condensation which, the publishers say, contains about 61,000 of the 317,000 words and phrases of the complete work. The volume has 900 odd pages, with the defined words in clear black-face type, while the definitions are presented in type large enough to be easily read by ordinarily good eyes. The text seems at times rather too condensed, and perhaps the book would have been quite as useful on the whole if there had been fewer words and more complete definitions of them. On the other hand, the dubiously valuable feature in the complete work of quoting current, rather than standard and original uses of the words, has been omitted, certainly with no great loss to the book. The volume is of convenient size for desk use.

The special feature of a delightful new edition of the "Pickwick Papers," imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, is the great number of topical pictures scattered through the two volumes. In these pictures nothing in the way of imaginative interpretation of the characters is attempted; that is wisely left to the matchless "Phiz"—happiest of illustrators. What the present editor has done is to reconstruct, so far as possible, by means of old prints and sketches, the scenes which formed for contemporary readers the background of the book. As might be expected, the most casual allusion, tucked away in the most unimportant passage, is regarded as a good enough peg to hang a picture on; we have Guy's Hospital, for instance, merely because it was near Bob Sawyer's lodgings; we even have presentments of Plato, Zeno, Epicurus, and Pythagoras, merely because it was suggested to Mr. Pickwick that he should impersonate one of them at Mrs. Leo Hunter's fancy dress ball. It is fair to add immediately, however, that most of the two hundred and twenty-three pictures are of more than general interest. It is amusing to compare The Bull, where the Pickwickians stopped at Rochester, with Wright's, against which they were warned ("dear—very dear—half-a-crown in the bill if you look at the waiter—charge you more if you dine at friend's than they would if you dined in the coffee-room—rum fellows—very"). Some of the prints, too, are so quaint and interesting in themselves that one is glad to come across them, even though they illustrate the text only in a Pickwickian sense. Such are the figure of the two-penny postman, the sketches of the Fleet Market, and the charming scenes of the shipping at Bristol. One of the most amusing reprints is that of the ingenious poetical advertisements of Warren's Paste Blacking, scornfully referred to by Tony Weller when Sam is in danger of "letting himself down to talk poetry." Copies of the original cover, the title page, and the first advertisement of the book bring back to one with a thrill that happy time when, as Chesterton says, real life was merely an interlude between one issue of "Pickwick" and the next. Certainly to any lover of Dickens this alluring edition—beautifully illustrated, handsomely printed, light and easy to hold in spite of its size—would be a precious possession. We only fear that among those who are by way of spending $7 for a book there are not many true lovers of Dickens. People of an antiquarian, or bookish, temperament, who flatter themselves that their minds have grown so that they cannot read Dickens, will enjoy buying the book and enjoy showing it to their friends; but they will be going back, oddly enough, to the original scheme of Chapman & Hall, according to which the text was to be merely accessory to the illustrations.

The "Copa" is the most charming of all the pseudo Virgilian short poems—an exquisite bit of genre painting, depicting a wayside *osteria,* on a summer day, with an embowered garden, threaded by a tinkling rivulet, and the dark-skinned Syrian *padrona* dancing and singing in the cool shadows to the lively tune of the clicking castanets. It would be a most excellent thing to have this bit of Augustan verse adequately translated and discussed by non-professional hands. But its treatment by Charles L. and John Cotton Dana ("Copa: The Hostess of the Sun," etc., etc.; Elm Tree Press) is about as far as possible from being adequate. The writers take as their text a recent essay by Dr. Fritz Keppler, who ascribes the authorship of the "Copa" to the Cynthia of Propertius. They give a vague, but encomiastic, account of Dr. Keppler's work (nowhere mentioning the actual title of his essay), and subjoin an English prose translation of the "Copa" itself, and a transcript of the original text, concluding with some rambling talk about Cynthia and Propertius. The Latin text contains some evident misprints, and if other readings are accurately reprinted, the case is clear that Dr. Keppler (a physician, by the way) had lamentably poor acquaintance with the literature of his subject. The proffered translation of these thirty-eight verses is very unfortunate. There is hardly a line which does not contain blunders that the use of a common dictionary might have prevented, and the English is without distinction, and in several places meaningless, where the Latin is simple. It is a pity that the writers did not let a Latinist inspect their work before enshrining it in such excellent form.

The sea-law falsely attributed to the Rhodians, which was really the sea-law of the Mediterranean between the eighth and

twelfth centuries A. D., and which is a striking testimonial to Byzantine enterprise and influence, has been accessible hitherto in the most authoritative form in a text and translation first published by Dareste in the *Revue de Philologie* for January, 1905. Dareste's work, however, was based upon a relatively late and inferior MS. so that Walter Ashburner, in his "The Rhodian Sea-Law" (Frowde), has done a timely and valuable service in determining scientifically the relation of the extant mediæval copies of the code and in preparing for the first time a critical edition of it. To this he has prefixed a substantial historical and legal introduction in which the origin and sanction of the law, as well as its character and business setting, are discussed with great independence of thinking, clarity, and simplicity of style, and mastery of the subject and its literature. Its most weighty section "deals with the relation of the sea-law to the other monuments of maritime jurisprudence which relate to the Mediterranean basin during the middle ages, and gives a sketch, so far as it can be gathered from these materials, of that jurisprudence as it existed between the fall of the Roman Empire and the commercial renascence of the thirteenth century." The book is thus one which no real student of the Middle Ages, or, for that matter, of Antiquity—upon which survivals of maritime usages reflect much light—can afford to ignore. It has all the sterling qualities of the best English scholarship.

With the exception of some Indian forays of colonial times, the annals of American warfare chronicle no act of such devilish barbarity, perpetrated by men nominally under the flag of a belligerent power, as the famous Quantrill raid of August, 1863, which in a few hours reduced a large part of the town of Lawrence, Kansas, to ashes and left some hundred and fifty of its citizens butchered in cold blood in its streets. The story has been many times told, with varying degrees of elaboration or embellishment, by survivors of the raid; but the inevitable variations in detail, joined to imperfect knowledge on the one hand and undying hatred of Quantrill and his band on the other, have so far surrounded the affair with mystery, and even romance, as to lead more than one later historian to dismiss the raid as a sporadic outrage of slight importance. It has been reserved for W. E. Connelley, in his "Quantrill and the Border Wars" (Cedar Rapids, Ia.: The Torch Press), to give us the final authoritative word in the matter so far as the facts of the case are concerned. The book is not, indeed, well written; its style, though readable, is diffuse and digressive; and the abundant footnotes often contain statements quite as important for the general course of the narrative as those of the text. But in spite of these shortcomings, Mr. Connelley has investigated exhaustively every incident of Quantrill's life from the cradle to the grave, followed to its source every story and tradition, set down the recollections of scores of persons who knew Quantrill and his followers, and embodied the whole in a bulky volume which constitutes a contribution of prime importance to the history of the Kansas struggle and the civil war. Of the points which the book helps chiefly to make clear, we note here only four: first, the extraordinary depravity of Quantrill's life, crowded from youth with a succession of murders and outrages unparalleled, we believe, in American history, and rivalling in some of its features that of the famous Jukes family; secondly, the gradual rise of Quantrill to the leadership of a gang of ruffians, who for years played fast and loose with proslavery and free-State men on both sides of the border, killing, burning, and ravaging without let or hindrance; thirdly, the connection, little known, between Quantrill and the Confederate government, in whose service he was after August 15, 1862; and lastly, the circumstances, here for the first time fully set forth, of his capture and death. Incidentally, the book does good service in exposing the inaccuracy and bias of Major John N. Edwards's "Noted Guerrillas," which has often been quoted as an authority on this period of the border struggle.

Considering the superabundance of good Mediterranean literature it is hard to see a crying need for Bruce Millard's "The Mediterranean Cruise." Kodakers will relish his adventures in the quest of unveiled Arab beauties for the camera. In fact, the average snapshotting man and woman is plainly the destined reader for this book. It is written with a certain spirit but has nothing new or valuable to say. The description of the Greek Theatre at Taormina is misleading. There is no indication that most of the visible structure, especially the stage, is of Roman date. Mr. Millard writes for those who have no time for such particularities. (Putnam.)

"Tales of Travel All Around the World," by Horace A. Taylor (The Neale Publishing Co.), will be a disappointing book to those who know the author. For many years assistant secretary of the treasury, Mr. Taylor has had an extraordinary acquaintance with American politicians and statesmen. His reminiscences of the Middle West when it still was the frontier would be invaluable. What he has to say about the nations of the earth as observed in a two years' trip is just about what any intelligent American would note. Occasionally, the trained man appears. When he says that Japan is taxed to the limit and cannot afford to fight, he speaks with authority. His impressions of half-baked missionaries are also of value. He is a veteran administrator and knows what efficiency means. In the main we think Mr. Taylor was ill-advised to reprint his letters of travel. His reminiscences of the Northwest when Illinois was Indian country, would be quite another matter.

The series of brief biographical sketches of early American Methodists now includes the story of the interesting career of "Peter Cartwright," one of the most original and remarkable personages of American religious history (Eaton & Mains). Cartwright's apostleship to the frontier for half a century, his dominating personality, and his captivating humor are well described in this little book, which is by Philip M. Watters. Lincoln once had Cartwright for an opponent in a campaign for Representative in the Illinois Legislature, and it is a misfortune that the hustings speeches of the two have not been preserved. In the same series of biographies is a sketch of "Thomas Coke," the founder of American Methodist missions, by Francis Bourne Upham.

With the ninth part of the "Assyrian and Babylonian Letters, belonging to the Kouyunjik Collection of the British Museum" (University of Chicago Press), containing 98 tablets, Prof. Robert F. Harper has published in all the text of 974 letters, and we are informed that a tenth part is in preparation. The collection of texts is a valuable contribution, bearing alike on the political, religious, and social conditions of Assyria in the period of her greatest glory. The letters form part of the great royal library discovered in the ruins of Nineveh by Layard about fifty years ago, and indicate that the palace within which the library was housed was also the official depository of the historical archives of the country. The ninety-eight letters in this volume deal largely with political events, and among them are some which illustrate the relations existing between Babylonia and Assyria in the reign of Ashurbanabal (668-626 B. C.). The king had placed his brother Shamash-shum-ukin in control of Babylonia and the letters give the king information in regard to movements in the South, leading to the revolt of Shamash-shum-ukin against his brother. Other letters again furnish the results of astrological observations, while a number, as in previous volumes, deal with matters connected with the cult. Indeed, there is scarcely a phase of public life that is not illustrated by the collection, which forms an important adjunct to the historical annals of the Assyrian kings and to the religious texts of the period. The language of these letters is exceedingly difficult. They contain a large number of obscure terms, and the exact meaning of the phrases, even where every word is clear, is often difficult to seize. A number of special investigations of the material contained in the previous letters have already appeared, but much work is still to be done before these letters will be fully understood. It is to be hoped that Professor Harper, after his next volume has appeared, will interrupt the publication for a while and set himself to the task of translating at least the historical letters in the collection, for which, by his long experience with this epistolary branch of cuneiform literature, he is especially fitted. The clear type used to reproduce the cuneiform characters is a noteworthy feature, and, while the autotype in the case of the scripts of less known periods is essential for palæographic purposes, in the case of the Assyrian script now thoroughly known, the method of reproduction adopted by Professor Harper serves all purposes. He has carefully studied his texts before copying them, so that there are few corrections to be suggested by those who make a special study of any particular text.

Memorial volumes and *Festschriften* have as a rule but little scientific interest. They are of value chiefly to those whom they are intended to honor, to whom it is gratifying to receive such a testimonial from their colleagues, which they can place upon their library shelves, show to their friends, and hand down to their children. This general rule is true of the "Hilprecht Anniversary Volume," a stately book of some 500 pages, illustrated with numerous half-tone reproductions and fac-

simile plates, printed in Germany, by W. Drugulin, and "dedicated to Hermann V. Hilprecht, upon the twenty-fifth anniversary of his doctorate and his fiftieth birthday by his colleagues, friends, and admirers." While there are not a few distinguished scholars among the contributors to this volume, we should suppose that Professor Hilprecht's gratification in its publication would be considerably modified by the fact that not a single American scholar has contributed an article (unless indeed Radau be counted as such), including Hilprecht's former pupils, and that the more distinguished German Assyriologists, including Hilprecht's former teacher, Delitzsch, are chiefly conspicuous by their absence. The papers in this volume are almost exclusively Assyriological and technical, and one-quarter of the entire space is occupied by Radau's contribution on "Miscellaneous Sumerian texts from the Temple Library of Nippur." (Open Court Pub. Co.)

The third annual meeting of the Mississippi Valley Historical Association is to be held at Iowa City, Ia., on May 26 and 27, preceded on May 25 by a programme presented under the auspices of the State Historical Society of Iowa. The programme for the three days includes the following papers and addresses: May 25, "On the Way to Indiana," by Laenas G. Weld of the State University of Iowa; "Abraham Lincoln," by Joseph Newton of Cedar Rapids, Ia. May 26, "Professional Ideals," by Prof. Orin G. Libbey, president of the Association; "The Evolution of Nebraska," by Albert Watkins, historian of the State Historical Society of Nebraska; "The Pioneer and the Forest," by Prof. Bohumil Shimek of the State University of Iowa: "The State Historical Museum," by Charles E. Brown, chief of the Wisconsin State Historical Museum; "Chief Features of the Report of the Committee of Five of the American Historical Association," by Prof. Andrew C. McLaughlin of the University of Chicago; discussion, "To what extent can an effective use of the sources be made in secondary teaching?" by Prof. Guernsey Jones of the University of Nebraska, Prof. Edward C. Page of the Northern Illinois State Normal School, and Jay T. Colegrove of the Cedar Rapids High School; discussion, "To what extent may the teaching of history and civics be correlated and how best accomplished?" by Prof. Thomas F. Moran of Purdue University, Prof. O. M. Dickerson of the Western Illinois State Normal School, L. A. Fulwider, principal of the Freeport (Ill.) High School, and H. C. Wright of the Morton High School at Berwyn, Ill. "The Significance of the Mississippi Valley in American History," by Prof. Frederick J. Turner of the State University of Wisconsin; "The Duty of the State in Relation to Its History," by John Lee Webster of Omaha, Neb. May 27, "The Significance of the Louisiana-Texas Frontier," by Prof. Isaac J. Cox of the University of Cincinnati; "The Bid of the West for the National Capital," by Prof. Olynthus B. Clark of Drake University; "Detroit and George Rogers Clark, 1780-1781," by Prof. James A. James of the Northwestern University; "The Need of the Comprehensive Finding List of Western Manuscripts," by Prof. Clarence W. Alvord of the University of Illinois, "Effigy Mounds and Mosaics in the Valley of the Mississippi," by Arlow B. Stout of the State University of Wisconsin; "Past and Present Sticking Points in Taxation," by Frank L. McVey, president of the State University of North Dakota.

The American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia announces that an award of the Henry M. Phillips prize will be made during the year 1912. Essays must be in the possession of the society before the first day of January, 1912. The subject upon which essays are to be furnished by competitors is: "The Treaty-making Power of the United States, and the Methods of its Enforcement as Affecting the Police Powers of the States." The essay must contain not more than 100,000 words, excluding notes. Such notes, if any, should be kept separate, as an appendix. The prize for the crowned essay will be $2,000. The essays must be sent to W. W. Keen, the president of the American Philosophical Society, No. 104 South Fifth Street, Philadelphia.

A sad and disquieting record is that of the recent increase of suicides in Munich, Bavaria. According to official statistics there were 95 in 1907, 116 in 1908, and 125 in 1909. In addition to these actual suicides there were 94 unsuccessful attempts to commit suicide in 1907, 102 in 1908, and 130 in 1909. Of the 255 successful and unsuccessful suicides in 1909, 86 were by deadly weapons (49 successful), 27 by hanging, 55 by drowning (17 successful), 28 by opening the veins, 40 by poison (14 successful), and 19 (16 successful) in ways not precisely known. Of the 125 successful suicides in 1909, 88 were by males and 37 by females; 16 were under twenty years of age, 75 between twenty and fifty, and 31 over fifty years. Ninety-one were Catholics, 21 Protestants, 4 Jews, and 6 of religion unknown; 66 unmarried, 14 widows or widowers, and 45 married (30 happily and 15 unhappily). In 61 cases the pecuniary conditions were favorable, in 39 unfavorable, and in 25 unknown. Twenty were healthy, 41 diseased, 39 mentally morbid, and 25 of health unknown. In 9 cases the ancestors were of unsound mind or suicides. As regards causes, 21 were due to material cares, 38 to mental debility, 33 to physical suffering, 8 to anxiety in love, 9 to fear of punishment, and 2 to dread of the loss of honor.

Louise Forsslund, author of "The Ship of Dreams," "The Story of Sarah," and various sketches of Long Island, died on Monday, at Brentwood, L. I., at the age of thirty-seven.

Eduard Duboc, the German poet and novelist, better known by his pseudonym, Robert Waldmüller, died recently at Dresden, at the age of eighty-seven. He was a native of Hamburg. His novels and poems include "Dorfidyllen," "Der Sekundant," "Auf dem Glatteis," "Leid und Lust," and "Das Geheimnis," and he had translated "Enoch Arden" and other poems of Tennyson.

Science.

The "Physiology and Hygiene for Secondary Schools," by F. M. Walters (Heath), runs mostly along conventional lines, with an occasional excursion into fields which are not altogether familiar to the author. Taken as a whole, the text is pretty good, but the effort to simplify matters is sometimes rather overdone, and the laboratory directions leave much to be desired. The numerous illustrations are mostly good and from approved sources; a few are almost ridiculously diagrammatic. Refreshing is the moderate and rational statement of the case against alcohol and tobacco, instead of the gross exaggerations often found in books of this class.

In "How We Think" (Heath), Prof. John Dewey returns to the central problem of his variety of Pragmatism from a new point of view, with a fresh motive and in a vein agreeably out of the ordinary. The problem is that of the natural reasoning process. His point of a view is that of an observant teacher, not the metaphysician or psychologist. And his motive is "the conviction that the needed steadying and centralizing factor (in school teaching) is found in adopting as the end of endeavor that attitude of mind, that habit of thought, which we call scientific." The volume, written in a style much more fluent and pictorial than that of the author's philosophical essays, is one unbroken demonstration, by an appeal to the most obvious workings of human nature, "that the native and unspoiled attitude of childhood, marked by ardent curiosity, fertile imagination, and the love of experimental inquiry, is near, very near, to the attitude of the scientific mind." That just such inquiry should be moulded into a mature habit appears supremely important, because through it, and through it alone, do we learn in a large way the consequences of natural events and of human acts. To many persons Pragmatism means a sort of evaporated utilitarianism; but this opinion finds no warrant in Professor Dewey's educational doctrine. Here we read that the idea which works is the one which moves us to action, and that the acquiring of a set of such ideas is the aim of all education. Mere technical skill, the knack of gathering dollars, piety that does not know why, classical culture that is blind to its own bearings in the day's work, and the glittering generalities of pseudo-science are all equally unworthy of encouragement in the author's ideal school room. "A true conception," he tells us, "is a *moving* idea, and it seeks outlet, or application, to the interpretation of particulars and the guidance of action, as naturally as water runs down hill." Hence his Pragmatism: the child should be trained to read, and, so far as is possible, to act out consequences. Hence, too, the theory which few look for in the pragmatist's writing; the intellectual ideal is a fine balance of free mental play with seriousness. This is the true artist's attitude, and his conduct; and "the teacher's own claim to rank as an artist is measured by his ability to foster the attitude of the artist in those who study with him, whether they be youth or little children." It is not enough to arouse enthusiasm, nor to communicate large ideas, nor to release energy. Still less will memory or familiarity or deftness serve. "To nurture inspiring aim and executive means into harmony with each other is at once the difficulty and the reward of the teacher." Coming from one whose name has been linked with the convenient consolation that the Truth is As You Like It, this only goes to show how many different ways of thinking may be covered by the word Pragmatism.

"In the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom" is exemplified by "First Principles of Chemistry" (Allyn & Bacon). Five high-school teachers of chemistry in New York city have coöperated in the production of this eminently serviceable introductory text-book. It contains just the amount of material which experience has shown that the beginner is able to digest, the explanations are lucid, and each chapter closes with a summary and questions. The illustrations are especially good, whether diagrammatic or photographic. Many of our chemistries, when they condescend to refer to industrial processes at all, are apt to give antiquated methods. The authors have taken pains to avoid this fault and to describe the methods actually in use. The most conspicuous illustration of this is the omission of that familiar old landmark, the chamber process for the manufacture of sulphuric acid. The platinum catalytic process is the only one described. A laboratory guide containing seventy-one exercises is published as a separate volume.

The large treatise of T. C. Chamberlin and R. D. Salisbury has naturally been followed by a shorter work, "A College Textbook of Geology" (Holt), designed especially for class use. Much the same characteristics mark the later as appeared in the earlier work. Relatively greater emphasis is laid, perhaps, upon the historical side of geology, but processes and their results and physiography are prominent features as before. The work presents an excellent picture of the course of nature as exhibited by the earth, and is written in a fluent and attractive style. The illustrations are abundant and significant. The one serious lack is the disproportionately short treatment accorded structural geology. Folds, for instance, receive the briefest possible mention, and the large forms of igneous rocks are passed over in a few lines. The book is, therefore, not so well adapted to be a preparation for field workers and engineers as are some other manuals.

"Hydro-electric Developments and Engineering," by Frank Koester (Van Nostrand), contains a complete account of all the engineering problems connected with the development, design, construction, equipment, and operation of such plants. Serious attention is now directed to this form of power, which has until recently gone to waste in this country. Undoubtedly the economic loss involved in our destruction of forest and water power will be checked by the growth of this industry. The problems taken up in the present volume have considerable interest for the general public, as well as for the engineer.

Dr. John Smith, the distinguished Scotch dentist, who founded the Dental Dispensary (now the Dental Hospital) at Edinburgh in 1858, died recently in that city at the age of eighty-six.

Dr. Salvatore Lo Bianco of the Zoölogical Station at Naples died on April 10, at the age of fifty. He had greatly improved the methods of preserving marine animals for exhibition and examination.

Dr. Julius Kühn, professor of agriculture at the University of Halle, from 1862 until his retirement in 1905, died recently at the age of eighty-four. He was a practical farmer, but had organized the study of agriculture on a scientific basis at Halle, and was largely responsible for the increase of the number of students in that department from three, when he went to the university, to the present enrolment of more than three hundred. He also founded the Agricultural Institute at Halle. He had published "Die Krankheiten der Kulturgewächse, ihre Ursachen und Verbreitung," "Mitteilungen aus dem physiologischen Laboratorium und der Versuchstation der landwirtschaftlichen Lehranstalt zu Halle," and other works.

Drama.

The Passion Play of Oberammergau. Translated from the German text, with an Historical Introduction by Montrose J. Moses. New York: Duffield & Co. $1.25 net.

The Passion Play of Oberammergau is not a drama. It is a spectacle consisting of a series of scenes, the representation of decisive moments in a long succession of events, and it has rather the effect of tableaux connected by actions than of actions culminating in tableaux. The meaning of the scenes is interpreted in songs and choruses; the actions are accompanied by words; but the text, whether sung or spoken, is the least significant element in the performance. This text, furthermore, has been much modified, but not on the whole improved, in the course of time. The version of 1662, essentially a combination of two different plays of the two preceding centuries, possesses not only the charm of quaintness, but also the vigor of simplicity, and a certain laconic matter-of-factness. The "official" text of 1900, based upon Father Daisenberger's revision, is somewhat lacking in these specific qualities. It sets forth matters of fact with tiresome fulness in prose, and the most we can say of its lyrical and choral passages is that they make no pretension to metrical elegance and breathe an unaffected spirit of sincerity and piety. Even this modernization has, indeed, its homely virtues.

He who translates such a text for its own sake undertakes a thankless task. He must present as a self-sufficient piece of literature what is, after all, but a subsidiary element in a religious spectacle, and the substance for which he seeks an English form is in itself not worth translating. At best, a translation may serve merely the practical purpose of enabling spectators unfamiliar with German to understand more perfectly what is taking place on the stage before them. It appears, therefore, that the method adopted by W. T. Stead in his book, "The Passion Play at Oberammergau" (London, 1900), is more commendable than that of Mr. Moses. Besides copious illustrations and specimens of music, Mr. Stead gives descriptions of the tableaux and a narrative of the action into which translations of the speeches are inserted. But Mr. Moses's translation presents itself as a drama and challenges criticism as such. It gives the entire dramatic content of the Passion Play with sufficient accuracy. Its language, however, makes the drama seem more modern than it is even in the version of Daisenberger. We should certainly expect Biblical phrases to be rendered in the form of the King James version; but Mr. Moses does not always so render them. Occasionally he misses the sense of the German, and sometimes we get the impression that he has consciously varied the phraseology used by Stead, to the decided detriment of his translation. Daisenberger's honestly prosaic verses, which Miss Werner in her contributions to Mr. Stead's volume was content to render as literally as possible and often without rhyme, are transformed by the facile hand of Mr. Moses into melodramatic jingles in a variety of metres—the form not suggested by the originals, and the substance in many cases not the same.

The Historical Introduction calls attention to the connection of the Passion Play of Oberammergau with the *genre* in general and has something to say about the circumstances past and present of this play. The exposition is not altogether clear, nor is it free from errors of fact. But it properly emphasizes the character of the institution as a survival, and echoes the pious wish of thousands that the tradition may not become commercialized and desecrated.

A rather fragmentary bibliography mentions the more important titles belonging to the literature of the subject. Readers interested in the origins of the Passion Play in mediæval Europe may be referred to an article by Prof. Karl Young that is forthcoming in the June number of the Publications of the Modern Language Association.

Music.

EXIT HAMMERSTEIN.

Consolidated opera, as planned by Andreas Dippel, has become a reality. New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago are to have companies of their own, but affiliated through the exchange of important singers; and there will be no rival. One of the objects of the engagement of a double company at the Metropolitan for the season just ended was to flood the metropolis and other cities with such a tidal wave of operas that all opposition would be swept away. That has been accomplished; Oscar Hammerstein retires from the field, vanquished and yet triumphant. Like Col. Mapleson, he found he could not "fight Wall Street" any longer; but he has obtained a great deal of notoriety, fame, and glory out of his four seasons of opera; and even if the sum of $2,000,000, which he is said to have received from the Metropolitan Company

for selling out, is beyond the truth, he has doubtless also made a handsome profit out of his bold venture.

Unquestionably, if other American cities besides New York were to have first-class opera, the consolidation plan was the only one that promised success. It is all very well to talk about "ensemble versus stars." The public refuses to attend operatic performances unless there are two or more great "stars" in the cast. This was shown, as often before, during the past season in Boston, and it is the lesson of the present tour of the Metropolitan Company in various cities. That ensembles of mediocrities have not paid in Boston is proved by the announcement that prices will be raised next season and more singers of the first rank engaged; and the performances of the Metropolitan Company in Chicago and other cities have, as always, prospered in proportion to the number of great singers in the cast. By taking over from the Manhattan Mr. Hammerstein's leading singers—notably Mme. Tetrazzini, MM. Renaud, Dalmores, Sammarco, and Gilibert—the Metropolitan Company will gain strength, particularly in French opera, which is now its weakest side, and will at the same time be enabled to lend its other leading singers occasionally to the branch companies in Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago, without having to give the metropolis ensembles of mediocrities for the time being.

Inasmuch as the great singers are thus seen to be the chief pillars of opera, it seems hardly fair that they should be held responsible for all the troubles of the past. Had it not been for Mmes. Tetrazzini, Garden, Melba, Calvé, MM. Renaud, Sammarco, Gilibert, and Dalmores, Mr. Hammerstein's venture would have collapsed long ago; yet it is intimated that one of the first objects of the new opera syndicate will be to reduce the salaries of singers. There are some, no doubt, who are overpaid. Box-office receipts are not an invariable index of an artist's pecuniary value; some prima donnas nearly always sing to large audiences, simply because they are nearly always put in the same cast with Caruso. New York has the best singers in the world simply because it pays them larger emoluments than they can get elsewhere. Reduce these to the European level, and they will remain in Europe, all the more since the new plan will compel them to do a good deal of travelling, which they dislike intensely and which is injurious to their voices.

Whatever may happen at the Metropolitan, thousands of local opera-goers will greatly regret the discontinuance of Mr. Hammerstein's performances at the Manhattan. They constitute a unique chapter in the annals of music in this city. The size of the house made it possible to produce effectively some operas that were inevitably lost in the vast spaces of the Metropolitan; and even some of the real grand operas, like "Carmen" and "Aïda," gained fresh interest from the hearer's greater proximity to the singers and players. It was this acoustic factor, quite as much as the cast and the magnetic conducting of Cleofonte Campanini, that made it possible, during the first season to give "Carmen" nineteen times. One remembers these performances with the same thrill of pleasure as those at the Metropolitan in which the cast included Jean and Edouard de Reszke, Emma Calvé, and Emma Eames.

Mr. Hammerstein's greatest achievement was in disproving the notion that the American public does not care for new operas, and in producing, for the first time in this country, a number of operas which, for one reason or another, were worth hearing. Among these were two in particular, "Thaïs" and "The Tales of Hoffmann," which, thanks especially to Mary Garden, and still more to the wondrous art of M. Renaud, proved box-office magnets of the first order, and which, one may take for granted, will be added to the Metropolitan repertory. Others were "Louise," "Pelléas et Mélisande," "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," "Grisélidis," and one or two more operas by Massenet; nor was it to this manager's discredit that he provided an opportunity to hear Strauss's "Elektra." In this case, however, the exacting composer reaped the chief benefit.

The value of competition was demonstrated in many ways by the Hammerstein episode in our operatic annals. At the very outset he thrilled his patrons by having choral music sung by young, fresh American voices that put to shame the old Metropolitan's chorus. To this innovation we can trace directly the superb choral performance at the Metropolitan during the last two seasons. The Broadway house also had to follow the Manhattan in the policy of producing new operas. The enormous success and influence of Mr. Campanini doubtless suggested the engagement by the rival company of his only rival among Italians, Mr. Toscanini. A new stimulus was also given to careful stage management. Now that this competition has been crushed, will there be a relapse into the old slovenly conditions? Not for a year or two, at any rate, it is safe to predict; and we may face the immediate future cheerfully, though with a sigh for the past pleasures provided by the Manhattan Opera House.

The Organ and Its Position in Musical Art. By H. Heathcote Statham. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2 net.

"The organ is in the present day an unfashionable instrument; in the eyes (or ears) of the general concert-going public, the orchestra has killed it." Such is the frank confession of Mr. Statham, who holds a brief for that instrument. He qualifies his statement by remarking that organ-playing is in general more thought of and better understood in the English provincial towns than in London. In the metropolis there are so many orchestral concerts that there seems no room left for organ performances, whereas in the smaller cities the organist has to fill up gaps, and the public thus becomes to some extent critical about organ-playing. "In London no one seems to take it seriously."

Why is it that organ recitals are almost always free, whereas money has to be paid to hear pianists? Was Beethoven mistaken in calling the organ the greatest of all instruments (though, to be sure, he never wrote anything for it)? Does it mean nothing that the greatest of all composers, John Sebastian Bach, wrote his greatest works for this instrument? There is a problem here to be solved, and the tens of thousands of organists in this country will be interested in Mr. Statham's remarks on it. His object is "to explain what the organ really is, what it can do and cannot do (the latter quite as important as the former)." Its greatest defect is the absence of the power to emphasize individual notes and to color the tones by differences in the touch. Whereas the pianist's instrument is in close touch with his own nervous organization, the organist before the keyboard can only set in action a complicated mechanism which produces the effects desired by a process which may be called one remove from his own nervous organization. Hence it is that an accomplished organist seldom arouses the same excitement in an audience as a pianist. In organ music the intellectual element prevails, and audiences desire a direct appeal to the emotions, such as the piano, and still more the orchestra, give.

This peculiarity of the organ, however (Chorley called organ music "the music of meditation"), is what makes it particularly suited to the church; and there, in its proper sphere, it rules, and always will rule; its lack of capacity for sentimental or passionate expression by means of accent and gradual increase and decrease of sound, is not fatal to it in the church, as it is in the concert hall; while, on the other hand, it has far greater range of power, from the faintest pianissimo to Tennyson's "thunder-music," beside the ability of sustaining harmonies in a way that makes it preëminently suitable for the expression of religious exaltation.

It took the composers many decades to discover the proper style, or idiom, for the organ. Mr. Statham gives some amusing examples of the pianistic organ music of Bach's predecessors. It

was Bach who created the true organ style, yet even he arrived at this result only gradually; in his mature works there are no piano-like passages or concert-room effects. The strange fact is noted that, although there is a special Bach cult in London and Bach is admittedly the greatest composer for the organ, it was seriously proposed, at a festival held in his honor, to omit his music for this instrument. Evidently there is need of a champion like Mr. Statham. He has many suggestive things to say about Bach's organ music, and why Handel's is so inferior to it. In speaking of other composers who have written great works for the organ, he unmistakably reveals his insularity by omitting the name of Liszt. He has heard of Max Reger, however, and he devotes several pages to curt remarks on the peculiarities of the German, French, and English school of organ composers.

To the architectural treatment of the organ a special chapter is given, while other chapters deal with the organ in oratorio and in church. Mr. Statham does not agree with those who hold that church organs are of abnormal and unnecessary size. Where the whole congregation sings the melody, the four-part harmony is entirely drowned, unless there is a large organ to reinforce the choir. He allows organists the privilege of arranging for their use pieces composed for other instruments, but is amusingly indignant at Liszt and other pianists who have transcribed for their use the fugues of Bach. The last chapter is a glorification of W. T. Best, whom the author pronounces to be as remarkable in his own line as Liszt.

Art.

WARD AND AMERICAN SCULPTURE.

Fifty years ago the late J. Q. A. Ward was already a famous and popular sculptor, and it is doubtful if in the intervening years he ever greatly surpassed his first success, The Indian Hunter. This means that his talent was solid, self-centred, and not readily diverted by current tendencies. He worked out and stood by his individual style quite as imperturbably as his great contemporary in painting, Winslow Homer. It is Ward's distinction to have been simple, to have kept his indigenous quality, while American sculptors generally were feverishly associating themselves with this or that foreign ideal. What he lost in technical flexibility, in the grace that from the beginning of American art till today has ever been over-prized, he gained in dignity and genuine monumental effect.

It is this larger quality that has generally been lacking in our sculpture. That art was born amid the prettiness of Canova, the insipidity of Gibson, and the somewhat anæmic grace of Flaxman. These were the models that imposed themselves on Powers, Story, Crawford, and their associates. At the outset our sculpture was infected with littleness. At all times since, it has turned towards artists and schools which cultivate the exquisite and flinch from masculine ideals of sculpture. We have even to-day a number of men of some prominence who are really the ultimate expression of the Canovesque. Better models were soon in vogue, but always the smaller models. The generation whose most accomplished figure was Augustus Saint-Gaudens turned from the ruling sickly Hellenism to the strenuous examples of the early Renaissance in Italy. The change meant a long advance in elegance—in all the minor attributes of style. Our sculpture became precious. The eye is too dull to perceive all the refinements of a Saint-Gaudens relief. One needs as well the actual touch of sensitive fingers. But note again that this kind of perfection is not compatible with monumental scale and effect. Being a quite extraordinary genius, Saint-Gaudens created one or two statues that at least simulate the heroic. Yet these would invariably gain if reduced to statuettes. Ward's statues, on the other hand, are almost without exception unaffectedly monumental. They look bigger than they are. One has no desire to diminish them and put them under the lens; they have the bulk that befits open-air and great spaces.

Mr. Ward was to live to see a third generation of sculptors give themselves eagerly to a style which was even less monumental than that of the Italian Renaissance or its French derivatives. Our younger men are almost without exception disciples of Auguste Rodin. The drastic subtlety of his modelling, the penumbra that he casts about the bronze and marble, the morbid intensity of his imagination—these are the qualities that our ablest young sculptors emulate. These are valuable qualities. Rodin's procedures have enlarged the scope of sculpture. But it should also be noted that these novel perfections are incompatible with large and simple effect. Such impressiveness as the Egyptians and Greeks infallibly attained rules out that torturing of the surface which is the essence of Rodin's method. It is significant that his masterpieces are all of small scale, while his monumental creations are either failures or most disputable and relative successes.

From what has been written it will be apparent that the stalwart old man who has just gone, quietly cherished ideals alien to those of his time, and in most respects superior. He saw three generations of his most gifted fellow-countrymen run after various sorts of unsculpturesque perfections. Meanwhile, he held his placid course, thought much, consulted reality faithfully, but his vision more, and produced work after work which, often technically inferior to that of his juniors, rarely failed to be superior in the essentials of scale and breadth. The phenomenon will interest and perhaps baffle the future historian of our art. Here was a man largely self-trained, and until his maturity untravelled, beginning when the Canovesque prettiness was still dominant, who had an instinctive sense of those main things which were established once for all in the severe period of Greek sculpture. We suppose that Mr. Ward did this surprising thing in the simplest manner by consulting the master of the Greeks, Nature herself. In an age variously sophisticated he kept the simplicity of his vision. His development is akin to that of Winslow Homer, but more precocious. Both managed to attain the epic view of nature in an age almost exclusively lyrical and elegiac. About both there is an antique severity, a primordial art quality, which makes their lack of the smaller graces comparatively unimportant.

Had Mr. Ward been of a more expansive and compelling nature, he might have been the leader of a reaction against certain disintegrating tendencies in our sculpture. He might have taught us not to imitate finished products, but tentative and archaic works, or, better yet, nature. In an age that chiefly desired charm, neither his work nor his forthright personality fitted him for such leadership. Some stronger man must yet take up and impose upon our plastic art those fundamental principles which Mr. Ward was content quite modestly to practise alone. If the part of leader and prophet was denied him, he must retain the distinction of having maintained against the spirit of his time an ideal of his art personally achieved, simple, clear, and essentially sound.

The principal interest in the annual exhibition of the American Water Color Society at the Fine Arts building, on West Fifty-seventh Street, is to be found in the central gallery, which is hung with sketches, drawings, etchings, monotypes, etc. Here are to be seen drawings of men of the past, of William Morris Hunt (a landscape and a portrait of himself); of John Leech (satirical hits at duelling) and of Charles Keene, both of *Punch* fame; of Aubrey Beardsley (an illustration for "The Rape of the Lock"); of Frederic Remington, and a large collection of the etchings of James D. Smillie, who was a member of the Water Color Society; and here, among the living, are represented Arthur B. Davies by sketches and drawings of nudes; John S. Sargent, by a portrait of William Butler Yeats, the poet; William Glackens, by his ever delightful illustration of the Fourth of July in a tenement district, and other sketches; Robert Henri, by the drawing

of an old man, which recalls the work of Daumier; and Everett Shinn, by clever colored monotypes. Charles W. Mielatz sends many of his etchings, tinted and untinted, the beautiful Winter Night among them; Charles Warren Eaton shows several monotypes; Alexander Schilling, Joseph Pennell, and John Marvin send etchings, and John La Farge some of his Samoan drawings. But probably the man whose work will attract most attention, because he is new to us, is Augustus E. John, the English painter, who has gained a high reputation in Europe and among artists all over the world. Several of his sketches are lent to the exhibition by John Quinn, the lawyer.

In the other sections we find Charles Warren Eaton with half a dozen pastels and water-colors, Charles P. Gruppe's Banks of the Genesee, and A. T. Van Laer's The Old Model, and two landscapes, A Summer Day and The Evening Hour. Childhood Hours, by A. E. Albright, is a charming picture of three bare-legged children playing on a beach. Colin Campbell Cooper exhibits a large water-color of The Liberty Street Crevasse, with the Singer building in the distance; E. M. Bicknell two Dordrecht pieces and a finely painted marine, Heavy Surf—Bermuda. There is no particularly striking picture in the collection, but the average is good.

Mr. Svoronos, while investigating the topography of the hill of Hippius Colonus, has discovered the "chasm" in the sanctuary of the Erinyes in which the scene of Sophocles's "Œdipus Coloneus" is laid. The chasm, which is fifteen metres in depth, was situated below the foundations of a small modern house on the ancient road from Thebes. The chief landmark of Colonus having once been identified, the other precincts mentioned by ancient writers were discovered without difficulty. It appears that Sophocles was topographically correct in all his descriptions of places in the Œdipus. "Thus the altar of Poseidon and the Plutoneum" were found to answer exactly to the descriptions given in the drama. Moreover, it was possible to establish the location of the celebrated Academy, which contained the gymnasium, and the schools and gardens of the philosophers. This led to the discovery of the boundary of the road leading from Athens to the Academy, on which were situated the tombs of distinguished historical personages of Athens.

The Berlin Archæological Society, engaged in excavations on the site of Pergamon, in Asia Minor, has succeeded in unearthing the remains of a great sanctuary and a temple of Demeter. Many inscriptions, deciphered by Dr. W. Dörpfeld, have definitely established the origin of the temple. It was built about 262 B. C., in honor of Boa, the mother of the Attalid dynasty. A vestibule was added in Roman times. Inside the sanctuary were altars dedicated to Hermes, Asklepios, Helios, Zeus, and others, as well as a number of inscriptions. A marble altar was dedicated "To the Unknown Gods," a confirmation of the famous passage in St. Paul's Areopagus speech. There were also found fragments of a statue dedicated to Demeter, a relief representing the goddess standing near an altar holding a torch in her left hand, of a statue of Æsculapius, heads of Hermes and Eros, and four Roman portrait heads—of Augustus, of the elder Agrippina, of a lady of the time of the Emperor Trajan, and one which may represent Tiberius.

"John Foster, the Earliest American Engraver and the First Boston Printer," by Samuel Abbott Green, is a painstaking bit of antiquarian research, which well merits the pressmark of the Massachusetts Historical Society and the support of the Waterston Fund. Mr. Green has found in the Harvard College Library the woodcut portrait of Richard Mather, with an attribution to Foster in a contemporary hand. This neatly confirms the view which Mr. Green hazarded some years ago. This rude woodcut of about 1670 is pretty surely the first engraving executed in America. Only six copies of it are known. Some form of Indian reading book, which Foster projected, was either not achieved or has not come down to us. His map of New England, of which there are two States, was engraved for Hubbard's well-known "Narrative of the Troubles with the Indians" (Boston, 1677). Collectors should beware of receiving as an insert the commoner map of the English edition. The great seal of the colony and some cuts in a broadside against Sabbath-breaking complete Foster's very modest *œuvre* as an engraver. As a printer he was active. His first pamphlet, formerly a disputed question, is now shown to be "The Wicked Man's Portion," by Increase Mather. Its date is March, 1675. Foster was a Harvard graduate, compiled his own almanacs, was supposed to have uncommon astronomical and mathematical lore, besides being a dab at medicine. He was in close relations with the Mathers, and may be said to have been official printer for the great Dr. Increase. Before Foster's thirty-third year the fatal malady of consumption must have pronounced itself clearly, for in anticipation of an ineluctable event, Increase Mather penned four very tolerable Latin hexameters, which later were cut on Foster's tombstone in Dorchester burying ground. The bachelor printer and scientist died not without enlisting the Christian Muse, of whom, perhaps, the most apt mouthpiece was Joseph Capen. The concluding lines of his elegy we are glad to quote:

> Thy Body which no activeness did lack
> Now's laid aside like an old Almanack
> But for the present only's out of date;
> Twil have at length a far more active State.
> Yea, though with dust thy body Soiled be,
> Yet at the Resurrection we Shall See
> A fair Edition & of matchless worth,
> Free from Errata, new in Heav'n Set forth:
> Tis but a word from God the great Creatour,
> It Shall be Done when he Saith IMPRIMATUR.

This conceit, apparently, found an echo in Franklin's famous epitaph, which is included in the "Autobiography." Or were these quips traditional? Possibly some student of printers' epitaphs can tell us.

John Quincy Adams Ward, the sculptor, died Sunday morning in this city, at the age of seventy-nine. He had been seriously ill for a long time, but up to a few weeks before his death was engaged in modelling a statuette of the late August Belmont. Mr. Ward was born in Urbana, O., which was not much more than a village in 1830. He does not appear to have inherited an artistic taste, but from his earliest childhood he modelled horses and other animals, and men on horseback in clay, and, this being foreign to the inhabitants of Urbana, he was known among them as "Ward's queer boy." It was not until he was fifteen years old that he saw a piece of sculpture at Cincinnati—a statue by Hiram Powers. This increased his desire to become a sculptor, but his parents, strict Presbyterians, discouraged this ambition.

But the enthusiastic boy had a sympathetic sister living in Brooklyn. She paid a visit to her old home and, finding him depressed in spirits, took him to her home, and introduced him to Henry Kirke Brown, a well-known New York sculptor. Mr. Brown asked him for a specimen of his work. Young Ward modelled a copy of the Venus de' Medici, and was accepted as a pupil. He remained in Brown's studio from 1850 to 1857, and then turned out The Indian Hunter, now in Central Park, New York. This was his first important work, and after he had made the first sketch of it he visited the army posts in the West in order to study the Indian on his native heath. The man on whose statuette Mr. Ward was engaged at the time of his death had been one of the first to recognize the young sculptor's talent. Ward had built a studio for himself in West Forty-ninth Street. His Indian was being exhibited on lower Broadway. August Belmont appeared at the studio, told the sculptor how interested he was in the work, and gave him an order for a statue of Commodore Perry. After that Mr. Ward was never without a commission. In 1867 he presented his model of Shakespeare to Central Park, and in the same year The Indian Hunter and The Freedman, now on the steps of the Capitol at Washington, were exhibited in the Paris Salon.

Among his other idealistic works are The Pilgrim and The Seventh Regiment Citizen Soldier, and the Good Samaritan in Boston. Many of his noted statues represented chapters in the history of his country, such as the noble Washington, in front of the Sub-Treasury in Wall Street; the Gen. Israel Putnam at Hartford, the Commodore Perry at Newport, the Gen. Hancock in Philadelphia, the Horace Greeley in front of the Tribune building, the Henry Ward Beecher in front of the Borough Hall in Brooklyn, the Gen. Morgan at Spartanburg, and the Garfield in Washington. The equestrian statue of Hancock attracted much attention at the time, for the sculptor made the horse a living animal, and in 1892, Mr. Ward was commissioned by the Society of the Army of the Cumberland to make a statue of Gen. Sheridan. The first model did not please him, although the members of the society were satisfied with it, and he destroyed it. Later models did not satisfy the widow of Gen. Sheridan. When she rejected the sixth, notwithstanding its acceptance by the society, Mr. Ward said that his contract was with the Army of the Cumberland and not with Mrs. Sheridan, who was allowed to see the model out of courtesy. He therefore brought suit against the society to recover $32,000. He lost his suit. The model is in the Metropolitan Museum. Mr. Ward, with Daniel C. French, executed the pediments on the New York Stock Exchange. Mr. Ward was made an academician in 1863, was vice-president of the National Academy of Design 1870-71, and its president 1872-73. He was president of the National Sculpture Society from its inception in 1896.

Finance.

THE STEEL CORPORATION'S DIVIDEND.

That the increase in dividend on the $500,000,000 common stock of the United States Steel Corporation, announced by the directors on Tuesday of last week, has been received with mixed feelings in the financial community, and with a very considerable measure of disapproval, probably no one in touch with financial opinion will deny. The existence of such a feeling calls for explanation; because increase in dividends of industrial corporations is usually accepted as reflecting industrial prosperity, and therefore as an agreeable sign of the times.

Such unfavorable judgment as may have been evoked by this third increase in the "Steel dividend" within twelve months is based, it may safely be asserted, on three well-known facts—that a similar policy, at the outset of the company's career, had results which confirmed the criticisms then passed upon it; that the company's recent earnings, though very large, are less than they were in such a year, for example, as 1906, when a very different dividend policy was pursued; and, finally, that while dividend payments are now larger than in those other years of prosperity, very much less is being put back from earnings into the property. It would not be possible, furthermore, to ignore the effect produced on conservative opinion by the wild and prolonged speculation in the stock which has accompanied these successive advances in the dividend.

In his public statement, submitted with last week's announcement of the dividend, the chairman of the directors' board explained that earnings in excess of interest charges, during the nine years of the company's history, have averaged 8½ per cent. per annum on the common stock, whereas dividends actually paid have averaged only 2.3 per cent. To people unfamiliar with company finance, this would appear to be a conclusive argument. But the statement omitted to mention that there were occasions, during those nine years, when no dividend whatever was earned on the common stock, and that the large appropriation of earnings to improvement and construction, during subsequent years when profits were again at a maximum, was plain recognition that a mistaken policy had been pursued in the previous scrimping of such appropriations.

Judge Gary did not say that the need for expenditure of this sort, on the old-time scale, is definitely past, and we have the very high authority of the *Iron Age* for the fact that such requirements, this year, will normally be as heavy as ever before in the corporation's history. Yet an appropriation on the scale of 1906 would have put quite out of the question the payment of last week's increased dividend. These criticisms are made regretfully; but they are necessary, because the interests of the investing public are involved more closely than usual in ultra-conservative industrial company finance, and because the example of so great a corporation as the United States Steel is bound to affect the policy of other companies.

The quarterly dividend is not increased, to the highest rate in the company's history, in response to earnings for the quarter which also surpassed all precedent. On the contrary, there were two quarterly periods in 1909 when the net receipts of the three months ending with last March were exceeded, and there were also three quarterly periods in 1907, three in 1906, and one in 1902, which made a better showing. Indeed, results for the opening three months of 1910 did not come up to expectations of a few weeks ago; the net earnings fell short by two to four millions of the estimates then prevalent.

It was believed on Wall Street, when well-informed people, three or four weeks ago, changed suddenly from predictions of a 5 per cent. rate to hints of an unchanged 4 per cent. level, that the smaller showing of the quarter's earnings had convinced them that this was not the time to increase the dividend. If so, they were overruled. It is true that the quarter's earnings, after meeting interest and depreciation charges, and appropriating $5,000,000 for construction expenditure, left $6,532,000 for the surplus. But in the corresponding quarter of 1907, $14,500,000 was appropriated for construction; in 1906, $10,000,000. For the twelve months, outlay on that account was $50,000,000 in 1906 and $54,000,000 in 1907.

The difficulty which besets very many people, in studying the Steel Corporation's finances, arises from the magnitude of the figures in the company's reports. Fifty million dollars seems so prodigious a sum to expend in a year for construction and improvement, that the average mind is ready to accept the idea that, this vast expenditure having once been made, no more ought to be needed for a good many years to come. This was why the total omission of such expenditures in 1908 attracted little comment. But if an improvement appropriation of $50,000,000 is a large figure, so is a billion-dollar capitalization. If a steel manufacturing company with $10,000,000 capital were to appropriate in one year $500,000 for such purposes out of earnings, nobody would express any great astonishment. Yet the ratio of such expenditure to capitalization would be the same in that case as with the Steel Corporation's $50,000,000. Exactly what is required in any given year is a matter to be determined by the condition of the steel trade, by the existing state of the company's plants, and by the policy pursued by competitors. But all traditions of the steel trade are to the effect that the safe course is to err, if error there must be, on the side of generous appropriations. Least of all has experience warranted the intimation, in an industry whose fortunes even nowadays are apt to make it alternately "prince and pauper," that a high dividend, fixed under such conditions as have lately prevailed in the trade, should be considered as permanent except so far as "extra dividends" may enhance it.

Every one interested in the prosperity of American trade and American financial markets will hope that the 5 per cent. Steel dividend will be maintained to the end of time, and that no trade reaction will ever come again, such as, in 1904, forced suspension of all payments on the common stock, simply because the earnings were not large enough to pay them. But the Steel Corporation is still young, and it remains to be seen to what extent the American steel and iron industry is destined to be subject to the same vicissitudes as in the past half-century.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

A. E. G. Modern Art at Venice, and Other Notes. J. M. Bowles.

Allen, P. S. Opus Epistolarum Des. Erasmi Roterodami. Tom. II, 1514-1517. Frowde. $5.75.

American Irish Historical Society Journal. Vol. IX. Providence, R. I. Pub. by the Society.

Bardeen, C. W. Fifty Fables for Teachers. Syracuse, N. Y.; C. W. Bardeen. $1.

Barker, E. The Frozen Grail, and Other Poems. Duffield. $1.25 net.

Barus, C. Condensation of Vapor as Induced by Nuclei and Ions. Fourth report. Washington: Carnegie Institution.

Bazin, R. La Barrière. Brentano.

Beebe, M. B., and C. W. Our Search for a Wilderness. Holt. $2.75 net.

Bianchi, M. G. D. Russian Lyrics and Cossack Songs. Duffield.

Bindloss, H. The Gold Trail. Stokes Co. $1.30 net.

Bonner, G. The Emigrant Trail. Duffield. $1.50.

Braunfels, L. (Gedichte 1810-1888.) Frankfurt am Main: Otto Braunfels.

Brawley, B. G. The Negro in Literature and Art. Atlanta: Privately printed.

Breck, E. Wilderness Pets at Camp Buckshaw. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.

Byron's Poetical Works. Frowde.

Cæsar in Britain. Selections from the Gallic War. Ed. by W. D. Lowe. Frowde. 25 cents.

Cawein, M. The Shadow Garden (A Phantasy), and Other Plays. Putnam. $1.50 net.

Christie, A. H. Traditional Methods of Pattern Designing. Frowde.

Clark, A. C. The Cursus in Mediæval and Vulgar Latin. Frowde.

Crewdson, Mrs. C. N. An American Baby Abroad. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.

Day, H. The Ramrodders; a Novel. Harper. $1.50.

Derrington, A., and Stephens, A. G. Our Lady of Darkness. Macaulay Co. $1.50.

Draper, A. S. Agriculture and Its Educational Needs. Syracuse, N. Y.: C. W. Bardeen. 50 cents.

Earland, A. Ruskin and His Circle. Putnam. $1.75 net.

Erskine, J. Leading American Novelists. Holt.
Fernow, B. E. The Care of Trees. Holt. $2 net.
Foot, C. M. Insect Wonderland. Lane Co. $1.25 net.
Galloway, W. J. Musical England. London: Christophers.
Gregg, F. M. Handbook of Parliamentary Law. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Hanna, M. E. Tactical Principles and Problems. Menasha, Wis.: George Banta Pub. Co.
Hatton, R. G. The Craftsman's Plant-Book. Dutton. $7.50 net.
Heywood, W. A History of Perugia. Edited by R. L. Douglas. Putnam. $3.50 net.
Hines, E. R. Footlight Rhymes. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.
Holder, C. F. Recreations of a Sportsman on the Pacific Coast. Putnam. $2 net.
Howard University Catalogue, 1909-10. Washington, D. C.
Job, H. K. How to Study Birds. Outing Pub. Co. $1.50.
Johnson, C. The Picturesque St. Lawrence. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Johnston, W., and West, P. The Innocent Murderers. Duffield. $1.50.
Kirk, F. M. Senior Geography Questions. Frowde.
Krans, H. S. The Lost Art of Conversation. Sturgis & Walton. $1.50 net.
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The Nation is published and owned by the New York Evening Post Co. Oswald Garrison Villard, President; William J. Pattison, Treasurer; Paul Elmer More, Editor.

Three dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada $3.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union $4.00.

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The Nation.

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The Week.

It is not often that the prospects of a legislative proposal are involved in such confusion as seems at present to surround the Administration's Railway Bill. The matter is especially complicated by the difficulty of discovering what is the definite purpose either of advocates or opponents. In a general way, it appears to be true that the regulars in Congress are supporting the bill because it is an Administration measure, and because they are pledged to do so. This is strongly indicated by the appearance of Senator Elkins as the negotiator in behalf of certain clauses for which he can hardly be supposed to entertain great personal enthusiasm. The position of the insurgents is less clear. That their hostility to the bill is partly inspired by the fact that it is an Administration measure, and that the Administration has provoked a general spirit of hostility on their side, is not improbable. But, on the other hand, it has been manifest from the outset that the provisions enlarging the powers of railways, in regard to rate-making and purchase of interest in other railways, were unpopular in the constituencies whence most of the insurgents come. The clause, for instance, providing that, notwithstanding other prohibitions, a railway holding 50 per cent. of another company's stock might be permitted to acquire the rest, was disliked in the West, and by no means understood even in the East.

Political experience suggested the necessity of tact and maintenance of good feeling, if Congressmen from such districts were to be held in line for all provisions of the bill. When, therefore, relations between the doubtful Congressmen and the Administration became so seriously strained, it was not surprising that the clauses in question should have failed of enactment. The more perplexing aspect of the matter is the insurgent hostility to clauses restraining the power of railways to consolidate. In the minority report of the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce, signed by two insurgent leaders, it was declared in March:

> Section 12 of the bill, as reported by the committee, begins with the laudable attempt to prevent the consolidation or combination of railway lines which "directly and substantially" compete with each other. But before it reaches its end, it not only nullifies the prohibition with which it started out, but actually takes the back track, and if it were to become a part of the law, it is our opinion that consolidations and combinations could be lawfully effected that are now forbidden.

But instead of the "laudable attempt" being now facilitated, through an insurgent amendment striking out the 50 per cent. stock ownership proviso and retaining the general restriction on ownership in other lines, the section as a whole seems to be going by the board. Not only so, but we have just seen the curious spectacle of Senator Elkins laboring to save the prohibitory clauses of Section 12 without the exceptions to which the above-cited report objects, while Senator Nelson of Minnesota opposes the section, root and branch. This is at least an illogical situation, and unless both sides have made up their minds for the complete failure of the Railway Bill, it should seem that some more definite realignment of opinion is inevitable.

When Congress appropriated seventy-five thousand dollars last year for the President's Tariff Board, it builded better than it knew. The Tariff Board at the time was not meant to be taken very seriously; its powers were not defined; the renewal of the appropriation was not guaranteed; the thing was sporadic, extra-legal, and a sop. But within a year a change has come over the spirit of the dream. The tariff, instead of an issue put to sleep, is an issue more alive than ever, and the leaders in Congress, sobered and instructed by the experiences of the last few months, have learned that the time has come to bend before the storm or go down. It was a case of bending before the storm when the House last week appropriated $250,000 for the expenses of the President's Tariff Board, conferring upon it at the same time extensive powers of study and investigation, at home and abroad. We are thus brought measurably nearer to that essential factor in any real revision of the tariff—a tariff commission to supply the groundwork of knowledge and fact upon which Congress may base its action. It means a terrible wrench with the past, a momentous departure from the time-honored system of tariff-making by coöperative plunder. Yet in that direction point the signs of the times.

In his strictures on Mr. Bryan's criticism of the appointment of Gov. Hughes to the Supreme Court, Mr. Taft spoke with emphasis, and yet with the kindliness and candid simplicity characteristic of him. The fact is that Mr. Bryan's attack has fallen particularly flat. It was not only discredited at its source, in view of the hard knocks the candidate of the Denver platform received in 1908 at the hands of Mr. Hughes, but still more because it carried its refutation on its face. Both in the matter of insurance legislation and in the creation of the Public Service Commissions, Mr. Hughes has shown himself to be as far removed as possible from the type of the corporation standpatter against which alone any such criticism as that of Mr. Bryan has force. The accusation of partiality to corporations based on his veto of the two-cent fare bill is merely evidence of shallowness on the part of the accuser; and, what is more, is recognized as such by intelligent persons generally, however radical their political or economic views. The very idea of the public-service commissions is that these questions must be settled by a thoroughgoing inquiry and by a truly competent authority, not by the caprice of the Legislature. Mr. Hughes is preëminently the kind of man whose judgments, in the highest court of the nation, will carry weight with all classes of people, whether rendered in favor of or against the interests of corporations and men of wealth.

In his address before the Nobel Prize Committee at Christiania, Mr. Roosevelt spoke for a world federation, limited at present to the maintenance of peace and with the ability to enforce the decrees of its Arbitration Court by some form of international police action. That is also the proposal now pending in the

form of specific resolutions before our Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs. These call upon the President to appoint a commission of five members to report to Congress a draft of such a federation, and to urge upon other governments this method of relief from military burdens. By the terms of the resolutions the federation draft is to provide that the decrees of its international court shall be executed, if necessary, by the "arms of the federation." Here at least is a practical step forward with infinite possibilities—even of war; but behind the international decree would be the almost irresistible moral power of international opinion. That the peace movement in this country is gathering important impetus is shown by largely increased membership and the number of peace conferences and meetings announced for the next few months. In Europe far-reaching political and social agencies are slowly doing their work. Colossal powers of destruction may, after all, be neutralized by a colossal international will that they shall not be brought into play.

Senator Lorimer, so the reports read, "*may* resign." The news is alarming, when everybody is wondering why he did not resign a week ago. Five members of the Illinois Legislature, including the minority leader of the House, Representative Lee O'Neil Browne, have now been indicted for bribery or perjury, or have confessed their guilt, and Mr. Lorimer has had nothing to say since he denounced as a crazy sensationalist the first who turned State's evidence. When an associate of Senator Lorimer's, the new Senator from Misssissippi, Mr. Percy, found himself in a similar position, he hastened back to his State to confront the legislator who asserted that he had taken a bribe, and announced to everybody that he would not hold his office a minute if there was the slightest taint upon his commission. The Mississippi Legislature confirmed his right to that document, but, not content with this, Senator Percy asked that the matter might be submitted to the voters of the State at a primary, in order that everybody might say whether he should or should not continue to represent Mississippi in Washington. And Senator Lorimer *may* resign! Yet three men have sworn that they took money to elect him.

"Grossly unbusinesslike conduct" is the charge made by the Indian Commissioner against one of Gifford Pinchot's subordinates in the Bureau of Forestry, and if the facts are as stated most people will wish that some dramatic punishment could overtake him even though no criminality attaches to his actions. For eighteen years, the Menominee Indians worked hard at lumbering on their reservation, making a profit of $2,500,000, which, with other revenue, gave them a tribal fund of $3,000,000. Then came a decision to place these lumber-making Indians under the control of the Bureau of Forestry. Edward A. Braniff, a recent graduate of the Yale Forestry School, soon made the money fly. An injurious act passed by Congress cost the Indians about $700,000 of their profits, and then Mr. Braniff helped on the good work. For unnecessary roads, $40,000 was expended; for improving a stream, $50,000. The stream was to have floated logs down to the sawmill erected by Mr. Braniff, but after the $50,000 was expended, 65 per cent. of the logs carelessly declined to float, or lost a large part of their value while in the water—such are the advantages of science when given to Lo! Mr. Braniff's lumber-mill cost $254,700, with a capacity of 48,000,000 feet of lumber, although the law permitted the cutting of only 20,000,000 feet; unnecessary expense here, $129,000. The sawmill being carefully erected alongside of a marsh, $56,000 was spent in piling to make it a good lumber-yard, and $32,000 worth of lumber used in piling will soon have to be replaced.

Now it would be unfair to the Forestry Bureau to condemn it generally for one such ghastly mistake—particularly scandalous because the Government abused a sacred trust when it forced such a loss upon its own wards—but it is just this sort of blundering that is, we believe, responsible for much of the feeling in the West against the Forestry Bureau. With all due regard for Mr. Pinchot's eminent service, which we have always fully appreciated, we believe that abler executives can be found for his office. They may not appeal similarly to the imaginations of the people, nor inaugurate such far-reaching plans of national beneficence, but the opportunity is there, we are convinced, to better the actual working of the service and render it more truly helpful. Mr. Pinchot seems to have relied on Braniff and accepted misinformation precisely as he did in the Ballinger case.

The statement that in the past year five hundred thousand workmen have been injured in this country while performing their daily tasks is appalling, and it is eminently right that the prevention of these accidents should form a chief topic of discussion when the Manufacturers' Convention meets in this city next week. In our rush for material progress the claims of humanity have too often gone unheeded, and it is only when statistics of this startling nature are brought before us that the necessity for radical reform strikes home. The picture of death and suffering which is made plain when we learn that half a million laborers were broken on the wheel of manufacture in one year should arouse a country-wide support of any earnest effort to ameliorate the conditions of work. In the words of one of those who will attend the convention, the "fact that half a million workmen are injured annually in this country is an insult to our intelligence."

The text of the decision of the Illinois Supreme Court upholding the law limiting to ten hours the working day for women "in any mechanical establishment, factory, or laundry," shows that it is far-reaching. The court reversed not only the Circuit Court, but also its own decision of fifteen years ago, when it took the ground that an eight-hour law for women workers was unconstitutional. Now it restricts the freedom of contract in the interest of health, morals, and general welfare. It justifies this regulation of property rights squarely on the ground that the State may exercise its police power with regard to the health, morals, and general welfare of the public. The difference between the law of 1893 and the present law, in the court's eyes, is that the former did not state that its purpose was to promote the health of women, whereas the motive of the act in 1909 was distinctly stated to be to safeguard the health of women employees. If this seems to the layman a fine splitting of hairs, there can be no doubt that the decision is in line with the movement of the day. The court itself, as an additional justification, quotes the saying of

the Supreme Court, that "law is, or ought to be, a progressive science," based upon "changing conditions of society and the evolution of employment." Naturally, labor circles are delighted, and with reason. It is a special triumph for Mr. Louis D. Brandeis of Boston, who argued the case with unusual skill.

An increase of 20 per cent. in fares for the New York commuter is only another illustration of the way that mysterious force called the increased cost of living impinges upon a class which does not usually come in for the sympathy bestowed upon the "submerged tenth." The commuter as a class goes far towards substantiating the theory held by many psychologists and students of human nature, that humor is a sense of exaltation aroused by the misfortunes of others. That is why the commuter is one of the favorite subjects for the paragrapher and the comic artist. His horticultural misadventures, his hurried breakfasts and late dinners, his sprinting after trains, his paper packages, and his shopping expeditions—all these make up a vast contemporary literature, which, however, only serves to withdraw attention from the sober reality. Actually, the commuter is a man who, between sacrificing the welfare of his children and sacrificing much of his own comfort and convenience, has chosen the latter. To that purpose he travels long hours, denies himself the company of his family, pays more than city prices for food, for service, and, of course, for travel—and gets in return only ridicule. He does not organize into unions and go out on strike, and he does not send lobbyists to Washington to "see" somebody. When the railway company raises commutation rates, he protests, and submits. He has more than his share of troubles and bears them with more than average dignity, even in the presence of hilarious acquaintances who slap him on the back and ask how the rubber-plant is getting on.

A new organization is the Naval History Society. Its object is to collect and make available the vast amount of material bearing on the history of the American merchant marine and the creation and development of the American navy, which is now scattered all over the country in the form of letters, journals, log-books, etc. The headquarters of this organization are to be in New York, with branches in the principal cities. It will not, however, be limited to the experiences of American seamen, but will devote itself to a "wider theme, that of the sailor in all times." The Society ought to have a large membership—the secretary is Robert W. Neeser, No. 1076 Chapel Street, New Haven, Conn.—for its field is inviting. The story of the merchant marine is yet to be told with fulness and authority. In view of the present disappearance both of our sea-going ships and of the desire of Americans to take to the sea, the more that we can learn about the men who actually carried the flag into all the harbors of the world, the ships they sailed, and the conditions under which they operated, the better it will be for us. In Congress there is, for instance, entirely too strong a feeling that you can legislate about the merchant marine as you could about a railway, and some one ought to bring home to the country the paralyzing effect upon our shipping of the present antiquated navigation laws. We do not say that this should be the function of the Naval History Society; if it merely collects information upon which scientific studies may be based, or with which they may be reinforced, it will more than justify its existence.

If all comets were like this of Halley, a suspicion would arise that the terror of the comet which, we learn, periodically seized upon the mediæval world may have been largely the invention of the monkish chroniclers and wood-engravers of the time; those quaint cuts of people huddled together on the hilltops under a sky ablaze with the path of the awful visitor would be classed as imaginative. For if it is necessary to get up at 3 A. M. and stare hard at the eastern sky and call eagerly upon one's fancy before a comet can be sighted, how did the mediæval peasant ever manage to break his slumber, after a day of dreadful toil, to go staring at the sky, and how did he ever get himself sufficiently awake to be in any measure impressed? Is it Anatole France who proved that the midnight highwayman is really a great force for morality, since his victims are as a rule men who make their way home in the small hours befuddled with drink and debauchery? The only persons subject to the terror of this comet are men like the hero of Bronson Howard's play, who says, "I remember the prayers my mother taught me, and I say them every morning before I go to bed."

The earthquake at Cartago will serve to recall the part played by the consideration of danger from that source, in determining the location of the Isthmian canal. The Nicaragua route had been all but definitely chosen, when at the eleventh hour a reconsideration was effected; and among the arguments that brought about the final conclusion perhaps none played so decisive a part as that of the great liability of the Nicaraguan region to earthquake. This consideration was presented to the committee with great force by the late Prof. Angelo Heilprin, an authority on the phenomena of volcanoes and earthquakes, and very probably turned the scale in favor of Panama. The present site of the canal is far from what is known as the earthquake belt, and the upheaval of last Thursday, near the region which experience had shown to be extremely subject to these disturbances, should remind us of the wisdom of taking thought in matters of such moment.

The Kaiser's recent warning against excessive beer-drinking is surprising both for its form—a letter to a young student at Freiburg University, who is not even of the nobility—and its contents. True, the Kaiser some years ago made it good form for officers to drink his health in water at official banquets, and he has in his own private life set an admirable example, not of abstinence, but of moderate indulgence in beer and wines. This preachment is of enormous importance, however, in that it is aimed at those corps students to whom life at a university means chiefly all-day beer-drinking. The temperance movement in Germany is making rapid strides, as it was bound to do. The most efficient of industrial nations, Germany is sure to find out not only that excessive beer-drinking dulls the intellect and injures the physique, but that even what many Germans have regarded as moderate regular drinking has that effect. Employers of labor who have utilized the services of North German and South German workers do not hesitate to say that the wits of the former are quicker and clearer, and to lay the difference to the greater beer-drinking in the South.

THE DEATH OF EDWARD VII.

The death of King Edward has come with startling suddenness, and at a moment when it constitutes a political event of unmistakable importance. At no other time in the course of his nine years' reign would his departure from the scene have aroused speculation at all comparable in keenness and interest with that which is to-day filling the minds not only of his own people, but of all who are interested in the affairs of England. Yet his activities since he ascended the throne have been of far from insignificant importance. Although the expectations have not been realized of those who looked forward to the exercise on his part of great influence upon the conduct of home affairs, his influence has been a leading factor in the external relations of the Empire. The *entente cordiale* with France is acknowledged to have been chiefly his work, and to his activities the improved relation between England and Russia is largely due. Indeed, in the case of every country except Germany with which England has important contact, King Edward's tact, his skill as a man of the world, his knowledge of men and familiarity with the world's affairs have been instrumental in bringing about or consolidating good relations. And it is probably with justice that he is credited with a most important share in promoting the establishment of that excellent condition of feeling in South Africa which, at the end of so short a period after a desperate war, has become one of the finest monuments of British statesmanship. If the words attributed to him in the dispatches—"It is all over, but I think I have done my duty"—were uttered by him as he felt the end approaching, it is upon this record of true and high service to his country and to the world that his thoughts may have been dwelling.

And if in the domain of home politics King Edward failed to make a significant impression, the criticisms that in these last weeks have been passed upon him on that account may serve quite as well to remind us of the enlarged estimate now placed upon the possibilities of the throne as to point to any deficiency on the part of its recent occupant. Thirty or forty years ago the customary view of British royalty—in this country at all events—was that the sovereign served as a figure-head, or at most as a symbol in which the sentiment of loyalty and patriotism might find a centre. In the later portion of Queen Victoria's reign this notion underwent a marked change. It came to be recognized more and more that while all power was ostensibly in the hands of the Ministry, there were many ways in which the personal influence of the sovereign might make itself substantially felt, and that the extent of this influence was largely a question of the personal force of the King or Queen. King Edward quite fulfilled this idea of the power of the crown so far as regards foreign relations; and if he fell short of its possibilities in the domain of home statesmanship, that is hardly more than saying he was not a man of commanding qualities. Of such qualities no one ever supposed him to be the possessor. He was an all-round man of the world, a gentleman of tact and shrewdness, of kindliness and courtesy—such a type of man as to command the good will and esteem of the English people, in spite of any faults or weaknesses which during his life as Prince of Wales he may have displayed. This combination of qualities might go far in many matters; but it is not surprising that it was unequal to the task of making the King a decisive factor in the Constitutional crisis which his departure leaves approaching its climax.

With the passing away of King Edward, there disappears almost the last of the conspicuous figures associated with that great epoch in the story of England which will go down to history as the Victorian age. Whether his death will be pointed to hereafter as marking the beginning of an era departing profoundly in character from that covered by the three-quarters of a century over which his mother's reign and his own extended, is a question on which conjecture may take a wide range. In the opinion of the most earnest and serious-minded of those who are opposing the contemplated reduction of the powers of the House of Lords, the question to be decided in the coming Parliamentary elections is in essence that of conferring upon the House of Commons virtually unlimited power. But, whether or not it is expressed in the words, or even consciously entertained in the minds, of these objectors, what is really at the bottom of their fears is a knowledge of the kind of legislation which an unrestricted single-chamber government might, in these times, at any moment make possible. The working of the Socialist leaven has wrought a great change. There is no doubt that the essential conservatism of the English people still persists; but it cannot be reckoned on as of old to withstand firmly, in all situations, the onset of any sudden and powerful wave of radical innovation. "Where Freedom slowly broadens down from precedent to precedent" does not reflect the ideal of the typical English mind by any means as accurately as it did when Tennyson wrote the line. And so it is easy to understand that men who have been brought up in the Victorian traditions of conservative progress feel profound misgivings at the possibility of radical innovation brought about by a House of Commons acting on a single real or supposed mandate of the people, unchecked by any body specifically representing the forces of conservatism or the ancient traditions of the country.

What influence the death of King Edward will have upon the Constitutional question soon to come before the people for decision cannot be foretold. Though the new King is in his forty-fifth year, he has been little in the public eye; and, furthermore, the effect of the change from heir-apparent to King is proverbially uncertain. In the present instance, no such transformation as that which turned Prince Hal into Henry V is called for; the Prince of Wales is known as a man of serious mind and sober character. He assumes the crown at a time when, if he possesses the right qualities, it may be permitted to the monarch to play a memorable part in the settlement of a great Constitutional question. Certain it is that the affectionate reverence in which Englishmen hold the memory of Victoria, and the popularity and good will which have been enjoyed by Edward, will insure to King George, as he ascends the throne, the sincere and loyal good wishes of the nation.

PROGRESS IN CHINA.

The recent presence among us of the brother of a Prince and the uncle of an Emperor who rules over 400,000,000 souls has naturally renewed the ancient talk of what will happen to civilization and the Western world when these 400,000,000 souls set to doing whatever it is that they are just about to do. The

most obvious duty of a nation of 400,000,000 people, according to our enlightened Occidental standards, is to build up an army bigger than all of Christendom's combined, and to lose no time in making use of it. It is China's future army, rather than her future Constitution or her future administrative and financial reforms, that has been declared to be the destined instrument of China's regeneration.

As the head of China's armed forces, Prince Tsai-Tao is now circling the world for the purpose of studying its military systems; and his journey is quite in the Chinese tradition. The dispatching of gorgeous and highly expensive missions for purposes of foreign study is one of the principal occupations of the Peking Government. It is the complement to the frequent publication of elaborate reform edicts at home, both ceremonials in conjunction serving to create an impression of progress which the facts hardly justify. All that Prince Tsai-Tao and his suite will learn of Western military methods, the Chinese Government might have learned by calling into requisition the services of a few Japanese and German officers, just as a few years ago it might have purchased a copy of the Constitutions of the different nations of the West, with a few authoritative commentaries on each, instead of sending a very distinguished and large mission to study governmental problems abroad. But of course the object of such missions is much less to learn than to make friends for China by showing her willingness to learn. In that there is nothing reprehensible. China needs friends, and if she can win them by elaborate use of the press-agent's art, she is welcome to do so.

And the outside world, if public opinion in this country can be taken as an index, has duly succumbed to the press-agent's arts. It is not that we have been unwilling to be impressed. Unselfish and selfish reasons have combined to make many people hope that all that has been said of China's awakening might be true. In the first place, it appeals to the dramatic sense to have a nation of 400,000,000 people leap out of the sleep of several thousand years into the full blaze of modern life. And in the second place, perhaps there is something in this talk of the unlimited quantities of cotton goods and railway ties, and possibly Dreadnoughts and machine guns, which the Chinese are sure to clamor for when they wake up. The average man does not deal in subtleties. His reasoning, for instance, in matters of international politics is largely geographical. If Japan has modernized itself in fifty years and won a great war, why cannot China, which is only a few hundred miles away, do the same? The argument is not far different from saying that if everybody in France speaks French, why cannot the English, who live only forty miles away, do the same. It does not matter that in race psychology and in the entire nature of their civilization and their social organism, the Japanese and Chinese stand almost at opposite poles. Japan has become modern and China is unmistakably breathing in the modern spirit; but to speak of the new China, with her Parliaments and her armed tens of millions, as a matter of next year or even the next ten years is absurd.

There are half-a-dozen things which the facile orator on the magnificent horizons that are opening up in China might do well to remember. He might start by recalling that Rome was not built in a day. He might pass on to the much broader principle that no nation was ever modernized and constitutionalized into something alien to its own nature, and that a constitutionalized and modernized China would still be a laborious, peace-loving, heavily-progressive China. But it would be of most use, perhaps, to take to heart a specific caution or two: and first, the fact so frequently insisted upon by the writers on China and so frequently overlooked by nearly everybody else—the fact that China is not, in practice, a single government, but a fairly lax confederation of provinces, none of which would probably think of cutting loose from Peking, and none of which would dream of obeying orders from Peking unless it suited its own purpose to do so. Such manifestations of strength as China has shown since its defeat by Japan fifteen years ago have been local manifestations. In Shan-tung, the viceroy Yuan-shi-kai built up a fairly efficient army. In the Hoang-ho provinces, a viceroy has developed mines and arsenals. In Canton, a viceroy has cast a favorable eye on the reformers. Before the new China can threaten the peace of the world, she must solve the problem of making eighteen semi-independent provinces, each as large as a kingdom, march in something like common step.

Progress in China there undeniably is. The long succession of reform edicts means something. The rush of the Chinese youth to the foreign universities means a good deal. The growth of a native press has been rapid indeed. South China especially has caught more than the echoes of Western revolutionary traditions. The Marseillaise has been translated and adapted to local needs. John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer are eagerly read. Washington and Napoleon, "the two sons of Liberty," are frequently invoked. Among the more sober classes, the gentry and magistrates, the spirit of nationalism has also made progress. Nevertheless, these are but faint beginnings. We are still far away from the China that will threaten the peace of the world with its ten million armed men, or sweep clean the markets of the world by its vast purchases of cotton goods.

AN INSPIRING CAREER.

The celebration of Dr. Abraham Jacobi's eightieth birthday by the New York State Medical Society was only one of many extraordinary tributes to the man and the physician. His half-century of service in Mount Sinai Hospital is in itself quite unparalleled, if one considers in connection with its length the devotion, the skill, and the science that have accompanied it. But as was shown ten years ago, at the public demonstrations upon his seventieth birthday, it is impossible to laud the physician or man of science alone. Inevitably, there has been celebrated as well Abraham Jacobi, the broad-minded, far-seeing, patriotic citizen, always a sturdy force for good government, always a leader in philanthropic and humanitarian enterprises, albeit so modestly that too few have realized the extent of this man's usefulness to the community, or the value of the example he has set to his profession and to the lay world.

To say that Dr. Jacobi, like his closest personal friend, Carl Schurz, was a product of the German revolution of 1848 is to explain fully both his idealism and his breadth of view. Never was there a popular uprising inspired by higher or more unselfish aims, or conceived in a purer spirit of humanity.

It was the fine flower of that wave of liberalism and democracy that swept over Europe in the forties, the effects of which are not yet spent. The failure to upset the German monarchies was America's gain, since it sent to this country as exiles a host of men like Schurz, Jacobi, Blenker, and Sigel, who brought to their new allegiance all that passionate devotion and loyalty which they had lavished so freely on their lost cause. Dr. Jacobi paid dearly for his devotion to liberty; he spent his nineteenth and twentieth years in prison —a part of the time in darkness and in chains. Of this he has often complained, but only on the ground that it interrupted his medical studies! Certain it is that this hard and trying experience of early manhood, so far from crushing him, only fortified his character. It taught him, perhaps, the measure of his own soul, and discovered to him that his reliance was not upon the praise of men, but upon the praise of his own conscience. Imprisoning people for their opinions has almost gone out of fashion, except in Russia. If the lonely self-communion of the cell forges out such characters as Dr. Jacobi's, it would almost make one wish to turn back the hands of time.

But, after all, the elements of Dr. Jacobi's character were developed before the introspection of those lonely prison hours, with their nearby possibility of ignoble death. Love of truth, devotion to science, self-dedication to the general welfare, led him to that place, as they led many another; and in Dr. Jacobi they have never been shaken. With this broad foundation a narrow outlook, particularly in professional matters, was never possible. None of the many lessons of his life is more valuable for the younger generation of physicians than his refusal to lose himself in his profession, his unwillingness to look upon humanity as only so much surgical material. At the dinner given in his honor on his seventieth birthday, soon after the war with Spain, he declared that he had no "enthusiasm for the doctor who is occasionally puffed for leaving his humane work to participate in the killing, nor for the injustice of history, that mentions a thousand generals to one physician." And from the physician who is in practice to make money Dr. Jacobi is as far removed as are the poles from one another.

To appraise fully his services to medicine, particularly in the noble field of children's diseases, is not for laymen. But we may venture to dwell upon his great work as a teacher. There has been lecturing in this city of late a teacher from Balliol to whom some of England's greatest men go for advice and counsel before shaping the destinies of the nation. He is puffed by no newspapers; he has denied himself by his teaching the time to write the great historical works of which all scholars know him capable. He finds in his teaching complete satisfaction; the opportunity of moulding men who mould the world is all he asks. In his sphere Dr. Jacobi has been much the same. The number of his students is legion; who can estimate the effect upon them of the character of their teacher, of what Carl Schurz called his "personification of scientific conscience and personification of civic conscience"? When he landed fifty-seven years ago, American medical literature was at its beginning; if there were notable teachers, the students were ordinarily immature and but half prepared. Against the tendency to become a specialist without first being a physician, Dr. Jacobi's voice has ever been raised, and he has likewise opposed the separation of research laboratories from hospitals and of researchers from students. A great teacher, he knew long ago that men learn best through teaching; that he who would press forward into realms of undiscovered science advances best in company with young, fresh minds thirsting for knowledge of every kind.

So New York, we think, honors itself by honoring Dr. Jacobi. Had he accepted the professorship in Berlin once offered him by that same Government that had loaded him with chains, the Kaiser would now be the first to honor him, and the world of science and letters would be donning its dress-suit and driving down *Unter den Linden* to pay its respect, while the students would be planning a torch-light procession. We have not yet reached the point where we properly gauge or reward the services of scholars. We still listen too readily to the politician's sneer at the "closet philosopher," but a different time is coming. Dr. Jacobi, at least, has seen, during his long public service, a great change for the better, but others than he will know just how much he has himself contributed to it by professional faith, loyalty, and unselfishness.

THE RHODES SCHOLARSHIPS.

A former Rhodes scholar, now a Fellow at Oxford, attempts in the last number of the *Oxford and Cambridge Review* an estimate of what has been accomplished in the first six years of the Rhodes Foundation. The trustees of the Fund have refrained from passing judgment on the merits of the scheme. Their annual reports deal with bald statements of fact. Evidently, they feel that "the time is not yet ripe for telling how far the scheme is carrying out the objects which Mr. Rhodes had in view." The unofficial world, however, is more impatient; the silence of the trustees has been interpreted by some people to mean dissatisfaction or the acknowledgment of failure. The present article tries to show that there has been neither striking failure nor striking success. In other words, the trustees are justified in believing that the time has not yet come for casting a balance. It is a somewhat disillusioning account, and one would be tempted to ascribe it in large measure to the disintegrating influence of the English climate upon an ardent Colonial temperament. But the tone is fair and sober and the story carries the impression of truth.

The influence of the Rhodes scholars upon Oxford has been exaggerated. We are reminded that the Rhodes scholars in residence at any given time cannot exceed 180 men in a college community of three thousand. In addition, these 180 men are distributed among the various colleges and meet as a body only once a year at the Rhodes scholars' banquet. Our writer is rather tempted into hair-splitting when he argues that "as Rhodes scholars their influence can be practically *nil*, whatever may be their influence as *individuals* upon the small circle of undergraduates with which they come into contact." The fact remains that the individual is a Rhodes scholar with all the qualities of foreign birth, training, and outlook that fact connotes. It is even open to question whether the lodging of all the Rhodes scholars in a single college would ultimately affect conditions at Oxford as the present method of casting the seed wide is likely to do. Of effects already visible, the first is a tendency to accel-

erate, "however slightly," the movement towards a democratization of the University at large. The movement originated before the advent of the Rhodes scholars, "but the fact that they do come up to the University filled with the new ideal, enables them to press forward the general movement of their age and generation." And utilitarianism runs parallel with democracy. The scope of University teaching will be widened to meet the needs of the new men from across the seas. A School of Rural Economy has been established and Rhodes scholars have taken courses in Forestry there. A School of Domestic Economy is under discussion.

What does Oxford do for the Rhodes scholar? Well, in the first place, let the patriot's hot heart be at rest; the Rhodes scholar "is not really anglicised to any serious extent or taught to despise the country of his origin." Of 82 Americans, 81 have returned home, and one has accepted a university appointment in England. Those Americans who have returned have taken back with them chiefly "a higher conception of sport." Not that this implies any "inherent moral superiority in the English undergraduate." It is simply a difference between playing for exercise and playing to win. And while this makes British sport truer to its name, the fact is by no means a cause of unmitigated satisfaction to the Englishman. "The primary cause is that absence of enthusiasm for any ideal, be it great or small, which is settling like a blight upon the whole of English life." Here, evidently, our Colonial has caught just the tone in which it is fashionable for Englishmen nowadays to speak of themselves.

But however indifferent in the matter of winning games, a good many Englishmen still go in for hard work at their books; whereas the Rhodes men, our present writer insists, do not. A vast majority of them come up with the fixed intention of making the most of their opportunities and fail to do so. It is not enough that they should do as well as the average undergraduate. Being picked men, they should do better. If they do not, it is for various reasons. Compulsory Greek is one. The Oxford climate is another. But perhaps the most serious is the failure of the average Rhodes scholar to make use of his vacations. To do well at Oxford, one must read between terms, whereas the American Rhodes men in particular have gone in for Continental travel. "Many of them appear to look upon the Rhodes scholarship primarily in the light of an endowment for selected tourists from the United States." A bitter touch this, but in place; and the point is driven in again: "One may affirm without much fear of contradiction that the Rhodes scholars would do well to refrain from regarding themselves quite so prominently as students of mankind at large."

Evidently, then, we are still in the experimental stage; and particularly so when we recall what was the main object of the bequest. Cecil Rhodes was not interested primarily in what the Rhodes scholars would do for Oxford or Oxford for the Rhodes scholars, but what the two in combination could do to promote the cause of Imperial and English-speaking fellowship. To judge of the success or failure of a Rhodes scholar from this point of view, we must look for him not in the examination schools or in the Oxford boat, but fifteen or twenty years later, on his native soil and in the life's work he has chosen for himself. The results may show only in the second generation. And even then it may be very hard to distinguish between the effects of the Rhodes scholarship and the general movement towards a closer knowledge and understanding among the nations.

MARK TWAIN.

I.

No American writer has ever enjoyed a more purely democratic reputation than Mark Twain. From village celebrity to international renown, he has been advanced stage after stage by popular suffrage. The plain, unbookish burgess holding both his sides at a public lecture has helped roar him into eminence. The freckled, brown-legged pirate who finds Tom Sawyer nearer to his business and his bosom than Robinson Crusoe has played no negligible part in the campaign. The vote of the retired merchant reading "A Tramp Abroad" in preparation for a European holiday told decisively in his favor before the tardy voice of the professional critic assented. When an overwhelming majority of his fellow countrymen had established his position, the universities recognized the fact, so that one day not long ago, he strolled into the Sheldonian Theatre, clad in scarlet, and, after a "very satisfactory hurrah" from the audience, was created doctor of letters by the University of Oxford.

During the last few years of his life, he attained a still higher honor. It is to be hoped that no one will attempt to distinguish the customary "three periods" of his development, because, contrary to custom, he was essentially the same in all parts of his career. One may distinguish, however, three aspects of his reputation. Like a political orator making his maiden speech or invading hostile territory, he broke through the reserve of his audience with a string of irresistible stories. Handicapped by uproarious laughter, he produced two or three pieces of fiction which demanded serious attention; but his leonine head had grown gray before he lived down his record as a "platform humorist." At his seventieth birthday, he obtained a reconsideration of his case, and the highest tribunals decided that he indubitably belonged in the history of literature, if, indeed, he was not the "foremost American man of letters." After that, national feeling about him crystallized rapidly. He appeared in white flannels in midwinter, declaring that white was the only wear for a man with seventy clean years behind him; we were significantly pleased. After our newspapers had made one of their little breaks, he sent word to us that the reports of his death were "greatly exaggerated." It was a phrase that we all envied, from the President down; we saw that he was no mere literary man—he was a public man. When he died, we abandoned the last reservation. We said with one voice: He was an American.

To the foreign critic this ultimate tribute may seem perplexingly cheap and anticlimactic. That is, of course, due to the mistaken notion that we number some four score millions of Americans. As a matter of fact, we number our Americans on our ten fingers; the rest of us are merely citizens of the United States. Any one who will take a little pains with the alphabet may become a citizen; to become an American demands other talents. We are more than doubtful about Washington. Lowell said that Lincoln was the first American, but he forgot Franklin. There have been one or two since Lincoln's time. From certain indications, it looks as if Mr. Roosevelt might turn out to be an American. Only the other day, he sent us a message to this effect: "I know that the American people will agree that I could have acted in no other way than I did act." The American is a man of destiny. His word and deed flow inevitably out of the American character. On the one hand, he does a thing because it is right; on the other hand, the thing is right because he does it. Revising the thought of Henry V, we may say, Nice customs curtsy to great Americans.

II.

The point is strikingly illustrated by a story which Mark Twain tells on himself in one of the chapters of his auto-

biography. It was in 1877, before a company including all the leading geniuses of New England, banqueting in honor of Whittier's birthday. When Mark Twain's turn came, he rose and entered upon a fictitious "reminiscence." Out in southern California he had knocked at a miner's cabin, and announced himself as a literary man. The miner replied with marked ill-humor that he had just got rid of three of them, "Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Emerson, Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes—consound the lot. . . . Mr. Emerson was a seedy little bit of a chap, red headed; Mr. Holmes was as fat as a balloon; he weighed as much as three hundred, and had double chins all the way down to his stomach. Mr. Longfellow was built like a prizefighter. . . . They had been drinking, I could see that." And so on.

At the words "consound the lot," Twain had expected a peal of laughter, but to his amazement "the expression of interest in the faces turned to a sort of black frost." The whole story was a dismal failure; it was years before the author recovered from the shame of it. Speaking as a mere reader of Lamb, Jane Austen, Thackeray, O. W. Holmes, I am not in the least surprised at the New England frost. I know very well that Congreve or Addison or George Meredith would have agreed with the New England geniuses that Mark Twain's reminiscence was a piece of crude, heavy, intellectual horse-play—an impudent affront offered to Puritan aristocracy by a rough-handed plebeian jester from Missouri. But hear Mark Twain thirty years later:

> I have read it twice, and unless I am an idiot, it hasn't a single defect in it from the first word to the last. It is just as good as can be. It is smart; it is saturated with humor. There isn't a suggestion of coarseness or vulgarity in it anywhere. What could have been the matter with that house? . . . If I had those beloved and revered old literary immortals back here . . . I would melt them till they'd run all over that stage!

In his mellow Indian summer Mark Twain himself grew conscious that he had become an American. He knew, therefore, that the speech was right, *because he had made it.* I confess to a doubt whether those "old literary immortals" would laugh at it even now; if they would not, as a countryman of Lincoln I should be ashamed of them. The man who cannot laugh with Twain must be either better or worse than the "overwhelming majority" of his fellow-citizens. To accept him is almost equivalent to accepting the American flag. When once you have sworn allegiance, you may find fault with both for the rest of your life without impeachment of your patriotism. "I paint myriads of heads," cried Walt Whitman, "but I paint no head without its nimbus of gold-colored light." He was prophesying the golden mean, which he called the "divine average," and which he knew was actually rarer than either extreme. He was prophesying Mark Twain. "Who are you, indeed," he exclaims, "who would talk or sing in America?" The antiphonal voice replies:

> I swear I will have each quality of my race in myself,
> Talk as you like, he only suits These States whose manners favor the audacity and sublime turbulence of The States.

III.

Humor, it is agreed, consists in contrasts and incongruities, and the essence of Mark Twain's most characteristic humor consists in contrasting this typical, nimbused American, compacted of golden mediocrities, against the world—consists in showing the incongruity of the rest of the world with this nimbused American. It necessarily follows that the heights and depths of humor are beyond the reaches of Mark Twain's soul. It necessarily follows that his laughter is burly, not fine; broad, not profound; national, not universal. When he that sitteth in the heavens laughs, he is not contrasting the year 1910 with the year 1300, nor the President of the United States with Louis XVI, nor the uncrowned sovereigns of Missouri with the serfs of Russia, Germany, or England. The comparison is intolerable—let us mark a lowlier difference. When Puck in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," looking out upon the bewildered lovers exclaims, "Lord, what fools these mortals be"; when Titania, waking from magical sleep, murmurs drowsily, "Methought I was enamoured of an ass"—the mirth of these subtle creatures is kindled by the contrast between sentimental and bottom humanity, respectively, and the exquisite manners and passions of elfland. If Twain had written the play, he would have put Puck into overalls and Titania into a hoop-skirt. For he ignored the ethereal hunger which troubled the creator of Falstaff, and never entered into the secret laughter of the idealist. Let us descend once more. It is said that the last book Mark Twain read was Carlyle's "French Revolution." I suppose he loved it incidentally for its picturesque and savage energy, but mainly because it proclaims that a man's a man for all that. He shows traces both of its style and of its central thought in his own work. But so far as I know, he never shows a trace of its heart-searching irony, of that universal world-humor which arises when the upstart, red-blooded pageant of time's latest hour is confronted with the grim, dim phantasms of eternity—

> Charlemagne sleeps at Salzburg, with truncheon grounded, only fable expecting that he will waken. Charles the Hammer, Pepin Bow-legged, where now is their eye of menace, their voice of command? Rollo and his shaggy Northmen cover not the Seine with ships, but have sailed off on a longer voyage. The hair of Tow-head (Tête d'étoupes) now needs no combing; Iron-cutter (Taillefer) cannot cut a cob-web; shrill Fredegonda, shrill Brunhilda, have had out their hot life-scold, and lie silent, their hot life-frenzy cooled. . . . They are all gone; sunk—down, down with the tumult they made; and the rolling and trampling of ever new generations passes over them; and they hear it not any more forever.

Carlyle makes ducks and drakes of Charlemagne and shrill Fredegonda, but he laughs with a by-gone eternity. When Whitman asks that stupendous question, "Whom have you slaughtered lately, European headsman?" millions of strange shadows tend on him. He, too, is a humorist, and a grave one. He makes ducks and drakes of the "old literary immortals," for he laughs with an eternity to come. Mark Twain cannot be persuaded that we are such stuff as dreams are made of; looking neither before nor after, he laughs with the present hour; and he cannot stand the comparison.

IV.

Not by his subtlety, then, nor his depth, nor his elevation, but by his understanding and his unflinching assertion of the ordinary self of the ordinary American did Mark Twain become our "foremost man of letters."

He was geographically an American; he knew his land and its idioms at first hand—Missouri, the Mississippi River and its banks, Nevada, California, New England, New York, the great cities. It is insufficiently recognized that to love one's country intelligently one must know its body, as well as its mind. He had the good fortune to be born in the West; so that, of course, he had to go East—otherwise he might, instead of becoming an American, have remained a mere Bostonian or New Yorker all his life, and never have learned to love Chicago and San Francisco at all. At various times and places, he was pilot, printer, editor, reporter, miner, lecturer, author, and publisher. But during the first half of his life, he went most freely with "powerful uneducated persons, and with the young, and with the mothers of families." The books in which he embodies his early experiences—"Tom Sawyer," "Roughing It," "Huckleberry Finn"—are almost entirely delightful. They breathe the spirit of eternal boyhood, they are richly provincial, they spring out of the fresh earth. There is a touch of melodrama in the first and more than a touch of farce in the last, but in the main, they are as native as a bluff to the Mississippi or a pine tree to a red spur of the Rockies.

It is when an American carries his virtues abroad that the lines of his character become salient. Mark Twain was a self-made man, of small Latin and

less Greek, indifferent to abstractions, deficient in historical sympathy and imagination, insensitive to delicate social differences, content and at home in modern workaday realities. I confess with great apprehension that I do not much care for his books of foreign travel. Like the story told on Whittier's birthday, they are "smart and saturated with humor"; but for some almost indefinable reason my emotions fail to enter into the spirit of the occasion. An uneasy doubt about the point of view binds my mirth as with a "black frost." I find myself concerned for my fellow-citizen, the author behind the books; beneath the surface gayety the whole affair seems to be of appalling seriousness for us both. Ostensibly light-hearted burlesques of the poetical and sentimental volumes of travel, these books are in reality an amazingly faithful record of the way Europe and the Orient strike the "divine average"—the typical American—the man for whom the world was created in 1776. Wandering through exhumed Pompeii, he peoples its solemn ruins with the American proletariat, and fancies that he sees upon the walls of its theatre the placard, "Positively No Free List, Except Members of the Press." He digresses from an account of the ascent of Vesuvius to compare the prices of gloves, linen shirts, and dress suits in Paris and in Italy. At length arrived at the summit of the mountain, he describes its crater as a "circular ditch"; some of the party light their cigars in the fissures; he descends, observing that the volcano is a poor affair when compared with Kilauea, in the Sandwich Islands. He visits the Parthenon in the night; obviously, the memorable feature of the expedition was robbing the vineyards on the way back to the ship. The most famous picture galleries of Europe are hung with "celebrated rubbish"; the immemorial Mosque of St. Sophia is the "mustiest barn in heathendom"; the Sea of Gallilee is nothing to Lake Tahoe. The Mississippi pilot, homely, naïve, arrogantly candid, refuses to sink his identity in the object contemplated—that, as Corporal Nym would have said, is the humor of it. He is the kind of travelling companion that makes you wonder why you went abroad. He turns the Old World into a laughing-stock by shearing it of its storied humanity—simply because there is nothing in him to respond to the glory that was Greece, to the grandeur that was Rome—simply because nothing is holier to him than a joke. He does not throw the comic light upon counterfeit enthusiasm; he laughs at art, history, and antiquity from the point of view of one who is ignorant of them and mightily well satisfied with his ignorance. And, unless I am very much mistaken, the "overwhelming majority" of his fellow-citizens—those who made the success of "Innocents Abroad" and "A Tramp Abroad"—have laughed with him, not at him. So, too, unquestionably, in the nearly parallel case of that bludgeoning burlesque, "A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court."

V.

What endears a public man to us is what he has in common with us—not his occasional supereminences. It does not damage Franklin to say that he was not so graceful as Lord Chesterfield; nor Lincoln to say that he was not so handsome as Count D'Orsay; nor Mr. Roosevelt to say that one misses in his literary style I know not what that one finds in the style of Walter Savage Landor. Writing from Khartum, the hunter tells us that, in consequence of hard service in camp, his pigskin books were "stained with blood, sweat, gun oil, dust, and ashes." We have a mystical feeling that this is very appropriate and beautiful—that a good American's books ought to be stained with gun oil and ashes. "Fear grace—fear delicatesse," cries the author of "Chants Democratic." It does not damage Mark Twain to say that there was not a drop of the aristocrat in his veins.

In politics he was an intelligent but unspeculative democrat, committed to the principles of the preamble to the Constitution, preserving a tang of Tom Paine's contempt for kings, and not without a suggestion of the republican insolence caricatured by Dickens in "Martin Chuzzlewit." I do not think that he gave a "square deal" either to Europe or to the Arthurian realm; but within his own territory he had a very genuine sense of the brotherhood of man. He was not, like some more exquisite men of letters, a democrat in his study and a snob in his drawing-room; he was of the people and for the people at all times. His tender regard for the social contract permeated his humor. It will be remembered that Pudd'nhead Wilson earned his nickname and ruined his chances as a lawyer for twenty years by an incomprehensible remark about a howling dog. "I wish I owned half of that dog," said Wilson. "Why?" somebody asked. "Because I would kill my half." No one understood him—the sensitive, symbolic democracy of the expression was too compact for their intelligence, and they fell into a delicious discussion of how one-half could be killed without injury to the other half. That, to be sure, is also one of the problems of democracy; but Wilson's implications were, I believe, both simpler and deeper than that. In not molesting another man's dog he showed the American reverence for property. The American desire to be moderately well-to-do (Mr. Roosevelt's "neither rich nor poor") he indicated by desiring to own only half the dog. In saying that he would kill his half he expressed his sacred and inalienable right to dispose of his own property as he chose, while at the same time he recognized his neighbor's sacred and inalienable right to let his half of the property howl. Indeed, I am not sure that he did not recognize that the dog itself had a certain property right in howling.

With almost every qualification for a successful political career, Mark Twain could never have aspired to the Presidency, for he was not a regular attendant at church—a shortcoming, by the way, which interfered seriously with Mr. Taft's campaign till his former pastor testified in the public prints that the candidate had once at a church social taken the part of a fairy. In religion, Twain appeared to be a mugwump, or, more classically speaking, an agnostic over whom had fallen the shadow of Robert Ingersoll of pious memory. The irreligion of that generation is touched with a raw, philistine rationalism, but is thoroughly honest. Like all Americans, the author of "Tom Sawyer" received his religious culture in the Sunday-school, but stumbled over the book of Genesis and kindred difficulties, and was "emancipated." The loss of faith which, in proper conditions, is a terrible bereavement, was to him a blessed relief; when the God of the Sunday-school and the camp meeting ceases to terrify, he ordinarily becomes a deadly bore. Having never known the magnificent poetry of faith, he never felt the magnificent melancholy of unbelief. His experience was typical, however, and his very unspirituality was social. In his examination of Christian Science, he admitted that every man is entitled to his own favorite brand of insanity, and insisted that he himself was as insane as anybody. That was enough to assure most of us that he was sound on "all essentials."

"Be good and you will be lonesome" is, I suppose, one of Mark Twain's most widely quoted utterances on moral topics. At first thought, one may wonder why this apparently Bohemian apothegm should have taken such hold upon the heart of a nation which above all things else adores virtue. But the difficulty disappears the instant one reflects that these seven words express as in a nutshell precisely the kind and temper of virtue that the nation adores. Like Wilson's observation on the dog, the saying is cryptic and requires explication. Twain tells us in his autobiography that when he was a boy his mother always allowed about thirty per cent. on what he said for "embroidery" and so "struck his average." The saying means, as I take it, first of all, Don't lose your sense of humor as those do who become intatuated with their own particular hobbies in goodness. Calculate to keep about in the middle of the road, but make allowance for all rea-

sonable shades of difference in taste and opinion. Don't be too good or you will find yourself in a barren and uninfluential minority of one. In America, whatever is not social is not virtue. When he put his shoulder under the debts of his bankrupt publishing house, the author of the apothegm himself explained its meaning. Natively fond of strong language, careless of peccadilloes, tolerant of all human frailties though he was—kin-making touches of nature—his feet were "mortised and tenoned" in domestic rectitude and common morality.

"We cannot live always on the cold heights of the sublime—the thin air stifles"—I have forgotten who said it. We cannot flush always with the high ardor of the signers of the Declaration, nor remain at the level of the address at Gettysburg, nor cry continually, "O Beautiful! My country!" Yet, in the long dull interspaces between these sacred moments we need some one to remind us that we are a nation. For in the dead vast and middle of the years insidious foes are stirring—anæmic refinements, cosmopolitan decadencies, the egotistic and usurping pride of great cities, the cold sickening of the heart at the reiterated exposures of giant fraud and corruption. When our countrymen migrate because we have no kings or castles, we are thankful to any one who will tell us what we can count on. When they complain that our soil lacks the humanity essential to great literature, we are grateful even for the firing of a national joke heard round the world. And when Mark Twain, robust, big-hearted, gifted with the divine power to use words, makes us all laugh together, builds true romances with prairie fire and Western clay, and shows us that we are at one on all the main points, we feel that he has been appointed by Providence to see to it that the precious ordinary self of the Republic shall suffer no harm.

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THE DIARY OF GIDEON WELLES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Among the most famous Cabinet meetings of which there are records is the meeting of September 22, 1862, at which the preliminary Proclamation of Emancipation was read and discussed before its issuance—a meeting which Mr. Rhodes characterizes as "a point in the history of civilization." The amount of printed evidence upon it is small. Chase's Diary affords illuminating details, and the Diary of Gideon Welles (*Atlantic Monthly*, March, 1909, p. 369) corroborates Chase's longer and more vivid record. Having had occasion recently to read Mr. Welles's Diary with care, I have been puzzled over some features of the text which records the doings of the well-known meeting. Students of the war period are well aware that Nicolay and Hay had access to the original manuscript of the Welles Diary, at least in places; and these authors print the passage giving the account of this meeting. If record of Nicolay and Hay may be taken as correct, the text in the *Atlantic Monthly* would indicate rather a ruthless editorial hand. The two accounts follow:

A special Cabinet meeting. The subject was the proclamation for emancipating the slaves, after a certain date, in States that shall then be in rebellion. For several weeks the subject has been suspended, but the President says never lost sight of. When it was submitted, and now in taking up the proclamation, the President stated that the question was finally decided,—the act and the consequences were his,—but that he felt it due to us to make us acquainted with the fact and to invite criticisms on the paper which he had prepared. There were, he had found, not unexpectedly, some differences in the Cabinet; but he had, after ascertaining in his own way the views of each and all, individually and collectively, formed his own conclusions and made his own decisions. In the course of the discussion on this paper, which was long, earnest, and, on the general principle involved, harmonious, he remarked that he had made a vow—a coveuant—that if God gave us the victory in the approaching battle, he would consider it an indication of Divine will, and that it was duty to move forward in the cause of emancipation. It might be thought strange, he said, that he had in this way submitted the disposal of matters when the way was not clear to his mind what he should do. God had decided this question in favor of the slaves. . . .

Nicolay and Hay text.
Abraham Lincoln: A History, VI:160.

a special Cabinet meeting. The subject was the Proclamation concerning emancipating slaves after a certain date, in States that should then be in rebellion. For several weeks the subject has been suspended, but, the President says, never lost sight of. When the subject was submitted in August, and indeed in taking it up, the President stated that the question was finally decided, but that he felt it to be due to us to make us acquainted with the fact and to invite criticism on the Proclamation. There were some differences in the Cabinet, but he had formed his own conclusions and made his own decisions. He had, he said, made a vow, a covenant, that if God gave us the victory in the approaching battle (which had just been fought), he would consider it his duty to move forward in the cause of emancipation. We might think it strange, he said, but there were times when he felt uncertain how to act; that he had in this way submitted the disposal of matters when the way was not clear to his mind what he should do. God had decided this question in favor of the slave. . . .

Atlantic Monthly text. March, 1909, p. 369.

The reader who examines these parallel records carefully, will, besides alterations in punctuation, discover changes in numerous words and phrases, additions, and conspicuous omissions. The phrase "in August," given in the latest text of the Diary, would seem to be original. At any rate it is in accord with the fact that Secretary Welles (like Lincoln) did not clearly remember just when the original draft of an emancipation proclamation was first read to the Cabinet (See the *Galaxy*, December, 1872, pp. 844, 851. Lincoln's "Complete Works," II, 479). The date has been long since established as July 22 (Nicolay and Hay's "Abraham Lincoln," VI, 126). The omissions in the latest text amount to six passages, some of which are really important. The absence of these passages should certainly have been indicated. As the record now appears, it is unreliable, and, from the standpoint of the seeker after historical truth, unsatisfactory. It may be reasonable to assume that space must be considered in the publication of any long diary in a monthly magazine where only portions of the record are likely to interest any large number of readers. I fail, however, to find any sound principle for the alterations or omissions here indicated. Every scrap of good evidence on Lincoln's emancipation policy should be preserved. The secretary of the navy tried hard to be accurate. It is certain that he would never have sanctioned this ruthless editing of his illuminating commentary. One wonders what proportion of the original manuscript has been subjected to this high-handed process of alteration and excision.

HENRY BARRETT LEARNED.

New Haven, Conn., April 25.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The version of the Welles Diary, now appearing in the *Atlantic Monthly*, consists of excerpts taken from the MS. and makes no pretense whatever to completeness. The original Diary consists of some 650,000 words, of which perhaps one-fifth can appear in the *Atlantic*. Any one with the smallest knowledge of magazine conditions will realize that the publication of much more material of this description in a periodical of general interest than the generous portion published by the *Atlantic* is impracticable, and in its various announcements the *Atlantic* has repeatedly laid stress upon the fact that the articles have been cut from the Diary.

The use of asterisks to indicate omissions would have greatly burdened the text and has therefore not been employed.

It seems unnecessary to add that in making selections for this series care has been exercised to avoid any distortion of the views of the diarist, and to retain passages of marked historical importance. Regarding possible verbal discrepancies between the *Atlantic* version and the original Diary, I may add that the present series of articles has been set up from a typewritten copy of the Diary, made a number of years ago, compared with the original, and supplied by Mr. Welles, who was unwilling to allow the manuscript itself to leave his possession. Such examination as I have been able to make in person leads me to believe that there are no variations of importance.

The *Atlantic* is published for the general reader. In the forthcoming publication of the Diary in book form every effort will be made to present a faithful text of the Diary in its entirety.

ELLERY SEDGWICK.
Editor the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Boston, May 5.

THE PHILIPPINE LAND SCHEME.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to protest against your editorial on The Philippine Land Scheme, which appears in the *Nation* for April 28. You say:

Whether the Sugar Trust is or is not the purchaser, whether the Henry W. Taft law firm is or is not involved, the sale of the 55,000 acres is indefensible morally, a shocking violation of trust, incredible from Mr.

Taft's Administration, in view of his attitude when Governor-General.

This is a serious charge to bring against the Administration. It begins with an innuendo which is unworthy of the *Nation*, and it ends with an implication that is not true. You imply that Mr. Taft, when Governor-General, favored the insertion of that clause in the organic act which forbids the sale of more than 2,500 acres of land to a corporation. As a matter of fact, he vigorously opposed it as being contrary to the best interests of the Filipinos. You admit in this very editorial that Mr. Taft was "the man whom, of all the Americans sent to them, the Filipinos loved best, because of his freedom from race prejudice and his insistence upon the doctrine of 'the Philippines for the Filipinos.'" You imply that he has changed his attitude towards the Islands in a disgraceful manner. Let us look at the facts.

In May, 1902, while still Governor-General, and while still devoted, as you admit, to the best interests of the Filipinos, Mr Taft published an article in the *Outlook* in which he took occasion to criticise the two versions of the organic act then under consideration in Congress. Allow me to quote his words:

Both bills limit the power of acquisition of land by a corporation, foreign or domestic, to five thousand acres. *It seems to me that this limitation is too low, and that it ought to be raised to twenty thousand acres*, for the reason that, in order to attract capital and to induce agricultural development on the best lines, especially in the production of sugar and tobacco, the cultivation must be of estates at least as large as fifteen or twenty thousand acres. [The italics are mine.]

In view, then, of his attitude when Governor-General, and of his well-known desire to see the Filipinos prosper and advance, it is not strange that he should have tried to find a way to eliminate the obstacles to progress which Senator Hoar, albeit with the best intentions in the world, placed in their path. It is not necessary here for me to enlarge on the large cost of modern sugar plants, and the many difficulties in the way of making progress in the tropics. They are well known and appreciated by those like Mr. Taft, who have lived and worked in the tropics, but they seem to be absolutely incomprehensible to people who live in a land where cold and hunger drive otherwise indolent drones to do their work in the world.

Your slurs on those who wish to help the Filipinos forward by making possible the entry of American capital are thoroughly characteristic of that point of view. In fairness let us hear the other side. Gov. Taft went on to say:

The investment of American capital in the islands is necessary to their proper development, and is necessary to the material, and therefore the spiritual, uplifting of the Filipino people. It means the construction of railroads, the needed intercommunication between the people and the provinces, and a change from a comparatively poor and ignorant people to one of comparative intelligence and wealth.

You reply: "They make a livelihood, bare at times, and why must they do otherwise at the behest of outsiders?" Why, indeed? That was what the Spanish government said for over three hundred years. The same spirit is not absolutely unknown in New York; but it has been more commonly found in Tammany Hall than in the columns of the *Nation*.

HIRAM BINGHAM.

Yale University, April 30.

[Our correspondent is mistaken in thinking there was a slur upon Mr. Taft or the Taft law firm in the sentence he quotes. The matter was mentioned merely to be brushed aside. We know Mr. Taft well enough to be sure that if his brother's law firm were connected with this matter it would prejudice him against its side of the case. We had overlooked the *Outlook's* article, to which our attention is called, but see no reason to change our opinion. Twenty thousand acres are not 55,000 acres, for one thing, and if the Taft Administration approves the sale of the latter lot of land to any corporation, we say again it is a morally indefensible breach of the trust imposed upon us in the Philippines by the Hoar act and the repeated assurances of our unselfish intentions. The capitalistic development of our conquered over-sea lands will make impossible the carrying out of those intentions.—ED. NATION.]

THOREAU AND CONFUCIUS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Charles Franc's Adams, whose letter on Thoreau and Confucius was printed in the *Nation* of April 21, was perhaps unaware (not having been an early reader of the *Dial*) that Thoreau, early in 1843, when editing that quarterly in Emerson's absence, began to print in its pages what he called "Ethnical Scriptures," in which many of the quoted passages from Confucius and Mencius were first made known to most New England readers. Among his selections was the passage which, a dozen years later, appeared in his "Walden," and made such an impression on Mr. Adams. No author was named by Thoreau in citing it; but to those familiar with his *Dial* chapters, the turn of the phrases disclosed it as attributed to Confucius. The Concord group of authors and the American missionaries were the first in this country to read and quote the sayings of the Orientals; and Emerson was for years one of the very few Americans who owned a copy of the Bhagavad Ghita. He lent his copy freely, and it was more read than the contemporary copy in the Harvard College Library.

The mention of "Walden" leads me to say that a long and minute examination of the manuscripts of that book left by Thoreau and now owned by Mr. W. K. Bixby of St. Louis—printed last year by the Bibliophile Society of Boston, with many additions to the author's published work—showed me that early and late journal-entries were used by Thoreau in compiling it. Passages occur which were written as early as 1838, and others as late as the spring of 1854, the year of its publication. This special passage from Confucius stands at the close of the eighth chapter, and there are five other quotations from Confucius in the whole book. The Bibliophile edition is likely to become the accepted standard for the text of the book, when the copyrights of the earlier editions have expired. Its two volumes are now inaccessible to the general public, the number of copies being less than 500, and those only in the hands of subscribers. It lacks a full index, but is copiously annotated, and contains many explications and *variorum* readings of the passages. A popular reprint of it would be valuable; for "Walden" continues to be the "best seller" among the books of Thoreau.

F. B. SANBORN.

Concord, Mass., April 25.

A MEMORIAL TO PROFESSOR MAU.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Shortly after the death of Professor August Mau the suggestion was made that a bust of him should be erected as a memorial in the Forum of Pompeii. This suggestion has now taken definite form; and a committee representing the Italian archæological interests, as well as the German, English and American schools in Rome, has been appointed to carry it into effect. The committee issues the following address to those who knew Professor Mau or were interested in his work:

Rome, March 30, 1910.

On March 6, 1909, August Mau died after a life of ceaseless activity. We do not need to emphasize the value of his life-work. Suffice it to mention one thing alone, which assures him for all time a place in the foremost rank of scholarship: his discovery of the evolution of Pompeian painting, with its valuable deductions for the history of human culture. Remarkable as were the results of his scholarship, the effect of his personality on those who were privileged to know him was still more so. His manly straightforwardness, his simplicity, his purity of motive, but above all his delight in his work, never failed to impress themselves upon those who came into contact with him. In his work he lived. This love of his work kept him always young and joyous. His joy was contagious and communicated itself to those who met him, so that they left him full of gratitude.

All those who knew him will rejoice in an opportunity to give to their feeling of gratitude a lasting expression. In this spirit, in the desire to establish some lasting token of personal friendship and devotion, and with no wish for a merely formal and official recognition (which would be quite contrary to his desire), it has been proposed to erect a bust of Professor Mau in the place where generations of scholars of all nations have learned how under the magic of his word the ruins became eloquent witnesses to the history of man.

The undersigned have reason to hope that the Ministry of Public Instruction of His Majesty the King of Italy will not refuse consent to the erection of the proposed bust. Otherwise the money will be expended for a worthy publication of the Pompeian wall paintings which were copied under Mau's direction.

We appeal to all of Professor Mau's friends and admirers for support in the carrying out of this undertaking.

WALTER AMELUNG, Rome.
THOMAS ASHBY, Rome.
JESSE BENEDICT CARTER, Rome.
WOLFGANG HELBIG, Rome.
ANTONIO SOGLIANO, Naples.

Contributions to the amount of $91 are already on deposit with the treasurer of the Archæological Institute of America for this worthy purpose. They were received from the classical staffs of the University of Wisconsin; Johns Hopkins and Yale Universities; the Universities of

Pennsylvania Chicago, Michigan; and Harvard, Cornell, Princeton and Columbia Universities. Professor Mau lectured each year to the students of the American School of Classical Studies in Rome from its founding to his death; and if these should contribute on the average a dollar apiece, the sum, in addition to that already on hand, would be ample as the share of America. I shall be glad to receive and forward contributions.

FRANCIS W. KELSEY.

Ann Arbor, Mich., April 25.

SLAVERY IN VIRGINIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your notice of Mr. B. B. Munford's book, "Virginia's Attitude Towards Slavery and Secession" (*Nation*, February 17), is seen this sentence:

If, as Mr. Munford insists, Virginia seceded simply because the Federal government resorted to coercion, the conclusion is unavoidable that the State preferred to continue on a low social plane under its own guidance, rather than to attain an admittedly higher one by Federal aid.

Permit me to say that President Lincoln gives a final answer to this charge of neglect of duty by Virginia and the South in his speech, delivered at Peoria, Ill., October 16, 1854: "When the Southern people tell us that they are no more responsible for the origin of slavery than we are, I acknowledge the fact." "When it is said that the institution exists, and that it is very difficult to get rid of it in any satisfactory way, I can understand and appreciate the saying. "I *surely will not blame them for not doing* what I would not know how to do myself." *"If all earthly power were given me, I should not know what to do as to the existing institution."*

The results of the emancipation proclamation confirmed Mr. Lincoln's statements. Mr. Munford calls attention to many instances of deep concern and perplexity of the best hearts and heads of whites at the South in regard to the disposition of their personal slave property, and of that of the South at large.

In all charity, we are compelled to state that Mr. Lincoln's enforced "Federal aid" unfortunately left the negroes still among the vanishing races, while the country was deluged in blood. Northern intelligence and devotion have failed to solve the problem, since Mr. Lincoln's day. Far removed from the "black belt" the North, especially in its cities, finds the race problem the most vexing and persistent demand upon the whites. The differences in the two races were distinctly recognized and stated by President Lincoln in strong, unmistakable terms. Had the war President foreseen the appalling suffering and deaths by tens of thousands among negro infants, children, their mothers, and the weak and aged who flocked to the "freedman's settlements" and "camps of refuge" under the Stars and Stripes, Mr. Lincoln would have insisted that these unhappy, deluded folk should remain on the plantations until the war was over. The able blacks he needed to fill his armies, while the unproductive class, left at home, would have helped on the cause of freedom by "eating old master out of house and plantation."

ST. GEORGE T. C. BRYAN.

Petersburg, Va., May 3.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to reply in the greatest possible candor to the questions asked in the review (*Nation*, April 28) of my book, "Die neue Form": (1) No, I do not think it advisable in an American teacher to set up any new literary standards. However, I do think it advisable in a critic to interpret objectively the ever new literary standards which are continually set up by creative artists; (2) No, I do not advocate the production of "Sonnenfinsternis" by (or for) American college students; nor do I advocate the production of Sophocles's "Œdipus," Schiller's "Braut von Messina," Shelley's "Cenci," Wagner's "Ring des Nibelungen," Ibsen's "Rosmersholm" and "Ghosts." But I do advocate the production of such masterpieces, by first-class artists, for mature men and women, *i. e.*, for that unprejudiced, intelligent, and æsthetically appreciative public for which alone my book is intended. "Sonnenfinsternis" as a play stands on as lofty an ethical height as "The Scarlet Letter," the novel. It is a story of guilt and atonement through unselfish sacrifice. It is a story of the purification of a soul. O. E. LESSING.

Urbana, Ill., April 30.

PHOTOGRAPHING MARS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In reference to the account of the annual session of the National Academy of Sciences in your issue of April 28, it seems but fair to call attention to the fact that Dr. Hale's failure to photograph the fine lines on Mars was made with a *reflecting* telescope.

That such a telescope is not suited to planetary photography was shown at Flagstaff last autumn. Dr. Lowell had installed a reflector by Clark & Sons to be used at the last opposition of Mars. It proved so unsuited either for the visual or photographic study of that planet, that no serious attempts were made to use it for such purposes. G. R. AGASSIZ.

Boston, April 29.

Literature.

TRAVEL IN FOREIGN LANDS.

South African Memories: Social, Warlike, and Sporting. From diaries written at the time. By Lady Sarah Wilson. With illustrations. London: Edward Arnold.

Wanderings Among South Sea Savages and in Borneo and the Philippines. By H. Wilfrid Walker, F.R.G.S. With 48 plates from photographs. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

Through Persia from the Gulf to the Caspian. By F. B. Bradley-Birt, I.C.S. With 31 illustrations and a map. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.

The Confessions of a Beachcomber. Scenes and incidents in the career of an unprofessional beachcomber in tropical Queensland. By E. J. Banfield. With a map and 53 illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Scenes and incidents connected with the Boer war form the larger part of Lady Sarah Wilson's interesting "South African Memories." The daughter of the Duke of Marlborough and sister of Lord Randolph Churchill, she had every opportunity given her during her four visits to South Africa to meet the most notable people and to see that which was most worth seeing. At her first visit in 1895 she was the guest of Cecil Rhodes, then Prime Minister of Cape Colony, and she gives a delightful description of his home on the slope of Table Mountain; a low rambling house with a thatched roof, filled with choice art treasures and surrounded by plateaus bright with flowers, while antelopes of many kinds roamed through his woods. It was "a meeting-place for all the men of the colony." He was always in favor of doing things on a large scale. "Sometimes a gardener or bailiff would ask for two or three dozen rose or fruit trees. 'There is no use,' he would exclaim impatiently, 'in two dozen of anything. My good man, you should count in hundreds and thousands, not dozens.'"

During her stay of six weeks she was detained for some time at Kimberley by the Jameson raid, but succeeded in reaching Johannesburg and Pretoria, where she saw President Kruger, who "with a venerable white beard, in a somewhat worn frock-coat and a rusty old black silk hat, did not look the stern dictator of his little kingdom, which in truth he was. Our Dutch friend told us Oom Paul was in the habit of commencing work at 5 A. M., and that he transacted business, either at his house or in the government offices, with short intermissions, until 5 P. M." Her second visit was three years later and lasted for fifteen months, two of which were spent in Rhodesia. At the outbreak of the war she attempted to join her husband, the aid-de-camp of Col. Baden-Powell, the heroic defender of Mafeking, but was taken prisoner by the Boers, and after tedious negotiations was exchanged for a horse-thief. Her account of her experiences in the Boer laager, and particularly of her life in the beleaguered town, is especially interesting. The most formidable weapon of the Boers was a big siege gun every motion of which was watched through a telescope, notice being given by a bell to the townspeople that it was about to be fired. Often her telephone would ring up with the message: "The gun is loaded and pointed at the town. . . . A monkey belonging to the post-office, who generally spent the day on the top of a pole to which he was chained, would, on hearing the alarm-bell, rapidly descend from his perch, and, in imitation of the human beings whom he saw tak-

ing shelter, quickly pop under a large empty biscuit-tin." But on Sundays, "thanks to the religious proclivities of the Boers," there was an absolute cessation of hostilities on both sides, "and from early dawn to late at night the whole population thoroughly enjoyed themselves."

On the relief of Mafeking, she went to Pretoria, where she met her nephew, Winston Churchill, and the "hero of a thousand fights," Lord Roberts, of whom she says: "I shall never forget how kindly he spoke, nor the inexpressible sadness of his face." On her return home the Red Cross was awarded her, and the medal for service in South Africa. The third visit was in 1902, when she was the guest of Lord Milner at Johannesburg. The next year she went to Rhodesia, camping for a short time at Livingstone, Victoria Falls, which she describes as "one of the fairest landscapes to be seen on God's earth." The attractiveness and value of the book are increased by the twenty illustrations, which inelude portraits of most of the noted persons mentioned in her narrative and a humorous sketch by Col. Baden-Powell.

The author of "Wanderings Among South Sea Savages and in Borneo and the Philippines" has been a collector of birds and butterflies, and gives in this book a readable account of some of his collecting trips. Our only criticism is that he dwells too frequently and in too much detail on the revolting customs of the people among whom he travelled. It does not add to the interest of his narrative to be constantly reminded of the cannibalistic practices of the Papuans, nor to have one's attention continually directed to the ghastly trophies to be found in the house of the Borneo head-hunter. Life in the home of a Fijian prince and adventures in company with him are described in the first chapters. Then follows an account of a visit to the Philippines, evidently at the time of the Taft administration, for in his preface he acknowledges his obligations to him. The Negritos, among whom he passed most of his time, are set down as "certainly the merriest and yet the dirtiest people I have ever met." While with them he heard rumors of an extraordinary mountain tribe, named Buquils, "whose women were reported to have beards," but his journey in search of them failed because of the intertribal enmities, and he was unable to prove whether or not the story was a myth. While in North Borneo, in whose forests he spent seven months, he visited some edible birds'-nest caves, and his description of them is by far the most entertaining part of his book. After a somewhat hazardous exploration of one which was more than 500 feet in height, with an opening in the top which from below looked like a distant star, he returned to his hut. About dusk he "heard a noise like the whistling of the wind, and, going outside, I saw a truly wonderful sight. The millions of small bats which share these caves with the birds [swallows] were issuing forth from the small hole in the very top of the rock. As far as the eye could see they stretched in one even, unbroken column across the sky. They issued from the cave in a compact mass and preserved the same even formation till they disappeared in the far distance. They resembled a thick line of smoke coming out of the tunnel of a steamer, . . . and the thick line twisted and wriggled across the sky for all the world like a giant snake. They were still coming forth in the same manner till darkness set in, and then I could only hear the beating of myriads of wings, like the sighing of the wind in the tree-tops." They return in early morning in much the same fashion. The swallows, he was told, usually did the same thing; when the bats came out, the swallows entered the caves, and when the bats went in, the swallows came out. But he was there at their nesting season, when they went in and out of the caves irregularly all day. The book is attractively made up, and the 48 plates from photographs, some of rare beauty, give vividness to the narrative.

The most interesting part of F. B. Bradley-Birt's "Through Persia" is that descriptive of the southwestern region in which lie Shiraz and the ruins of Persepolis. It gives a vivid impression of the ancient empire of the Sassanians. His admiration for the "most fascinating city in the East" with its blue domes and golden minarets, its many gardens of cypresses and roses, is partly due to the approach through monotonous desert and over barren heights and also to the influence of its great poets, Sadi and Hafiz, whose memory is cherished at the present day, thousands of pilgrims coming to their tombs. In the garden in which Sadi lies he found the keeper holding school with half a dozen tiny scholars, from four to seven years old. They were "writing with their quaint wooden pens on square-cut plaintain leaves that serve for paper. They are copying laboriously a famous line of Sadi's, a copy of whose poems, beautifully illuminated, lies open on the old man's knees, and no line could well be more appropriate to this restful spot beside the beautiful city that Sadi loved—'If there is a Paradise on earth, it is this, it is this.'"

The first impression of Persepolis, with which, according to the ancient writers, "no city could be compared either in beauty or in wealth" and which was called the "Glory of the East," was its vast loneliness. "Man and every living creature seem to have deserted the fallen city." But this feeling was soon overcome by the fascination of its marvellous remains. In striking contrast to these relics of a glorious past is a village hanging on the top of an enormous rock island, tier on tier of houses rising to a height of a hundred and thirty feet above the river-bed. The only approach is by a narrow footbridge to a small doorway cut in the face of the rock. So accustomed are the villagers to their exalted quarters "that they pursue their daily avocations with uneoneern, while the children play in the hanging verandahs regardless of the yawning drop below." His account of the remainder of his journey through Ispahan and Teheran to the Caspian is lacking in interest. When he passed through the capital, the Mejliss, the new parliament, was holding its first sittings, and he calls attention to the part which the Indian agitator played in the revolution. A weekly paper printed in Calcutta was on sale in the streets, and "no one who saw the eagerness with which it was bought and read by the crowd, which always gathered round the palace in which the Mejliss sat, could doubt its influence. It was from its columns that the Teheranis first acquired the word 'constitution.'" Illustrations of some of the most interesting scenes described and an excellent map add to the value of the book.

E. J. Banfield, in the "Confessions of a Beachcomber," tells of his search for the "simple life" in a tropical island off the coast of Queensland. Though but three and a half square miles in area, it contains a wealth of fauna and flora, which is described with all the enthusiasm of a true lover of nature. Especial attention is paid to the birds, the number of which may be imagined from the fact that he gives a "census" of 131 different species, "all permanent residents familiar to him as well as casual visitors." He also gives a glowing description of his garden of coral. Interesting, too, is his account of the different trees, one of which, the umbrella tree, is a "distillery of nectar of crystal purity and inviting flavor." The chapters devoted to the natives, "stone-age folks," are somewhat disappointing; the persons particularly portrayed are uninteresting, and the numerous anecdotes of them are told in almost unintelligible pidgin-English. The 53 illustrations are reproductions of photographs, some of them, especially that of the coral garden, being of great beauty. The lack of an index in a book treating of so many different subjects is to be regretted.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Undesirable Governess. By F. Marion Crawford. New York: The Macmillan Co.

For the last time, by admission of the publishers, we are called upon to com-

ment upon a new work by the most natural story-teller of his generation. When Crawford's life comes to be written, we shall no doubt find out in what order the three posthumous novels were composed. "The Undesirable Governess" belongs to Crawford's lightest mood. It is a bit of comedy well on toward the edge of farce. The setting and atmosphere are ultra-English. The Lady Jane who is at such pains to protect her susceptible husband and sons from attractive housemates is the stern, virtuous, and snobbish lady Briton of long tradition. The mainspring of the story is that indispensable consideration in English fiction—the duty of getting your money's worth when you marry. From Richardson to Trollope, and from Trollope to (though strangely not including) De Morgan, the absurdity in marrying an inferior in rank or fortune is the natural key to the romantic action. How magnanimous of Algernon to waive, though of course not ignore, the fact that Alice's grandfather was a tradesman, or that her income is a paltry thousand a year! How wonderful of Lady Edith to give herself to the younger son—with only blood, health, brains, and a heart to recommend him: she might have had the Duke! We must guess that Crawford took a sly satisfaction in playing once more upon this well-worn string. The "undesirable governess" makes herself desirable, even to the fastidious Lady Jane—as a governess. As a prospective daughter-in-law, being supposedly poor and of no social standing, she is, of course, an object of execration, a thing to be insulted and cast into outer darkness with all dispatch. The machinery by which the poor and nameless girl is shown to be a rich girl and a well-born girl need not be described. No novelty of design is striven for in its construction. Nor is subtlety employed in the framing of Lady Jane's recantation. The story is only a trifle, but a perfect trifle in its Crawfordian kind.

Cavanagh, Forest Ranger: A Romance of the Mountain West. By Hamlin Garland. New York: Harper & Bros.

"Author of 'The Gray-Horse Troop,' 'Main-Travelled Roads,' etc.," reads the title-page. How little of the "and so forth" has come up to the promise, or even the achievement, of those early tales! In "Main-Travelled Roads" Mr. Garland, now nearly twenty years ago, sounded a note of which his later work has given, for the most part, a series of diminishing echoes. That volume will stand, we believe, as one of the classics of American fiction. And it is because we believe this that each new book of Mr. Garland's continues to arouse in us a now rather forlorn hope. The present book is earnestly and painstakingly written. It sets forth with much detail the life and the problems of the forest ranger in those parts of the West where the old lawless traditions still linger, and sheep and cattlemen alike are on the offensive against the national protector of the forests. "Roaring Fork," the scene of most of the narrative, is a little town sixty miles from a railway, where "the air of the reckless old-time range still clung rancidly about in the low groggeries, as a deadly gas hangs about the lower levels of a mine." To this community has come one Cavanagh, a naturalized Englishman and forest ranger. Though a subordinate even in the local forest service, he has ward over a large stretch of country, and as representative of the law, is at once unpopular among the worthies of Roaring Fork. The narrative recounts his struggles to uphold his authority almost single-handed. In the end he escapes defeat, and is recognized as harbinger of a new day and new methods. This is a good and natural plot for a novel about the new West. Unluckily, Mr. Garland has not been able to get away from his text. As fiction, the book belongs to a mediocre sort. The girl who is duly supplied for Cavanagh—the refined Eastern-bred daughter of a Roaring Fork mother—has little reality or desirability. The other persons in the tale—except perhaps the older woman—are but pale figures. The fact is, the writer has had a speech to make, not a story to tell. He has wished to express his indignation at the dismissal of the recent chief of the forestry service, and his belief in the system originated by that officer. The dismissal has its part in the story; and Mr. Pinchot himself supplies a discreet introduction.

The Adventures of an A.D.C. By Shelland Bradley. New York: John Lane Co.

This book is delightfully light in the literal sense, and not unpleasantly so in the figurative. "Adventures" is a misnomer; the aide-de-camp has no more than the Needy Knifegrinder. As a scrap-book, however, the volume presents good entertainment, the gems of the collection being unquestionably the native letters—vouched for in a prefatory note as substantially genuine—received at Government House. What magnate could resist an appeal which closes with the benediction, "And may the Almighty (whom Your Honor much resembles) grant you long life, etc."? Many of us have at some time the trying experience of finding that we have included the dead in our invitations, but seldom is the fact so unequivocally brought home to us as by the polite reply: "I regret to inform you that my late father is now resident at Heaven." One letter we make no apology for quoting in full; it should have been addressed to Mr. Roosevelt:

Honored Protector of the Poor: Having heard of your almighty mercy and loving-kindness to us worms, I make bold to tell you my circumstances.

By the grace of God, your Lordship, I have seven children, all babes and sucklings.

Besides this abominable litter, I have many relations, male and female, all dependent upon me. What have I done that I should be blessed with such cursed trials?

As your Lordship is my father and my mother, I would require that you take this worm and wife and suckles and relations, both male and female, and provide for us from your bounty at a remuneration of rupees twenty per month.

I cannot read or write, and have only the suckle qualifications and male relations and feminine, but, by the grace of God and your Lordship, I look forward to years of prosperity and happiness.

We all sing loudly of your praises, your justice, and your mercy; therefore, call us all that we may fatten on your love and gentleness. Call quickly. Your faithful worm and beast, Pindari Das (despicable brute and unwilling father of babies).

Predestined: A Novel of New York Life. By Stephen French Whitman. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Whitman has treated a dangerous theme with delicacy and strength. A rich widower, who has worshipped his wife's memory, discovers that the young man he has regarded as his only son is really the child of another father; he converts his wealth into bills which he burns; the son, brought up in luxury and with wealthy associates, is left in poverty and sets out to earn a living by his wits; from newspaper work he turns to authorship; failing in this he takes to drink, becomes entangled with women whose homes are near the Great White Way, and sinks through various stages of degradation to an ignominious death. It is a sordid subject, relieved by little humor, but in Mr. Whitman's treatment is not repulsive. The vice of the streets and of the flashy underworld is exposed with all its tragic lessons, yet the reader is neither offended by preaching and moralizing nor disgusted by nauseous details. It is realism with restraint and human sympathy, and on the whole gives a juster and more vivid picture of certain aspects of life in New York's "tenderloin" than does any other novel we can recall.

One minor point deserves mention—the psychological skill with which the degeneration is noted from the hero's father, who is a Parisian poet of a few exquisite but sterile works in his youth, to the hero himself who has all the velleity of artistic production without the effective will.

The Green Cloak. By Yorke Davis. New York: Sturgis & Walton.

Nothing is more amusing to the habitual reader of detective stories than the eagerness of the writers to seize on some method of varying the old themes. When Professor Münsterberg's articles on the detection of crime by the new instruments of the psychological laboratory were printed, it was perfectly safe to predict that we should have a flood of detective stories on the method. The

other day we noticed "Luther Trant"; to-day we have such another, in this case, however, the Sherlock Holmes of the laboratory being an ancient professor who has lived in Australia, whereas Luther Trant was a newcomer in the field. The sleuth-minded professor's life in the East is essential to the story, for the plot is compounded of Oriental pirates, the Maori speech, and other exotic flavors, though the scene is a very modern American suburb. The story is interesting, and the psychological apparatus is worked in cleverly.

NAPOLEON III.

The Rise of Louis Napoleon. By F. A. Simpson. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

Kinglake and Carlyle and the great throng of English and American writers who, half a century ago, denounced Louis Napoleon would rub their eyes if they could read this book. For, when Mr. Simpson closes his chronicle with the election of Louis Napoleon to the Presidency in 1848, he leaves upon the reader the impression that the spurious Bonaparte was rather a commendable person. The crime of the *coup d'état* had not been committed; and Mr. Simpson does not arrange his material with reference to that event, on which most historians have based their verdict. He simply tells the story of the first forty years of the Prince, untinged by what occurred afterward. This treatment is, we believe, both honest and correct.

The result is that we see in the Prince a youth of unusual sensibility, and a man of extraordinary tenacity of purpose. His two attempted "invasions" of France appear no longer as ridiculous fizzles, but as carefully laid schemes which, in that epoch when every proposed revolution seemed possible, had some chance of success. Mr. Simpson's account of these affairs is well done, the best we have seen in English. He puts before you the situation as the Prince saw it, not as everybody can see, and judge it, in retrospect.

Most interesting is the description of the rise of the Napoleonic legend. The main feature of the imprisonment of the great Napoleon at Saint Helena was not, as has been generally supposed, his eclipse and end; it was the opportunity it offered him—an opportunity he improved to the full—of creating the legend which was destined to produce the Second Empire, and to dazzle Frenchmen unto the third and fourth generation of those who had fought and died for the First. It was Louis Napoleon, after the death of his brother raised him to the dignity of pretender, who earliest saw the immense possibilities latent in the legend. It was he who exploited those possibilities in all directions; he whom neither failure, nor indifference, nor calumny, nor ridicule could cause to waver. It is startling to reflect that he, Mazzini, and Garrison, who were only three years apart in age, but as remote in ideals as one pole is from the other, showed during the thirties and forties equal inflexibility of purpose, equal readiness to stake everything to promote their respective causes. But the parallel ceases when we examine the character of the three.

After making what allowance we will, Louis Napoleon's aim was selfish; for nobody suggests that a mere philanthropical ambition to give France the best possible government sustained him during his years of ill-fortune. Garrison and Mazzini had the zeal of Jewish prophets or of Cromwellian Puritans; like Luther, they "could not otherwise"; but we cannot believe that the Bonapartist pretender would have borne and labored as he did unless he had hoped that he—and not some other member of the family—should enjoy the prize. Perhaps Mr. Simpson would have done well to epitomize his chief work, "Les Idées Napoléoniennes," which bears witness to his skill as a writer, to his visionary intellect, and to his remarkable ability to coin concrete phrases which soon passed current, although they had only abstractions behind them. His *L'Empire, c'est la paix*—to cite a single example—was a stroke of genius and won him more supporters than a thousand political orations could have done. As a fashioner of ringing manifestoes, both before and after he came to power, Louis Napoleon had, in our opinion, no superior, although among his contemporaries were scores of brilliant rhetoricians.

Mr. Simpson's study makes it clear that the Prince had the happy knack of seeming to be a specialist in many fields—in the science of war, in modern history, in comparative government—and of being hospitable to new ideas. But this happy knack denoted, as it often does, superficiality, and left him helpless when he was brought face to face with inexorable facts. Cobden found him ignorant of even the A B C of political economy; the battles of Magenta and Solferino showed him a tyro in generalship; Cavour and after him Bismarck made a plaything of his statecraft. But all this came later. Mr. Simpson has the pleasanter and easier task of describing the prospective despot's formative years, in which he devoted himself with might and main to self-culture in everything except character. Only a rabid anti-Bonapartist could fail to do justice to the Prince's self-reliance, which urged him to perpetual efforts. Amateurs of political dexterity must admire the way in which he worked up what we Americans would call his "boom," and glided as deftly as an eel among the complications of 1848 until he landed in the Presidency.

This part of the story Mr. Simpson treats with commendable clarity. He falls short in not sufficiently impressing on readers who have no other source of information that the Prince's habits and companions during his exile were for the most part such as to justify the popular opinion that he would not make a reputable sovereign. A libertine, a spendthrift, a borrower with nothing except his "prospects" to offer as collateral, a liker of vulgar or tainted associates, Louis Napoleon had no magnetic qualities to offset these in the eyes of his sober critics. Do what he would, he could not win the support of any respectable, much less dominant, class before 1848.

Mr. Simpson hints at this, but, as we have said, he lays hardly enough stress on it. His chief merit, and it is a high one, consists in presenting Louis Napoleon's positive side more sympathetically and more accurately than it has hitherto been presented: and yet it would have been possible at least to outline the negative side more distinctly. There are but few minor points on which we should challenge his statements. His idea that Napoleon's membership in the Carbonaria may be doubted because there is no documentary evidence to prove it, leads us to infer that he thinks the Carbonari signed their oaths at initiation—which is wholly incorrect. Nor do we agree with him that the question of the Prince's paternity is now "purely academic": we have yet to see strong presumptive evidence (much less conclusive proof) that he was the son of the King of Holland. But these, and other similar matters, are too slight to be debated here. Even if Mr. Simpson be wrong, the worth of his book cannot be doubted.

History of the Great American Fortunes. By Gustavus Myers. Vols. I and II; three parts. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. $1.50 each.

The Economic Causes of Great Fortunes. By Anna Youngman. New York: The Bankers' Publishing Co. $1.50.

Although the first volume of Mr. Myers's work does not deal with the most recent phase of the process of American fortune-building, it is none the less full of that kind of bitter denunciation which we are in the habit of associating with the "muck-raking" literature of the present day. Part i deals with "Conditions in Settlement and Colonial Times," part ii with "The Great Land Fortunes"; the era of Vanderbilt and Gould, not to speak of Rockefeller and Morgan and Carnegie and Harriman, accordingly, is still in the distance. But from the first the accusing finger is pointed at the accumulators of wealth; and, indeed, the implication is plain throughout that, bad as

things are now, the standards and ideals and practices of older days were incomparably worse. No golden age is presented to our view in the days of the colonists; it is truly "old, unhappy, far-off things" that are the burden of the song. For it is not simply the history of the great fortunes with which our author is concerned; eager as he is to bring home to the great land-grabbers, and Indian traders, and shippers the burden of every sin of greed and fraud and inhumanity that the records can furnish, he insists constantly on the lesson that their rapacity and unscrupulousness were but an exhibition on a greater scale of what everybody else in the propertied and trading classes was doing according to his ability and his opportunity. Coming to a later period, Mr. Myers devotes the major part of his space to the Astor fortune, though other great fortunes receive more attention than can be comfortable for those who bear the names of their builders. After making all allowance for the evident animus of the writer—not only as against the great plutocrats, but as against the whole structure of individualist society—enough remains of unquestionable truth to make the array of abhorrent doings placed before us very depressing reading. That the picture of conditions as a whole is misleading, its unbroken darkness is sufficient to warn us; and if one is armed against the acceptance of it as anything more than a graphic presentation of one side of a case by an intense partisan, he may derive much profit from this account of ugly and often forgotten aspects of our history.

The second volume, comprising part iii of the work, opens with two chapters of general considerations, relating to "the Seizure of the Public Domain" and to the contrast between the activity of government in behalf of the great property interests and its inactivity in matters relating to the welfare of the masses. The remaining ten chapters tell of the Vanderbilt fortune and the Gould fortune in a way that leaves nothing to be desired in point of pungency or dramatic interest.

Though written in a wholly different spirit, and marked by intellectual balance in discussion and judicial care in the statement of facts, Professor Youngman's book produces in some respects impressions not unlike those created by the work of Mr. Myers. But this is due in no small measure to her selection of one of the representative figures taken to illustrate the three types of great American fortunes. Her purpose is primarily that of the economist, not that of the moralist or even the sociologist; her plan is to proceed from a detailed consideration of the development of certain typical great fortunes to an analysis of the underlying causes of their growth. Her first subject is the fortune of John Jacob Astor, "the typical American fortune of the pre-corporate régime"; the next is that of Jay Gould, belonging to the day of public-service corporations, but preceding the era of the great industrial corporations and combinations; and after this comes an account of the great "group fortunes," particularly those of the "Standard Oil" men and the "Morgan" men. It is in the account of the career of Jay Gould, naturally enough, that we are brought face to face with the blackest facts in these histories; and if there is a serious fault to be found with Professor Youngman's discussion, it is that she has not adequately distinguished Gould's unblushing robbery and corruption from practices which, whether justifiable or not, cannot rationally be placed in the same category. This, however, may be classed as a side matter. In orderly and compact array, the salient facts of these several cases are given; a task which, in the case of the "group fortunes," involved much able and painstaking research. In two closing chapters, the *rationale* of the whole matter is discussed with much ability. That the distinction between "unearned increment" and earned increment is not as simple as is so often assumed—that the enhanced value of land due to causes outside the agency of the owner is not inherently different from increases of fortune coming about in many other ways—is well pointed out. A much simpler thesis, which ought to require no demonstration, is that the actual gains accruing to those who make their fortunes in the operations of modern finance and industry do not correspond to the value of the social service they render. Still less, as the author says, can any absolute ethical justification be pleaded; it is only on the basis of social expediency that judgment can rationally be passed on the question of interference or non-interference with the workings of present-day distributive economics.

The Indian and His Problem. By Francis E. Leupp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2 net.

For many years a student of the Indian problem, and for seven, as commissioner, the personal representative of the Great Father at Washington in his dealings with the race, Mr. Leupp speaks with an authority which he nowhere imposes. The book is delightfully reasonable, full of excellent and significant anecdotes, humorous even in its attitude to scatterbrained humanitarians who obstruct administrative traffic. Against the self-accusing phrase, "a century of dishonor," Mr. Leupp protests, substituting "a century of misunderstanding." The difficulty with our Indian policy is that we have too long delayed to deal with the individual Indian. We have legislated instead for the race, or for the tribe. The result has been to prolong the term of tutelage and actually to hold back the Indians who were ready to become citizens. Again and again Mr. Leupp insists that the Indian problem is an individual and a human problem. Treat every Indian as you would a white of the same class and you will not go far wrong. Instead we have fed him, held his lands for him, sold them, and put the funds in trust—in every way made him a dependent.

With the support of President Roosevelt, to whom this book is dedicated, Commissioner Leupp was able to introduce the individualistic method. Formerly it required an act of Congress to make an Indian a citizen. Now this is done at the discretion of the commissioner. The humors and flexibility of the personal method are shown in the fact that the assignment of title to land is, as the case may be, a reward for a good or a punishment for a bad Indian. The thrifty Indian acquires with a vote the control of his own property and the responsibilities of citizenship, whereas the worthless Indian is read out of his favored condition as a ward and forced to take his chances with the law. In general, Mr. Leupp wants the individual Indian to be put on his own feet. Give him his lands and his share of trust funds whenever there is even a presumption that he can use them well. Encourage him to work, and give him an education suitable to his needs.

As commissioner, Mr. Leupp established an employment bureau which proved the capacity of the Indian for a great variety of trades. Too often in the past the nation has assumed that he can only be a farmer. Mr. Leupp was also able greatly to increase and improve those primary local schools on which he sets his faith. The wholesale attempt to provide secondary and higher education for the Indian has been pretty barren of results. There is profit for the boarding schools in the stipend which the government allots for each Indian pupil. The result has been an unseemly scramble for pupils, and their virtual purchase from venal parents. Many students have been alienated from their own people without learning to cope with the whites. Against making it easy for the Indian to acquire educational frills, therefore, Mr. Leupp sets himself firmly. The three R's and the elements of some mechanical trade will fit the Indian for holding his own in the community. More than this is usually superfluous. The exceptional Indian will always find the way to higher education open to talent. Within a few generations, as we make citizens of the Indians, the Indian problem will cease to be. The race will have been assimilated, and only an occasional name, the coppery

tinge of a fair cheek, the straight black hair of a few Americans, will tell of the race that was.

We would gladly dwell upon Mr. Leupp's analysis of the Indian character. The morose, phlegmatic, and suspicious brave of fiction is with difficulty found in real life. The Indian has the primitive, the Homeric, qualities and defects. His family affections are the strongest. To a friend he is singularly open-hearted and companionable. His sense of honor is keen, and he keeps faith under trying conditions. He is a lavish giver, though with a shrewd barbaric feeling that his bread is being cast on the waters and will return. He is humorous withal, and a good judge of the foibles of his white superiors. The grotesque ignorance that prevails about Indian matters may be illustrated by that Senator who threatened to introduce a bill abolishing Hampton Institute—a private corporation; or by that other statesman who by the shifting of a decimal point discovered that the secondary education of the Red Man cost $1,700 per capita. Had the commissioner not had the opportunity of privately eliminating a zero there might perhaps have been a motion for a Congressional investigation. The perplexities and humors of that benevolent despotism, the Indian bureau, are discreetly hinted at with abundant, and needed, charity for all. This book should be widely read, especially by amateur philanthropists, who at a safe remove of fifteen hundred miles and more are endeavoring to befriend the Indian. It will show them many things that they may do to help, and more that are inexpedient or quite useless.

The Life of Principal Rainy. By Patrick Carnegie Simpson, M.A. In two volumes. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

Robert Rainy was for forty years the leader of the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland. For thirty years of that time he was principal of New College, Edinburgh, the most famous theological school of his church, and for twelve years previous he had been a professor of church history in that institution. He was the author of several considerable volumes, notably a treatise on "The Ancient Catholic Church," and in earlier years he was pastor of an important church. But the chief occupation of his life was in the field of ecclesiastical politics, and his biographer has comparatively little to record concerning his administration of an educational institution or his work as a teacher and scholar, whereas discussion of his activities in ecclesiastical courts and controversies occupies nine-tenths of the volumes. In his forty years of church leadership Principal Rainy achieved at least one large and beneficent task: the union of the Free and United Presbyterian Churches of Scotland. In this long struggle he toiled with endless patience, consummate skill, unfailing tact and generalship, and with unquestioned devotion to the highest religious interests of his nation.

Such a record could not have been made without great intellectual force and large moral power. That Principal Rainy was a great man was the testimony of all who came in contact with him. Mr. Gladstone once declared him the greatest of living Scotchmen. Dr. George Adam Smith described him moving with quiet dignity in London amid affairs which brought together many of the foremost men of England, and was impressed with the feeling that "none was built bigger than he was." During his leadership the Scottish Free Church came to be one of the strongest and most progressive spiritual forces of Christendom. Certainly the difficult field of church union has known no greater master. The strong United Free Church of to-day is his monument.

In the religious thought and attitude of the Scotch people Principal Rainy's influence was not so pronounced. It would be hard to mention a single belief or doctrine which is the clearer or worthier because of his labors. The Scotland of to-day has a far nobler creed than the Scotland of fifty years ago, but little of the improvement can be attributed to the leader of the Free Church during that period. In the Robertson Smith controversy his influence on the whole was on the reactionary side. He tried to get rid of the prophetic and brilliant leader of the new critical movement "on respectful terms," *i. e.*, by casting him out uncondemned. He was more anxious to prevent a decision of the church on the critical issue than to establish justice for a great scholar.

His biographer has sought to justify his course, not altogether successfully. Doubtless the heretic was at times offensive—heretics usually are—but Rainy was large enough to discern beneath the personal limitations the great cause which Robertson Smith represented. It is clear enough that he did discern the real issue, but his temper was conservative, and with his great powers of leadership he preferred not to lead in the direction of wider freedom. He was an ecclesiastical, not a religious, leader, but in the field of ecclesiastical statesmanship the nineteenth century produced no superior.

Mr. Simpson has taken much pains in recounting the movements in Scottish Church affairs in which Principal Rainy was active. His volumes are really a history of church movements in Scotland for the last half century. He is evidently an intense sympathizer with the organization whose history he analyzes, as well as an ardent admirer of the chief actor in them. He has performed his task with thoroughness, and his volumes are a contribution to the ecclesiastical history of the nineteenth century.

Crete, the Forerunner of Greece. By C. H. and H. B. Hawes, with a preface by Arthur J. Evans. New York: Harper & Bros. 75 cents net.

Of the various handbooks which have appeared on the subject of recent excavations in Crete this is likely to prove the most useful. The authors have succeeded in furnishing what was much needed—a vivid picture of the great Cretan civilization. Anybody who is at all familiar with the mass of material brought to light in Crete during the last ten years will appreciate the difficulty of reconstructing from it a unified account which will bring out the essential features without neglecting the finer shades of the picture. As it is, "Crete, the Forerunner of Greece," will prove absorbing reading not only to the layman, but also to the trained archæologist; for, though the story runs on easily, bringing us into intimate contact with this wonderful Minoan world, there are also many original suggestions on points which are still awaiting final settlement—such as the race problem, the significance of certain symbols, and the system of chronology. This twofold value is due to the fact that, as Dr. Evans says in his preface to the book, the authors "have the great advantage of writing, 'not as scribes,' but as active workers in the field that they describe." Mrs. Hawes herself has excavated the Minoan town of Gournia in the eastern part of Greece, the results of which have been published in a large volume entitled "Gournia, Vasiliki, and Other Prehistoric Sites on the Isthmus of Hierapetra, Crete," from which she has freely quoted in her handbook; and Mr. Hawes has made important contributions to our knowledge of Cretan anthropology.

The divisions of the subject adopted by the writers show us the various aspects from which they have treated their material. The Introduction gives a short history of Cretan excavations. Then follow a survey of the various periods through which Cretan civilization passed and the system of chronology adopted for these periods. The descriptions of the sites—Knossos, Phæstos, Aghia Triadha, Gournia, Palaikastro, and others—give a good idea of the complicated plans of Minoan palaces and towns and will prove invaluable to the visitor in Crete; while the chapters on Physical Characteristics, Dress and Homes of the Minoans; Industries and Commerce; Minoan Art; Letters and Religion; Crete and Greece, give a good general survey of the manifold objects discovered on those sites.

Except for plans of Knossos, Phæstos,

and Gournia, and a map of Crete, the book has no illustrations. With the low price of the book this omission could probably not be avoided; but the text is so good that it is to be hoped that a more expensive edition, fully illustrated, will appear in the near future.

Notes.

Houghton Mifflin Company publishes this week "Notes on New England Birds," by Henry D. Thoreau, which have been arranged and edited by Francis H. Allen. These notes are taken from the volumes of Thoreau's Journal, and are arranged in some scientific order, according to species. Photographs of birds in their natural surroundings illustrate the text.

The survey of Björnsterne Björnson's life and work, by William Morton Payne, which appeared in the *International Quarterly* in March, 1903, is now reprinted in a small volume, with changes and additions, by A. C. McClurg & Co., at fifty cents. This work includes original translations of several of the lyrics and of passages from Björnson's prose-writings.

Publication of a complete history of the *Monthly Anthology and Boston Review*, one of the early American magazines which enjoyed a life for ten years, just one century ago, is announced by the trustees of the Boston Athenæum, to appear May 15. This volume, which will include an introduction by M. A. De Wolfe Howe, will contain much bibliographical matter concerning books reviewed in the magazine, a list of all contributors, and all weekly records of the club of young men who were editors.

The literary executors of Mark Twain, Mrs. Ossip Gabrilowitsch, his daughter, and Albert Bigelow Paine, are preparing biographical material of the humorist, and wish to get all letters of personal or literary interest. These should be sent to Redding, Conn. The publishers (Harper & Brothers) call attention to a recent decision of the courts concerning ownership of letters, in which it was held that right of publication was vested in the writer, when living, and, after death, in the heirs. Those to whom the letters were written are debarred from publishing, except by consent of the executors.

During a nine years' residence in Papua, Annie Ker diligently collected the folk tales which she now publishes under the not quite descriptive title "Papuan Fairy Tales" (Macmillan). Deluges, transformations of men, or their souls, into beasts, monstrous offspring of the loves of men and animals, are some of the features that take us back to the twilight of the mythologies. Cannibalism is a frequent motive. One man, longing for "fresh meat," eats in succession his five wives. His children would have followed but for their craft, and some aid of magic. It was more or less the fault of the wives, for they let themselves be wheedled into disregarding the plain warning of the wise wagtail. Generally speaking, the animals are closely allied to man and usually friendly. Some of the tales are simple fables, like that which explains how the turtle got his shell. The masterpiece in the collection is "How a Man Found His Wife in the Land of the Dead." It tells how, following a burrow, the man reached a place where the dead every night resume possession of their bones. His wife greeted him affectionately, and hid him from the malicious dead. Plighting his word to return, he unhappily plucked the fruit of the nether world on his way up, was thus delayed, attacked by the dead, and, losing the fruit, barely escaped with his life. The burrow which admitted him was then forever closed. We recommend the story to experts on underworld folklore. The mere layman can appreciate its *macabre* intensity. The author has induced the natives to pose for certain incidents of the stories. The resulting photographic cuts make very effective illustrations for a book in every way out of the common.

C. F. Tucker Brooke, who has already done valiant service in editing the "Shakespeare Apocrypha," has now prepared a similar volume for the Clarendon Press, containing "The Works of Christopher Marlowe." As this publication is preliminary to a more elaborate library edition already in preparation, we shall withhold our comments on Mr. Brooke's treatment of moot points of scholarship until we have before us his fuller discussion of them. Except in one matter there can be little but praise for the execution of the present volume. Mr. Brooke, following the custom of the day, has elected to reproduce the spelling of the originals, although he has allowed himself liberties with the punctuation and capitalization. For our part we can see no better reason for changing "unmeaning irregularities" in points and capitals than in spelling, and we wish to protest strongly—though, no doubt, uselessly—against the growing habit of reproducing the unsettled spelling of Elizabethan authors, except in cases where only the most special linguistic students can be concerned. What possible profit can there be in printing "towne" for town, or "quyuering" for quivering, and so on *ad infinitum?* The only result is to remove Marlowe a step further from the business and bosom of the ordinary intelligent reader, and to render him—as all our older authors are too likely to become without any such unnecessary propulsion—not a living factor in literature, but a bone for pedants to gnaw in the *seminar*. No sensible man wishes to think of the spelling while reading Faust's great apostrophe:

> Was this the face that launcht a thousand shippes?
> And burnt the toplesse Towres of *Ilium?*
> Sweete *Helen,* make me immortall with a kisse:
> Her lips suckes forth my soule, see where it flies:
> Come *Helen,* come giue mee my soule againe.
> Here wil I dwel, for heauen be in these lips, etc.

This, by calling attention to the unessential, is to reduce sublimity to quaintness. Such editing is serviceable in the case of a poet like Spenser, in whom quaintness is part of the legitimate attraction; to Marlowe it does a grievous injustice.

We have dwelt overlong on this matter of spelling, not because Mr. Brooke is a particular offender, but because the offence is so widespread. For the rest his work is commendable for accuracy and judgment. We note that he has given for the first time a reprint of the 1594 quarto of "Edward II," which offers a better reading than the text of 1598, hitherto reproduced. With the "Hero and Leander" he gives, in smaller type, the continuation by Chapman; and with the translation of "Ovid's Elegies" the "Epigrams" of John Davies. For his laborious care in collating the early and modern editions, and in noting in the *apparatus criticus* all the important variations and emendations, he must have the gratitude of all scholars. We have observed only one fault in the text; in line 430 of "Hero and Leander,"

> As he ought not performe, not yet the aske,

"she" should be substituted, or in some way indicated, for "the." Mr. Brooke's larger library edition of Marlowe will be awaited with interest.

"An Admiral's Log," by Robley D. Evans, Rear Admiral, U. S. N. (Appleton), necessarily lacks a little of the variety and spirit that made its predecessor, "A Sailor's Log," so engaging. The visit of Prince Henry of Prussia whose escort Admiral Evans was, takes up considerable space. Admiral Evans leaves no doubt that the royal guest is a good fellow. A pleasant sequel of this service were the courtesies that Admiral Evans subsequently received from German naval officers on many seas. On the eve of the Russo-Japanese war Admiral Evans was associated with the Pacific squadron which he later commanded. His account of the beginnings of scientific target practice, of fleet service, and recreations in the Far East, of the humors of manœuvres with absurdly assorted squadrons, is interesting, though its appeal is chiefly to those who have some knowledge of naval affairs. Of historical value is the testimony as to the amazing infatuation of Russian army and navy people about the resources of Japan. Very vividly noted is an audience with the Empress of China, who talked freely of the Boxer troubles and dismissed her guest with the words, "After all my country has suffered, I find she has but one friend in the world. That, Admiral, is the great country you represent." Worth noting also is the wonderment of German officers when they saw boatloads of American sailors returning from sports ashore without an officer in charge. Less than an officer to a boat seemed inconceivable to the Kaiser's captains. That American commander who near the close of the war between China and Japan was asked to hoist the American flag in a Formosa port resisted a temptation, opines our author, to which a German or French captain would have succumbed. It is further suggested that had Theodore Roosevelt been President at the time, the United States would have gained a coaling station. Since Admiral Evans elsewhere admits that all our Pacific islands are sources of military weakness to us, we may be resigned to the fact that the Formosa offer was made before the strenuous life became national policy. Towards the bluejackets this book is always generous. For certain "men in swivel chairs" it displays little charity. These sedentary experts fail to provide a decent enlistment system. Sometimes they idiotically urge squadrons that have barely learned the art of keeping line formation to indulge in battle tactics. We share the seaman's despair at the devious councils of the bureaucrats, but confess we see no remedy. Take ten gallant captains from their quarter decks and immure them in Washington offices, and what do they speedily become but so many "men in swivel chairs"? It was Admiral Evans's good fortune to lead the word-circling fleet as far as San Francisco, where illness forced his resigna-

tion of the command. Few naval men of our time have so completely and legitimately captured the imagination of the people. The reason is plain on every page of this book. It has the gentlemanly plainspokenness that we like to think prevails in the line. It can be pathetic, as when it touches the shadow that so unfairly dimmed the laurels of Admiral Sampson. It can bo drastic, and even scornful, but it is always fair, and the expression is moderated to the tone of good company. All who wish to see the navy from the inside should read 't.

The humanitarian trend of British Liberalism may be studied very satisfactorily in the twenty-one addresses collected by Winston Spencer Churchill, and called "Liberalism and the Social Problem" (Doran Co.). Of old-age pensions, unemployment and disability insurance, and readjustment of land tenure, Mr. Churchill is a convinced advocate. Of an Imperial tariff union, based on English protection, he is a formidable foe. Though a believer in an adequate army and navy, his aim is rather to build up the manhood of the nation for the purposes of peace. He reckons the moral weight of England an important adjunct to her battleships and guns in maintaining international peace. The more recent speeches looked forward to a clear-cut contest with the Lords on the budget. Events have denied the drastic verdict that was hoped for on the issue of financial prerogative. Unhappily, tho vote split upon a number of motives. Tho lure of protection and "taxing tho foreigner"—that "gospel of quacks and creed of gulls," as Mr. Churchill justly terms it—was strong upon the popular imagination. So the Lords got their lesson, to be sure, but with something less than exemplary emphasis. On the taxation of the land increment, Mr. Churchill is eloquent, but it is odd to see this tax proposed as a self-evident utility without the slightest mention of the erstwhile agitator, Henry George. One George in the recent campaign may have seemed sufficient. We recommend this earnest and ahle book to all who wish to see how old-style Liberalism has been impelled upon a new course of paternalism. The pressure, it should be noted, has come not from doctrine, but from hard facts. In the face of alarming social and industrial disintegration a party has had to reintegrate its principles and policy. Liberalism has been fortunate in such a weighty and moderate spokesman as Mr. Churchill. We copy a maxim which gives his temper as to that British shibboleth security of property: "A society in which property was insecure would speedily degenerate into barbarism; a society in which property was absolutely secure, irrespective of all conceptions of justice in regard to the manner of its acquisition, would degenerate, not to barbarism, hut to death."

Dr. Julius Richter has translated, with complete revision and much enlargement, his German work on Protestant missionary work in Mohammedan countries. The English title is "A History of Protestant Missions in the Near East" (Revell). The work is of much interest and value to friends of the missionary endeavors of the American and Presbyterian Boards in Turkey, Syria, Persia, and Egypt. In no part of the world are such efforts more difficult and discouraging, and in no mission stations have greater patience and resourcefulness been exhibited. All Americans, irrespective of creed, may take pride in the character of the men who have conducted Protestant missions in Turkey and Syria, especially the leaders of the educational institutions. Dr. Richter has high praise for the colleges in the near East, founded and supported by Americans, especially for the Syrian Protestant College, at Beirut, and Robert College at Constantinople. He is a competent historian, of careful regard for facts, although he nowhere conceals his sympathy with the work he describes, nor his admiration for the men who are responsible for its still expanding influence.

Woldemar von Biedermann's "Goethes Gespräche," published in 1889-1896 (Biedermann, Leipzig), has for some time been out of print, and the first two volumes of a new edition, revised and enlarged by his son, Flodoard von Biedermann, have recently appeared. The original edition was in ten volumes, the new one is to be in five, in spite of the fact that the amount of material is more than doubled. The new editor has changed the outward form of the work, including the substitution of Latin for German type, and has reduced the number of volumes in order to bring the price of the set within the reach of all who should own it. For this he deserves the special thanks of Goethe students. It was the original aim of the elder Biedermann to include in his collection, as nearly as possible at that date, all well authenticated conversations, and some of Goethe's sayings that had found a place among his posthumous writings. As Biedermann's volumes appeared, one after another, his intention was somewhat modified. His final plan is carried out by his son, and the new edition is to contain, in addition to conversations, a great deal of other material bearing on the poet's personality and work, and emanating from direct personal contact with him. This makes the new edition more comprehensive, and more valuable than the old, not only because the many omissions, intentional and unintentional, of the first collection have been supplied, but also because the enlarged scope of the work comprises an important body of subject-matter for which no more suitable place could he found. The editor has endeavored so to arrange his material, in the main chronologically, that it will show more or less consecutive unity. Certain items that would tend to disturh this impression, and are of interest only to specialists, have been reserved for the fifth volume, which is to contain further a list of sources, a brief commentary, and indexes. Volume I covers the period between 1754 and 1808, Volume II that from 1808 to 1823. In the collection of his material von Biedermann has received assistance from a large number of interested investigators. On the title page are mentioned the names of three scholars whose share in the work entitle them to recognition as associate editors, viz., Max Morris of Berlin, Hans Gerhard Gräf of Weimar, and Leonard L. Mackall, an American. Mr. Mackall's connection with the work is dye to his unrivalled familiarity with the literature on Goethe's relations to English-speaking foreigners.

Gleason L. Archer's "Law Office and Court Procedure" (Little, Brown & Co.) is designed to meet "one of the gravest reproaches of American law schools," "that their graduates know nothing of how to practise law upon admission to the bar," and to serve as a substantial basis for instruction in procedure and practice. Detail, which to some may seem trivial, is theretore properly included, even suggestions touching the lawyer's first interview with his client and the office preliminaries before any litigious move. The choice of courts and of processes is discussed briefly; the body of the work is devoted, first, to the various steps from the drawing of the writ and the various pleadings to the marking for trial, with the variety of incidental moves, and, secondly, to the conduct of a trial from the marshalling of evidence and the choice of a jury down to the summing up and to the appeal and bill of exceptions. Such incidental material as the brief formal descriptions of parties to actions (pp. 56-59), the form of the various "common counts" (p. 74), the forms of special counts (pp. 76-84), and even such a detail as a description of the "capias clause," will be welcome to every student of the history of pleading who does not care to be led through the case-books. More than one-third of the space is given up to extracts from stenographers' minutes of actual trials, illustrative of the proper method of examining jurors and witnesses. The conduct of a trial is worked out in a practical and clear manner, and much of this material is even very readable. Much use is made of the record in the recent case of Commonwealth vs. Tucker, but, oddly enough, it does not appear in the index of cases. The volume grows out of instruction in the new Suffolk School of Law, and is largely based upon the procedure of Massachusetts as a typical "common law" State, although nearly two-thirds of the cases cited are from jurisdictions ether than Massachusetts. The range of usefulness would be much widened if, where the Massachusetts statutes are cited, citations were made to the corresponding statute in similar jurisdictions, and also to the analogous material in the "code" States, in order to show to what extent the latter have, as regards pleading and procedure, followed or abandoned the path of the common law.

We are glad to see that the second edition of Señor Constantino Lendoyro's "The Tagalog Language" (Manila: Printed by Juan Fajardo) is so great an improvement over the first, of 1902, as to be really a new work. Tagalog is the vernacular, as every one knows, of probably 2,000,000 of the inhabitants of the Philippines, and Don Constantino's treatise must remain for years to come a standard. The first edition had already proved the unacknowledged source of inspiration of other writers. We note in comparison with the first that the present edition has 448 pages, as against 387, not counting an index lacking in the first; and an introduction of pp. cxvi, dealing with the origin of the language. Both editions contain a key to the exercises, these being different in the two editions. To scholars, the introduction will prove of chief interest. It cannot be fully noticed here, but we may say that it is of sufficient importance to justify the acquisition of the whole work by all considerable libraries.

The book may be got of E. C. McCullough & Co. of Manila.

"A Holiday with the Birds," by Jeannette Marks and Julia Moody (Harpers), is a fairly good children's book. The information about birds is conveyed by means of dialogue between a party of children and various adults who guide them in their picknicking, berrying, and other outdoor rambles. In the main this talk is natural enough on the part of the children, while the instruction of their elders is imparted in a manner which is simple without often being silly. The accompanying pictures of birds are rather stiffly and sometimes none too accurately drawn, but they serve to illustrate the text after a fashion.

The April number of the *American Journal of International Law* opens with a paper by Thomas Willing Balch on the Arctic and Antarctic Regions and the Law of Nations—discussing the question, recently raised, whether those regions are susceptible of national ownership and control. Within the limits of ten pages Mr. Balch presents his own views, and opinions of the best-known writers on public law bearing on this question—a question essentially different, he with good reason contends, whether applied to the Antarctic, the polar extremity of which those who have been farthest south think is terra firma, or to the North Pole, where, if Peary has correctly reported conditions, there is but a mass of ice, moving from west to east over several thousand fathoms' depth of water. He declares that where no permanent occupation can be maintained, no sovereignty or control can be acquired; hence, that the North Polar Sea at least is free, and that, inasmuch as at the other extremity there can be no permanent occupation, an assertion of dominion there would be untenable.

The next paper is Mr. Ion's, showing the uncertainty of the Cretan status; while the next three have direct reference to American affairs. The first of these, by Harry E. Hunt, discusses the status of our Great Lakes in the light of international law, especially whether the effort to extend the Federal jurisdiction beyond that in admiralty merely, in the process of which extension they have been denominated "high seas," is legally or constitutionally justifiable, or whether they do not, except in admiralty matters, properly come under State jurisdiction solely. If they are "high seas" in the ordinary sense, they should be open to world navigation—which admittedly they are not; for by treaty between the United States and Great Britain the latter Power has been accorded rights of navigation through the St. Clair Flats Canal and Lake Michigan, which are wholly within our national limits, in return for which she permits our vessels to pass through the Welland Canal and out through the St. Lawrence. The writer thinks the decisions of our courts and the acts of our government have been more far-reaching in their results than could have been foreseen, and that it is essential to modify or reverse certain of them, to compel conformity to earlier decisions and policy. The second paper, by H. S. Knapp, relates to the real status of the Panama Canal in relation to neutralization. It is a long paper, treating the subject historically, with reference to several treaties, including the Clayton-Bulwer and the Hay-Pauncefote; tracing the important changes of claim and achievement, that have emerged. The third paper, having an especial bearing on American policy, is that by Howard Thayer Kingsbury, on The Act of State doctrine, familiar on the Continent of Europe, but at variance with the generally understood doctrines of the common law and with English and American statutes.

S. Hastings Grant, who was for seventeen years librarian of the Mercantile Library, New York, and who, with Daniel C. Gilman, organized the first librarians' convention, died on Monday at Elizabeth, N. J., at the age of eighty-two. He compiled "New York City During the Revolution," and was a contributor to the *Historical Magazine* and one of the founders of the *Genealogical and Biographical Record*.

Dr. Horace B. Silliman, who gave Silliman Hall to his alma mater, Union College, and had contributed to other educational and missionary enterprises, died at his home in Cohoes last week, at the age of eighty-four. One of his most notable benefactions was his gift of about $100,000 to establish at Damaquete, on the Negros island of the Philippines, a school after the plan of Hampton Institute. This school was opened during the administration of Mr. Taft, who highly commended its work.

Science.

"Birds of the World, for Young People," by Charles R. Knight and Ella Hardcastle (Stokes), is certainly no more than its authors represent it to be—"a brief description of such birds of the world as are usually to be seen in zoölogical collections and in museums." In fact, almost any museum which really deserves the name will contain many specimens not described in this text. And though the expressed purpose "to give special attention to the birds of America, to corresponding species and allied forms found in Great Britain and on the Continent of Europe, and to certain of the more remarkable and interesting birds of other continents" is a pretty difficult undertaking, especially within the limits of the present volume (260 pages), it should seem that the selection might have been made more characteristic and representative, particularly with respect to American birds. Nor do we think the authors have always succeeded in making the best possible use of the limited space at their disposal in giving "some of the most significant and striking facts" of bird life-histories, or in supplying descriptions which will aid in identification. It is insufficient, and a bit misleading as well, to say that the sharp-shinned hawk and the cooper's hawk "are very destructive to poultry"; for the first named is a relatively small bird, and does not make a practice of attacking any but very small chickens, while the important fact about both of these hawks is that they are ruthless and persistent destroyers of the small and very valuable insectivorous birds, wherefore they themselves are entitled to nothing short of extermination. And the authors should have devoted at least a sentence or two to explaining that the red-shouldered and red-tailed hawks (loosely called "chicken hawks"), by their industrious destruction of harmful rodents and insects, repay the farmer many times over for the occasional chickens they pick up. A popular error is left uncorrected in the statement that the carrier pigeon "is also sometimes called the homing pigeon"; for the carrier and the homer are different birds. Again, in the description of the red-headed woodpecker there is no mention of the fact that he is an industrious and quite skilful fly-catcher, a very important characteristic; while the purple martin is by no means confined to the Southern States, as the text implies.

The incompleteness of the selection of birds treated in the text has already been referred to. According to the index, only seven warblers are mentioned, while there are about sixty distinct species native to North America alone, and nearly half of these are to be found in the Eastern United States. Again, the index names six sparrows, whereas Mr. Hoffman describes eighteen species in his "Guide to the Birds of New England and Eastern New York." Wilson's "Ornithology" enumerates eleven American plover, while the present book speaks of but three American species. There are about a dozen American sandpipers, but here we find only three mentioned. Some of the colored illustrations are good, but most of them are indifferent or bad; and none of them to be compared with the work of Mr. Fuertes and Mr. Horsfall, which, perhaps, has made American ornithologists a bit fastidious. In short, though the book may serve the purpose of a rough enumeration of native and foreign birds, its actual ornithological value is inconsiderable, even for "young people."

A systematic survey of the Mediterranean, its biology, hydrography, meteorology, its tides, and its chemical and physical characteristics, has been undertaken by the Italian Society for the Progress of Science as its initial field of scientific research. The first number of the *Bollettino del Comitato Talassografico* shows that this committee is made up of seventeen leading specialists, representing the most important Italian bodies interested in the study of the sea, such as the Instituto Idrografico of the Royal Navy, the Royal Geodetic Commission, the Central Meteorological Bureau, the Reale Magistrato alle acque per le province Venete e di Mantova (a new body reviving an efficient commission of the Venetian republic, which provides for the proper control of the river and coast waters of those provinces, and which has already established a thorough system of marine observations in the upper Adriatic, and is extending them as far as Brindisi), the Geodynamic and Mareographic Station, at Ischia the station of Pisciculture at Rome, the Royal Accademia dei Lincei, and the ministries of Marine, of Education, and of Agriculture, Industry, and Commerce, with the active coöperation of their respective bureaus. The president of this society is, ex-officio, chairman of the committee. In order to concentrate all available resources and so coöperate with similar work undertaken by the Austrian government, and by the Imperial zoölogical station of Trieste, the Adriatic has been chosen as the first field of research, which will be gradually extended to all parts of the Mediterranean. A suitably equipped boat will make four periodical cruises each year. Preliminary excursions of two and three weeks each, were made in August and in

November, 1909. The plan includes the rehabilitation of the zoological station at Messina (on account of the peculiar importance of its fauna), the publication of appropriate monographs, and the issue of the *Bollettino*, in which will be reported accounts of these cruises and other transactions of this committee. An exhaustive review of previous explorations of the Mediterranean, with a bibliography, will be printed in an early number.

Within the past twenty-five years the teaching of geography has experienced a revolution. From a purely descriptive branch of science, dealing chiefly with countries as depicted on a map, it has been galvanized into new life by a wholesome infusion of geology. Mountains, plains, rivers, oceans, all the familiar features of the earth are now regarded as the results of developmental processes, and, from this point of view, they are studied not alone for their own sakes, but also in their relations to man. Foremost among the Americans who have brought the change to pass is Prof. W. M. Davis, and his "Geographical Essays," edited by D. W. Johnson (Ginn), will forcibly bring home to every reader the large influence which he has exerted. The essays are divided into two groups, the first educational, the second physiographic. Together they constitute virtually an historical review of modern geography. The editing has been performed with excellent discrimination and judgment.

Dr. Eugene Hodenpyl, a New York bacteriologist, died at his home in this city last Thursday at the age of forty-six. He had made important investigations of the cause of cancer, the results of which he published last February.

Drama.

Chantecler: Pièce en quatre actes, en vers. Par Edmond Rostand. Imported by Lemcke & Buechner, New York.

It happens rarely in an age like the present that dramatic imagination becomes truly dynamic. The playwright, along with the artisan, hugs his fact, in a desire to present a life which shall seem real. More and more the stage has been usurped by literal studies of social and political problems; and the sporadic essays into thoughts and feelings of larger reach have issued usually from the authors themselves in the form of mere fantasies. Under such conditions to attempt seriously to regulate the present-day spirit by a drama in verse with the power of poetry as its central idea will strike the multitude as quixotic. Such nevertheless is the plan and purpose of "Chantecler."

For "Chantecler" is not just a minute study of poultry life, nor a mere fantasy derived from transitory likenesses between bird and man. It is a direct gaze at the possibilities of human nature when touched by imagination. From this the reader is never for a moment distracted, even by the great interest which the author has effected in the creatures themselves. Chantecler is a cock, a very life-like cock, who prefers a barley-corn to a pearl; but above all he is a poet. In his song lies the secret of the day-spring and of the changing beauty of the landscape. As the pigeon says of him:

C'est Celui dont le cri perce l'horizon bleu
Comme une aiguille d'or qui toujours enfilée
Coudrait au bord du ciel le bord de la vallée.
C'est le Coq!

To the sun he himself chants:

Tu prends un arbre obscur et tu l'apothéoses!

And later he confides to the hen-pheasant,

Quand on sait regarder et souffrir, on sait tout.

This is the language of a poet who believes in the omnipotence of imagination.

M. Rostand's choice of the cock to fulfil this union of realism and idealism was a happy one. Traditionally, the cock has been a homely companion of man, well planted on earth; and traditionally, too, he has been the poet's bird, with his eye much on heaven. This fitness of the cock as a literary device seems to have come to M. Rostand as a real vision. In the barnyard he observed a complete miniature world, containing manifold foibles, poses, and ambitions; and in the cock both a practical ruler and a transformer. We may now follow the play in some detail.

The curtain starts to rise when a voice cries out, "Pas encor!" and the director of the theatre rushes out to prepare the audience for the strange scene about to be presented. The author is evidently very much in earnest and does not wish the audience to be surprised into a guffaw. The sounds which issue from behind the curtain are interpreted by the director to mean that it is Sunday on a farm, and that the human members of the household are leaving for a fête.

A few more preparations, and finally the curtain rises. Meeting the eye is the clutter of a complete barnyard. Chickens, ducks, turkeys are chattering and taking attitudes. In addition, there is a blackbird in a cage among the vines, an old hen brooding in a market-basket, a cat asleep on the wall, and a watch-dog chained to his kennel. Chantecler for the moment is absent, but we are not long left in doubt as to his position in the play; for a pigeon soon lights on the roof of the adjoining stable to inquire about the cock's famous voice, and to add his own testimony. Amid all the distractions of the barnyard the pigeon returns again and again to the matter with his pretty, beckoning "Poule blanche, est-ce vrai que . . ." or glorifies the cock, as in the following words,

sa voix si rouge
Qu'à son cocorico le coquelicot bouge
Comme s'il s'entendait appeler par son nom.

After this excellent introduction Chantecler enters. He is full of the wonder of the sun, and manages in spite of interruptions to complete an ode, beginning,

Toi qui sèches les pleurs des moindres graminées,
Qui fais d'une fleur morte un vivant papillon,
Lorsqu'on voit, s'effeuillant comme des destinées,
Trembler au vent des Pyrénées
Les amandiers du Roussillon,
Je t'adore, Soleil!

It has already become evident that in Chantecler's crowing there lies a deep secret. The hens are piqued into fancying that it concerns his preference for one of them, but he puts them off with a "chut!" and keeps his own counsel.

As the act proceeds, we are plunged into a spirited discussion, of which the chief participants are the blackbird and Patou, the dog, Chantecler being for the moment but the moderator. Although the language is for the most part kept beautifully objective, it is clear that the discussion has to do with the power of poetic imagination. To Patou, it is given to enounce the elements of Chantecler's as yet unconscious creed. With the cock he shares fundamental traits, especially a fondness for the soil and for the sun. He is a declared guardian of faith; he believes in the established order of things, and possesses a humble but courageous optimism. As such, he is an enemy of the blackbird, the smart, cynical, up-to-date pretender, who is termed offensive, because "on ne sait pas ce qu'il est"; he is black, and that means a negative being, too timid to commit himself to colors. His black costume also provokes the charge that he is the agile undertaker of faith. The blackbird, lacking soul, sets up his rest on *esprit*, and is ever busy "with having the air of not being a fool." Thus far, it is from the dog, chiefly, that we learn of Chantecler's outlook, though, to be sure, this assumes perspective and certainty by the *vieille poule*, who fittingly speaks pithy folklore. Upon her is the wisdom of the ages; she approves of her brave son.

The development of the cock's creed begins with the entrance of the hen-pheasant, who, in great fear of a pursuing poacher, now flies over the wall to seek protection. She is the adventuress with the plumage of the Orient, just the creature to attract and give range to the dawn-loving Chantecler, who before long admits to Patou that "c'est une poule avec laquelle on cause!" Darkness falls, and Chantecler houses his hens in the coop, and the hen-pheasant in Patou's kennel. Both hero and heroine are obviously disturbed.

The second act is the most lyric and the most intense of the four. Here Chantecler confides to the pheasant his secret, which is that unless he crows the sun will not rise; that he, for some strange reason, in place of any other cock, has been chosen guardian of the day:

Je me trouve indigne de ma gloire.
Pourquoi m'a-t-on choisi pour chasser la nuit noire?

He now proceeds to exhibit his *méticr*. At each *cocorico* a glory is cast over some feature of the landscape, and the world becomes vibrant with light and love:

Chantecler. Tu me fais mieux chanter. Viens plus près. Collabore.
La Faisanc. (bondissant près de lui.) Je t'aime!
Chantecler. Oui! tous les mots que tu me dis tout bas
Deviennent aussitôt plus de soleil là-bas!
La Faisane. Je t'aime!
Chantecler. Et si tu dis seulement: "Je t'adore!"
Je vais dorer d'un coup la montagne!
La Faisanc. (hors d'elle.) Eh bien . . . dore!
Chantecler. (lançant son cri le plus éclatant.)
Cocorico! (La montagne s'est dorée.)
. . . . . .
La Faisane. Ah! sur une pente engourdie.
Glisse un premier rayon. . .
Chantecler. (joyeusement.) Tiens! je te le dédie!
. . . . . .
La Faisane. J'écoute se lever le jour dans ta poitrine!
J'aime avoir entendu d'abord dans tes poumons
Ce qui sera plus tard des pourpres sur les monts!
. . . . . .
Chantecler. Je fais mon devoir en te rendant plus belle:
Je redore à la fois mon vallon et ton aile!

To the pheasant he explains that the other cocks, who now begin to crow, get their cue from him; he is the first to crow. They believe in the light when they can see it, but

J'ai chanté dans du noir.
—Ma chanson s'éleva dans l'ombre, et la première.
C'est la nuit qu'il est beau de croire à la lumière!

Once the sun has risen and the noises of the day have begun, Chantecler is overcome by the thought of his great responsibility: shall he be able to repeat the miracle to-morrow? The beauty of the scene has for the moment convinced the worldly-wise pheasant of Chantecler's power.

Here, again, as in the first act, the allegory is transparent. It is a question of poetic imagination, and of the extent to which a poet can create the world in which he lives, if he believes himself to be truly inspired. The point is made still clearer by the concluding scene, in which the blackbird is scored for his prosaic outlook:

Chantecler. Tu n'as pas vu trembler les cimes écarlates?
Le Merle. Pendant que tu chantais je regardais tes pattes!

The third act requires but slight mention, though its cleverness is supreme. The guinea-fowl's five o'clock (A. M.) reception—a *lundi*—held in the kitchen-garden, under the sanction of the scarecrow who is supposed to keep away all but the very select, is, of course, a satire on modish patronage of empty titles and wanton display. Despite the harrowing features of the reception, chief among them being the duel to which Chantecler is provoked by the game-cock, the guinea-fowl exclaims to her young, after the others have gone:

C'est la plus belle fête encor qu'il y ait eue!

The fourth act is scarcely behind the second in beauty. Chantecler, disgusted by the treachery and prosiness of his kin, has gone to the forest with the pheasant. Now deeply in love with him, the pheasant is jealous of his love for the dawn. She urges him to go one day without crowing. The way is clearing rapidly for the great disillusion, which is well motived by the pheasant's profound jealousy and not by any mere whim on her part. She will wait until the nightingale sings, and Chantecler may be so absorbed that he will forget to crow; his belief in his control of the sun will be shattered, and his love will then be consecrated to her alone. The first part of the plan works well. Chantecler, a poet but no out-and-out egoist, is ravished by the nightingale's superior note, and hearkens while the East becomes dappled. He is further distracted by the sudden death of the nightingale, who is shot by the poacher. The sun has risen, and the pheasant turns triumphantly to the cock:

On est tout pour un cœur, rien pour un horizon!

But though crushed at first, he soon recovers and is inspired to a new and safer belief by the note of another nightingale, perhaps more beautiful than the first, and by a voice saying:

Il faut un rossignol, toujours, dans la forêt!

To which Chantecler adds, perhaps a bit too morally:

Et, dans l'âme, une foi si bien habituée
Qu' elle y revienne encore après qu'on l'a tuée!

But the pheasant persists:

Mais si tu ne fais pas se lever le matin?
Chantecler. C'est que je suis le Coq d'un soleil plus lointain!
Mes cris font à la Nuit qu'ils percent sous ses voiles
Ces blessures de jour qu'on prend pour des étoiles!
. . . . . .
Chaque ferme a son Coq qui chante dans sa cour.

No longer can he believe himself to be sole guardian of the day; his horizon has broadened, he is one of many who together have power to illumine and recreate.

On "Chantecler," M. Rostand has obviously bestowed infinite love and patience. His virtuosity is, of course, well known; but only inspiration and numberless revisions could in this case have effected such keen manipulation of detail. The reader is again and again thrilled by the natural way in which simple actions are swerved to a high purpose. The cock, believing that his crow expresses the cry of the earth for the light, takes pains to scratch the gravel away so as to come into close contact with the soil before he utters a sound. Even the welter of *divertissement*, such as the plot by the creatures of night against Chantecler, and the capers of the toads, rabbits, and others in the forest, is held to such strict account by the central theme that one readily forgives numerous examples of wilful wit in the form of puns, slang, and a too wide allusiveness. There is splendid variety in the midst of insistent purpose.

Mrs. Marie Walsh, a playwright and novelist who was widely known nearly a generation ago, died in Brooklyn on Sunday. She began her literary career as writer for a Boston weekly, and dramatized a number of novels, including "Three Times Dead," "Griffith Gaunt," "Archie Lovell," and the novel on Mormon life, "Wife of Two Husbands." She produced the two plays "Who is She?" and "Our City."

Music.

The Story of Opera. By E. Markham Lee. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. $1.25 net.

Musical Sketches. By Elise Polko. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co. $1.25 net.

Appendix A of Mr. Lee's book consists of thirty-two pages of brief paragraphs on operatic composers, singers, and conductors. The names are arranged chronologically, and Mascagni, who was born in 1864, is at the end of the list. In that same year, however, was born Eugen D'Albert, whose operas have been sung more frequently in Germany in recent years than those of any of the masters, excepting Wagner and Verdi; yet he is nowhere mentioned in this volume. The composers still living who are deemed worthy of notice in it are the Austrian Goldmark and two Germans: Humperdinck and Strauss; seven Italians: Boïto, Puccini, Mascagni, Leoncavallo, Cilea, Mancinelli, Franchetti; seven Frenchmen: Saint-Saëns, Massenet, Messager, Bruneau, d'Indy, Charpentier, and

Debussy; seven Englishmen: Mackenzie, Stanford, Cowen, Bunning, Corder, De Lara, McCunn; and one Englishwoman, Ethel Smyth. The author's comments on these are, on the whole, sane and unbiassed by patriotic or other prejudices. One reason, he thinks, why opera is not so successful in England as elsewhere is that "it is not the hobby and delight of the man in the street, as it is in many Continental countries." The worshippers of Strauss and Debussy will bear him a grudge for saying repeatedly that since the time of Wagner there has been nothing which can lay claim to having advanced the operatic art; but he is right.

Although the author is a "Mus. Doc., Cantab.," his volume is not a scholarly treatise like Apthorp's "The Opera, Past and Present," or Streatfeild's "The Opera." Its appeal is to a class of readers who desire a brief and lucid summary of operatic history, with chapters on the most notable schools. The three reformers, Monteverdi, Gluck, and Wagner, are discussed in one chapter, and Wagner has another by himself. The chief opera houses in the world are described, and hints are given on the art of listening to an opera in such a way as to get the most pleasure from it. In one appendix, information is imparted as to the pecuniary aid granted to operatic schemes in various countries, and another gives a bird's-eye view of the instruments used in the orchestras of composers of different periods of opera.

A surprising number of English writers harbor the delusion that the nominative plural of *Leitmotiv* is *Leitmotiven*. Mr. Lee is one of them; he also embellishes the first *e* in Delibes with a superfluous accent; he allows Humperdinck and Seidl to masquerade as Hamperdinck and Siedl, and takes the liberty of hyphenating César Cui. The erroneous statement is made that there is in Puccini's operas no definite characterization by means of leading motives; the story of "Hänsel and Gretel" is attributed to Andersen, instead of to Grimm; and the author forgot "Siegfried" when he asserted that "Die Meistersinger" is the one work of Wagner embodying humorous touches. Finally, why persist in writing Monteverde, in disregard of the fact that the 113 autograph letters of that Italian reformer which have come down to us are, without exception, signed Monteverdi? A "Mus. Doc., Cantab.," ought to know such things.

There are some things in musical history and biography which nobody knows, but which many would like to know—minute details regarding certain famous episodes in the lives of the great masters. Where facts fail, the imagination comes to the rescue. Elise Polko's "Musical Sketches" are made up of such episodes, historically correct for the most part, but embellished and vitalized by her fancy. Frau Polko was a sister of the well-known African explorer Eduard Vogel; she knew Mendelssohn, was for a time an opera singer, and then devoted herself to writing books, mostly musical stories. For such there is always a demand. Her "Musikalische Märchen" appeared in three volumes (1852-1903), and have passed through fifteen editions. The English version includes twenty-five of the best of them; Bach, Gluck, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Paganini, Handel, Schumann, are among the masters one meets on intimate footing in these pages. Frau Polko has been decried as a sentimentalist, and undoubtedly there are oversentimental, "gushy" paragraphs in her books; yet this is just what many like, while those who do not, will frequently come across touches of genuine feeling which bring tears to the eyes. As a means of kindling enthusiasm in young folks for the great composers, nothing could be better than these "Sketches."

Luciano Conterno, the bandmaster, died last week at his home in this city, at the age of seventy. He was a native of Ferrante, France, enlisted in the United States navy at the age of nine, as a cabin boy and drummer, served in Commodore Perry's Japanese expedition, and enlisted in 1860 in the Seventh Regiment, with which he served during the civil war. After the war he became bandmaster of the Twenty-third Regiment, and from 1873 until 1894 he was bandmaster at the Brooklyn navy yard. He was bandmaster of the Old Guard in 1882 and of the Ninth Regiment from 1883 until about 1898, when he retired.

Art.

THE PITTSBURGH EXHIBITION.

By unanimous consent this season's display, which opened on Monday of last week with an appropriate show of Presidential pomp, is more discriminating in choice and more truly representative of international artistic activity than any of its predecessors. While there are on these walls no canvases of transcendent merit, such as Whistler's Sarasate, Ménard's Judgment of Paris, or Simon's Evening in the Studio, which were among the triumphs of former seasons, there is, in compensation, greater variety than ever before, and a higher general average of merit.

The distinguishing feature of these Pittsburgh exhibitions is their international character, their placing side by side the best current American and European painting, and it would be difficult to conceive of any plan more stimulating to native production. It is clearly impossible to cover the entire field every year, and if, on this occasion, certain countries, notably Scandinavia, Austria-Hungary, and Spain, are slighted, it is with particular pleasure that one notes the fine representation accorded England, France, Belgium, and Russia.

The display begins with a single room devoted to the shimmering, sun-flecked palette of Childe Hassam. The thirty-five subjects by America's most consistent exponent of impressionism show him in all his transitions, from the spirited and sensitive painter of street scenes in the vein of De Nittis or Raffaëlli, to the vibrant symphonist, who attains his climax in his views of turquoise sea and sun-bleached headland.

Considerable local interest, and, on account of their handsome monetary value, not a little general curiosity, is always manifested in the awards, which this year have fallen to William Orpen, Karl Anderson, and Edward F. Rooke. While it is the special privilege of the public to disagree with the official jury, there should be scant reason for objecting to the decision in the first two instances.

Mr. Orpen, who, though an Irishman, has lately permitted himself to be elected an associate of the Royal Academy, has here added to his prestige by capturing the first prize with his whimsical and cleverly handled Portrait of the Artist, seen at last summer's Venice International. The picture reveals a crispness of rendering, a truth of value, and a charm in its tonal modulations which readily justify its selection for initial honors. And, finally, Mr. Orpen has not failed to add a legitimate spice of humor to this version of his none too classic appearance, the immense pyramidal green hat not only constituting a fine color note, but also giving a welcome touch of character.

Equally satisfactory is the choice of Karl Anderson's Idlers: August, for second place. Exhibited earlier in the season at the Madison Gallery, and also at Knoedler's, New York, this sumptuous piece of outdoor painting easily places Mr. Anderson in the front rank of our younger artists. The surface is loose and broken, the coloring singularly fresh and vibrant, with lovely variations in green, yellow, purple, and lilac, and the flesh tints charmingly suggested.

As it is only a third prize winner, it is unnecessary to take Mr. Rooke's Laurel, which has already been seen at the Academy of Design, with particular solemnity. Frankly, however, it is hardly a prize picture. Though decorative in design, it lacks variety in its colors, and is also wanting in aerial perception. With those who receive honorable mention, including Joseph Oppenheimer of Berlin, Charles Morris Young, Louis Betts, and Daniel Garber, notably the last, there can be little quarrel. Mr. Garber's highly specialized vision and individual sense of tone are evinced in his two pictures, entitled respectively Horses and Hills of Byram. He is one of the most original of the newer men, and one who does not fail to assert himself with increasing precision at each appearance.

While there are certain notable portraits, it cannot be said that the exhibition is strong in this particular province. The seated likeness of President Taft, by Señor Sorolla, which claims immediate attention on entering the first large room, is more superficial than solid or masterful, more extensive than intensive. It is fluent, as is all the ready Valencian's work, but is fundamentally lacking in analysis.

Mr. Sargent, who is represented by portraits of Miss Brice and Charles J. Paine, is scarcely more successful than his Spanish colleague; the former work is totally lacking in beauty of coloration, and the latter, while restrained and thoughtful, is

by no means equal to the painter's best average.

As a matter of fact, aside from Carl Melchers's bust of Arthur T. Aldis and Frank Duveneck's early likeness of John W. Alexander in brown velvet jacket and billycock hat, it is not the older but the younger artists who show the most vitality in this category. Miss Beaux confines herself to two unconvincing costume studies. Mr. Chase's best efforts are expended on his interiors. Mr. Wiles's Girl and Horse is conspicuously ineffective. In compensation, however, Mr. MacCameron and Mr. Betts, among the Americans, and Charles Cottet, Augustus E. John, and the Russian, Nicholas Fechin, all display welcome power and individuality in their respective contributions.

Though it is dark in tone, there is a subdued richness in Monsieur Cottet's Girl with the Rose Hat, which only the most subtle and restrained talent could achieve within so restricted a compass. A similar severity is found in Mr. John's Portrait of William Nicholson, together with a touch of that turgid strength which is seldom absent from the work of one who to-day ranks as the most original force in contemporary British art. The Portrait of William Nicholson was among the successes of last summer's exhibition of the New English Art Club in Suffolk Street, and loses none of its interest after the lapse of nearly a year. Yet it is the Slav, Nicholas Fechin, with his Portrait of Mlle. Lapojnikov, who has attained the only distinctive triumph in this field, and seldom has the American public beheld a more individual and characteristic presentment.

Fechin, who was born in Kazan, is a veritable mujik in art, possessing all the crude strength, directness of vision, and poignant depth of feeling so typical of the native-born Russian. He is absolutely unspoiled by Occidental training, nor does he betray the sophisticated assurance of Alexander Benois, Constantin Somoff, and certain of the St. Petersburg school. Less brilliant and forceful than Maliavin, he is equally racial in his inspiration and more subtle and reserved in his chromatic scale. The likeness of this plain but appealing young peasant woman is supplemented by an even more free and searching Portrait of my Father, dressed in rough cap and coarse linen blouse. It is such canvases as these which give significance to the exhibition as a whole and emphasize that international note which is the proud watchword of the Carnegie Institute.

C. B.

We doubt if any living writer but Montgomery Carmichael could have made a tolerable book out of the material in "Francia's Masterpiece: An Essay on the Beginnings of the Immaculate Conception in Art" (Dutton). He has unriddled to the end the secret of Francia's famous altarpiece in S. Frediano, Lucca. Most writers have called this loosely a coronation or an assumption, and have seen in the predella compositions legends of the Augustinian order. Mr. Carmichael shows that it represents the Immaculate Conception as formulated by Franciscan lovers of the doctrine. Esther, the elect spouse, was regarded as the antitype of the queen of heaven. God the Father extends symbolically to Mary the rod of Ahasuerus, great doctors bear witness to the stainless origin of the Virgin, while a kneeling monk, whom our author identifies with Duns Scotus, the subtle doctor, sees the vision in the sky. The four predella panels recount legends brought about by prayer to the Immaculate. The picture was painted for Maddelena Stiatta to adorn a chapel of the Conception some time after 1512. Iconographically Francia followed a picture formerly in S. Francesco, now in the Gallery of Lucca, which Mr. Carmichael dates a matter of thirty years earlier. Opinions might differ as to the period of this which is regarded as the earliest pictorial representation of the theme. To the present writer it seems a belated Ghirlandaiocsque work, perhaps not much antedating the end of the century. Piero di Cosimo's picture of similar composition in S. Francesco, Fiesole, is dated 1480, but Mr. Carmichael justly doubts the antiquity of the inscribed date. It seems likely to us that there is an error for 1490, with which year the stylistic character of the Fiesole piece tallies very well. In any case we have in these three pictures types of the earliest form of the Immaculate Conception in art—a form far more mystical and admirable than that operatic version which the Spanish Jesuits of the seventeenth century have made stereotyped. Mr. Carmichael's researches are perhaps less novel than he imagines. Ten years ago, for example, Fritz Knapp saw through the blunder about the Fiesole picture and gave it its proper title. But Mr. Carmichael has studied the subject more deeply and lovingly than the other critics, and gives for the first time a popular account of the fate of this subject in early art. He hints at further studies, which we shall await eagerly. Leonardo's Madonna of the Rocks is for him an Immaculate Conception. This it can only be by an egregiously masked symbolism, but it would be hazardous to predict that the view is wrong. Readers of Mr. Carmichael do not need to be reminded of the mellowness of his manner and the fervor of his religious sentiment. The simplicity of his conviction wins those to whom his point of view is profoundly alien. He makes the whole past of a picture and a doctrine most appealing. One lives with the great doctors who held this magnificent bit of Quixotic reasoning before a reluctant church until the dogma attained toleration and acceptance. One sees with sympathy forgotten monks who wrote out the first offices for which pious souls were waiting. Such is the winning effect of Mr. Carmichael's artful artlessness. In vain you steel your heart against him. You disapprove his complacent orthodoxy and long for his next book.

Dr. George Fisk Comfort, founder and director of the Syracuse Museum of Fine Arts, died last Thursday at the age of seventy-six. He was graduated at Wesleyan University in 1857, studied art, philosophy, and history in Europe in 1860-65, and in 1868-72 was lecturer on Christian art and archæology at the Drew Theological Seminary. He was an organizer of the American Philological Association in 1869, and of the Central New York Society of Artists in 1901, and was one of the founders of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. In 1872 he became professor of æsthetics and modern languages at Syracuse University, and organized the College of Fine Arts there, of which he was dean in 1873-1893. He published "Art Museums in America" and "Modern Languages in Education.'

Julien Dupré, the French animal painter, died recently in Paris, at the age of fifty-eight. Medals were awarded him in the Salons of 1880, 1881, and 1889. In the Luxembourg are his Vache Blanche and Les Fauchers de Lucerne, which have frequently been engraved and lithographed.

Finance.

PLACING OUR BONDS ABROAD.

Under heavy and continuous selling, the New York stock market broke at the opening of last week, declines running to 3⅞ in Amalgamated Copper, 3⅛ in Reading, 2⅞ in Union Pacific, and 2 in St. Paul, all of these stocks touching on Tuesday their lowest prices for 1910. In the middle of the week came an upward turn of equal violence; Amalgamated Copper recovered 3¾ points, Reading 5½, Union Pacific 6⅛, and St. Paul 4¾, while Steel common, which had dropped off 1⅞ point in the two earlier days, advanced 4½. Interrupted by the reaction which, last Friday, occurred in every financial market of the world on the news from the King of England, strength was again displayed on our own Stock Exchange, in the present week.

This rather remarkable change from discouragement to optimism resulted immediately from last week's spectacular fall in foreign exchange. We had just completed the shipment of $30,000,000 gold to London; yet sight sterling rates, at 4.88⅛, or close to the normal gold export point, had been threatening further outflow. On Monday of last week, however, the rate dropped down to 4.87½; on Wednesday, a violent decline brought it to 4.86⅝, the international parity. This meant, either that capital had been transferred in quantity from Europe to our money market, or else that we had suddenly sold to Europe something whose value on exchange had offset the heavy adverse balance on merchandise account.

In response to the eager inquiry in Wall Street, as to the specific cause for the sharp movement of exchange in this country's favor, statements were at once put out that negotiations for placing new American securities at Paris had been so far successful as to insure the sale of $70,000,000 to $100,000,000 of our bonds to that European market. Three inferences were drawn immediately: one, that our own overburdened and congested bond market would be substantially relieved; another, that the gold outflow from New York would be checked, and, finally, that the enlisting of Paris capital in our market would make needless any recourse to the Lon-

don money market, which had troubles of its own. Rumors were rapidly disseminated as to the general unlocking of the French treasure-vaults for the benefit of New York; it was even alleged, in Wall Street and in the Paris cables, that the negotiations for listing Steel common on the Bourse had been resumed.

All this was far astray from the actual facts. Some of the loans included in the announcements of last week's Paris negotiations had been placed in that city weeks ago; for others, negotiations were not finally concluded until this week. Instead of half-a-dozen new issues footing up $70,000,000 or $100,000,000, two bond issues only—$10,000,000 of the "Big Four" Railway and $50,000,000 of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul—have at this writing been announced as newly placed with Paris. Both of these, when price and commissions are included in the reckoning, will probably be found to have been rather costly operations, and the same comment may be made, with greater emphasis, on the sale to London of part of a $40,000,000 issue of Baltimore and Ohio three-year notes.

The fact remains that the enlisting of foreign capital on such a scale occurs most opportunely, alike for the home money market, which is not in a position to spare the capital required; for the home bond market, which has found difficulty in disposing of such security issues as it has already subscribed for, and for the foreign exchange market, which has been driven repeatedly, by the abnormal excess of imported merchandise, to heights where gold exports of unusual proportions were necessitated. In all these respects, the successful completion of the Paris negotiations is a matter in which American finance had important stake.

While welcoming, however, this relief to an awkward situation, it is quite as well to point out also that it is not the relief which the permanent interests of the situation need. It is one thing for a young, poor, and undeveloped country to rely on foreign capital to sustain its industries, and to accept such foreign assistance in the shape of merchandise imports which far exceed the value of the exports which the country's struggling producers can contribute. That was the case of the United States during the fifties and the sixties, when our import trade always ran heavily beyond our export shipments, and when stocks and bonds of our government, States, cities, and railways were sold as a matter of course in Europe.

But it is a very different thing for a rich and powerful producing state, whose natural resources have made it one of the greatest of all contributors to the outside consuming world's supplies of grain, cotton, metals, minerals, and general merchandise, so to pervert the level of prices, and to hold so obstinately to the perverted level, that it arrests its own export trade, needlessly stimulates its imports, and then appeals to the foreign money markets to help it out of the consequent dilemma. Not only is this process, on the contemplated scale, an absurd anomaly for the America of to-day, but it is sure in the end to aggravate the very evils which it professes to avert. If there were no other reason for this conclusion, there would be the fact that dividends and interest on these foreign-held securities will be added to the sum total of our annual European obligations.

It may still be regarded as certain that the existing problems in our trade situation and our financial markets must work out their own solution. That such a solution will come, eventually, through the commodity markets themselves, there can be little doubt. In the meantime, all of us will be grateful if the immediately embarrassing aspects of the situation shall turn out to have been removed by the French negotiations.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

Adams, E. D. British Interests and Activities in Texas, 1836-1846. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press. $1.50.

Angell, E. D. Play. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50 net.

Bangs, J. K. Songs of Cheer. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.

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Bergquist, N. W. Swedish Folk Dances. Barnes Co. $1.50 net.

Brandt, W. Die jüdischen Baptismen. Berlin: A. Töpelmann.

Browning's Men and Women, 1855. Frowde.

Bruce, H. Letters from Malabar and on the Way. Dutton, $2 net.

Burdett's Hospitals and Charities, 1910. London: Scientific Press.

Carlyle's Essay on Burns. Oxford Plain Texts. Frowde.

Catalogue of the Flowering Plants and Ferns of Connecticut. Hartford, Conn.: State of Conn.

Chance, F. L. The Bride and the Pennant. Chicago: Laird & Lee. 60 cents.

Church, V. Commencement Days: A Novel. Boston: Page & Co.

Clarke, F. W. A Recalculation of the Atomic Weights. Third ed. Revised and enlarged. Washington: Smithsonian Institution.

Coekerell, T. D. A. Scales of the Mormyrid Fishes; Scales of the African Characinid Fishes. Washington: Smithsonian Institution.

Crane, A. M. A Search After Ultimate Truth. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. $1.50 net.

Denney, J. V. American Public Addresses. Chicago: Scott, Foresman & Co.

Department of Agriculture. Year-Book 1909. Washington.

Dewey, J. The Influence of Darwin on Philosophy. Holt. $1.40 net.

Dickens' A Christmas Carol. In amanuensis style of phonography. Cincinnati: Phonographic Institute Co.

Draper, A. S. The Rescue of Cuba. Enlarged edition. Silver, Burdett.

Dudley, C. H. And This is War. Cochrane Pub. Co.

Eggleston, G. C. The History of the Confederate War. Sturgis & Walton. $4 net.

Ethnological Dictionary of the Navaho Language. Saint Michaels, Ariz.: Franciscan Fathers.

Feuchtersleben, E. V. Health and Suggestion: the Dietetics of the Mind. Trans. by L. Lewisohn. Huebsch. $1 net.

Foght, H. W. The American Rural School. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Franklin, F. The Life of Daniel Coit Gilman. Dodd, Mead. $3.50.

Gompers, S. Labor in Europe and America. Harper. $2 net.

Greene, M. L. Among School Gardens. Charities Pub. Co. $1.25.

Hardy's Under the Greenwood Tree. Harper. $1.25.

Harris, M. H. Modern Jewish History. Bloch Pub. Co.

Hart, A. B. The Southern South. Appleton. $1.50 net.

Hewlett, M. Letters to Sanchia Upon Things as They Are. (Extracted from Open Country.) Scribner. 90 cents net.

Islandica. Annual relating to Iceland and the Fiske Icelandic Collection in Cornell University Library. Vol. III. Sagas of the Kings, by H. Hermannsson. Ithaca, N. Y.

Johnston, H. Britain Across the Seas: Africa. London: National Society's Depository.

Joly, J. Radioactivity and Geology. Van Nostrand. $3 net.

Jowett, J. H. Our Blessed Dead. Revell Co. 25 cents net.

Kautsky's The Class Struggle. Trans. by E. Bohn. Chicago: Kerr & Co. 50 cents.

Ker, W. P. On the History of the Ballads, 1100-1500. Proceedings British Academy. Frowde.

Lafargue's Evolution of Property from Savagery to Civilization. Chicago: Kerr & Co. 50 cents.

Lagerlöf, S. The Girl from the Marsh Croft. Trans. by V. S. Howard. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.

Latta, N. American Producer Gas Practice and Industrial Gas Engineering. Van Nostrand. $6 net.

Lawton, W. The Boy Aviators in Nicaragua. Hurst & Co. 50 cents.

Letters to His Holiness Pope Pius X, by a Modernist. Chicago: Open Court. $1.25.

Lyon, D. E. How to Keep Bees for Profit. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

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Melegari, D. Makers of Sorrow and Makers of Joy. Trans. from the French by M. Lindsay. Funk & Wagnalls. $1.25 net.

Mérimée's La Chronique du Règne de Charles IX. Ed. by A. T. Baker. Frowde.

Mill, J. S. Letters. Edited with intro. by H. S. R. Elliot. 2 vols. Longmans, Green.

Mill, S. J., Principles of Political Economy. Ed. by W. J. Ashley. Longmans, Green.

Montgomery, H. B. Western Women in Eastern Lands. Macmillan: $1.50 net.

Morrissey, J. W. Noted Men and Women. Klebold Press.

Mozans, H. J. Up the Orinoco and Down the Magdalena. D. Appleton.

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Report on Education in Alaska. Washington: Gov. Printing Office.
Rice, F. B. A Saint of the Twentieth Century. Boston: R. Badger. $1.50.
Rochelle, P. de la. New Study of French Verbs. Guide to French Pronunciation. F. K. Kane. $1.50, 50 cents.
Sable, F. Pan's Pipe: 1595. Republished with an introduction by J. W. Bright and W. P. Mustard. University of Chicago Press.
Sainte-Beuve, C. A. Causeries du Lundi. 5 vols. 1849-1851. Trans. by E. J. Treckmann. Dutton. 50 cents each.
Savidge, E. C. The American in Paris; a Biographical Novel. Third edition. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50.
Shedd, G. C. The Princess of Forge. Macaulay Co. $1.50.
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Skeat, W. W. Etymological Dictionary of the English Language. New edition revised and enlarged. Frowde.
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Straus, R. Robert Dodsley, Poet, Publisher, and Playwright. Lane Co. $6.50 net.
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Wolff, H. W. People's Banks. Third edition. London: King & Son.
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Three dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada $3.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union $4.00.

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My Dear Sir:

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My reason is because I like it so very much and read it so carefully that I find myself viewing everything through THE NATION'S eyes. I have occasion to write editorials for my paper in Iowa from time to time, and often realized that my views were following those of THE NATION closely on many matters; but not till a friend, who saw me with a copy of THE NATION the other day, remarked that he had many times thought, after reading what I had written, of notifying me that he too read THE NATION, did I realize that this tendency had become so noticeable. My friend convinced me that unconsciously I had for a long time been following the ideas and ideals of your paper very closely, and at times almost its style and manner of expression.

Now, if I could ever hope to attain to THE NATION'S clearness of thought and expression of my own accord, I would be delighted indeed; but I submit that it is not desirable for a young man to become so attached to any one magazine that he unconsciously borrows its ideas and phrases. My father began taking THE NATION with its very first number, I believe, and it has been in our family most of the time since.

All this sounds very labored and pedantic when set down in a letter. but it is my reason for discontinuing my subscription for one year, after which I hope to be again ready to read it regularly, and to do so without forming "The Nation habit," as my good father was often accused of doing when engaged in politics in Iowa thirty years ago.

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The Week.

Michigan Democrats, it is reported, are for Gov. Harmon for the Presidency, *if* he is successful in winning a reelection next autumn. This is a curious attitude. If he is fit to lead the Democracy, of sufficient stature for the Presidency, whether he is or is not successful ought surely not to count. We are frank to say, however, that if anything is certain in our political future, it should seem to be Gov. Harmon's qualifying according to the wishes of the Michigan Democrats. The situation in Ohio does not improve from the Republican point of view; the blundering at Washington—where Republicans have given up all hope of a Republican House and are already consoling themselves by picturing the future folly of the Democratic majority—does not help. The suggestion of James R. Garfield or of Nicholas Longworth as Republican candidate for Governor arouses no enthusiasm. Ohio, the President's State, is, in fact, in open insurgency, and promises surely to provide a Democratic Presidential candidate. Curiously enough, the second choice of the Michigan Democracy is Mayor Gaynor of New York. With all due respect to the city's Executive, we say that such a choice can only illustrate the dearth of Democratic candidates. No party ought to begin to talk of giving the Presidency to a man, however promising, who has served only a fraction of his term in his first executive office and has yet to demonstrate along a dozen lines whether he is really fit for the manifold responsibilities of high office.

Reports agree that the visit to Berlin was not a spectacular success. Even the devoted band of special correspondents is forced to admit that the phlegmatic German populace has been more than usually phlegmatic in the presence of the traveller from East Africa. There was only a handful of people at the railway station, and as for the learned audience that listened to the lecture on world movements, it was frankly bored. The reason is, of course, apparent. It has been forecast a score of times by the newspaper artists who let their fancy dwell on what would happen when Mr. Roosevelt and the Kaiser met. Like good Americans, we took it for granted that Mr. Roosevelt would blanket the Kaiser. What really happened was that, years ago, the Kaiser had brushed the bloom off Mr. Roosevelt's advent. What was there for the Berliners to get excited over? An advocate of the militant virtues? A champion of peace with honor? A reburnisher of the Decalogue? An exhorter upon women, children, kitchen, and clothes? All these and more William II has been to his subjects for so many years that his visitor could bring with him, at most, only the novelty that attaches to the foreign version of a familiar book. An ex-President of the intellectual range of Senator Jeff Davis and the silent tread of Senator Crane would probably have interested the people as much more of a novelty.

Conditions at the Bethlehem Steel Works, reports Commissioner of Labor Neill, are bad. Conditions at South Bethlehem, retorts Mr. Schwab, are no worse than they are elsewhere in the steel industry. If they are no worse than what the Pittsburgh Survey discovered them to be in that city, they are bad enough. As elsewhere, the burden falls heaviest on the unskilled laborer. The higher grade of workmen in Bethlehem have a ten-and-a-half-hour day, with a half-holiday on Saturday. But in the blast furnaces, the working day is twelve hours, seven days in the week, with a continuous stretch of twenty-four hours once every week or every two weeks, when the day and night shifts change. Mr. Schwab has apparently no reason to complain of unfair treatment by the Federal Labor Bureau. His case merely calls attention to the fact that it is the large cities in which reform, whether it is political, social, or industrial, comes first. Pittsburgh has long been before the public as an example of the terrible human cost that goes into the manufacture of steel. But Bethlehem, where conditions are "no worse" than they are in Pittsburgh, has hitherto escaped notice by virtue of being one-twentieth as large as Pittsburgh.

Much more attention than it has yet received should be devoted to so very grave a question as that raised by the Parole bill which passed the House of Representatives on Monday and which in similar form had already passed the Senate. The bill makes possible the parole of Federal prisoners who are sentenced for less than life or more than one year, after the expiration of one-third of their term of imprisonment, provided, of course, that this parole be recommended by the newly created Parole Board of the penitentiary where they may be confined. The plan is sure to receive sanction from those who believe in calling all criminality a form of insanity and thus shifting the burden of wrongdoing from the shoulders of the guilty one to his parents, his environment, or even his Maker; but it seems to us another step on the dangerous road which leads to immunity for the criminal and practical encouragement for crime. If we have no faith in our laws and think the punishments under them excessive, or if it be concluded that the whole system should be radically altered, by all means let us change the laws. All this is very different from a hasty act weakening the power of existing laws and contradicting the judgment of those we have appointed to judge, by cutting two-thirds of the time, besides the allowance for good behavior, from the sentences of prisoners.

The death of James W. Van Cleave removes a sturdy fighter against the excesses of union labor. Thanks to him, the question of the boycott against his company, the Buck's Stove and Range Company of St. Louis, was taken before the Supreme Court of the United States. When Samuel Gompers, John Mitchell, and Frank Morrison, the officials of the American Federation of Labor, announced that they were superior to any decrees of the Supreme Court of the United States and continued to violate its injunctions not to boycott the Buck's Stove and Range Company, they were promptly sentenced to jail for contempt of court. Through the agency of the National Manufacturers' Association, Mr. Van Cleave waged a vigorous battle against such evils as the closed shop, the restriction of apprentices, the put-

ting of needless men on a job, etc. He was not only against what he called "follies and vices of labor unions," but was also opposed to "tyrannical and unpatriotic practices of certain captains of industry," and fought the Trusts accordingly. He is entitled to a good deal of credit, even though he may have been an extremist in certain directions, for the progress we are making away from the boycott and the needless strike. No one can deny the force of his final statement that "policy can never replace principle; that the United States will never stand for the demagogue and the Socialist; that America is still America, and our Constitution and our judiciary are still our bulwark." It is right and just that labor should have earnest, enthusiastic, and able leaders; and it is equally proper that the employers of labor should have men like Mr. Van Cleave in their ranks, ready to test sound principles in the courts of law.

Forest fires have already opened the season in the West, and between now and November millions will thus be lost, as usual. Between these fires and the wood-pulp makers our forests are having a desperate struggle for existence. Germany is just now teaching an invaluable lesson. Her own forests no longer meet the home demand for wood pulp, and the trade depends largely on the supplies from Russia and Austria-Hungary. These, however, are far from inexhaustible, and the government, with its usual foresight, is making systematic efforts to find new fibres for the manufacture of paper. Careful investigation in the German African possessions has shown that they produce a large number of plants admirably adapted to serve as paper stock. A recent number of the *Consular and Trade Reports* describes some of these: among them sisal hemp, various wild grasses, rice straw, nettles, bamboo, papyrus, sedge reeds, palm leaves, Spanish broom. Banana stems yield an exceptionally good quality of fibre—67 per cent. of bleached pulp. A good grade of paper is also made of cotton bolls, every hundred pounds of cotton corresponding to about forty pounds of cellulose in the capsules. Of cotton bolls and banana fibre the supplies obtainable in this country are virtually inexhaustible. Why continue to exterminate our forests?

To those who have passed well into their second half-century, the name of Sir William Huggins in the obituary column of the newspapers will recall wistful memories of a shining time in the history of science. In the early seventies, when Darwinism was fighting for its place, when we were all reading Huxley's lay sermons and Tyndall's lectures, when the conservation of energy was a name to conjure with, and when the splendid discovery of Kirchhoff and Bunsen was still fresh enough for wonderment, the names of William Huggins and Norman Lockyer were the ones most familiar to English-speaking people in connection with the achievements of spectrum analysis in the domain of astronomy. Before the invention of that method, nothing could have seemed more hopelessly beyond the scope of man's possibilities than the discovery of the chemical constitution of the heavenly bodies; and to this marvel was added the power of the same instrument of research to give us a new means of determining the actual motion of what are called the fixed stars. In all this domain, so inspiringly opened up to the eye of science, Huggins did notable work, which received ample recognition from the Royal Society and other bodies. His death at the age of eighty-six cannot fail to suggest the thought that few lives can be happier than that of a man placed beyond the reach of money cares, who devotes himself to some large and worthy object of intellectual interest.

Among the finest traditions of our history are those which cluster about the names of the two Polish patriots who bore an heroic part in the American Revolution, to whom statues have just been erected and dedicated at Washington. Pulaski fell in battle, fighting for American independence; Kosciuszko, after serving with signal distinction through our war, lived to lead his own countrymen in their noble struggle for freedom, and died in exile. It happens that the names of both are preserved in English poems which were among those most familiar to the children and young people of a generation ago—Longfellow's "Pulaski's Banner" and the stirring lines on Poland in Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope." It is well that the memory of these men should be preserved at the national capital; and well, too, that we should be reminded, on the occasion of the dedication of their statues, of the extraordinary spectacle of patriotic loyalty and enthusiasm which the history of Poland has presented in the century and a quarter during which the Polish people have been without a place among the nations.

The Associated Press correspondent in Havana confirms what was clearly deducible from the telegraphic dispatches in regard to the so-called negro uprising in Cuba. It now appears that there was not the slightest shadow of an excuse for arresting Gen. Estenoz and his fellow agitators. The whole thing is due to a scare on the part of the small, very small, President of Cuba. Gomez feared that the new negro party would go over to the Conservatives and thus give them the balance of power in next autumn's election, since the Liberals are for the present hopelessly divided into two camps, the followers of Gomez and those of Zayas. Gomez, therefore, arrested Estenoz and forty of his followers, and obtained their indictment—a very easy thing to accomplish in Cuba—and informed all the world that he had actually nipped in the bud a plot against his government. As a matter of fact, no weapons, with the exception of one revolver and one machete, were captured. There has not been found anywhere the slightest proof of the existence of any conspiracy. Tranquillity, the dispatches read, now reigns everywhere; but not, we fear, for long, with such a President as Gomez at the head of the Administration. Trouble may be looked for at any time, particularly within the ranks of the Liberal party.

The pictured faces of the Kings who are attending Edward VII's funeral show a predominant air of youthfulness. Frederick VIII of Denmark and George I of Greece are the patriarchs, and they are not very old. With them is the still youthful William II, juvenile kings like Haakon of Norway and Albert of Belgium, and such comparative infants as Alfonso of Spain and Manuel of Portugal. The average age of European monarchs has steadily declined during the last ten years, although out of eighteen ruling sovereigns in the year 1900, eleven were above forty-five, and eleven is still the number in 1910. The present lower average is accounted for by the

smaller number of venerables in 1910 than in 1900. In that year Queen Victoria was not only more than forty-five years of age, but more than that by thirty-six years; Christian of Denmark was thirty-seven years beyond the mark; Oscar of Sweden was twenty-six years beyond; Leopold of Belgium was twenty years beyond. To-day the kings who are above forty-five exceed that line by only a few years, as in the case of Victor Emmanuel of Italy, Nicholas II, William II, and Gustav Adolph of Sweden. If the rule of the golden mean holds for kings, the destinies of Europe are at present well placed in the hands of men who are neither too young to be patient nor too old to be alert and resourceful.

It is the fashion in Tory circles to look upon Mr. John Redmond as being behind everything that now goes on in England. It has even been delicately hinted that Mr. Redmond, with Mr. Keir Hardie, was to an appreciable extent responsible for Edward VII's death by bringing on a difficult political situation over which it was known that the late King worried greatly. It is now asserted that Mr. Redmond is behind the movement for a revision of the British coronation oath. If the Irish Nationalists did not control the balance of power in Parliament, the assertion runs, the demand that the King's oath should be purged of all matter offensive to Roman Catholics and their spiritual head would never have arisen. In 1902 the Irish Nationalists were not in control of the House of Commons, and the same demand arose; but who nowadays looks back eight years? As a matter of fact, if the Irish Nationalists were really to force an alteration in the royal oath, it would be only proper that they should have been the ones to do so. It is conditions in Ireland that have shaped the attitude of the great majority of the British people towards Catholicism, just as they have influenced the course of British politics in general during the last one hundred years and more. There is no great fear of a Catholic revival in England. But the English people are very much concerned for the future of the Protestant minority in Ireland. Heal the ancient schism between Catholic and Orangeman, weld the two into one really united Ireland, and England's objections to a revised coronation oath and her objections even to Home Rule will disappear.

If it is true that Lord Kitchener is to receive the comparatively unimportant post at Malta because that is a good place to watch the Egyptian situation from, then the English army organization must be in as poor a state to-day as it was ten years ago when Roberts and Kitchener were hurled into South Africa to undo the results of unpreparedness and demoralization. If a Nationalist uprising in Egypt is as imminent a possibility as the Conservative press in England professes to think, why have not measures been taken accordingly? Why has not the English defence been put upon such a basis that whether England's best general was one day's distance from Alexandria or three days' distance would make no considerable difference? If we could imagine the German Government confronted with sudden oversea news that a revolt had broken out in one of her most important colonies, it would be a repetition of the traditional Moltke incident. The chief of the General Staff would say, "Pull out file number 53," and the plan for putting down the Egyptians would be found worked out to the minutest detail. But blundering, happy-go-lucky Britain must station her ablest general at Malta, like a watchful but unimaginative "bobby" on the lookout for infringers of the public peace. If one will go in for war and for ruling other peoples, one ought to play the game well.

The rapid development of northern Italian cities is one of the most interesting events of the time. Even romantic Venice is awakening to new activity. The rebuilding of the Campanile may be regarded as emblematic of the determination of the Venetians to renovate their city and recover some of their old glory. Venice will never again be the queen of the seas, the distributing point of the spices and treasures of the Orient. She lies outside the international ship lanes; it is from Genoa that the lines radiate East and West, to North and South America, to India and Australia. These vessels usually touch at Naples, often at Palermo, but not at Venice. And yet, as a redistribution point, the harbor of Venice now ranks second only to Genoa. The imports of coal are nearly seven times what they were three decades ago, and there is a similar increase in phosphates and other imports indicating agricultural and industrial progress. Tourists may not like the factory chimneys which, in the upper city, vie in height with the Campanile, and they are certainly right in objecting to the motor boats which are crowding out the gondolas; but they cannot help being impressed with other signs of new life and activity—the large new freight station at Mestre, the doubling in width of the railway bridge, the new quay at the Molo di Levante. Ruskin would have inveighed against all this; and yet, unless the Venetians amassed wealth in this way, would they be able to maintain their city as a mediæval museum?

Agrarian reform in Russia is making its painful way through the Duma and the Council of the Empire, scarcely noticed by the outside world, after the manner of all such profound changes. Yet the thing at stake is nothing less than a complete alteration in the social and economic status of Russia's vast peasant population. Specifically, it is a question of breaking up the *mir*, or village community, and putting in its place a system of individual land-ownership; communal ownership is to make way for the peasant proprietor. This change was ordained by Imperial decree in November, 1906, at the instance of M. Stolypin, who is now seeking to secure the approval of the Duma and the Council of the Empire. The opposition to the scheme comes from a combination of the extreme Right and the radical Left. The landlord party views with apprehension the economic and moral effects of a sudden transition from a condition of primitive communal life to a régime of individual responsibility. And there should seem to be little doubt that many millions of peasants, untrained to the responsibilities of modern life, will speedily be separated from their lands, and go to form what it has been the Russian patriot's boast that his country, unlike Western Europe, does not know: a landless proletariat. It was only a narrow majority that M. Stolypin won in the Council of the Empire. Only by 90 votes to 88 did that body sanction the abolition of the *mir* and the individual apportionment of the land in those villages where there has been no redistribution since the edict of peasant emancipation in March, 1861.

MR. TAFT'S EXPLANATION.

It is matter for sincere congratulation that President Taft has seen fit to make a formal statement of the facts concerning the preparation of his letter of September 13, exonerating Ballinger and authorizing him to discharge Glavis. Had he or his advisers had the good judgment to see the necessity of a frank statement of the facts when the question was first raised, or even within a reasonable time thereafter, nine-tenths of the pain and humiliation attending this disagreeable episode would have been avoided.

It is now two months since Mr. Brandeis began his persistent and untiring effort to get at the facts to which the President's statement relates. The object of that effort was perfectly simple and perfectly legitimate. Among the papers transmitted by the President to the Senate on January 6, in response to its request for "any reports, statements, papers, or documents upon which he acted in reaching his conclusions" in the matter of the Glavis charges, was included an elaborate summary and opinion upon the case drawn up by Attorney-General Wickersham, dated September 11—two days before the date of the President's letter to Secretary Ballinger. Mr. Brandeis worked long and patiently to bring out the fact that this document was not before the President at the time that he wrote his letter, and therefore was not one of the "reports, statements, papers, or documents upon which he acted in reaching his conclusions." It was not until last Thursday that this fact was admitted. On that day, Mr. Wickersham stated, in a letter to the chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the House, that his summary and opinion had not been written until long after the date which it bore, but that it had been dated September 11, to correspond to the date on which the substance of what was contained in it had been communicated to the President, partly in oral form, partly in the shape of "rough notes." Now, if this proceeding was justifiable in the premises, if there was no reason to conceal it, why in Heaven's name has it taken weeks and weeks of dogged persistence on the part of Mr. Brandeis, and finally the prospect of a demand by the House of Representatives, to extract a confession of the fact from the Attorney-General?

There is another point to which the efforts of Mr. Brandeis have likewise been directed. He has tried again and again and again to ascertain whether Mr. Lawler, Assistant Attorney-General for the Department of the Interior, had taken to the President at Beverly any document that he may have made use of in framing his letter to Ballinger, and if so what was the nature of the document. It now appears from Mr. Taft's statement of Monday morning, that he had himself directed Mr. Lawler to prepare a letter as coming from him, the President. This was, in itself, an entirely legitimate proceeding. Mr. Taft states that he had arrived at his conclusions before giving these instructions, and that he commissioned Mr. Lawler, who was conversant both with the case and with Mr. Taft's opinion on it, to draw up the letter simply as the best means of saving labor. Speaking broadly, this kind of thing is done continually by presidents, whether of a railway company or of the United States. But if it was a perfectly legitimate thing to do in this instance, why, in the name of common sense, was the production of the Lawler document—even the acknowledgment that there was such a thing—resisted inch by inch, and accomplished finally only at the instant when the secret of its preparation was being (or had been) betrayed by one of the stenographers who had prepared it?

So much for the monumental and almost incredible blundering of which the Administration has been guilty in this matter. It remains to say a few words as to the nature of the facts themselves, irrespectively of the aggravation of them by the lamentable policy of concealment and delay. It has been sought to excuse the ante-dating on the plea that it is customary to attach to formal documents a date earlier than that upon which they are put into their final form. But this plea is quite irrelevant. Nobody has objected to the ante-dating as a mere matter of form. The objection is to the use made of that ante-dating In relation to the Senate's request, the true date of the document was of the essence of the matter. What was explicitly desired from the President was "any reports, statements, papers, or documents upon which he acted in reaching his conclusions"; and the President stated that he had before him as one of those documents a detailed paper, covering 74 large printed pages, summarizing with care the whole case as submitted to him by the Attorney-General. It now appears that all he had got from the Attorney-General was an oral discussion and some "rough notes." Furthermore, all the time the Attorney-General had in which to examine the great mass of papers in the case (650 pages of print), digest it, and pass judgment, was at most ten or twelve hours; hence the idea that his conversation and "rough notes" could have been in any way equivalent to the 74 pages of elaborate summary and opinion is too preposterous to consider.

And, apart from this regrettable matter of the ante-dated summary, it is clear from the President's own statement that he himself could not have given to the matters in question the kind of investigation which their extent and complexity required. Ballinger and Lawler personally bring to him a mass of documentary matter prepared by themselves—all in typewriting, and forming, when printed in book form, 650 large pages—and talk it over with the President. His first impression of it, accordingly, is what these gentlemen, intensely desirous of a verdict in favor of Ballinger, give him. What happened next is this:

> I sat up until three o'clock that night reading the answers and exhibits; so that at my next conference I was advised of the contents of the entire record and had made up my mind that there was nothing in the charges upon which Mr. Ballinger or the others accused could be found guilty of either incompetency, inefficiency, disloyalty to the interests of the government or dishonesty.

It was therefore on the basis of this one night's work upon a great mass of intricate details that Mr. Taft substantially acted. It was upon that basis, and that of a talk with Lawler and Ballinger the following evening, that he directed Lawler to prepare "an opinion as if he were President." Whether he made much or little use of Lawler's draft is of small consequence; the damaging part of the Lawler matter is that it shows the President to have substantially decided the case on the basis of that one night's reading. He revolved it in his mind in the remaining days of that week, no doubt, and there can certainly be no doubt that he was glad to get Mr. Wickersham's judgment in the matter. But neither his own judgment nor Mr. Wickersham's was entitled to the weight

that it carried with the public, because neither was made on any such basis of inquiry as it was given to the public to suppose.

That Mr. Taft was actuated by a desire to dispose of an ugly business, and that he thought he was acting with entire justice in it, we are fully persuaded. But he did either too much or too little. He had before him charges affecting the conduct of a department of the government in matters of great complexity; and either of two courses was open to him. He might have refused serious standing to the charges, and asserted his entire confidence in Ballinger by dismissing them, on the general merits of the situation, as not worthy of detailed consideration. Or he might have ordered a full and thoroughgoing consideration of them by trained officers of the Department of Justice, and, after considering and reviewing their findings, have passed final judgment. Unfortunately he sought to combine the facility of the former process with the finality of the latter. The result has been the deplorable and mortifying mess in which he and the Attorney-General have been floundering.

DISCUSSING THE NEGRO PROBLEM.

The second annual National Negro Conference for the discussion of the negro problem, which met in New York last week, set itself high and worthy aims—to do for this race what the Lake Mohonk Conference has done for the Indian. Southerners as well as Northerners have spoken this year, as last, and colored men and women as well as white. All shades of opinion have found utterance, that out of the multitude of counsel some progress might be made in bringing the actual facts before the country and in demanding redress for undoubted grievances. This year the discussions were concerned with disfranchisement—how disfranchisement affects the negro in the courts, in the schools, at the ballot-box, and in his other relations to the communities in which he dwells. Eventually, it is hoped that out of this Conference will grow a bureau or scientific committee for investigations; a legal aid department for the race; a publicity department to lay before the country the actual facts as to the astounding progress of the negro in less than fifty years, and the law-abiding character of the colored people as a whole. Meanwhile, however, the Conference, in its resolutions of last year, demands of Congress and the Executive:

(1.) That the Constitution be strictly enforced and the civil rights guaranteed under the Fourteenth Amendment be secured impartially to all.

(2.) That there be equal educational opportunities for all and in all the States, and that public-school expenditure be the same for the negro and white child.

(3.) That in accordance with the Fifteenth Amendment the right of the negro to the ballot on the same terms as other citizens be recognized in every part of the country.

As to the wisdom of this course there is naturally a marked difference of opinion. One of our contemporaries has already described the Conference as "an unwise movement"; in other quarters the argument is made that any discussion of the debated points, particularly the political discriminations against the race, is "unwise," especially at this time, when so many high-minded Southerners are resolutely standing up for the negro's right to lift himself out of the slough of ignorance and ineffectiveness. From the argument that this is a close season for discussing the wrongs of ten millions of Americans, the *Nation* has repeatedly expressed its dissent. For the argument of expediency and compromise it has no sympathy. It has yet to learn that a demand that the Constitution of the United States be no longer nullified can be out of place or out of time. There is never an hour in this great democracy when it is not right and proper to plead for justice, for equality before the law and at the ballot-box, for the keeping of the national faith.

There need be no fear that frank, or even radical, utterances will retard seriously any movement in the South for the benefit of the negro. The truth has never hurt anybody who walks in the path of righteousness; it has never yet held back any unselfish humanitarian undertaking. Erroneous individual opinion, the mistaken zeal of the enthusiast—these may cause dissent and friction, may arouse bitter controversies. But agitation is precisely what is needed. The sound, sober thought of this democracy invariably distinguishes the chaff from the grain. It was a witty woman of the uncompromising band of ante-bellum Abolitionists, Maria Weston Chapman, we believe, who remarked that the Lord made use of tools in that cause which she herself would not touch with a forty-foot pole. Yet all of them, radical and conservative together, rendered a great service to their country. The real question is, after all, the *spirit* in which the matter is approached.

That this great negro problem, with all its complexities, its amazing contradictions, its delicate ramifications, is sadly in need of scientific approach, is all too evident. To the Northerner, the Southerner denies all right to pass upon the subject, because he has not lived South. But the very man who takes this position may himself know the negro problem only from the point of view of a narrow Alabama village and be quite ignorant of its varying phases in Mississippi, or Louisiana, or Virginia, or Texas, and he usually is grossly ignorant of the legal status of the black man all over the South. For the Northerner it is an easy retort that those who are face to face with a momentous social difficulty are often too close to it to have any perspective, or to be able to view it as a whole. And a trained observer like Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart of Harvard, who spoke to the Conference last Saturday evening, or Ray Stannard Baker, who read a paper last Thursday, may often acquire more knowledge of the issues in a year in the South than a resident of Montgomery in a life-time. All of this simply emphasizes the desirability of facts, facts, and facts; it is a question not to be decided by prejudice on either side. Any agency which will effect this ought to be acclaimed and welcomed, particularly if it be considered that, barring some work done under Prof. W. E. B. Du Bois's direction for Atlanta University and the United States Census, no scientific inquiry into the problem has gone on anywhere. There are persons of consequence who demand a national bureau in Washington for the study of the social and economic status of the child. If this is needed, surely a bureau for studying the negro race is even more in order.

And not merely because of the negro. As the Conference pointed out last year, his wrongs bear most heavily upon those whites nearest to him in the social and economic scale. His disfranchisement has been followed by the disfranchisement of thousands upon thousands of whites, so that less than half the white men of voting age in Ala-

bama passed upon the recent prohibition amendment to the Constitution of the State. Grievous as is the lot of the oppressed, that of the oppressor is the worse in the long run—so often is he compelled to commend to his own lips the poisoned chalice. Hence we have no hesitation in saying that the National Negro Conference's title is misleading; it ought to be known also as an undertaking on behalf of the millions of Poor Whites of the South. Disfranchised, often degraded, lacking in many communities the enterprise of the negro, pitifully ignorant, they are often the easy prey of demagogues whose whole stock in trade is the menace of the negro. But upon the welfare and efficiency of the negro depend the economic prosperity and progress of the entire South.

GROWTH IN SOUTH AMERICA.

The year 1910 is the centennial of national independence for the greater part of Spanish America. The richest and most powerful of Spain's former colonies in South America was also the first to unfurl the banner of revolt. On May 25, 1810, the provinces on the La Plata, under stress of French invasion in the mother country and English invasion at home, organized a junta of their own. That event is to be celebrated by an entire week of national holiday-making, opening on the twenty-second of this month and followed, in the beginning of June, by the opening of an international exposition at Buenos Ayres. Officially and predominantly, the exposition will be the International Exhibition of Railways and Land Transport; but annexed to it will be international exhibitions of agriculture, arts, and hygiene, and a national exhibition of industry. The recent growth of Argentina has been such as to disprove many facile generalizations about the decadence of the Latin race. Given equally favorable conditions of climate and natural resources, the Latin peoples who make up the population of Argentina have demonstrated their ability to keep pace with the self-complacent Anglo-Saxon. If the people of Argentina have given way of late to the intoxication of their own achievements, excuse for their exuberance is not wanting.

Argentina and Canada are the two "booming" pioneer nations of the American continent. A short statistical parallel between the two will establish the point just made regarding the rate of Latin-American progress. In 1901 Canada had a population of 5,371,000; today, reckoning on the basis of the same percentage of increase as obtained between 1891 and 1901, the Canadian population must be between six and a quarter and six and a half millions. Argentina in 1895 had a population of 3,955,000. On the first of January, 1910, the officially estimated population was 6,805,000. The two nations, therefore, are, in numerical strength, almost equal. Both are fed by huge streams of immigration, but though Canada within the last two or three years has been drawing the heavier numbers, Argentina still has a higher proportion of foreign-born among her population. Of Canada's 5,370,000 in the year 1901, just 700,000 were born abroad. Of Argentina's 6,800,000 in the present year, one and three-quarter millions were foreign-born. Of these the Italians numbered 844,000, Spaniards 424,000, French 105,000, English 26,300, Austrians 24,700, Germans 23,700. In point of numbers, the non-Latin element is proportionately not much more important in Argentina than the Latin element is in the United States.

With fairly equal populations, how do Argentina and Canada compare in economic growth? Only a few general figures can be cited. In the five years between 1902 and 1907 the mileage of Canadian railways increased from 18,868 to 22,452; in the five years from 1905 to 1910 the mileage of the Argentine railways increased from 13,000 to 17,000. In the latter year the invested capital was estimated at $900,000,000. Federal revenue in Canada within the years 1902-06 rose from $58,000,000 to $80,000,000, or about 38 per cent. Federal revenue in Argentina during the years 1903-07 rose from $75,000,000 to $107,000,000, or about 43 per cent. In 1900 the total of imports and exports for Canada and Argentina were, respectively, $320,000,000 and $259,000,000; in 1905, the figures were $453,000,000 and $509,000,000; Argentina had made an increase of 96 per cent. in five years and taken the lead. In 1908, the figures were: Canada, $604,000,000, and Argentina, $638,000,000. The record of the last decade shows, therefore, the South American republic moving forward in population, transportation, and foreign trade at a faster rate than the nation we have fallen into the habit of looking upon as the infant phenomenon among English-speaking peoples.

But there is one important factor that must be taken into account. It may be true that numerically the non-Latin element in Argentina is of about the same importance as the Latin element in our own country. In their respective influence on the national life, however, there can be no comparison. British and German capital and British and German industrial and commercial leadership have played a most important part in the economic development of Argentina. And to that very important extent the remarkable growth of that republic is not as exclusively a product of Latin energy as the ethnic make-up of the population might tend to indicate. There is tacit recognition of this fact in the very circumstance that the centennial of Argentine independence is to be commemorated primarily by an International Railway Exhibition. Why a railway exhibition? Because it is in Argentine railways more than in any other form of national enterprise that foreign capital, and, in particular, English and German capital, is closely interested. European railway investments in Argentina run into the hundreds of millions, and the fifty thousand Britons and Germans in Argentina are there as the representatives of so much invested wealth.

Yet with all allowance for the English and Teuton influence, Argentina remains a Latin country. She is as much so in the spirit of her civilization as in the character of her people. Argentina takes pride in speaking of herself as the most promising of the young-born of the Latin race on this side of the Atlantic, destined to demonstrate the vitality and capacities of that race as our own country has done for the North European stocks, and destined to work out the spirit of the Latin civilization under the favorable auspices of a new world. Argentina looks to France and Italy for her literature, her art, her music, and receives their great men with high distinction. Buenos Ayres models herself closely upon Paris, and in more than one way succeeds. Take her all in all, Argentina presents quite a different picture from the Spanish-American republic of current tradition.

PAST AND FUTURE OF JOHNS HOPKINS.

When the Johns Hopkins University opened its doors, thirty-four years ago, its endowment of three and a half million dollars was looked upon as a wonderful start for a new institution. Not as great as the then existing endowment of one or two of the old universities, it was far greater than any sum that had ever, up to that time, been placed at the disposal of an institution of learning, by private munificence, at a single stroke. With freedom to utilize their resources in whatever way they thought best, the trustees were at once confronted with the question whether they should take a local or a national view of their great opportunity. The path of least resistance would have been to build up another big American college, attracting large numbers of undergraduates, and doing at Baltimore what Harvard and Yale and Princeton were doing further North. Had they followed this course, they would doubtless have met with ample success, and especially with that kind of success which is measured by large figures in the college register. There would have been at Baltimore a fine college, with a large and rapidly growing body of prosperous alumni scattered over the country, and with true university work represented only in that fragmentary way in which it was to be found in our other institutions of learning.

But the trustees of Johns Hopkins rose to a higher view of their opportunity. They determined to make the new university an instrument for rendering to the whole nation a signal service. They undertook to introduce in our country the methods and standards of the great universities of Europe. To this conclusion they came after an earnest consultation with Mr. Gilman, before his acceptance of the presidency; and to it they loyally adhered when the university was put into operation. Bold as the project seemed to many at the time, it was attended with immediate and brilliant success. American science and scholarship were placed on a new plane; in the course of fewer years than any one would have supposed possible, the standards of the leading American universities were brought up to the European level. Systematic research in every department of human knowledge gradually became a fully recognized function of our universities. Before the advent of Johns Hopkins, it had seemed part of the order of nature that these things belonged to Germany or France, but that America must be content to take the results which European investigators had obtained. The time, indeed, was ripe for a change; but it might have been twenty years longer in coming, had not Johns Hopkins University taken the honorable and clear-cut stand that it did.

What seemed a remote possibility before it was accomplished has often a way of seeming a matter of course after it has become a familiar possession. If anybody is inclined to take that view of the advance in university work brought about by Johns Hopkins, let him consider what happened seventeen years later, when the Johns Hopkins Medical School was opened. The subject of medical education was a matter of intimate concern to everybody, and everybody knew that medical education in America was in an extremely backward condition. The habit of giving great sums of money to universities, too, had grown wonderfully in the interval; had there been a genuine realization of what was needed, and a genuine and sharply-defined desire to accomplish it, the money would easily have been forthcoming. And yet it remained for Johns Hopkins—which had to wait for the modest sum of $500,000 necessary for the purpose—to do in the field of medical education what it had already done in the general field. How signal was the service thus again rendered to the nation may be judged from the way in which President Eliot has referred to it. "The prodigious advancement of medical teaching which has resulted from the labors of the Johns Hopkins faculty of medicine" is an achievement, said the president of Harvard, which must "be counted as one of superb beneficence." And no one who knows the way in which the work of the Johns Hopkins medical school has been elevating medical teaching throughout the country during the past seventeen years can doubt the justice of this tribute.

To continue its beneficent career in full vigor, to maintain the quality of its work, and to expand in the directions indicated by the needs of the time, the Johns Hopkins University needs a liberal addition to its endowment. By its very merit, it has, in a great measure, cut itself off from the source of supply that is most prolific in the case of other universities. It has turned out no large number of rich alumni; its graduates are engaged chiefly in scientific and professional work, a large proportion of them in the work of teaching. Neither has it made that kind of appeal to local patriotism which the big college naturally makes. Its work has been truly national; and yet the contributions it has received thus far have come, virtually entirely, from its home city. There have been a number of handsome individual gifts and bequests, and there was, several years ago, a generous subscription of a million dollars, to which hundreds of Baltimoreans contributed, to make good losses sustained through the original investment in Baltimore and Ohio stock. It is eminently right, therefore, that the friends of the university should now make an appeal for support from the country at large. They propose to raise two million dollars, and there should be no doubt of their early success in doing so. To give to Johns Hopkins is to give not to Baltimore, but to the nation. Its work has redounded signally to the honor and the benefit of the country; and the spirit in which that work has been carried on in the past is the spirit that rules the present of the institution.

MALICIOUS ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

Nature usually asserts herself sharply against all perfectionist theory. It is not surprising, therefore, that the sect whose chief tenet is the non-existence of evil should be greatly troubled by evil in the aggressive form of "malicious animal magnetism." This pseudo-scientific term means nothing more than that enemies, generally of the same faith, may, though at a distance, injure the mind of the sufferer. It is the reverse of the beneficent "absent treatment" by which disease may be cured by a remote "mental healer." Under the terror of such projected maleficence, several unhappy persons have committed suicide. The orthodox might be tempted to hail these tragedies as evidence that the human mind and the visible order of things require a devil. And it is impossible not to mark the significance of a monistic creed which asserts the sole existence of God and

good, beginning to assume the familiar dualistic form. The devil's work which is believed to be in progress should before long produce a robust credence in a diabolical first cause. But before malicious animal magnetism be accepted as an uncovenanted ally of Christian dualism its nature should be narrowly scrutinized. Is it a new thing or is it merely one of those new names which human nature interposes between itself and past experience, in order that life may be kept fresh and unguided by the accumulated wisdom of the race?

To the sufferers, doubtless, malicious animal magnetism looks like a new and mysterious hazard of the soul. But if a case had been presented to a seventeenth-century magistrate of the Colony of Massachusetts or of Lancashire, he would have known all about it, would have pronounced it a common case of witchcraft, and, had any respectable evidence been produced against the offender, would unhesitatingly have condemned the witch to the gallows. A Neapolitan sorceress of to-day would probably refine upon this diagnosis. The trouble might be a simple case of evil eye. If the affliction were what is called the "death thought," it would rather be caused by specific charms, piercing some effigy or symbol of the victim with nails, or the like. Safeguards and antidotes would be forthcoming for a fee, and in this respect latter-day magic seems more humane and efficacious than some of our newer transcendental religions. If this apparently new phenomenon were referred to an alienist, he would promptly class it as a symptom of incipient insanity, being merely a form of the classic delusion of persecution. In some common-sense way he would urge the sufferer to clear his mind of such dangerous nonsense, and if the patient responded to that good advice, undoubtedly the malicious animal magnetism would cease to operate.

The spectacle of an ideal and highly benevolent faith spontaneously developing some of the ugliest superstitions of the past, and in the name of mental health actually undermining the intellects of certain of the faithful, is to the historical student of religions both pathetic and instructive. Here he will see, as under the lens, the inevitable contamination of creeds by the fears and prejudices of weaker humanity. Here is a cult beginning to stultify itself within a generation of its foundation and within the lifetime of the founder. The great religions, those that rest on some ultimately sound ethical idea, have remarkable powers of reaction and recuperation, but even they almost never recover their pure estate, and it may be doubted if Christian Science has the force to extirpate evils that are palpably of its own breeding.

Not only in the newest religion, but in all wholly optimistic or perfectionist creeds, there lurks the danger that the mind, as it is calmed and reassured, may be also relaxed. Such deliberate waiver of the conscious and logical processes is, indeed, usually regarded as a virtue. Thus the believer may be possessed by the infinite thought, attain to divine frenzy, receive the Holy Ghost, as the case may be. But what the mystic takes for the working of higher powers will too commonly be the turbid undulations of his own spirit, the disorderly and appalling operations of a mind that has voluntarily renounced all principle of control. History has seen the phenomenon many times repeated. Throughout the thirteenth century maniacal bands infested France and Italy, either in search of or in actual communication with the Holy Ghost. Such fanatics had to be dealt with not merely as heretics, but as enemies of the common peace. We see to-day on a much attenuated scale the morbid and unregulated emotionalism that in an age of universal superstition expressed itself collectively. In fact, the notion of a projected malign influence is an evident step towards moral and mental suicide. It may be said that all creeds, when perverted, lend themselves to such self-destroying idolatry of the cave. But this is not true. The more mystical faiths, those that reject the customary rational processes and contemn the verdicts of common sense, are especially liable to such perversion. Sow an ecstasy that borders on hysteria or a complacency that grazes imbecility, and you have a seed that will sprout rankly into derangements of which the belief in malicious animal magnetism is merely one of many varieties.

There is happily a defensive and prophylactic principle in the mind by which most persons who profess the preposterous will, after all, generally rule their living, contrary to their standards, in accordance with common experience and usage. But the burden and the peril of such religions upon weak and ill-balanced souls are evidently excessive, and such religions will and must intensify and even produce precisely those maladies of the spirit which it is their appointed mission to heal.

THE COMET.

Outside of newspaper circles we doubt whether there is much fear of the deadly cyanogen in the gases of the tail of the comet to which Halley first gave a local habitation and a name. People are scanning the midnight heavens at present, not in terror, but in curiosity. Nor is it idle curiosity at that. Consider what it means to our shrieking, red-lettered, yellow-journalized civilization to be confronted with a phenomenon that really comes only once in a life-time. Birth alone comes as infrequently, and death does; but at neither of these rare events in his life is the average man in a position to speculate on its meaning. The comet stirs in him something of that sacred awe which is not even approximated in the shop-girl's "awful." It is awe at vast distances, and at the infinities of time in which Halley's comet ticks off the seconds at intervals of three-quarters of a century. There are very few other things within one's consciousness or knowledge that beat with so slow a pulse. Kings die every little while, Presidents and Governors come and go, fashions in women's hats come every year, religious cults in Boston come every two or three years, political panaceas spring from the oven piping hot with the months, literary reputations flash up and subside with the weeks. To the vast majority of us the comet has something of that terribly overworked quality, the awful, because it is really that other terribly overworked thing, unique.

The sense of awe is with us to-day, even though Paris is planning comet parties, at which men are requested to appear in evening dress of pale blue, and ladies in gowns of the color of the firmament. That is but our light-hearted modern way of concealing sentiment. Were it known for a certainty that the comet was bringing the world's end with it, the Rue de la Paix might be advertising the latest thing in ascension robes, and hostesses might be arranging cotillions at which the favors would be miniatures of Gabriel's horn in gold. For

even the frivolity of life to-day is permeated with a sense of the reign of law. It is impossible to discern the wrath of an offended Power in an instrument whose periodical recurrence is foretold by the mind of man. If Halley's comet is ever to hurl sinful humanity into destruction, it must have been destined for that service from the moment that the clockwork of its orbit was first set into motion. But that again is law, and to strive against it is to strive against the inevitable. There is no greater cruelty involved in man's being blotted out by the noxious gases of Halley's comet than by the ultimate exhaustion of the sun's heat which astronomers have described as inevitable. If anything, the slower method will probably be the harder to bear.

But even those persons who confess to a certain degree of superstition need not quake overmuch at the sight of the comet. The list of notable events in mundane history of which Halley's comet was a witness is not a very convincing one. The fall of Quebec, the defeat of Harold by William the Conqueror, at Hastings, and the invasion of Gaul by Attila are not proof positive of the malignity of Halley's comet. It is to be noted that if Quebec fell and Hastings was lost and Gaul was invaded, there was somebody who captured Quebec, and won Hastings, and led the invading Huns. From the point of view of Gen. Wolfe and William the Norman and Attila the Hun, Halley's comet made a very comfortable neighbor. In any case, it is not difficult to start from any date and go back or forward by seventy-five-year intervals to find sufficiently important occurrences to serve the needs of superstition. If Halley's comet had appeared to Frenchmen the year when the States-General met at Versailles, it would also have appeared to them about the year of the battle of Sadowa, which meant much to them, and about the year of the death of Louis XIV, and of the appointment of Richelieu as first minister to Louis XIII. Or we might take any portentous date in our own history, such as 1896, when William Jennings Bryan delivered his first great speech, and, going back by Halley periods, encounter the Missouri Compromise and the fall of Louisburg.

And the year 1910 may well supply more than one dramatic coincidence with the appearance of our distinguished celestial visitor. The future historian may have an opportunity to date the beginning of the fall of the British Empire from the death of Edward VII. Or he may point out that Halley's comet and the Ultimate Consumer in the United States came into public notice at about the same time. The comet's appearance has been coincident with the obscuration, permanent or temporary, of Uncle Joe Cannon, Gen. Estrada of Nicaragua, and Mme. Palladino; and it missed Dr. Cook by only a few months. If, therefore, it has brought evil, it has also brought good. Halley's comet may be an omen, but, in the light of the facts just stated, it is undeniably a relief as well.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The following notes referring to several privately printed books and publications of book clubs issued within the past three or four months, may be of interest to collectors.

J. M. Andreini has prepared and printed privately a descriptive catalogue of the book-plates engraved by the late J. Winifred Spenceley. There is a preface by Mrs. Spenceley, also a short bibliography by Mr. Andreini, with remarks on plates engraved for E. D. French, and with extracts from Mr. French's letters. The catalogue is the fullest thus far prepared, and supersedes the three earlier lists. The plates are described, and all "states" known to exist are enumerated. The volume has been printed in an edition of one hundred copies.

Adrian H. Joline of this city has printed, as a pamphlet of 109 pages, for private distribution, an interesting study of Francis Jeffrey, under the title of "A Famous Reviewer."

George A. Stephen, assistant librarian of the St. Pancras Public Library of London, has collected a series of articles which he contributed in 1909 to the *British and Colonial Printer and Stationer*, on the subject of Commercial Bookbinding, with the processes and the machines used. Seventy illustrations and diagrams are included.

F. D. Phinney, superintendent of the American Baptist Mission Press, Rangoon, has printed a little pamphlet of 100 pages descriptive of that press and its work, and showing a specimen of the Burmese types recently cut for the use of the press.

The thirty-first annual Year Book of the Société des Amis des Livres contains, besides reports, by-laws, and the other usual information, a list of the twenty-five volumes published by the society since its incorporation in 1876. Nothing seems to have been issued since 1908. The edition is always very limited—generally about 115 copies are printed—and the society's publications very seldom appear in American auction rooms.

The Bibliophile Society has recently issued a volume containing three unpublished orations by John Fiske. These comprise "The Discovery of the Columbia River," delivered at Astoria, Ore., 1892; "Crispus Attucks," delivered in Boston in 1888, and the "Columbus Memorial," delivered in Boston in 1892. Four hundred and eighty-nine copies were printed. Another publication of the society, a little book printed on vellum, 489 copies, has the title "John Keats. Unpublished Poem to His Sister Fanny, April, 1818." The manuscript of this poem was purchased by the society for $1,100, and presented to Mr. Bixby. Fanny Keats was born in 1803, when John Keats was eight years old. Another work, described as "printed privately and offered for subscription only to members of the Bibliophile Society," is the "Travels of John Davis in the United States of America, 1798 to 1802," and is in two volumes, octavo, finely printed on Van Gelder paper. A bibliography is spoken of in the preface as "printed in the appendix," but there is no appendix.

Vol. X of the "Transactions of the Bibliographical Society," published in March, includes the proceedings from October, 1908, to March, 1909, and contains, among other articles, a bibliography of the "Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius Antonius," by J. Wickham Legg; a bibliography of Petronius, by Steven Gaselee, and a classified list of bibliographical books published since the foundation of the Bibliographical Society in 1893, compiled by R. A. Peddie.

The Club of Odd Volumes of Boston has recently issued to members a book printed at the Essex House Press, with title, "The Private Press: A Study in Idealism, to Which Is Added a Bibliography of the Essex House Press, by C. R. Ashbee." The volume contains eighty-six pages quarto, and is bound in Kelmscott boards. One hundred and twenty-seven copies were printed, of which fifty were reserved for subscribers to the publications of the Essex House Press. The essay as printed is, in substance, an address delivered by Ashbee before the Club of Odd Volumes, in February, 1909. A private press, as defined by Mr. Ashbee, is "a press whose objective is, first of all, an æsthetic one, a press that, if it is to have real worth, challenges support on a basis of standard, caters for a limited market, and is not concerned with the question of the commercial development of printing by machinery."

Mr. Ashbee and his associates in the organization of the Essex House Press secured from the estate of William Morris all the plant of the Kelmscott Press, excepting only the types and wood blocks. The principal compositors and pressmen of the Kelmscott Press have been employed, the same manufacturer has made the paper, and the same artists have cut the blocks. Such wood-cuts as have appeared in the Essex House Press books, and could be used in the present volume, are here printed. These include work by Walter Crane, Laurence Housman, William Strang, Reginald Savage, and others. One of the initials used in the Supplement to the Edward VII Prayer Book contains a vignette portrait of Theodore Roosevelt, but the name is mispelled "Rooseveldt" in the legend and in the bibliography.

The Doves Press, conducted by Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, announces for publication in June the second part of Goethe's "Faust." Two hundred and fifty copies are to be printed on paper, and twenty-five on vellum. All of the latter are already subscribed for.

Mr. De Vinne's work on "Fifteenth Cen-

tury Printers of Italy," just published by the Grolier Club of this city, will be noticed next week.

Correspondence.

THE DRIFT IN AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: President Taft's recent speech at Pittsburgh, in praise of Mr. Knox's foreign policy, ought to stir every one to careful thought. Does it not threaten, doubtless with fair intentions, to be an arrogant and meddlesome policy?

In the first place, observe what we are undertaking in Central and South America. The President thinks it a matter of pride to use the vast power and influence of the national government to help get shipbuilding contracts for the men in the steel business. Is it not possible that this may be a cause of shame? We send a fleet around the world on exhibition for the weaker nations, and then follow it by persuading Argentina to set up a little fleet, quite possibly on borrowed money. Will the money be loaned by New York bankers? I submit that it is immensely perilous business, when the United States uses governmental influence to saddle other and poorer peoples with the burden of building battleships. Is it not somewhat like the old-fashioned business of selling muskets and gunpowder to the Indians?

Moreover, we seem to be fairly launched upon the enterprise of using the government for the collection of debts in the countries south of us. Naturally the big interests which seek to exploit new countries are pleased to look to Uncle Sam benevolently to guarantee their ventures. Are we not doing enough for these interests at home with high tariffs and other favors, without going into business for them abroad? We ought to be able to see where the precedent already established in Santo Domingo, of running other nations' custom houses, inevitably leads. It means a kind of protectorate, with a responsibility over the conduct of another people, leading the easy way toward some kind of annexation, at our convenience. All this is for the money power, and not because we love the people whose taxes we benevolently collect.

I heard a high official of the United States, when asked whether our present policy, for instance, in the Philippines, did not logically carry us to the control of South and Central America, reply: "I should not mind it a bit." No wonder, when such ideas are in the air, that South American states think it necessary to order Dreadnoughts!

I am aware how patriotic it sounds to promise to protect American citizens and guard their property wherever they go on the planet. It would not be difficult to raise a war cry over some injustice in the treatment of Americans abroad, while we quietly tolerate exactly such injustices when perpetrated at home. Where have Americans abroad suffered greater indignity than Italians and Chinese have borne in our own country, often without redress? If any Latin-American State had treated a citizen of ours with as cruel wrong as our authorities meted out to the *bona fide* American citizen, Mr. Ju Toy, I fear where our resentment might have carried us.

No nation is as yet civilized enough, and free of blood on its own skirts, to venture to set itself over other states, as the lordly elder brother to keep the others in order. But this is just the trend of our foreign policy in South and Central America. Why should not people who go into half-civilized parts of the world, or embark their business ventures under feeble governments, take their own risks? They are sure to behave better so, than when they put on the arrogant airs of men who can summon ships to their defence. Are we sorry that Livingstone and Stanley had to make their own way in the heart of Africa? Has it ever been well for missionaries to the most degraded peoples to be followed up by bombarding gunboats? The fact is, among the more civilized nations, the American traveller or merchant is as safe to-day as he is at home, and, if honorable himself, needs no police protection from Washington. Whereas, everywhere on the fringes of civilization, including plenty of places in the territory of the United States, it is impossible completely to guard heedless, hot-tempered, venturesome, and especially greedy and unscrupulous individuals. Our present policy threatens the rise of serious and embarrassing complications over some drunken brawl in Callao, or the failure of a Latin-American court to satisfy one of our exploiting syndicates.

Mr. Taft is warm in praise of Secretary Knox's attitude on the question of the "open door" in the East. We all like the open door—for ourselves. Does President Taft really mean to hint, as his words imply, that this nation stands ready to impose its doctrine of an "open door" in Manchuria or China, and even to go to the length of breaking the peace of the world, over a matter of a few petty millions of dollars of trade? Is there any conceivable difference, that could arise between our government and that of Japan, or Russia, or Germany, touching privileges of commerce, to warrant the intervention or even the threat of war? Will the United States remain the greatest dog-in-the-manger in the world at keeping its trade to itself, and have no bowels of mercy for the other animals who like their little mangers?

In speaking of our foreign policy, I used the word "drift" advisedly. No mere private citizen should be inhospitable to any light which may alter his views upon the colossal subjects with which modern statecraft has to deal. Grant that those of us, who now look upon our present foreign policy with grave apprehension, may be mistaken; grant that we do wisely to let our national government arrange loans at Peking for syndicates of bankers, and go touting in Montevideo for battleships in behalf of the ship-building industry; grant that we might well take over the custom houses of half a dozen states, and meet the further consequences of responsibility for millions more of people; grant that we ought to set up Gibraltars in the Pacific and be ready to fight for the entrance of oil and sundries into Manchuria; grant even that we might need to dispatch battleships to Constantinople, or march an army to Damascus to rescue a missionary, or one of our newly naturalized Syrian citizens; grant all you please in favor of an active and aggressive foreign policy, my point is, that we are at present merely drifting into it, without due and deliberate consideration. Under the forms of a democratic government, we have the extraordinary spectacle of two or three men in the executive department, quietly, and, perhaps, unconsciously, shaping the foreign policy of a great nation, without apparently having taken pains to think out the real significance of their course, much less to weigh the possibility of a wiser and more patriotic, and, perhaps, more "Christian" alternative. Meanwhile, the deliberative body in our government merely looks on and is silent. Hardly any warning or questioning views are raised. The Senate, notoriously sensitive to its treaty-making rights, allows, without protest, the establishing of precedents in international matters even more vital than most treaties deal with. The nation, which can scarcely let a draw-bridge be interfered with without action by Congress, throws into the lap of a single man the power to send a costly fleet around the world, to let words go out from the State Department which might kindle irremediable war, or to moor ships with a menace in the port of a friendly state. Is it not time for the American people to wake up, and at least take notice where we are moving? If the motion is right, ought it not to be deliberate, so that we may know that we are right?

Charles F. Dole.

Jamaica Plain, Mass., May 9.

PENSIONS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Thank you for your editorial on pensions in your issue of May 5. Remembering well and having somewhat participated in that fine enthusiasm which, in the earlier calls of 1861, brought volunteers in excess of the requisition; recalling the ardent love of country and unreserved devotion to it then expressed, I can think of no contrast meaner and more degrading than the perpetual whine and holding out of the hat, especially during the past thirty years, ostensibly in behalf of such soldiers and patriots. I am fain to believe that the chief backers to the pension agents and other middlemen in such applications come from "volunteers" of 1864, not to speak of the "bounty-jumpers," men who enlisted upon receiving a sum of money with the intention of deserting at the earliest opportunity and of repeating the process—I have known of cases when they were in the ranks less than six hours, and then, under another name, became candidates for another "bounty." Such men then made a trade of patriotism, and possibly have resumed it in more peaceful times. In those early days true men did not stand upon their "rights," but threw themselves to the fore unreservedly, with all their hearts. Yet they knew what we have apparently forgotten, that their country had a *right* to call them to arms—as clear and as full a right as to take their property by taxation—and that they had no greater right to claim largess from their country because they had served her under arms than had those who paid war taxes, because they thus impoverished themselves in contributing to the same desired result. Not one of us begrudges a pension bestowed upon any crippled by wounds or by a disease certainly ascribable

to the service. This, indeed, might be considered as implicitly a part of the contract for their support made at the time of enlistment; further than this they have no right or claim. Neither has Congress or a majority party a moral right to be generous with the nation's funds. They stand as trustees; and a trustee for a minor or a widow has as clear a right to use his ward's money in doles to beggars as has Congress to bestow largess from money wrung from poor and rich through taxation. Our countrymen are not niggardly or ungenerous, and had voluntary subscriptions been asked for exceptional cases beyond the legitimate powers of the nation's trustee, undoubtedly such call would have been liberally responded to by others and by the millionaires who survive among the veterans. T. E. C.

Baltimore, Md., May 7.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It seems to me that military pensions and other allowances after retirement to civil life should be based upon the public benefit reasonably to be expected therefrom. Grateful recognition of past service is not properly transmuted into coin unless there is a fair chance of profit to the whole community in the transaction. As bearing upon my theory of the matter, I quote from Sir Henry Maine's "Popular Government" (Essy ii) a few sentences expressing what looks to me like truth, and what will be conceded to be at least the honest judgment of a careful and able investigator. He says:

> The first necessity of a State is that it should be durable. . . . Next perhaps to the paramount duty of maintaining national existence comes the obligation incumbent on democracies, as on all governments, of securing the national greatness and dignity, . . . and the government which fails to provide a sufficient supply of generals and statesmen, of soldiers and administrators . . . is a government which has miscarried. . . . If the choice has to be made, and if there is any real connection between democracy and liberty, it is better to remain a nation capable of displaying the virtues of a nation than even to be free.

Perhaps this country may never again need to call upon the most vigorous of its citizens to become soldiers in its service. It does not appear unwise, however, to take such obvious measures as will be likely to facilitate the making of armies, in the case of armies being some time needed. Men do not (as a general rule) get themselves "stormed at with shot and shell" or exposed to the vicissitudes of heat, frost, and fatigue because they like it. Patriotism is often a sufficient inducement, but pecuniary inducements have always been offered, in addition, to the persons chosen by the government as the most desirable for such bounties (usually commanders rather than actual fighters), *pour encourager les autres*.

In America such prizes have been given to the rank and file for the apparent reason that the award would tend to insure the existence of a rank and file in time of need. The details of the distribution may not commend themselves to many of us, but the intention is good. Some think that a modification of the present methods so as to make them tend to induce enlisted men to remain in the service more than ninety days, and to comport themselves in such wise as to obtain commissions as officers, might also be worth while. Out of this feeling, as I understand, has grown the bill to create a volunteer officers' retired list, similar to that enacted for revolutionary officers eighty years ago.

Perhaps I am biased in its favor. I was a civil war soldier who, after serving a year and a half as an enlisted man, was commissioned lieutenant as a mark of approval of my conduct in battle. I continued in the regiment (Twenty-fourth New York) until the expiration of its term, having meantime been advanced one grade. If the bill just mentioned should become a law, I should be a beneficiary, if surviving, to the extent of about $50 a month. Like all partieipants in the war now living, I have entered the domain of old age, and it did not occur to me that the bill was a "scandalous raid upon the treasury by the pension grabbers" until I noted the characterization at the head of your editorial comments last week, along with the observation that its passage would call loudly for a Presidential veto.

If I believed that characterization to be deserved, I would not apply for a place on the lists, although the allowance would mean a substantial addition to my comfort. I have not asked any member of Congress to support the bill, because such a request might savor of solicitation of charity, and I think I could get on without it. But even after carefully reading your editorial of this week, I am unable to view the matter in the light there indicated. I may be wrong, and if so, or if the Congress concludes it best not to act favorably on the bill, I shall try to content myself with the outcome. Theron Wilber Haight.

Waukeska, Wis., May 6.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In holding up in its true light the measure now before Congress, for placing the volunteer officers who went out of the national service forty-five or more years ago, upon virtually an equal footing with the professional military men, you do an important service not only to the country but to those survivors of the volunteers who beg for protection against the evil ways of their associates.

The project is the latest, but it is to be feared not the last, development of the startling principle which has been emphasized at soldiers' meetings, especially at those of the Grand Army, for many years. The substance of this doctrine is that the so'dier, not only of the civil war but of all national wars, has placed the government under a permanent money obligation, even though he has returned unharmed to the activities of the plain citizen; and that, in its delay to meet this debt promptly and gencrously, the government has shamelessly shirked its moral obligation.

One of the earliest expressions of this view, against which at the time of its publication I had occasion to make a public protest, was the insistence of a national encampment of the Grand Army that Congress should at once pass a service pension law, because "the Grand Army, in national encampment, had twice voted for it; because the Grand Army posts of every loyal State had petitioned the present Congress for it; because the payment of such pensions will awaken a patriotism such as no other means can bring forth; because only by the passage of such a measure can justice be done the saviors of the republic." The most recent repetition of this claim appears in the pamphlet circulated by a committee for securing means to lobby in Congress for the present measure, in the form of a telegram from sympathizers in California: "The volunteer officers ask what is justly due them. Let us fight for our rights as from sixty-one to sixty-five!" Reduced to its legitimate meaning this is an assertion that, once a soldier under any national emergency, always a soldier, for the pay, but not for duty. Some of us of a simple mind have always assumed that a republic, like any other system of government, has in a critical time absolute command of the property and lives of its subjects; and that such a crisis occurred at the outbreak of secession, when the republic, instead of resorting to conscription as it might have done with entire justice and wisdom, trusted its needs to the spontaneous public spirit and devotion of the people and received such a response of self-forgetting enthusiasm as marks the high tide of American patriotism. Thus a volunteer soldier is simply a special policeman with the peculiar honors that attach in romance to military service. It is his own fireside, his own life that he is defending; and, while his neighbors for whom he acts as a substitute may be grateful to him, it is not for them alone but for himself that his service is performed. And when his special duty is done, he returns to the ranks of plain, civil life. Under this new teaching of political morality a republic, far from being the strongest, is the weakest possible scheme of government. It may beg its citizens piteously to save it from peril; but, if they are indifferent to its calls, whether because they are in a profitable occupation or because they are afraid, it has no recourse; like Dogberry, with his unwilling thief, it must let them go the way of their preference. This is individual liberty carried out to anarchy. It seems a strange doctrine to be labelled patriotism. Yet all the claimants for pensions resent any imputation against their disinterested love of country.

The pending measure goes a step further than the claims of the Grand Army in proposing the creation of an aristocratic class of beneficiaries of pension; for creation it certainly is. No man of us for these forty odd years has ever dreamed that he was still in government service. We dropped our commissions and our uniforms with relief when we were discharged, and have been diligent ever since in earning our livelihood like other civilians, not setting ourselves above our old companions in arms, the former private soldiers, who incurred the same dangers as ourselves and are entitled to fully as great appreciation from their country.

If six hundred or twelve hundred dollars a year is the right amount to soothe our neglected honor, why shall not an equal sum be given to these, once of lower rank, but now our equals before the law and in the eyes of an affectionate country?

A Volunteer Captain.

Cincinnati, O., May 7.

CORRECTIONS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Perhaps some of your readers who consulted your review of Professor Hart's "Slavery and Abolition" in the issue for September 13, 1906, may be interested in the following notes.

On page 184 we read of Whittier: "During the three years, 1835 to 1837, he was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature." Pickard's "Life of Whittier" makes it clear that Whittier, elected in 1835, served in the Legislature, but, though reëlected, was unable, on account of poor health, to take his place, and that he was not again chosen. As pertinent to Professor Hart's purpose as the influence Whittier exercised over Cushing, p. 185, is the circumstance narrated by Pickard, Life, I, 285: Whittier allowed himself to be a Liberty candidate for Congress, so long as there was no danger of election, and in 1842-43 was successful in preventing the election of any other man, his opponents not being acceptable to the anti-slavery forces. But in December, 1843, Webster having recommended that the Whigs should nominate Whittier, Whittier, in alarm lest he should be elected, declined the candidacy.

Professor Hart, on page 186, says that Lowell's first anti-slavery utterance was called out in 1845 by the capture of some fugitive slaves. According to Scudder's list in his Life, Lowell had published, as early as August, 1843, his "Stanzas on Freedom," and between that time and his lines on the capture of fugitive slaves had appeared two anti-Texas poems.

On page 189 Professor Hart writes a sentence implying that Channing died in 1839. The correct date is 1842.

Professor Hart, probably, was less painstakingly accurate in those portions of his book that had to do with men of letters.

Wm. H. Powers.

South Dakota State College, May 4.

UNIVERSITY ADVERTISING.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the report of the recent meeting of the American Oriental Society, in your issue of April 14, mention was made of a paper by Prof. George A. Barton, "deprecating the sensational manner in which the discovery" of Dr. Hilprecht's "Deluge fragment" was exploited. The matter is of interest not only in connection with the quarrels of the Orientalists, but in its relation to the subject of university advertising, lately discussed in the annual report of President Pritchett of the Carnegie Foundation. It is to be feared that the University of Pennsylvania, while by no means alone, is not least among the sinners in this direction; and Professor Hilprecht may be a victim more than a party to the fault. His University maintains a "Bureau of Publicity," which perhaps exercises many wholesome and legitimate functions—though one wonders that a society of scholars need court publicity in these well-reported days—but which incidentally does things calculated to make the judicious grieve. Its weekly organ heralded the "Deluge tablet" under the head-line "The Biblical Flood Story Confirmed," and followed up the "story" with an editorial in which it was affirmed that the discovery "completely vindicates the Old Testament text and is a check to super-critical ideas and skepticism with regard to the accuracy of our sacred writings"; Dr. Hilprecht's "Temple Library" having become "a very bulwark and defence for all that is holy and sacred to us." Clearly it could not have occurred to the writer either that there might be doubt as to the date of the fragment, or, supposing that it paralleled the Biblical account of the flood, that there might be various explanations of the fact, or (finally) that, for such intelligent persons as university publications are supposed to represent, "all that is holy and sacred to us" has long ceased to depend upon the historical accuracy of the early chapters of Genesis. The effect of the article was therefore to awaken ridicule even among those totally unversed in the subject-matter involved. There should seem to be a query here for university authorities, namely, since one can hardly hope to find advertising agents of the requisite culture and judgment to represent matters of scholarship with due credit to those concerned, whether it may not be better to abandon the effort altogether. Whatever is of real public concern will surely be heralded quite as soon as scholars of good taste can possibly wish it to be.

I have only to add that the writer, far from being a willing critic of the University of Pennsylvania, is an alumnus thereof, and a loyal one, if he knows what loyalty means; one who believes that the university is too great to adopt or tolerate questionable methods through a yielding to the principle of competition, and who, like many others of its alumni, covets for it such a policy as shall give no occasion for either apology or defence. X.

Philadelphia, April 25.

Literature.

ANCIENT AND MODERN CHINA.

My Life in China and America. By Yung Wing. New York: Holt & Co. $2 net.

Court Life in China. By Isaac Taylor Headland. New York: The Revell Co. $1.50 net.

In the Land of the Blue Gown. By Mrs. Archibald Little. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.50 net.

The Chinese. By John Stuart Thomson. Indianapolis, Ind.: Bobbs-Merrill Co. $2.50 net.

Changing China. By the Rev. Lord William Gascoyne-Cecil. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $3 net.

China: Its Marvel and Mystery. By T. Hodgson Liddell. New York: The John Lane Co. $6.50 net.

The Great Wall of China. By William Edgar Geil, F.R.G.S. New York: Sturgis & Walton. $5 net.

China and the Far East. Edited by George H. Blakeslee. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co. $2 net.

For a venerable Chinese gentleman, eighty-two years of age, to be able to write his autobiography in faultless English, is in itself a wonder. Dr. Yung Wing is a doctor of laws of Yale University, and writes, after a life of strenuous work, from his quiet home in Hartford, Conn. A perusal of this remarkable and scholarly publication fills one with a pleasant astonishment. It naturally suggests a question: What, if one poor lad taken from a country village in China is capable of such high intellectual and social attainments, will be the outcome when the whole nation has similar opportunities afforded under the great educational reform now going on throughout the empire? Dr. Yung Wing begins at the very opening of his career and tells in a simple and fascinating manner of the hardships of his child-life in southern China. The poor boy who hawked candy about the streets of his native village from daylight to dark to gain a mere pittance, who was greatly frightened at the first sight of a foreign missionary lady, and who ran away from her boarding-school to which he had been taken by his parents to learn English, can hardly be recognized in the person who in a few years was to become the first Chinese graduate of Yale, a successful merchant, an educational commissioner, a Chinese official, a doctor of laws, the son-in-law of his college president, and a retired gentleman. His history is to a large extent mixed up with that of China, especially with those educational reforms that are connected with Western studies. As an example of his style and subject we may quote what he says of his great patron the Duke Tsang Kwo-fan:

> To crush and end a rebellion of such dimensions as that of the Taipings was no small task. Tsang-Kwo-fan was made the generalissimo of the Imperialists To enable him to cope successfully with the Taipings, Tsang was invested with almost regal power. The revenue of seven or eight provinces was laid at his feet for disposal, also official ranks and territorial appointments were at his command. So Tsang Kwo-fan was literally and practically the supreme power of China at the time. But true to his innate greatness, he was never known to abuse the almost unlimited power that was placed in his hands, nor did he take advantage of the vast resources that were at his disposal to enrich himself or his family, relatives or friends. Unlike Li Hung-Chang, his protégé and successor, who bequeathed Tls. 40,000,000 to his descendants after his death, Tsang died comparatively poor, kept the escutcheon of his official career untarnished, and left a name and character honored and revered for probity, patriotism, and purity. He had great talents, but he was modest. He had a liberal mind, but he was conservative. He was a perfect gentleman and nobleman of the highest type. It was such a man that I had the great fortune to come in contact with in the fall of 1863.

"Court Life in China" could not have

been written before the Boxer trouble in 1900; for, as one of the outcomes of that serious uprising, the gates of the "Forbidden City" were forced open and the hitherto secluded life of the Imperial family was forever robbed of its privacy. The book is written by one who was intimately acquainted with several members of the Imperial household, and who had a close knowledge of many of the Imperial princes and highest officials. This special privilege—the author acknowledges—came about largely from the fact that his wife was for more than twenty years "physician in charge" to the female members of the families of the Empress Dowager's mother, the Empress's sister, and many of the princesses, as well as other ladies of the highest official families in Peking. Because of Dr. Headland's social as well as professional relations with these women, she was frequently invited with them to the Imperial palace, and was thus enabled to furnish her husband at first hand with much of the material relating to this household. There we see the Empress Dowager as a woman, as an artist of some repute, as a reformer in recent years, as well as a ruler over more than 400,000,000 subjects, and as the only woman who ever held sceptre over more than one-third of the human race. Perhaps the most touching picture the author paints of the Dowager is when, as a bereft mother, under cover of night, she emerges from one of the secluded gates of the "Forbidden City," and, in company with the senior Empress, crosses the great Imperial City to the Tartar City, until they finally enter the door of the Seventh Prince, the younger brother of their husband. From here, with her nephew in her arms, she returns to her secluded home, and on the following day sends out the pathetic yet comforting announcement to the whole people that, although her own son, the Emperor Tung Chih, had "ascended upon the dragon to be a guest on high," yet little Kwang-Hsü had already been made heir to the Imperial throne. The author discredits the story that the Dowager was, when a child, sold as a slave and taken to south China. It seems that her immediate family were old residents of Peking, her father having held a small military office there for many years. It was, however, entirely through her influence that her brothers and sisters have long been known as dukes, duchesses, princesses, and ladies-in-waiting in the palace. The Empress Dowager, in our author's eyes, was one of the most gifted and far-seeing women of history; and one of her remarkable characteristics was "ability to choose the greatest statesmen, the wisest advisers, the safest leaders, and the best guides from the great mass of Chinese officials, whether progressive or conservative." Though he acknowledges her participation in the Boxer movement as her most serious mistake, yet he justifies, under the circumstances, her alliance with those "superstitious Boxers," since this was her only hope of saving the country from the grasping nations which, during the Emperor's reign, had been wresting portions of territory from the empire. The book is written in a clear, easy style, and is thoroughly readable.

The first thing noticeable in "The Land of the Blue Gown" is the quaintness of the title. Furthermore, blue is not now the universal or even typical color of dress in China. It appears to have grown somewhat out of fashion. Nowadays we find that the Chinese of the middle or better class, who wears a "gown," prefers for ordinary occasions some other more attractive color. The introduction on a large scale of aniline dyes makes a great variety of colors possible in place of the old indigo monotone. This is especially observable at the larger treaty ports and their vicinity, where foreign influence is more widely felt. Of the seventeen chapters into which the book is divided there is not one that can be regarded as dull or uninteresting. The forty or more illustrations from photographs are excellent of their kind, although we cannot help thinking that we have seen several of these pictures before in Mrs. Little's previous works. There is a novelty and a charm about the publication that compels one to read on, hour after hour, without laying it down. Mrs. Little tells us in her preface that her aim is to depict China as it was before the Boxer outrage in 1900, so as to make more intelligible the reasons which brought about that unexpected insurrection and supreme act of Chinese folly. She has well succeeded in her purpose. Her graphic descriptions of critical situations; of the persons engaged in the management and negotiations of affairs, not only at the seat of the insurrection, but also in different parts of the country; her intimate knowledge of all classes of men and things in China; her years of travel and research in company with her gifted husband; her leadership in the anti-footbinding movement and the success which crowned her efforts; her ability to see the many good features in the Chinese character and to give them full credit—these and many other points are characteristic of the present volume, as of all her writings. At Mrs. Little's request many years ago, the writer of this review drew up and engrossed in gold the memorial in Chinese that was sent by the Anti-footbinding Society to the Emperor and Empress-Dowager. He is therefore in a position to endorse heartily the following extract from her *post scriptum* referring to footbinding and opium smoking:

> And though footbinding may still linger on amongst the ignorant poor, in remote parts, this curse of China may be considered to have received its deathblow. Would that China's other curse, opium smoking, could equally easily be done away with! But as the young men have been the mainspring in repressing the mutilation of little girls, so the women of China, now set upon their feet again, may yet so improve home life as in their turn to deal a deathblow to this great national vice. So far, suffering opium-smoking mothers have borne sons predisposed to desire opium. With the two curses gone there would then but remain "China's sorrow," the Yellow river, to contend against, for the happy days of Yao and Shun once more to return to the Land of the Blue Gown, which may yet afford us such an example of the Christian virtues as we have not yet even dreamt of in Europe.

Mr. Thomson's work, despite its lack of method and its occasional carelessness, is one of the most interesting and instructive books on the Chinese. It starts on the title-page with an appropriate proverb; but the awkward Chinese characters are evidently reproduced from the author's crude attempts at Chinese penmanship. The translation he gives is "One seeing, however, is better than a thousand people telling you of it." A better rendering would be "Learning a thousand times is not equal to seeing once." There is no preface or introduction. The author evidently supposes everybody will know who he is, what is his title or profession, where he comes from, what books he has published, etc. He merely dedicates his work to "L. M. S.," and then plunges into the midst of his task by telling us in his opening chapter about "the daily life of foreigners in China." Nearly all the chapter is taken up with Hongkong, which, as everybody knows, is not China, but a British colony. In the second chapter the reader is transported to Macao, a Portuguese colony, and is treated to a most charming account of Camoens and "The Lusiad." It is not till the ninety-seventh page is reached that we leave foreign colonies and foreigners, and come to the actual "daily life among the Chinese." Here the author is thoroughly at home and relates in a humorous vein his rich observations during what was evidently a protracted residence in different parts of China. It is refreshing to find so much valuable and fresh information expressed in a quaint, original manner, instead of the usual hashed-up traditions of a quarter-century or more which make up so much of what is written about China nowadays. The chapter on Japan, a Commercial Example, is well worth reading and shows a comprehensive grasp of the greatest problem of the Far East. The concluding chapter, "The Mirror of the Past," deserves careful consideration. It concludes with these prophetic words:

> This present Manchu dynasty may flutter like a candle flame and die before long

Its greatest mind, but weakest arm, was the beloved Kwang-Su, deceased as a martyr only yesterday by sinister causes, and on whose inspiring edicts of 1897 the present blessed constitutional hopes of China are based.

Few books, we imagine, could be more satisfying to those seeking to know contemporary Chinese mental attitudes than such a work as Lord William Gascoyne-Cecil's, written as it is by a trained inquirer and interviewer (of about two hundred prominent foreigners and natives in China) fresh from the field. The first part of "Changing China" tells what has caused the awakening The answer is: long seed-sowing, events, science and Japan. In matters both mental and material, the Middle Kingdom of to-day is vastly different from tnat even of 1900. The author, son of Lord Salisbury, with the sympathy that is interpretation, discusses the weak and strong sides of Chinese civilization, its meaning to the world, foreign relations, cities, rivers, the impending economic revolutions, opium, the woman question, and, very luminously, Chinese architecture. Every phase of the native religions and the missionaries is treated with catholicity and vigor, as are also the new and the old learning. It is evident that whatever changes may occur in army or navy, books, dress, education, or religion, China will be China still. The Chinese will never become Europeans. Any notion that they will suddenly create great armies, or make instant transformation in anything, belongs to dream stuff. Yet like the Japanese of 1870, the Chinese statesmen imagine that their very intellectual countrymen can in a few years absorb whatever is necessary from Western civilization. Lord Cecil shows that art is long. To weave together in one piece the two webs of Oriental and Occidental thought will take generations. His great fear is of a sodden materialism, and his plans of an international university at Hankow, with many hostels or colleges, the former for pure science and the latter for what outsiders of various sects count fundamental, are clearly set forth. This invaluable book is well illustrated and indexed.

It is a noteworthy sign when a well-known British artist goes to China to paint its wealth of beauty and interest. The average commercial dweller at the seaport and all hasty travellers miss the color of China and its artistic possibilities; but Mr. Liddell has certainly demonstrated his powers, both of appreciation and of execution, in these fine pictures, which are here reproduced with perhaps unexcelled mechanical success. In his tour, he made a visit to Japan and his verdict is that the continental, as compared with the insular country, is spectacularly superior. Despite heat, smells, dirt, vermin, and the more formidable annoyances from crowds and over-officious magistrates and underlings, the artist-invader, by tactics and strategy, won success from beginning to end. He did not have to go far afield from the rivers and beaten paths of traffic, but he made the humblest villages, as well as temples and palaces, yield "artistic tribute." The text is inferior to the pictures; and is marred with such vulgarities as "Jap" and "ricksha"; nor does an index of Japanese names reveal the author as a scholar. Nevertheless he pictures river life and scenery with some vividness, showing how the patient Chinese have made birds and beasts their friends and servants. His description of the "duckeries" is amusing. The old jokes and stories, now thoroughly venerable and cosmopolitan in their location, are revamped. The artist is a great admirer of Chinese architecture, but gives only fugitive impressions of it. China still awaits a writer like Cram to do justice to her science and art of structure. Whatever its faults of text, this book in its colored pictures stands first in the library of books on China.

To examine carefully the construction and appearance of the Great Wall of China and to trace its history from its commencement, two centuries before Christ, up to the present time, is an undertaking which only a great traveller and scholar could successfully carry out. The task has been accomplished by Dr. William Edgar Geil, who had previously visited and described in interesting detail the chief features of the great river of China, the Yang-tze. The "Great Wall of China" is certainly a unique publication. There is not one of its four hundred octavo pages that is not full of a strange fascination for every reader who is fond of geographical and historical novelties. Fortunately, the most noted of all "the seven wonders of the world" has at last found a worthy exponent, who does justice to the character of its builder and the skill displayed in its construction in those by-gone ages. Without a single illustration this book could be pronounced complete; but with the one hundred and sixteen pictures, many of them large and excellent photographs, depicting features connected with the Great Wall that could not be described in words, there is nothing left to be desired. Next to the thoroughness that characterizes this production are the quaint originality and the vein of humor which run through it. Only a man well acquainted with the language and people of China could have picked up such happy tidbits of local information and could have expressed them in so naïve a manner. The illustrations from "The Chronicle of the Hills and Seas" and other native books lend an element of drollery that is sometimes irresistible. On the other hand, on the top of every other page there are proverbs or sayings in Chinese characters with translation, which remind us of the principles of wisdom and the ethical philosophy so dear to the Chinese. Such sentences are often found written in large characters on pairs of scrolls which hang upon the walls of a room, or engraved on wood or stone in conspicuous places. They are particularly appropriate in such a book as the one before us. Here and there we find the author indulging in extravagancies which are hardly so suitable as the proverbs. As an instance, he supposes that the "wise men" who designed the Great Wall "doubtless consulted constellations, skulls, and a score of uncanny divining devices. Indeed, should the history of the devil be written, it would likely contain a highly surprising and interesting chapter on the Great Wall." Dr. Geil's is the first complete account of this enormous structure, easily visible from the planet Mars, that has ever been written—at least in any Western language. The writer of this review having visited the Great Wall in two separate localities along its 1,500-mile course, is so far able to testify as to the accuracy of Dr. Geil's statements.

"China and the Far East" is the first fruit of a capital idea. The head of the Department of History in Clark University called in July last an assembly of specialists who should give a series of lectures upon topics of present interest in a special field, and a conference of scholars was held upon China and the Far East. The names of Prof. A. C. Coolidge of Harvard; the veteran scholar in Chinese, Chester Holcombe; Dr. F. Wells Williams of Yale; T. F. Millard, recently from the Far East; H. B. Morse, formerly of the Imperial Chinese customs service; Secretary John Foord; the Cornell University professor, J. W. Jenks; ex-Consul-General at Mukden, Willard Straight; Dr. Hamilton Wright; Major Eben Swift, U. S. A.; Dr. A. P. Wilder; H. F. Merrill; President D. D. Sheffield of Tung Chou; Prof. Harlan P. Beach; Dr. Edward C. Moore; President A. F. Griffiths of Honolulu; Dr. K. Asakawa; Dr. J. Takamine; Hon. H. N. Allen; Prof. G. T. Ladd, and the Rev. E. H. Hall of Korea, suggest the value of the matter here furnished. Thirteen of the twenty-two papers read treat particularly of China and the Chinese, three of Japan, and three of Korea. The general accuracy of statement and clearness of insight make this book of unusual value to the student. In the schedule, the subjects are fairly balanced—history, economics, international relations, national defence, education, Christian missions, and the inter-relations of Japan and China and of Japan and Korea—but in substance and style the papers vary greatly. As a whole it is safe to say that this book is one of the first value for students of that problem of the Pacific which President Taft declares is the greatest before the Amer-

lcan people. Such a book as this is cheapened by the lack of an index.

CURRENT FICTION.

Poppy. By Cynthia Stockley. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The sub-title is The Story of a South African Girl, and the best parts of the book are those which give vivid and realistic word-pictures of South Africa—the Kopje at Bloemfontein where the Kaffir-girl nurses squat and jabber under the trees, while the children play among the rocks and quarry-holes; the great rolling spaces and rushing rivers of the open veldt; the tropical gardens, luxurious cool verandahs, and gleaming sapphire sea of Durban. The natives, too, especially two old women-servants, are sketched in sympathetically and convincingly.

In other respects, the novel is foolish and unpleasant. "The best of men are half-devil, half-child, and nothing more, where a beautiful woman is concerned. You know that, don't you?" says the only white woman in the book who is neither a sensualist nor a fiend, nor both; and the author evidently agrees with all her heart. Perhaps it is hardly fair to call Poppy herself a sensualist, for, though passion's slave and distressingly sex-conscious, she possesses both imagination and devotion. Her wretched childhood and the hatred between her and her incredibly cruel aunt cannot but recall the opening chapters of "Jane Eyre," and the suggestion is an instructive one. Remembering the passion which Charlotte Brontë expressed so powerfully and intimately, the fire which consumed utterly in its heat all pettiness, all timidity, all worldly convention, but which might rage till Doomsday against the rock-fortress of unconquerable will, we see more plainly, as by the light of that great flame, the triviality and vulgarity of the earth-born, wandering fires and the smoking, malodorous torches which are the only beacons to Poppy and her friends.

The Intruding Angel. By Charles Marriott. New York: John Lane Co.

One very pleasing and very convincing trait about Mr. Marriott's people is their almost complete lack of the melodramatic strain, even of that melodrama which in its highest manifestations becomes drama. It is not that the writer goes in for the drab human material in which the painters of lower middle-class English life take pleasure. He deals with people capable of a high degree of emotion, but he is at pains to show that even emotional people do not as a rule work out their destiny in outward storm and stress. Disappointed lovers plunge neither into suicide nor into despair, but go about their business quietly, and, after a while, resignedly, though the scar shows more or less. Deceived husbands bite their lips and either make an end of things or bear things without changing their habits perceptibly. Women unhappily married and strongly tempted behave as honest women usually will, and do not even lose flesh in the process. The point is that the best kind of men and women usually pass through bitter experiences without making a row.

The story of "The Intruding Angel" is the story of Lydgate, his wife the fair-haired Rosamond, and Dorothea Casaubon in "Middlemarch"; but told without mid-Victorian reserve, and with the difference that here Lydgate is in love with Dorothea and Dorothea with him and that, having told each other so, they agree that there is nothing more to be said or done about it. Pauline Noy is not quite so patently selfish as Rosamond Lydgate, but she is more shallow and feather-headed, and out of pique and ennui, she incurs the guilt for which women were stoned by the populace in Biblical times. Her husband recognizes that originally the fault was his in marrying a woman who, he knew, did not love him and whom, as he soon found out, he did not love. Having struck the bargain, he admits that he must pay the price, and he proceeds to do so with a degree of conscientiousness that will be puzzling and possibly shocking to many an Anglo-Saxon reader. His love for the other woman, the Dorothea of the story, only braces him to the task. She is the intruding angel who brings him face to face with the sacrifice and gives him the strength to make it. Their enlightened view of morality as contrasted with the utterly material standards of the erring wife supplies the plot and the lesson of an excellently sustained study in irony.

The Education of Uncle Paul. By Algernon Blackwood. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Uncle Paul was a big, bearded Englishman who spent twenty years timber-cruising for a Minnesota lumber company. Then an aunt died, and he returned to England to live with a widowed sister. She was rather a pallid sort of person, but she had some lively and imaginative children. These latter promptly discovered that Uncle Paul was in reality as much of a child as they, only bigger. They set about penetrating the grown-up disguise he wore before them in a vain attempt to preserve a dignity befitting his age. His education consisted in the processes by which this armor of assumed maturity was torn from him by Nixie and Jonah and Toby, ably assisted by Mrs. Tompkyns, the cat. He was very soon relieved of it all, and thereafter became one of them. He invented many adventures and wrote them out for the delectation of the company. They were, as the children said, "verywonderfulindeed 'aventures.'". We learn, for instance, how he and Nixie saw the wind, and how they slipped through the crack between yesterday and to-morrow, and of what befell in the land that lies there. In the end, Nixie goes on a long journey, and Uncle Paul, who has learned that his happiness lies in that of children, goes to London to do what he can for the children of the poor. Nixie comes back so often to visit his dreams that he scarcely has occasion to mourn her death.

The tale is slight, and not always real. We do not mean to imply a disbelief in fairies or a dislike for fairy stories; but it strains our faith to hear that Uncle Paul accompanied Nixie in the adventures of which he tells. In her, however, we believe absolutely. Of course she was more than a pretty little English girl, with white frocks and slim black legs and yellow hair in the state which marks its wearer as a "flapper." The author does not actually tell us so, but we are sure she was more than half a sprite. No ordinary little girl ever had such a fund of quaint, fantastical wisdom; such queer, sudden thoughts; and a charm at once so grave and so ethereal.

Kings in Exile. By Charles G. D. Roberts. New York: The Macmillan Co.

This is another collection of animal stories done much after Mr. Roberts's usual fashion. That is to say, their substance is sometimes a queer mixture of legitimate natural history and highly melodramatic episodes in which animal intelligence is ridiculously exaggerated, together with some good descriptive writing mingled with much that is obviously fantastic and overdrawn. Mr. Roberts is fond of depicting with absurd minuteness the supposed cerebrations of wild animals in captivity, and of domesticated creatures turned loose in the woods to shift for themselves. These themes he has already worn fairly threadbare, but that does not deter him from working into the present volume the stories of "Last Bull," who is a bison confined in a zoölogical park where he bewails his fate and finally meets a tragic end; of "The Gray Master," which tells the same kind of tale about a timber wolf, and other yarns of the same general character. Perhaps the most ingenious one is the tale of the man who, while planning to rob an eagle's nest, tumbled over a cliff and lodged on a ledge where he stayed for about two weeks in the company of one of the young eagles which he had knocked out of the nest in his fall, and with which he shared the fish, flesh, and fowl brought to the eaglet by its male parent. As an illustration of Mr. Roberts's faculty for lugging queer natural history into his stories, there is in this last

story the episode of its hero's discovery that the "black eagle," of which he had seen only one specimen, was nothing but an immature bald eagle, of which he had seen many—an observation which loses its force when one remembers that the bald eagle does not get its full plumage until its second or third year at the earliest, and that, therefore, "black eagles" (as a matter of fact, the immature bald eagle is *brown*, not black) are, in the nature of the case, much more common than those with the white head and tail.

A NEW HISTORY OF ROME.

The Roman Republic. By W. E. Heitland, M.A., Fellow of St. John's College. 3 vols. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $10.

"Is there room for another political study of the Roman Republic?" With this inquiry Mr. Heitland, who is known to classical teachers as the editor of some college texts of Cicero, Lucan, and Lucian, opens the preface of the long three-volume work under review. The answer of the general reader may possibly be different from that of the historical student, though the kindly reception given by him to Ferrero's brilliant, but fanciful and superficial, treatment of the revolutionary epoch suggests that he would join the specialist in welcoming cordially a fresh, vigorous reconstruction, in terms of present-day knowledge, interests, and problems, of the entire political life of the Romans. The question before us is, therefore, have we now such a work in our hands?

We have no right to quarrel with the author for giving us only the first half of a history of Rome; for even Mommsen waited thirty-one years after finishing his story of the Republic before making his advance into the period of the Principate. But we are filled with dismay at the outset, and with wonder as to what sort of historical company Mr. Heitland has been keeping, when we find him affirming, in flat contradiction to international opinion often expressed, that a new, and at the same time sound, reconstruction of Roman history is neither desirable nor possible. "After the labors of generations of scholars in collecting and sifting the mass of materials that compose our record, I do not see much opening," he says, "for an honest reconstruction of the whole story. I do not believe that the old-fashioned views of the history of the Roman Republic are mere delusions, and that it can and should be rewritten in a sensational spirit." We are all agreed that history should never be written in a sensational spirit; for that connotes hasty performance and uncritical exaggeration. It involves at best the bringing of legitimate ideas into all sorts of lawless connections. Thus the notion that capitalists are inevitably malefactors is probably playing no less havoc with the truth in some recent books than was played in 1854 by Mommsen's inclusion of the Roman Senators in his hatred and condemnation of the German Agrarians. But even at the risk of slandering a class just now unpopular, no serious historian can shirk the obligation of making and casting up again the long columns in which the accounts of the Roman agricultural and financial aristocracies are set forth in our record; for elementary justice demands that the much-abused Senate should not continue longer to answer for the sins which have been transferred to the credit or discredit of the Knights. So, too, the discovery which has been made in the last thirty years that much once thought to be characteristic in the development of Roman politics, institutions, and culture is but the Italian phase of general Hellenistic movements, is leading nowadays, in all likelihood, to an exaggeration of the dependence of Roman thought and action and to an over-depreciation of Roman achievements and influence. For this very reason, however, the whole budget of Romanism and Hellenism must be made out anew so as to satisfy the just demands of each side. How inadequate even the latest treatment in English of Roman history is in this particular every student of the third century, B. C., knows.

There can be little doubt that the German vice of turning candidates for the doctorate loose in the field of *Quellenforschung*—whence, ordinarily, none but the most catholic, experienced, and tactful scholars can derive fruit fit for historical consumption—has caused the production of many sickly weeds, and in no corner less hopeful ones than in early Roman history; but for all that, as Wilamowitz points out in his charming Oxford lecture, "On Greek Historical Writing," the investigating of sources is the one great means by which the science of history has advanced in the century just ended to a position clearly superior to any reached by the Greeks or Romans in antiquity. Nor can any one who has read the Italian sections of Eduard Meyer's "History of Antiquity" doubt that the properly accredited attempts to determine the relation and value of the extant authorities, though they have reduced enormously the trustworthy sources of knowledge for the history of early Rome, have yet left sufficient genuine old materials for a new scaffolding, if not for a complete and stately edifice—like that made fifty-six years ago by Mommsen in his "History of Rome" and about forty years ago by the same author in his "Roman Public Law." In our judgment, nothing would be more helpful to English readers at this time than an honest reconstruction of early Italian history. Instead of this, Mr. Heitland gives us both in his first volume and in his second and third, as he himself puts it, "the old-fashioned views of the history of the Roman Republic"; in other words, the Mommsenian conception of Roman history as modified and expanded in the apparatus and tradition of tutorial instruction in England. It is difficult to imagine how a question could appear on a conventional college examination paper in Roman history and antiquities for the satisfactory answer of which a student would not derive much help from Mr. Heitland's history; and when we have said this we have indicated the class of persons to which it will be most useful.

In our judgment the conception of Mommsen as modified and expanded, not in the collegiate teaching of England, but by the skilled work of the last generation of historical investigators the world over, is the only old-fashioned view that deserves restatement at the present time. This Mr. Heitland is manifestly not prepared to make. He knows Padelis, but merely through his volume of papers published in English. De Sanctis he does not know at all. He knows Beloch, to whom he acknowledges special obligations, but only as the author of the "Campanien," "Italische Bund," and "Bevölkerungslehre." Had he studied the third volume of Beloch's "Griechische Geschichte," he would have avoided many pitfalls. Eduard Meyer's work in Roman history he apparently knows only at second hand through Fowler's criticism of his paper on the Gracchi. Kromayer's "Antike Schlachtfelder," which is, of course, fundamental for any consideration of Roman "strategy on the large," he has used no more than Colin's "Rome et la Grèce." It is perfectly true that of "the modern literature of pamphlets, articles in periodicals, and so forth" he has "only been able to read a part." This part seems, further, to have dealt with a very limited group of episodes or topics, or to have been written in the *Classical Review* or some other of the British journals.

It is a pity that so large and ambitious a work as this should have been undertaken with so indiscriminating and incomplete a knowledge of the scientific apparatus, and so little actual practice in the hard, banausic methods of modern historical inquiry; for Mr. Heitland is a man who has good historical sense, an easy, lucid style, and complete freedom of movement down, if not up, the Latin and Greek literary tradition. His general amateurism is the more to be regretted in that when he has taken the pains to follow a problem through to the bitter end, as in the case of the system of group-voting in the Roman Assemblies, he shows himself by no means a despicable investigator. "It may be," says Wilamowitz in the lecture already mentioned, "that Mr. Dry-

asdust is no very agreeable companion, but he is indispensable. It is the curse of ancient historical writing that it neglected him. Very famous persons have tried to do the same in our own days. The result is the same, but they have the less claim upon our forgiveness.'

Recollections of a Varied Life. By George Cary Eggleston. Henry Holt & Co. $2.75 net.

Mr. Eggleston has approached the emergencies of life with courage and relish. The Hoosier country in which he passed his boyhood—he is the original of his brother's "A Hoosier Schoolmaster"—seems to him wholly idyllic in retrospect. Virginia, where he grew to man's estate, enlists an even more enthusiastic sympathy. There never was so graceful a life under the sun as that which the war destroyed. The women were the fairest and best; as for the men, "there never gathered together anywhere on earth a body of horsemen more perfectly masters of their art than were the men of that First Regiment" (Stuart's). From the cavalry young Eggleston passed to the field artillery, and when his horses were gone, finished the war fighting a mortar battery at Petersburg. Proceeding to New York and commencing journalism, he met such tall fellows as C. F. Briggs and the erratic Theodore Tilton, his editor-in-chief on the Brooklyn *Union*. Bryant of the *Evening Post* Mr. Eggleston served as literary editor. There was a standing order to "be tender with the poets," and on one occasion, other excuse for praise failing, the gluing of the binding of a book of verse was commended.

Become joint editor of *Hearth and Home*, with his brother Edward, our author once promised a serial, the topic and title of which were to find. The result was his first novel, "A Man of Honor." At this time Frank R. Stockton was a close associate. The imperturbability of his literary style was confirmed by the orderly impassivity of all his habits. "I never saw Stockton angry," writes Mr. Eggleston. "I doubt that he ever was so. I never knew him to be in the least degree hurried, or to manifest impatience in any way. On the other hand, I never knew him to manifest enthusiasm of any kind or to indulge in any but the most moderate and placid rejoicing over anything." Mr. Eggleston made various escapes from journalism, writing profusely and serving as a publisher's reader the while. But journalism always reclaimed him. He followed the late Parke Godwin from the *Evening Post* to the *Commercial Advertiser*, which he long served as managing editor. Without difficulty he made the turnover from the most to the least literary sort of journalism, becoming a leading editorial writer on the *World* as reshaped by Mr. Joseph Pulitzer. Some ten years ago his ultimate evasion from newspaperdom was made, and he has beguiled his leisure by the production of a score of books, including at least one "best-selling" novel, and a number of favorite juveniles.

At all times Mr. Eggleston has been a sort of minute-man of letters. In minor straits, like filling an entire editorial page single-handed, at a bare two hours' notice, he was not at a loss. In major services, such as writing on the Confederate point of view—"A Rebel's Recollections"—in the *Atlantic Monthly*, shortly after the war, he was equally successful. A fine sense of comradeship seems to have tided him over what to less robust juniors will seem almost impossible labors. We welcome the picture we get of his own activities. He represents the American equivalent of the disappearing Victorian type, with its unqualified emotionalism tempered by a strong practical sense—its naïve and refreshing geniality. These are qualities that make for readableness. And this autobiography, despite a tendency to anecdotal divagations, occasionally of a tenuous sort, is throughout entertaining. Most valuable, perhaps, are the glimpses one gets of old Indiana, and of engaging minor celebrities of New York whose sayings might otherwise have escaped the chronicler. It was C. F. Briggs, who not merely expounded the completely unmoral nature of Poe, but left the following noteworthy definition of temperance: "Temperance consists solely in never taking a drink unless you want it. Intemperance consists in taking drinks when some other fellow wants them." For *Hearth and Home* Mr. Eggleston once tried to get a Pike County Ballad, regardless of expense, from John Hay, and received the amazing answer that the talented author "could not write a Pike County ballad to save his life." John Hay went on to tell how, hearing in sermon-time the story of "Little Breeches," stupidly told, he amused himself by imagining how racy the Pike County version would be:

> On the train, as I journeyed to New York, I entertained myself by writing "Little Breeches." The thing was done merely for my own amusement, without the smallest thought of print. But when I showed it to Whitelaw Reid he seized the manuscript and published it in the *Tribune*. By that time the lilt and swing of the Pike County Ballad had taken possession of me. I was filled with the Pike County spirit, as it were, and the humorous side of my mind was entertained by its rich possibilities. Within a week after the appearance of "Little Breeches" in print all the Pike County Ballads were written. After that the impulse was completely gone from me. . . . There were no more Pike County Ballads in me, and there never have been any since. Let me tell you a queer thing about that. From the hour when the last of the ballads was written until now, I have never been able to feel that they were mine, that my mind had anything to do with their creation, or that they bore any trace of kinship to my thought or my intellectual impulses. They seem utterly foreign to me—as foreign as if I had first encountered them in print, as the work of somebody else. It is a strange feeling.

We can only indicate by sample the varied interest of this book. In it we learn how the deathless feud between Jefferson Davis and Beauregard arose from a mispunctuated dispatch, and also how, during the free-silver lunacy, the author, provided only with gold was refused supplies in the South, because "the government has went back on gold." Mr. Eggleston also knows the true inwardness of the Beecher-Tilton affair, but discreetly will not tell. Even without such a morsel the book provides good measure. Admirable is the story of two Federal officers who strayed into Eggleston's redoubt at Petersburg, exchanged compliments under a grilling fire from their own batteries, and quietly obtained information which led to their safe return after nightfall. They were without uniforms, and had they been detected would have swung as spies. Such an incident is worth pages on the conditions of that dire siege. Savory episodes of this sort are rather the rule than the exception in this entertaining autobiography.

The Philosophy of the Enlightenment. By John Grier Hibben. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

Stoic and Epicurean. By R. D. Hicks. The same.

A new series of books on the history of thought, entitled The Epochs of Philosophy has been planned under the editorship of Professor Hibben of Princeton, and the first two volumes have just appeared. The aim of the series, in Professor Hibben's words, is "to present the significant features of philosophical thought in the chief periods of its development," and "to emphasize especially those doctrines which have appeared as effective factors in the evolution of philosophic thought as a whole."

Professor Hibben's own book is scholarly, thoughtful, and readable. It not only presents clearly the views of each of the great thinkers of the Enlightenment, but it considers them in their relation to one another, showing how the thought of each grew out of the thought of his predecessors. The book thus vindicates its right to the title "The Philosophy of the Enlightenment," for it gives the reader not a mere collection of different philosophic views, but a study of a whole movement. The Enlightenment has definite dates, which are chosen not at all arbitrarily, but are natural and almost inevitable. It begins with the publication of Locke's

famous "Essay" in 1690, and ends with the appearance of the "Critique of Pure Reason" in 1781. The unity of the period is seen in the demand for clear ideas, the distrust of transcendental metaphysics, and the renewed interest in human nature, which were common to nearly all the thinkers of the century. The development of thought during the period is peculiarly organic, and is expressed by Professor Hibben in the form of an Hegelian triad. Locke's theory of knowledge, which forms the real starting-point of the Enlightenment, is chosen as the thesis; the development and criticism of Locke's point of view, both in England and in France, form the antithesis; while Kant's reconciling philosophy, of course, acts as synthesis.

This interesting and illuminating method of presentation, in fact, forms the basis of the chief exception to which the book is open. In his attempt to depict the process of the development of thought throughout the period, Professor Hibben seems at times to forget that the aim of his series is expository, rather than controversial. Except in the less important chapters, one often misses the judicial tone of the impartial historian, and one feels throughout that the author is holding a brief for Kant. Thus three-quarters of the chapter on Locke are given to adverse criticism, whereas in the chapter on Kant there is no criticism, unless three half-deprecating, half-apologetic sentences can be called such. The method, moreover, by which all the pre-Kantians of importance are assigned to their respective places of excellence or demerit produces the same impression of partisanship; for the decisive question is always: How far do they diverge from Kant? Thus the fundamental mistake of Locke and Hume consists in viewing the mind in a fashion quite different from that of the Critical Philosophy; the good Berkeley does pretty well, but falls short in so far as he does not say what Kant said; Leibnitz is excellent (especially in that he was a forerunner of the true philosophy), but even he occasionally errs—which means that he does not quite anticipate the "Critique of Pure Reason."

The question whether this method of presentation is really suitable for an expository work will be answered by each reader in accordance with the view he takes of the Kantian philosophy. If this philosophy is, indeed, the last word on the subject of knowledge and is itself beyond criticism, except in minor details, then truly all the preceding history of human thought should be judged by it and depicted as leading up to this far-off, sublime event. But it cannot, on the whole, be said that Professor Hibben's presentation of the Critical Philosophy itself is sufficiently persuasive to justify this method. It is even doubtful whether Professor Hibben has made the case for Kant as strong as it might have been made. So, at least, it will seem to those (and they are many) who have never been able to accept Kant's vindication of universality and necessity in causation as an answer to Hume's critique. Professor Hibben gives the impression that this question is crucial; and this is rather unfortunate, for the Critical Philosophy is left on a most precarious basis if it has to stand or fall with any or all of the twelve categories. For neither Kant nor the Kantians have ever made it perfectly clear just why experience would be impossible without necessary and invariable uniformity in events. Professor Hibben is doubtless right in saying that "a world of detached and unrelated events is not the kind of world which we are capable of experiencing or which our minds are capable of conceiving" (p. 228). But the events of a world in which there were no necessary causal sequence need not be detached or unrelated; all that is requisite for experience is that they should be related to *some* other events, not always and necessarily to the same ones. The truth seems to be that our experience presupposes and demands just so much regularity as we find in it. And the causation which Hume attacked is hardly "the presupposition and condition of the very possibility of any experience whatsoever" (p. 229).

It would, however, be most unfair to Professor Hibben, as well as misleading to the reader, to leave this volume without a final word of appreciation. Considering the difficulty of the problems dealt with, the book is a remarkable piece of clear exposition and makes an excellent introduction to the study of the Enlightenment. It will prove of interest to the general reader (if there be such a person any longer), as well as to the student of philosophy.

The subject of Mr. Hicks's volume inevitably makes his work of less general interest than is Professor Hibben's. The Stoic and the Epicurean are separated from us by so many centuries, and the answers they give to the eternal problems are often so crude, that the study of their thought is chiefly of academic value. Nor can it be said that Mr. Hicks is always happy in his mode of presentation. In spite of his really great scholarship (or in part because of it?), he has not succeeded in giving to his epoch as much significance and human interest as he might have done. The style is somewhat disconnected, and the method of presentation fairly resembles the style: we find a collection of learned details, carefully interpreted, but look in vain for the living spirit of Epictetus or Marcus Aurelius. Yet it must be said the book is a genuine contribution to our knowledge of the period and will be of high value to one who comes to it with a real interest (aroused elsewhere) in the Stoics and Epicureans. To get at the philosophical views of Zeno, Chrysippus, and the other early Stoics is no easy task, so obscured are they by the divergent views of their followers and critics. And Mr. Hicks has met the difficulty as well as his rather lumbering style and method will permit, by means of lengthy quotation from the sources and careful and critical interpretation.

One closes the book feeling how little *direct* bearing much of ancient thought has upon our modern problems. The problems themselves, indeed, do not greatly change, but the solutions which the ancients gave seem of little immediate assistance to us. And yet, in a sense, this very thing is a source of encouragement, emphasizing, as it does, the inexhaustible fertility and indefinite power of growth possessed by the human mind. And when the thought of antiquity is studied, not merely by itself, but in connection with the rest of the history of philosophy, it becomes most significant and helpful. Mr. Hicks's scholarly work, therefore, will get its proper setting and show its true value only when it takes its place with the rest of the series.

If these two books are to be typical of the series as a whole, the others cannot appear too soon.

Spain of the Spanish. By Mrs. Villiers-Wardell. New York. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

In all matters connected with the newer intellectual and artistic movement in Spain Mrs. Villiers-Wardell is an intelligent and diverting guide. In her more general analysis she has got at some fundamental facts usually overlooked; as that Spain is the only genuine democracy. Socially, she means, of course. And it is unquestionably true that in few lands is the sense of personal dignity so widely diffused and so generally respected. Mrs. Villiers-Wardell is enough of an insider to defend the bull-fight. It is witnessed in a spirit of fine amateurism, and its merely incidental cruelty is not the chief attraction. As a race, the Spanish are not cruel. Into these regions of casuistry it would be unprofitable to enter. Without committing the folly of indicting a nation, the history of Spain reveals a singular slow atrocity. One does no favor to a gallant race by denying the fact. As for the bull-ring, our apologist's explanation of its charms would neatly cover the Roman amphitheatre.

Against the Spain of literature and romance the reader is explicitly warned. In particular he must not key his expectations by the opera of "Carmen." A more necessary reminder is that Spain is not one but many. Very good is the little summary of Catalan traits, though here the author has observed a

caution and reticence that make her survey oddly impersonal. It is an achievement to write reasonably well on this theme without even mentioning Salmeron or Ferrer. This folble of leaving out the main thing is a bit too common in the book. Mrs. Villiers-Wardell knows that irrigation would redeem large portions of the peninsula, but forgets to say that reasonably good roads and railways would do more. The Calabrian, Sicilian, and Spanish questions are alike in hanging on communications. Toledo is described without a word about its greatest artist, El Greco. Oddly enough, almost nothing is said about society; possibly it is ruled out as affected with cosmopolitanism. A word on that peculiar and delightful function, the *tertulia*, would have been welcome. We have instead very full information about Andalusian dancing and *fiestas*. In general, too many facts have been crowded into the book with too little interpretation. Others, even the despised romancers, have seen Spain with a keener and truer eye. Our author is too much at pains to prove her paradox that Spain is not so very Spanish after all. Through her one grasps the ideas and intentions of the *intellectuels*, of such men as the admirable publicist, Ganivet, but misses the flavor of the folk itself. Her chapters inform, but they yield no coherent and persuasive picture. The book is readable, but cannot be called indispensable.

Notes.

D. Appleton & Co. announce the publication of "Appleton's New Practical Cyclopædia" in six volumes. All articles have been revised, to bring their information up to date, and a complete new index system, with analytical and synthetic groupings, has been added.

George W. Jacobs & Co. announce for early publication the life of Yoshio Markino, told by himself, in "A Japanese Artist in London."

Publication of Rear-Admiral French Ensor Chadwick's "The Relations of the United States and Spain—The Spanish-American War," as a companion volume to the author's "The Relations of the United States and Spain—Diplomacy," is announced for this year by Charles Scribner's Sons. This work will be a complete history of the war, in which Admiral Chadwick served as commander of the New York.

Beginning with the July number, the *Forum* will be published by Mitchell Kennerley, according to an announcement made this week. Ownership will still be vested in the Forum Publishing Company, of which Isaac L. Rice is president. The *Forum* will be continued on the lines of a review, as heretofore.

A verbatim reprint of the 1855 edition of Browning's "Men and Women" now appears in the green and gilt series of the Oxford University Press. That series is rapidly forming a library of reprints as admirable in selection and editing as they are attractive in form.

To Harper's thin-paper edition of Thomas Hardy there has been added "Under the Greenwood Tree," not one of his great works, but a charming idyl. The shortness of the story permits the present volume to combine the advantages of "thin-paper" size, and paper that is not really "thin" at all. The type is clear, but occasionally broken.

Intending travellers to northern Germany will be glad to know that Scribner's have imported a fifteenth revised edition of the English Baedeker, to that part of the world, corresponding to the twenty-ninth German edition.

Pierre Loti's "Egypt" ("La Mort de Philæ") is published by Duffield & Co. with eight color illustrations by A. Lamplough. The translator, W. P. Baines, has come off pretty well in a difficult task, but often follows the French too literally. The partitive, for example, rarely means "some" in spite of the grammars. An "equipage," meaning a crew, is scarcely English. In short, this book is an attenuation of what cannot be regarded as first-rate Loti. It will doubtless be read chiefly by those tourists who are its especial butt. It contains, however, some of Loti's best writing. The Hall of Mummies by Night, The Temple of the Ogress, An Audience of Amenophis II, the dirge for crumbling Philæ—these are all extraordinary evocations. On the other hand, the constant girding at the Cook tourists and the British régime becomes tiresome and even cheap, nor does the reiteration of the theme of the outraged majesty of old Egypt escape monotony. It would be delightful if the world could be reduced to an inviolate crepuscular necropolis in which a single elect spirit might form its exquisite impressions, but since that may not be, good taste forbids too overt a resentment of the world as it is.

In the pocket-size People's Library, published by Cassell & Co., we have received Stevenson's "The Master of Ballantrae." Emerson's "Essays," Dumas's "The Three Musketeers," Hans Andersen's "Fairy Tales," Pope's translation of the "Iliad," and Dr. John Anster's translation of Goethe's "Faust." Of these the Homer, Goethe, and Stevenson volumes are the most acceptable typographically, though all of them show here and there the inevitable flaws incident to the crowding of much type on an inferior grade of thin paper.

In the history of medical science and medical education, Ernst Freiherr von Feuchtersleben occupies an honorable position and enjoys a repute by no means confined to his native Austria. Even as a poet he is not altogether unknown, and his personal worth is attested by two contemporaries whose opinions are the weightier because they spoke from intimate knowledge and were both by temperament slower to bless than to ban. Franz Grillparzer recognized honesty, truthfulness, kindliness, and modesty as the foundations of Feuchtersleben's character—giving him, indeed, a testimonial which for Grillparzer was the highest, when he declared, "Nicht nur sein Denken, sondern auch sein Empfinden war einig mit sich und wahr." And Friedrich Hebbel, Feuchtersleben's first editor, said of him, "He was a *man*, born to be such, as poets are born and not made." Gustav Pollak has rightly perceived that some account of this man, unfamiliar as his name is to most of us, could not but serve to recommend a book which is so personal as Feuchtersleben's "Hygiene of the Soul." The book had already been translated *in extenso* into English (as into French), but with no memoir of the author, and an American reprint of the English translation was anonymous. The version now offered by Mr. Pollak (published by Dodd, Mead & Co.) may be described as an adaptation of the work to the probable needs of American readers. He has, by summarizing when necessary and translating when expedient, fairly represented the author whom his preliminary chapters introduce to us; and he has appended to the "Hygiene of the Soul" translations of a considerable number of Feuchtersleben's maxims, aphorisms, and philosophical meditations. Mr. Pollak's skill as an adapter and translator is well known. In these days of "mental healing" it is good service to offer in so attractive a form the wisdom of a healthy mind, and to foster a taste, not so widespread as it was three or four generations ago, for truths and views formulated with epigrammatic precision but not systematized.

With the delicacy and humor that the subject requires, W. H. Helm has written "Jane Austen and her Country House Comedy" (John Lane Co.). The critical method is that of elimination. One by one we glimpse the territories that were never annexed to Janeland. They include pretty nearly all the really important classes of English society. She never depicted with any interest a laborer, a really competent professional man, much less a politician or statesman. Her theme was the semi-parasitic class, to which she belonged herself—the small gentry who lived on inherited money and their dependents. She scrupulously avoided, with rare exceptions, the tempests that may rage even within this teapot. It would be hard to find a writer of any repute whose range was so small, whose contact with life so ungenerously measured. We believe our author is right in thus narrowing down his theme. Such a procedure avoids foolish and quite injurious comparisons between Jane Austen and other novelists. For example, if criticism of life is truly the gauge of literature, Maria Edgeworth, and even Fanny Burney, would be far the superior of Jane Austen, which is absurd, as the geometries say. It is only when we have her bounded that we begin to perceive her unique excellence. The value is in herself not in her vivacious characterizations, or in her admirably simple phrase, but in the delicate Olympianism with which she moves and ridicules her own creations. She counts personally, as our author insists. We carry in our minds the piquant image of a satirist who is winsome, whose handkerchief one would dive for when dropped at a Bath assembly. The gods loved her well enough to let her die young, and she remains perhaps the only example of the *jeune fille* philosopher in literature. Alien laurels have been imposed on her as a realist. She grows, whether consciously or unconsciously, out of the artificial comedy of manners, and her merit is to have made the novel a finer vehicle for the display and

criticism of manners than ever the play was before it. Thus may be paraphrased the implications of the seven essays making up this interesting book. The chapters on Jane Austen's ethics, on her contact with life, and on the personal and topographical elements in the novels are especially instructive. By exclusion chiefly, they build up the picture we have hinted at above. Oddly, for the literature of the subject is freely quoted, so early and indefatigable a Janeite as William Dean Howells is not mentioned. This book leaves us with the paradox that success in the novel can be obtained with a very narrow experience of life, and almost without passion, all of which emphasizes the sheer intellectuality of Jane Austen's achievement, and once more displays it as a more discreet and truthful descendant of the old artificial comedy.

The forty brief essays gathered into Hilaire Belloc's "On Everything" (Dutton) represent the fine flower of literary journalism in England. Mr. Belloc can still pursue a whim as gallantly as when he footed the road to Rome, but the casual adventure enlists him less exclusively than of old, or, rather, gathering seriousness he is likely to give the chance meeting the turn of a parable. For this innovation his art is none the worse. In fact, this little book suggests that he has measurably outgrown the rather insistent eleverness of his beginnings. Of that commodity he had enough and to spare. We find him companionable in his contacts with men and nature. In fact, these essays, written to be read at the breakfast table, seem better suited to the open. On such drifts down sluggish rivers and landfalls off the coast as Mr. Belloc describes it would be a good fortune to find his book in your pocket. Few modern volumes would give so many specular glimpses of great topics on such agreeable terms.

Eleven writers, all of whom, we believe, are connected with Brown University, have combined to make a volume called "A Modern City: Providence, Rhode Island, and Its Activities." Dr. William Kirk is the general editor and takes the subject of labor. Prof. William MacDonald analyzes a population that ranges from old Americans to Portuguese-negro half-breeds, known as bravas. Other chapters devoted to geography, industry, government, finance, education, art, philanthropy, and religion are in equally competent hands. President Faunce of Brown University, in a general introduction, points out certain peculiarities of the city. It is probably the most conservative of American municipalities. A town meeting is still held, though for the limited purpose of administering a bequest. The suffrage is doubly restricted. Stability and prosperity are the benefits set above all others. The city means to be ruled by its intelligence and wealth. Like the State of Rhode Island, Providence "is still true to the ideals of Washington rather than to those of Lincoln." It has cheerfully accepted commercial standards, but has held them with a certain grace. It is a hospitable city and devoted to the family bond. It houses its people better perhaps than any other American city. It was Lowell who, observing the deep door-yards, remarked: "You have fifty feet of self-respect between your houses and the street." If there is virtue in the restriction of the suffrage, neo-Federalists must extol the example of Providence. To an impartial outsider it seems to show simply a more sedate form of the ruling municipal corruption. What is more noteworthy is a civic spirit, rather uncommon in Eastern cities, that willingly expresses itself in benevolent, artistic, and literary enterprises, and in industrial betterments. The book is adequately illustrated, and published by the Chicago University Press, which plans to issue other city surveys of this useful sort.

"The Price of Blood" (Dutton), from the author of "The Battle of Tsushima" and "Rasplata," does not reach the high level of the earlier volumes. Capt. Semenoff's narrative hitherto has been valuable and interesting because it presented the attitude of the typical educated Russian to the war and to the government that so pitifully mismanaged it. In the present volume the captain's nerves have got the better of him. From being critical he has become querulous. Perhaps the shattering experiences of Tsushima may account for the change. It is just after the destruction of the Russian fleet that the book begins. Capt. Semenoff was seriously wounded and captured, together with Admiral Rozhestvensky. Many pages are devoted to the gruesome dressings of his wounds, and many more to the supposed "malevolence" with which the Japanese were wont to gloat over their fallen foes. His grievances are numerous, but when he sets them down we can only wonder at the state of mind of a man who can so abuse those from whom he is receiving treatment worthy of considerable gratitude. He does grudgingly record the patient care accorded him by the surgeons, but he proceeds to dilate on the outrage of forcing Russian officers—prisoners, of course—to take directions from Japanese officers lower in rank. They were further insulted by being addressed simply by their names, "without their titles"! But apparently these matters were not taken so much to heart by all the prisoners, for the author finds it necessary to hold up some of his comrades to scorn who stooped to associate with the victors. The tone of the book is rather ungracious, besides being unfair to the Japanese. Though a prisoner, Capt. Semenoff seems to think he was entitled to the best in the land. His delicate European honor shrunk from these ungentlemanly barbarians; yet he calmly tells us he broke his parole, given earlier in the war. According to the rules of the game, after his recapture at Tsushima he should have been hanged; but his offence escaped notice, and instead of executing him they healed his wounds and sent him home. But it is well to remember that he was continually suffering, in body and spirit, from his own wounds and the disaster to his country. He had, indeed, small grounds for any cheerfulness. From this point of view his book affords an interesting study in the psychology of defeat. It contains the crude material in which a Tolstoi or a Verestchagin might have worked.

There is much of interest both to the general reader and to the student of a perplexing problem in John R. Spears's "Story of the American Merchant Marine" (Macmillan). As might be expected, the earlier chapters are colored by romance and adventure, but this aspect of the story has been treated equally well by other writers. A more serious tone pervades the later chapters, especially those covering the period since our supremacy of the seas has been lost. Many of the fallacious arguments which, at one time or another, have been advanced by the advocates of ship subsidies in their various forms, or by the exponents of a policy of discriminating duties, are skilfully handled to their further disadvantage. The author does not hesitate to affirm, without reserve, that the decay of the American merchant marine came primarily, if not entirely, from natural causes; that our loss of the command of the sea and the consequent supremacy of the British were "due to the working of the inevitable law of the survival of the fittest." The statement is made, and supported by arguments which cannot be lightly brushed aside, that our one-time much-boasted supremacy of the American flag on the high seas was due, in large part, to the superior intrinsic efficiency of the American sailor at the time when sailing ships were the chief traffic carriers. The writer's view of the present day problem is tersely expressed in the concluding sentence of the volume:

> We can buy ships—whole fleets of them—if we are willing to pay the price, and we can maintain them on the high seas in like manner; but we shall never again see the Stars and Stripes triumphant upon the high seas until the American environment evolves once more, by natural process, the nautical unit as efficient for the modern day as was our ship of the sail in the days long past.

The work contains a number of well-selected illustrations, and will be welcomed as a companion volume to the author's "Story of the New England Whalers," which appeared less than two years ago.

In 1904, Hennecke, with the assistance of some fifteen scholars, edited a translation of the most important apocryphal gospels, acts, and apocalypses, along with what is known as the Apostolic Fathers. This appeared as one volume, entitled "Neutestamentliche Apokryphen," to which was added a "Handbuch" in a separate volume. The need of some such work in English is apparent, and Dr. Bernhard Pick, single-handed, it should seem, has attempted to meet the need. Drawing heavily, as all must, from the treasures gathered by Lipsius, Bonnet, and Schmidt, and with Hennecke's edition at command, our editor is in a position ultimately to publish a series of volumes which will supersede the translations in the Ante-Nicene Library. For the present, however, Dr. Pick contents himself with offering in translation, with brief introduction and notes, a few of the oldest apocryphal Acts ("Apocryphal Acts of Paul, Peter, John, Andrew, and Thomas"; Open Court Publishing Co.). These documents do not, of course, contribute much, if anything, to an historical knowledge of the apostles named, but they do reveal a popular Christianity of the second and third centuries, hospitably disposed to syncretistic influences, both in the type of narrative, as Reitzenstein has recently pointed out, and in the practical religious life, notably mystic and ascetic in color, and in the life of reflection. For example, docetism, a first century phenomenon, attacked in the Pastoral Epistles and in the Gospel and Epistles of John, appears in most attractive guise in the Acts of John. That these various Acts were widely read is shown by the fact that they were early translated into many languages. Indeed, the good bishops of the ancient

catholic church were unable altogether to prevent the circulation of this literature. There was as yet no *Index Expurgatorius*, although they did attempt to expurgate or tone down some of the gnostic extravagances, while retaining or even heightening the ascetic elements, a procedure manifest in the existence of these texts in various forms. Dr. Pick has given much time and thought to the preparation of this English edition, and both he and his publisher have rendered good service in making accessible to those who cannot read German this specimen of popular Christian literature.

"Författaren," although printed now for the first time, was written in 1886-7, and expresses August Strindberg's standpoint at that time, when his first marriage was about to be dissolved, and he had written the four volumes of his autobiography, not as "memoirs or confessions," but as "a sort of balance sheet or liquidation." The new volume covers the period of his first marriage, the story of which he, a few years later, told in the intimate—too intimate—"Beichte eines Thoren." "Författaren" deals, as the title implies, with Strindberg's work as a writer, and his mental development during the decade beginning in 1877, when he "had taken active part in a domestic tragedy, again had edited an unsuccessful journal, and just returned from his first journey abroad." The experiences of the last years "had educated him to that real humanity which reaches out in sympathy to all classes of society, even the highest, wherever he finds an unfortunate who fights his bitter struggle for his position, whether it be high or low." From this point of view he wrote the volume of short stories about life among students in Upsala, "Fran Fjärdingen till Svartbäcken," and this sympathy was one of the intermingling motives in his great satirical novel, "Röda Rummet," in which he drew from his experience and observations of life among artists, journalists, government officials in the capital. The analysis of "Röda Rummet," and of its reception by the critics, is among the most interesting parts of the book, and quite objectively written, as the author, ten years afterwards, was able to look back to this period of his life and authorship with a rather dispassionate view. The secret of the reception of the book was, he says, "that he had laid the large point of view on the small things of life. What comfort for the small, the unsuccessful, the hunted, to find that all they had worshipped and vainly striven for, was merely dust and ashes." The literary ancestor of Strindberg in "Röda Rummet" was Dickens, and not Zola, as his critics had proclaimed. He had at that time not yet read a line of Zola; when, soon afterward, he laid his hand on "Assommoir" he found, he says, that what he had wanted to say had been said once before—he felt himself superfluous, and buried himself in historical and archæological studies. The volume ends with a dialogue between Johan and a younger friend, X., who was his neighbor during a spring's sojourn in Aargau, in Switzerland, "a young man of noble family who had acquired his education while travelling, and had made a start as a painter." He was now making a new start, as a writer, and was two years afterwards to make his début with a volume of poems which opened the new movement in Swedish poetry, the poetic movement, the lyric movement which followed the realistic, of which Strindberg at that time was the most conspicuous representative. For the young man was Verner von Heidenstam. (Stockholm: Bonnier.).

Announcement of the award of the annual prizes by the Académie Française was made recently. The Grand Prix Gobert, for French history, went to two writers, the larger portion to Christian Pfister for his "Histoire de Nancy." Four shared in the Prix Borlin (3,000 fr.), two of whom were Ch. Drouhet for "Le Poète François Mainard," and Gabriel Maugain for his "Etude sur l'Italie." The Abbé Félix Klein got 1,000 francs of the Prix Sorbier-Arnould for his "L'Amérique de demain." Of the Prix Montyon (18,700 fr.), which was divided in many parts, L. Guimbaud received the largest share (1,200 fr.) for a monograph on the founder of the prize. Another award for historical writings was 1,000 francs from the Prix Thérouanne to Le Moy for his "Parlement de Bretagne et le pouvoir royal au dixhuitième siècle." Maurice Lange got 1,000 francs from the Prix Thiers for his work on La Bruyère, and Urbain Mengin received an equal amount from the Prix Charles Blanc for the monograph on Benozzo Gozzoli, the artist.

Science.

Inheritance of Characteristics in Domestic Fowl. By Charles B. Davenport. Washington: The Carnegie Institution.

We have in this work the results of a series of experiments in breeding domestic fowl, conducted chiefly for the purpose of demonstrating the fact that certain factors (known as "dominants") are more strongly inherited than others ("recessives"), and that this inheritance conforms to the laws laid down by Mendel. The great value of most of these tests is another exposition of the importance of experimental work in the detection of the forces which govern the evolution of living organisms. The only regret is that they could not have been carried out on wild species, concerning the purity of whose ancestry there would be no question.

This is not the first of Professor Davenport's contributions to the literature of this little known subject. He now advances the theory that the strength of the dominating character not only varies, but is inheritable; and many of the experiments, which relate to the number of toes, presence or absence of tail, condition of comb, and similar variations, seem to support this view strongly. In one test it was found that the single, median comb is imperfectly dominant over non-median; this results in a peculiarly shaped appendage known as the "Y"-comb. This dominance was found to be much stronger in the offspring of those birds in which the median comb was most potent, and fewer "Y"-combs resulted, proving the inheritance of the degree of dominance.

The work in color is particularly interesting. It is shown that color is determined by the presence or absence of governing influences. These are the factors which cause the presence of a color, and those which determine whether the Jungle Fowl pattern shall remain pure, or be obscured by overlying black, buff, or white. A striking experiment in support of the assertion of the presence of the Jungle pattern, where it is commonly unsuspected, is the appearance of a bird of this color in the third generation of Black Minorca and Dark Brahma (grayish) hybrids. The Jungle pattern is absent in buff fowls, the origin of which is obscure. Formulæ are presented for the expression of the chief colors; these will be useful in simplifying the expression of color results in future.

In a concluding chapter various problems of evolution are taken up in a general manner. Professor Davenport's idea of the controlling influence in the development of an organism may bear quoting:

> We have reason for concluding that each developmental process is a "response"—a reaction of the living, streaming protoplasm to changing environment. The nature of the response to any stimulus probably depends on the chemical constitution of the protoplasm—and this is hereditary. In an important sense heredity is the control of ontogeny.

Finally, the undoubted value of hybridization is explained, as a means of acquiring knowledge of the evolution of species by the removal of factors which obscure ancestral traits. A full bibliography is given, including virtually all the work which has been done in this particular branch, and will be of great service to the increasing numbers of investigators. A series of excellent plates of color types in fowl is inserted at the back of the work. It seems unfortunate that in many cases freshly-hatched chicks and well-developed embryos were examined, and that to their characteristics at this time full value was given in the percentages. It would be more satisfactory if a larger number could have been raised to maturity, particularly in the color experiments.

A recent volume of the University of Manchester Publications (No. XLVI), by Sir William J. Sinclair, is devoted to "Semmelweis: His Life, and His Doctrine." Here we have an extended, sometimes a little too extended, account of the development of the view now so clear and obvious that puerperal fever is due to local infection rather than to miasms or epidemic causes, and of the harsh criticism and violent opposition which this opinion met and slowly overcame. It makes a very interesting and instructive chapter in the history of medicine, but is quite too special for detailed notice in this column. As to the priority

of Holmes in this matter Sinclair takes the ground that he was merely a skilful user of the material furnished by others, using it so well and impressively as to deserve grateful recognition, but not himself an observer who contributed to the science of midwifery, so that "the eulogists of Holmes have compared unlike things" in comparing him with Semmelweis.

Sir William Huggins, the astronomer, died in London on Tuesday, at the age of eighty-six. After many years spent in the study of various sciences, he was elected, in 1852, a member of the Microscopical Society, which led him to make researches in the fields of animal and vegetable physiology. In 1855 Sir William erected a private observatory at his residence on Upper Tulse Hill. His more important discoveries were those which enabled astronomers, by means of the spectroscope, to determine the chemical constitution of the heavenly bodies. For these researches Sir William received, in 1866, one of the medals placed at the disposal of the Royal Society, of which he had previously, on June 1, 1865, been elected a fellow. The gold medal of the Royal Astronomical Society was awarded, in 1867, to Sir William and Dr. Miller jointly. After 1875 he was engaged chiefly in photographing the ultra-violet portions of the spectra of the stars, which discovery opened up a new field to astronomers. He was a member of many scientific societies.

Drama.

The Theory of the Theatre. By Clayton Hamilton. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.50 net.

This book, consisting of twenty-two essays on the theatre—its development, product, management, and mission—and the various influences affecting it, is dedicated to Prof. Brander Matthews, of whom the author is evidently a diligent student and faithful disciple. The correspondence between his views and those expressed in Mr. Matthews's recently published "Study of the Drama" is proof of this; and it is, perhaps a little unfortunate that two volumes covering so much of the same ground, and often so much alike in spirit, should have been issued so closely together. Mr. Hamilton is fluent, definite, and entertaining, and in his statement of facts he is accurate, but many of his generalizations are hasty and unsound, and he often betrays a lack of true critical observation in drawing deductions, in support of his own theories, from the comparison of plays and performances, not properly comparable because of the essential differences in their quality and character and the circumstances attending their exhibition. For instance, he says that the drama is the only art, except oratory and certain forms of music, that is designed to appeal to a crowd and not the individual. This is true in a limited sense. Painters, sculptors, all imaginative writers, seek fame and reward in the recognition by the many, although genius is ever faithful to its inspiration and convictions. All artists, including the true dramatist—the hack playwright belongs to another category altogether—do appeal primarily, doubtless, to a special class, and strive more or less to seeure its peculiar approval; but in nearly all first-class work there are qualities, apart from that one which satisfies the supreme artistic ideal—which are likely to find, and constantly have found, permanent popular appreciation.

Mr. Hamilton is greatly impressed, apparently, by the ingenious theories of Gustave Le Bon concerning the psychology of crowds, but these are less applicable probably to a theatrical audience than to any other assemblage. Undoubtedly, the collective judgment of a crowd is not equal to the sum of its intellectual entities. The baser instincts, being greater in the mass, are apt to prevail over the finer. But in the ordinary theatrical audience the level of intelligence—not necessarily of cultivation—is a good deal higher than is generally supposed. It must never be forgotten that the dramatic masterpieces which survive are supported by the many, not only by the few. Many of the most successful modern plays have also been the best from the literary or dramatic point of view. The assertion, or implication, made by Mr. Hamilton that great plays are beloved of the populace for their least worthy characteristics is not susceptible of proof. In the matter of entertainment the crowd is omnivorous. And herein lies the reason why it may be accustomed to any kind of diet. There is present profit, as everybody knows, in pandering to its grosser appetites. In that knowledge is rooted the policy of all our commercial managers—a policy that spells damnation. Most of what Mr. Hamilton says about the essentials of a good play and a successful play is perfectly correct, much of it is trite, but he seems to be a victim of the all too common fallacy that the dramatist—the dramatist, mind, not the mere play-maker—must be governed by that largely fictitious thing called the public demand. No man can write a really valuable treatise on the theory of the theatre until he realizes that it should be the aim, as it is the privilege, of the dramatist, not, indeed, wholly to disregard popular tastes or opinions, but to guide them in the right direction. He should play the part of a leader, not of a clown in a circus.

Mr. Hamilton speaks somewhat contemptuously of the subservience of the crowd to inherited emotions, but it might be argued effectively on the other side that the average audience, in its sentimental adherence to ancient standards of personal honor, morality, and nobility, and even in its desire to see virtue triumphant, not infrequently exhibits keen discernment. As a rule, it is quick to see through the sophistry which attempts to represent black as white, a fact that explains the failure of a good many clever but decadent modern dramas. In dealing with the destructive effect of modern stage management upon the art of the actor and the imaginative power of the audience, he shows acute and true observation, but he favors an abominable heresy when he speaks of the value of a musical accompaniment as a means of concentrating attention. All music that is not an integral part of the scene ought to be excluded from drama. His plea in behalf of the social-problem drama is sound enough in its general propositions, but does not meet the really valid objections to many of these pieces that they ignore the truth of nature, are special pleadings of no general significance, offer no solution, are unfitted for general representation, and are as disagreeable as they are unprofitable.

There is much good sense in his remarks on the use of blank verse on the stage, but few will agree with the suggestion that the poetical dramatist should be careful to keep his terms of expression within the limits of the literary intelligence of the majority. Blank obscurity is, of course, a fatal fault; but it is one that few great poets often indulge in. He has an admirable chapter on Barrie, and hits the right nail on the head when he argues that the specialists in the morbid do not deal with the truth, but only a fragmentary part of it. As a whole, the book is well worth reading.

Music.

Musical England. By William Johnson Galloway. London: Christophers. 3s 6d, net.

Music in the Public Schools. By E. W. Newton. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.

Let those who look on England as a hopelessly unmusical country read Mr. Galloway's volume, and they will change their minds. He shows in a series of ten chapters that enormous strides have been made in the last quarter of a century, and particularly during the first decade of the present century. This progress is obvious in all branches of the art except opera; there is a constantly increasing enthusiasm for music the country over, and the great majority of the people respond promptly to new opportunities whenever provided. The time is past when the English public refused to take music seriously; taste is changing, and the public no longer looks on native music and musicians with suspicion. In a word, there has been "a surprising musical renascence."

Among the contributing causes are music in schools, municipal music, music in the army and navy, festivals, concerts, societies, and the competitive movement, to each of which a chapter is devoted. Much has been done by the three principal high schools of music in London—the Royal Academy, the Royal College, and the Guildhall School of Music—which have among them something like three thousand pupils. The curriculum of the public schools now includes instruction (in classes of not more than thirty-five) in ear-training by dictation, sight-reading, and voice-training, with unison and part singing. In the evening schools there are also instrumental classes, which are doing excellent service; and the National Union of School Orchestras now includes some four thousand schools. Massed performances are given every year, at which the violin parts are played exclusively by children. For adults, musical education and entertainment are officially provided by municipal bands; in London, for instance, the County Council spends £12,500 a year on band performances, which are steadily improving as regards both execution and choice of pieces. Performances for the benefit of the public are also given by the army and navy bands; the only government schools of music in the provinces are the Royal Military School of Music at Hounslow and the Royal Navy School of Music at Eastney. The author notes with satisfaction that, whereas half a century ago two-thirds of the bandmasters were foreigners, today not only the bandmasters but nine-tenths of the bandsmen are British. What is still more gratifying to British pride is that the German Government has instituted a school of military music constituted largely on the lines of Kneller Hall, at which, among other things, there are three annual competitions offering prizes for orchestral scoring, quick-march writing, and compositions for military bands. Such compositions are in great demand—a fact of interest to composers everywhere—for, as the author says: "The rubbish of past generations has gone for good, but there is little to take its place, since the great composers have not written much for military bands."

Music festivals have always been an English specialty. They have done much to foster choral and other concert music; they have encouraged English composers, as well as foreigners, among them Mendelssohn, Gounod and Dvorák; but the multiplication of concerts everywhere tends to diminish their importance, because most people prefer a weekly feast to an annual gorge. For these weekly feasts—during the "season" they are daily—London alone has, among other things, five first-class orchestras, all of which seem to be prospering.

In the value of competition, Mr. Galloway puts much faith. The most interesting chapter in his book is a defence of the competitive movement which is spreading a knowledge and love of music throughout the country. At a meeting, held at Stratford in March, 1909, there were seventy-four contests in choral singing, vocal and instrumental solos, etc. These competitions were started about thirty years ago, and they have done much to raise the standard of the music performed as well as the performance itself; they have, as one active worker asserts, "the power to riddle England through and through with music." They greatly increase the interest in music felt in schools, while at the same time creating a keen desire to learn among adults who previously had no desire to hear anything but cheap tunes. The choice of worthless music is made impossible by the prescribing of the best pieces, and publishers no longer find it easy to push trashy songs by offering prizes. The author thus finds a hopeful outlook from every point of view—except the opera. Why in England alone, of all civilized countries, opera should be less popular than concerts is something he cannot explain. The state might help, he thinks, and should help. It builds and maintains museums, picture galleries, and libraries—why not opera houses?

The state doubtless is coming to the rescue, in England as in other countries; even where it does not help to build opera houses, it pays for the music in the public schools, which are the great nurseries of future audiences. Much depends on the teachers, who frequently need guidance as much as their pupils. For them, E. W. Newton's "Music in the Public Schools" was written; it is a manual of suggestions which they can use with any series of music books. Of special value are the directions given for the treatment of the partial and complete "monotones"—pupils who cannot sing correctly; the author asserts that they sing incorrectly because they hear incorrectly, and shows how they can be taught to sing in from six weeks to six months. Another excellent feature of this treatise is that interpretation is taught from the very beginning by discussing with the children the meaning of the poem they sing, thus helping them to understand the spirit of the music.

Benjamin Cutter, musical educator and author, died last week at his home, in Jamaica Plain, Mass., in his fifty-third year. He pursued his studies on the violin, and in the theory of music, in Boston, and afterward in Stuttgart, under Eichberg, Götschius and Seifriz. Beginning in 1892 he taught in the New England Conservatory of Music, and was also a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Among his published compositions were a mass in D, chamber music, and choral music, religious and secular. He was the author of "Exercises in Harmony," "Harmonic Analysis," and "How to Study Kreutzer."

Art.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

LONDON, May 5.

Mr. Abbey this year is showing two large panels for the State Capitol at Harrisburg. As with all such larger designs done to fill a special place, it is impossible to judge them fairly when they are seen on the walls of a gallery in quite other surroundings and under quite a different light. Until they are set up in Harrisburg, I can say nothing of their value as decorations of the Capitol, but I can at least say how they strike me at the Academy. The larger—and it is very large, stretching from the floor up to the ceiling of the gallery, where it enjoys the centre of honor—represents Penn's Treaty with the Indians. Abbey has taken as his pictorial theme the historic meeting under the elm, Penn and the Indian Chief clasping hands upon their bargain. On one side is the group of Friends in attendance upon Penn; on the other, the group of Indians squatting on the ground as they watch the ceremony with close attention, their wigwams showing in the distance. The famous tree rises high above the central figures, its foliage touched with the gold of autumn, and, beyond, the woods are ablaze with scarlet. If anything, too much stress is laid upon the tree. It dwarfs the people below. And the leaves, which have already begun to fall, are scattered so sparsely that they become little restless spots of gold, dotted over the upper part of the canvas. The proportions may be all right, the restlessness may disappear when the panel is seen under the conditions for which it has been designed, but I cannot help feeling, as it stands, that Abbey has been more concerned with the dramatic illustration of his subject than with the fine line and the harmonious color scheme that are the very essentials of mural decoration. His other painting is much smaller. The theme here is the Camp of the American Army at Valley Forge, February, 1778, and it is still less decoratively treated. It might really be an enlargement of a drawing done for *Harper's*. The snow lies on the ground, a handful of miserable soldiers in miserable makeshifts of uniform, or rather no uniform at all, are drawn up in the foreground for drill by Baron Steuben, and everything speaks of the sufferings of that cruel winter. Abbey has doubtlessly studied the detail with the utmost care, for no artist is more scrupulous when it comes to a question of historic fact, whether of costume or architecture, climate, or anecdote. But his

decorative intention is less evident, and again one fails to find the rhythmical line and color of which the great decorators of all time have had the secret.

These are the only two important examples of mural decoration in the whole exhibition. It is the more extraordinary because one hears of various large schemes of decoration that are being, or have just been, carried out—for the House of Lords, for some of the City Companies, for private houses. But it is just this sort of work that seldom finds its way into the Academy where, of all places, it should be seen, were the Academy truly to represent the art of the country. It seems, too, that it has gone out of fashion for artists to show there the big religious, or metaphorical, or mythological compositions, the huge domestic anecdotes, once so conspicuous. The reason of the change, perhaps, is that those are no longer the honored masterpieces that bring the eager outsider straight into the Academical fold. A fisherman's wedding breakfast or funeral, the Prodigal Son, a Venus on heroic scale, were once worth an associateship, or even a full membership. But the prize of late has gone to another order of performance which, therefore, in its turn, is accepted as model. A few years ago, the late C. W. Furse made his popular success with portraits of individuals or groups on windy uplands, and now one aspirant after another tries his luck with an arrangement of figures in the open air, with ribbons and draperies flying before the breeze. Lately Orpen was elected an Associate, and as his chief success was made with portraits painted indoors, his sitter surrounded by the appropriate detail, now the ambitious outsider seeks to rival him with the presentment of elaborately wrought interiors as the setting to one or more models. A few of the older men persevere in the familiar paths which they have followed so decorously for years. Alma-Tadema's marbles and blue skies and figures in classical costume are as they ever were, only this year he gives them for title The Voice of Spring and Spring Spreads one Green Lap of Flowers, for the fair maidens of Waterhouse who grow no older or less sad with the passing of time. But these painters of an earlier generation have, for the present anyway, no disciples. A few of the younger men strain frankly after idealism, or decoration, or symbolism, however they may call it. Brangwyn's Wine is apparently decorative in intention, and is certainly in effect: an arrangement of nude figures, an exuberance of fruit, and a great Arabian Nights' green jar. There is strong painting in the detail, especially in the grapes and jar, and less of the spottiness, the blobbiness, of Brangwyn's usual work; but the pattern is confused, the various parts only detaching themselves unwillingly from an incoherent whole after you have looked into it long and carefully, a confusion largely due to the fact that the arrangement is neither entirely conventional nor yet entirely realistic. Gerald Moira's London is as symbolic in its quite different way, the endeavor being to express the very spirit of the place by crowding into one canvas all that is most symbolic of it, from St. Paul's, with the heavy white clouds adrift above, to the flower girl of Piccadilly Circus, with her basket at her knees. And here again the artist has hesitated between decorative formula and actual fact, with confusion as the result. But though Brangwyn has his followers and Moira is a professor at South Kensington, the Academy gives no sign of the influence of either, and their pictures and motives are the rare exception.

The portraits are, of course, numerous, but they do not excel in quality as in quantity. For some years past, portraits at the Academy have meant, as far as interest goes, chiefly Sargent, and Sargent, for this spring at all events, has kept to his announced intention to paint portraits no more, and he shows only landscapes. Sir Edward J. Poynter fills the place of honor in the large Gallery III with a portrait of the [late] King, which he has painted for the Royal Academy. Unfortunately, the Academy has lost another of its most distinguished portrait painters in Orchardson. He is not unrepresented. Three, I believe, of the last portraits he began before his death are hung, but I doubt if, had he lived, he would have wished to show them as they are. They seem like shadows from the brush of the Orchardson who painted that beautiful mother and baby and the memorable portrait of Sir Walter Gilbey. The most complete of the three is one of Abbey, characteristic enough in pose and color scheme and refinement of handling, but shadowy—an etherealized Abbey.

Orchardson and Sargent are not easily replaced. There are, it is true, portraits by other Academicians, by Ouless, Herkomer, Fildes, Cope; some as devoid of interest or character as a painted photograph, some in which brutality is mistaken for breadth, some merely commonplace. J. J. Shannon has shown many in the past far better than his four, all of women, of this year. Even Orpen, the new Associate, is not at his strongest, though he sends one of the interiors that have attracted to him such numerous imitators. But the Hon. Sir Eric Barrington, whom he places in a small room of agreeable simplicity and pleasant, cool light, can scarcely distract attention from the tiles of the floor beneath his chair or the prints and mirror on the wall behind him: technically, he is of only secondary interest. Orpen's one other portrait is of Sir Maurice FitzGerald, who stands against a gray background with which his gray coat is in harmony; and if the coat is so flat that you can feel no body inside of it, and if the head has no greater solidity, at least the figure is not leaping from the canvas as in so many an Academical portrait, nor does it degenerate into a mannikin for the display of superfluous detail. Dignity and repose are the merit of Maurice Greiffenhagen's portrait of Maurice Hewlett, who has posed for many artists, but never very successfully, not even now for Greiffenhagen. As he stands, a strangely sinister figure, against a dark background, he recalls the saints, ascetic, gaunt, with faces yellowing like parchment, who loom from out the deep shadows of some old Spanish altarpiece.

Vitality has always been the great distinction of Sargent's portraits on the walls of the Academy, and it is the quality he now brings to his landscapes. The others, whether Alfred East's large decorative formulas or David Murray's big views like stage settings, whether the almost Pre-Raphaelite roads and pastures of H. W. B. Davis or the flower-strewn mountain slopes of MacWhirter—all the old familiar Academic *clichés* in landscape fade by the side of Sargent's impressions of Glacier Streams or of Albanian Olive-Gatherers, with the gorgeous costumes of the peasants making little bright spots in the cool grass and with the great trees beyond partially screening the blinding blue of the southern sky: a landscape of intense brilliancy, but without the hot, unpleasant color with which La Thangue, for instance, is so apt to fill his pictures of the south. Brilliant, clever, as these impressions of Sargent's are, they seem, however, like rapid, hasty notes made in passing, and they have the restlessness that the suggestion of haste gives—they almost tire you to look at them even while you are thankful to find a painter who is alive and who sees things with an enthusiasm that animates the records he jots down on his canvas so unmistakably for his own amusement. Other landscapes there are, here and there, with a quiet beauty that makes itself felt despite the strident screams for notice from near canvases. Something of the poetry of the hour is in Adrian Stokes's Dawn in Winter, with the line of light in the morning sky seen across a wide expanse of snow; something of freshness and quiet in the white "kine with trailing step and shambling gait" moving slowly through Arthur Lemon's cool pastures. The clouds are really floating across the spacious sky above the distant tower of Clavering Church, by George Clausen, but neither this little picture nor his other two have the charm of many of his earlier landscapes, in each of which he set himself some new problem of light or air to study, and, if pos-

sible, solve. Edward Stott, of recent years, has sought to appeal to the British public by the Scriptural subjects it loves, though treating them never on the scale of Martin and Lang and Doré, and always in the intimate, homely manner those painters would have thought unworthy of their themes. But there is a forced note in Stott's religious sentiment, and, however little he may intend it, the interest of his pictures is still in the landscape.

The walls of the Water-Color Room are, as usual, packed so close from floor to ceiling that masterpieces, were any hidden away in the crowd of commonplace, would run small risk of discovery. And, as usual, the Black-and-White Room is an odd jumble of drawings and prints as little representative of the best work that is done to-day in Great Britain, to say nothing of the world, as if the Royal Academy set out deliberately to disown one of the arts it is supposed to encourage. One thing to note is that the lithography the Academy of old scorned as mere "process" is now recognized as engraving, which may be a sign of grace; another thing is that the Academy has amiably yielded to the International Society an entire monopoly in the fine drawings of the Academician, the late John M. Swan. At Burlington House he is represented instead by a picture, presumably his last, The Cold North, a careful study of two polar bears in their native ice drifts, which I believe Swan never saw. There is also his original model for the colossal lions of the Rhodes Memorial to remind one that he was, on the whole, more distinguished as a sculptor than as a painter. For the rest, there is little to be said about this year's sculpture that has not been said many times before. But the Academy is the Academy, and the astonishing thing is not so much that it should still be accepted by the British public, from royalty down, as the one exhibition of the year, but that those who know better should still go to it hoping for anything more stimulating than the old dull level of commonplace. N. N.

Even those who know that an extensive literature already exists on prints, may be surprised to see more than 300 octavo pages of titles in G. Bourcard's "Graveurs et gravures, France et étranger: essai de bibliographie 1540-1910." It is easy to find omissions and errors in a work of this kind, but the industry of the author has brought together a quantity of titles that will be particularly serviceable to the student in search of information regarding individual artists. All is grist for the author's mill, the sumptuous monograph, as well as the art dealer's catalogue (often of decided value) and the magazine article. The first part (General Works) might perhaps better have been arranged in classes than by authors' names, although references from subjects to authors are included. The second part (Monographs on Individual Artists) is properly arranged in one alphabet, by artists. Even works published this year have a place here, and the United States is remarkably well represented. The wise purchaser of the book will have it bound interleaved for additions.

"The Growth of the English House," a short history of its architectural development from 1100 to 1800, by J. Alfred Gotch, is a compact, well-illustrated, and agreeably written manual for popular reading. The author is a specialist on the English Renaissance, and his admiration is given especially to those Elizabethan piles in which the problems of plan were first frankly perceived and dealt with. A similar sense of the importance of plan leads him to condemn most of the Palladian symmetrical designs of the eighteenth century. This hint must suffice for a useful and informing book, which, beside the general narrative, contains separate chapters on doorways, windows, fireplaces, staircases, chimneys, etc. The Scribners import the volume at $3 net.

The National Academy of Design, at its annual meeting held last week, elected these officers to serve for the coming year: President, John W. Alexander (reëlected); vice-president, Herbert Adams; corresponding secretary, Harry W. Watrous; and recording secretary, Charles C. Curran. New members of the council are Kenyon Cox and F. Ballard Williams, who will sit with E. H. Blashfield, Frederick Dielman, and Cass Gilbert. Five new academicians were elected: John M. Carrere, architect, of the firm of Carrere & Hastings; William Rutherford Mead, architect, of the firm of McKim, Mead & White, and Montague Flagg, Albert L. Groll, and Birge Harrison, painters.

Finance.

MARKETS AND GREAT AFFAIRS OF STATE.

A month ago, any one who had pictured to himself the sudden death of the King of England, at a moment of peculiar political and financial tension, would have looked forward also, in imagination, to the gravest sort of disturbance in the markets. In the political arena, all England was awaiting with feverish interest the clash between ministry and crown, which it believed to be impending in connection with the ministry's demand for creation of new peerages numerous enough to reverse the Conservative majority in the House of Lords. What King Edward's attitude in the crisis would have been, could only be conjectured; the one reassuring fact at which political and financial London grasped was its knowledge of the experience, judgment, and tactful mastery of exacting public problems, with which his long career in public affairs had equipped King Edward.

The King died suddenly; his son, almost an unknown quantity to the English public, succeeded to the throne. This startling news came in at a moment when the London and New York markets were slowly emerging from an exceedingly strained position, in which each had been compelled to have recourse, for relief, to unusual expedients. The Bank of England had been bidding a special premium to get gold from New York, and Wall Street had been exerting the greatest pressure, and offering exceptional inducements to place some blocks of its new loans at Paris. Neither market felt itself in a wholly secure position. London was immediately confronted with the enormous collections of the past year's British income tax, postponed during the long Parliamentary deadlock over the budget, and finally called for payment when the budget passed in the very week before the bad news from Buckingham Palace. The "rubber-share mania," in which a good part of the serious financial public had been expecting momentarily a disastrous collapse, had already shown some signs of shaking. As to the sales of American bonds in France, negotiations for the purpose had not even been closed.

On this delicate situation came the news of the King of England's sudden death, on Friday, April 6. Even the reports of his serious illness had sent down British consols 5/8 point within the day, and had completely upset the London and New York markets. It was natural that the opening of the markets, on the ensuing Monday, should have been awaited with extreme misgiving. What actually happened, in the first few business days following the King of England's death, was that consols rose a full point above the previous week's closing, that London discount rates declined nearly 3/8 per cent., and that even American securities advanced 2 to 4 points. Such a result makes it pertinent to ask, what has usually been the sequel at such junctures, and what was the reason for this sequel last week.

Financial history is singularly unanimous in its testimony. The nearest instance of the sudden and unexpected death of a ruler in a great financial state was that of President McKinley, who was shot on Friday, September 6, 1901, at 4 P. M. Next morning, the leading bankers of this city met to pledge concerted support to avert a panic—in spite of which precaution, stocks fell 5 to 10 points that day. Yet on Monday, virtually all the loss was at once recovered, markets held up throughout the week, and the President's death, on the ensuing Saturday, was followed the next week by an initial rise of 1 to 3 points on the Stock Exchange, and by continuous advance.

On Thursday, March 9, 1888, old Emperor William of Germany died. It was a troubled financial year. European markets were congested with unparalleled issues of new securities; Gen. Boulanger and the royalists were threatening the stability of the French Republic,

and grave disturbance was afoot in the Balkans. On top of all, the old German sovereign's successor, Emperor Frederick, soon proved to be the victim of an incurable disease; he died on Friday, June 15. Yet the death of each Emperor, after a day of unsettlement, was followed by an advance on the European stock exchanges. Financial critics pointed out that a prolonged "bear movement," based on other causes, had preceded each event, and that recovery was almost automatic.

President Garfield was shot at Washington on Saturday, July 2, 1881; stocks at New York fell 2 to 4 points on the news, but regained all the loss on the next business day. When Garfield died, on September 19, a week of rising prices followed.

Abraham Lincoln was assassinated on Friday night, April 14, 1865. The Stock Exchange was closed on Saturday; with the next week's opening, gold rose from 146 to 153, government 6 per cents fell from 110⅜ to 105½, and such declines on the Stock Exchange occurred as 18 points in New York Central, 28 in Hudson River, and 33 in Erie. Yet even with all the formidable uncertainties opened by Lincoln's death, markets recovered promptly. The very next business day, gold was back at its price of the week before. The Treasury bought government bonds in the open market, and the price, within a fortnight, had recovered all its losses.

The two most obvious general inferences are, first, that a sudden change of rulers is an event whose dangerous possibilities are apt to be exaggerated; next, that it draws at once, to the support of all financial markets, the strongest capital resources of the world. Whether these several episodes had, later on, an influence on the fortunes of their states which was averted on the first shock of the news, is a question which would have to be answered in the light of the subsequent political as well as financial history.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alston, L. Education and Citizenship in India. Longmans, Green.

Andrewes, A. G. The Story of Bayard, edited. Lane Co. $1.50 net.

Balch, E. G. Our Slavic Fellow-Citizens. Charities Pub. Com.

Balfour, A. J. Criticism and Beauty: A Lecture Rewritten. Frowde. 70 cents.

Bell, L. C. Obil, Keeper of Camels. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co. 50 cents net.

Bisland, E. At the Sign of the Hobby Horse. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.

Converse, F. A Masque of Siby's. Boston: Houg'ton Mifflin. $1 net.

Downey, E. H. History of Labor Legislation in Iowa. Iowa City, Ia.: State Historical Society.

Joyce, P. W. English as We Speak It in Ireland. Longmans, Green.

McCarthy, J. H. The O'Flynn: A Novel. Harper. $1.50.

McCrea, R. C. The Humane Movement. Columbia Univ. Press. $2 net.

Marriott, J. A. R. Second Chambers; an Inductive Study in Political Science. Frowde. $1.75.

Marsh, C. F. Reinforced Concrete. Van Nostrand. $2.50 net.

Motley, John Lothrop. Further Letters and Records edited by his daughter and H. St. J. Mildmay. Lane Co. $5 net.

Murray, J. A. Soils and Manures. Van Nostrand. $2 net.

Paine, A. B. The Ship-Dwellers: A Story of a Happy Cruise. Harper. $1.50 net.

Patterson, C. B. Dominion and Power; or, The Science of Life and Living. Seventh edition, revised. Funk & Wagnalls. $1.25 net.

Petit, R. How to Build an Aeroplane. Trans. from the French by T. O'B. Hubbard and J. H. Ledeboer. Van Nostrand. $1.50 net.

Rathbone, R. LL.B. Simple Jewellery. Van Nostrand. $2 net.

Roosevelt, T. Staats-und Lebenskunst. Aus seinen Reden und Botschaften ausgewählt, von M. Kullnick. Zweite Auflage. Berlin: Karl Curtius.

Routledge's Every Man's Cyclopædia. Dutton. $1.50 net.

Spiers, I. H. B. Exercises on Spiers's Manual of Elementary French. Boston: Ginn & Co. 50 cents.

Thayer, G. H. Concealing-Coloration in the Animal Kingdom: Being a Summary of Abbott H. Thayer's Discoveries. Macmillan. $7 net.

Thoreau, H. D. Notes on New England Birds. Arr. and ed. by F. H. Allen. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin. $1.75 net.

Tolman, S. W. C. Around the World. Book Five, for Fifth and Sixth Grades. Silver, Burdett.

Trenholme, N. M. An Outline of English History. For use in High Schools and Colleges. Boston: Ginn & Co. 50 cents

Voltaire's Zaïre. Edited, with notes, by C. W. Cabeen. Boston: Heath. 30 cents.

Walker, J. Handy Book of Proverbs. Crowell.

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

FOUNDED IN 1865.

[Entered at the New York City Post Office as second-class mail matter.]

The Nation is published and owned by the New York Evening Post Co. Oswald Garrison Villard, President; William J. Pattison, Treasurer; Paul Elmer More, Editor.

Three dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada $3.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union $4.00.

Address THE NATION, Box 794, New York.

Publication Office, 20 Vesey Street.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1910.

The Week.

In looking about for Democratic possibilities for 1912, it is well not to overlook the most important of all possibilities, namely, the Democratic party itself. Gov. Harmon is possible; Mayor Gaynor is possible; Gov. Marshall is possible; and there are others. If only the Democracy does not become impossible by 1912, all of these men are possible. For it will probably be true in 1912, in a degree in which it has not been true since 1896, that the issue rather than the man will count. The issue may be a negative one from the Democratic point of view. It may consist chiefly in Republican misrule. But that is all the more reason why the man will count less than the party. That Harmon, Gaynor, or Marshall shall continue to shape into fine Presidential timber is therefore of far less importance than that the Democratic party shall not throw away, in the course of the next two years, the opportunity that lies close to hand. The traditional Democratic policy of killing opportunity and playing into Republican hands has been broken of late. In New York State, in Indiana, and at Washington the Democrats have recently had the choice to do the right thing or the wrong one, and have actually chosen the right. A greater opportunity will come after the Congressional elections next autumn. If the probable Democratic majority in Congress shall refrain from convincing the people that, however bad the Republican party is, the Democratic party can promise only worse, there will be a fine opening for any reasonably qualified Democratic candidate.

We cordially endorse President Taft's assertion, in the *McClure's Magazine* interview, that "the chief interest of the public in a tariff is as to whether it raises or lowers the cost of the necessaries of life." This plain statement of the case is not the less useful in that it repudiates the time-worn arguments with which the protectionist campaigns of 1888 and 1890 made the country familiar. President Harrison's contemptuous reference to the "cheap man inside the cheap coat," and the constant appeal to the hypothesis that high prices must mean high wages, not to mention high profits, and that therefore we ought gladly to submit to taxation for the purpose, may fairly be considered to-day as discarded arguments. This is a distinct gain in common sense, as is also the discarding of the extraordinary theory, urged by Mr. McKinley in defence of his own tariff bill of twenty years ago, that in some mysterious and occult way, "the foreigner pays the tariff tax."

The figures, however—cited by the President as proof that the tariff revision of 1909 was downward—do not appear to us convincing. The average rate of duty paid on all imported articles, since the enactment of the Payne bill, is stated to have been 12 per cent. below the average in the same months of the four preceding years. But such comparisons are not only vitally affected by an increase, for reasons peculiar to a season's trade, in imports which were not and are not taxed at all, but they depend on the movement of the various dutiable imports in relation to one another. The McKinley tariff of 1890, for example, increased import duties heavily, by the admission both of its advocates and its enemies. Yet the ratio between total import trade and duties collected from it, which had been 29.12 per cent. in the twelve months preceding the enactment of the new tariff schedules, was only 25.25 per cent. in the next twelve months, and 21.26 per cent. in the next. A question of this sort can be properly settled only by examination of the schedules themselves, with a view always to those articles in which increased taxation of the imports inevitably leads to higher prices paid by the consumer. This test has been utterly destructive to the claim of "revision downward," from the moment when the independent Republicans in Congress applied it to the schedules then under debate, to the present moment when every thrifty housewife in the country is unconsciously applying it.

Collector Loeb could have done nothing to show more conclusively his determination to execute the law than what he effected by the rigorous application of the customs laws to ex-Gov. Rollins of New Hampshire. Not to flinch from inflicting humiliation upon a prominent man, in such a matter, is as exceptional as it is praiseworthy. There is always the argument, with which officials may salve their conscience, that the person in question has done no worse than thousands of others who have suffered no punishment. But the only way to get the law respected is to punish when you can; and this one act of the Government will do more than a thousand denunciations or warnings to prevent others from breaking the law. Along with the serious aspect of the matter there goes one which is distinctly comical. Here is a prominent high-tariff politician, a man who enthusiastically votes to compel eighty million Americans who stay at home to pay a considerable part of their income in the shape of high prices for the great cause of protecting home industries; and he comes back from a pleasure trip not only laden with thousands of dollars' worth of the dangerous foreign stuff, but trying to escape the payment of the duty by concealing it from the customs officers. Is it not to laugh?

The equipment of the speedy turbine liners Harvard and Yale with oil-burning apparatus, doing away with the use of coal, is a highly interesting development in marine engineering. More and more, on the Pacific Coast, shipping men are turning to this form of fuel, not only because it eliminates the horrors of the stoke-hole and dispenses with all but a few of the engine-room force, but because it increases the efficiency of the ship by from 5 to 8 per cent. At least this is the estimate of a well-informed writer in *Out West;* the avoidance of the necessity of drawing fires, and the steady, even heat of the liquid fuel are the prime reasons for the gain. For the passengers the advantage in comfort is very great, and the loading of fuel on the Harvard and Yale takes now an hour of pumping in place of eight hours of exhausting labor in transferring coal from barges to the ship. Oil stows, too, in about 61 per cent. of the space of coal, ton for ton, and, more than that,

the ton of oil is as efficient as two of coal. The cost of oil is, if anything, a little higher than that of coal in bulk, but the saving of labor more than offsets this.

The fight against the middleman, whom most people hold responsible for the high food prices, has begun in earnest. The farmers who organized the American Coöperative Union in St. Louis a few days ago have announced their intention of opening branches in every large city in the country, with the view of eliminating middlemen in the sale of farm products. In some European countries direct purchase from the farmer has already made considerable progress, thanks to the existence of a cheap parcels post. Consul-General Robert P. Skinner writes that in Hamburg thousands of families receive their daily pot of fresh butter from the parcels postman. The Mecklenburg farmer visits the city once a year to find customers, and returns to his home with the knowledge that his trade will be served just as carefully by the parcels post as though he were established in the heart of the city. Here we have to rely on the express companies; but outrageously high though express charges are, not a few families in this city have found that they can in this way get butter and eggs and poultry and vegetables as cheaply as at the corner grocery or butcher-shop, and usually in a much fresher and more palatable condition.

The death of John A. Kasson removes one of the last, if not the last, of the men who held high office in Washington under Lincoln. More than that, it takes away a faithful, high-minded servant of the Government in various useful capacities. From 1858 to 1860 Chairman of the Iowa Republican State Committee, he played a leading part in the drafting of the party's platform in the convention of 1860 which nominated Lincoln. Long a member of the Iowa Legislature, his varied career included, prior to 1881, two terms in Congress and four years as Minister to Austria. After two more terms in Congress he reentered the diplomatic service as a most acceptable Minister to Germany by appointment of President Arthur, distinguishing himself while in Berlin by his usefulness as American delegate to the Congo Conference. In 1887 and 1888 Mr. Kasson honorably represented the United States as chairman of the United States delegates to the Samoan Conference held in Berlin. His greater service was, however, as special commissioner plenipotentiary to negotiate reciprocity treaties. Under this roving commission he obtained treaties with France, England, the Argentine Republic, Nicaragua, Ecuador, and other nations during the years from 1897 to 1901. But the stupidity and indifference of Congress made these labors come to naught, Mr. Kasson finally resigning in protest. In 1898 Mr. Kasson was also a member of the American-Canadian Joint High Commission. Dignified, courteous, admirably equipped by tastes, training, and abilities for public service, Mr. Kasson was ever a rebuke to those politicians who believe that anybody can be a diplomat, and to those pessimists who used to believe that the United States could produce no diplomats to match the long-trained representatives of foreign lands.

President Butler came very close to the truth in what he told the Lake Mohonk Peace Conference:

> I am one of those who look for the simplest motives in explanation of action or of conduct. My impression is that somebody makes something by reason of the huge expenditures in preparation for war. Have you ever noticed that about the time that the appropriations for military purposes are under consideration in Congress, in the House of Commons, in the Chamber of Deputies, or in the Reichstag, or just before such a time, hostilities are always on the point of breaking out in two or three parts of the world at once?

It would be a pretty dull reader of the newspapers who had not noticed this remarkable law of nature, or had not occasionally risen to the suspicion that somebody was making something out of preaching war. War is one of the glorious, inevitable things behind which skulk a host of mean motives. War means the march of national destiny, war means the inevitable swing of history, war means peace with honor, and many other noble phrases. Alas! war too often means the march of the ammunition manufacturer and the swing of the beef-packer's purse. War means the demagogue's thirst for an issue, and the jingo editor's hunger for sensation, and the young lieutenant's longing for promotion, and the gun-captain's longing to show what he can do with his new twelve-inch rifle.

Preparation of an annual index to one or several metropolitan daily newspapers, which is suggested in an article in the journal of the Special Libraries Association, is a work which the American Library Association, or the Library of Congress, might well take up, and by so doing fill a great need. The writer, Paul P. Foster, makes his plea in behalf of the editorial library and the journalist, but such a work of reference would be of real value to thousands, and the wonder is that there is none. Publication of the index to the New York *Tribune* was discontinued in 1906, and since then consultation of newspaper files has been a haphazard grubbing, in which only zeal and time could insure success. The carefully prepared index to the London *Times*, issued in monthly parts and in annual volumes, and listing every article, item, or name which appears in its columns, offers a convenient model which the compiler here might follow.

The magnificent addition that is now to be made to the resources of the Princeton graduate school may bring to a settlement the questions that were the cause of such intense controversy a few months ago. Precisely what these questions were never became quite clear to the outside world. To President Wilson's mind there was evidently contained in the dispute an issue of fundamental importance—one involving no less a question than that of the preservation at Princeton of ideals vital in a democracy. But it is to be hoped that the passage of time has resulted in a better understanding and that the great bequest of Mr. Wyman may be made the basis of a development at Princeton which will be recognized by all Americans as a welcome addition to the country's resources in the field of the higher education.

That our cheap magazines are doing some good work, few persons will deny. That along with the good work there is a great deal of matter that is unwholesome either through exaggeration or one-sidedness or an hysterical method of presentation, is an assertion that may be made with as little danger of successful challenge. Yet no less competent a critic than Mr. William Archer, writing in the *Fortnightly Review*, gives to the "uplift" work of these magazines praise that is not only extremely high,

but quite unqualified. Speaking of a certain article (with which we are not familiar) he designates it as "a picture every line of which was evidently the result of patient, penetrating investigation, and intimate personal knowledge"; and he gives like praise to an "equally masterly study" by the same hand—which has, in point of fact, by no means stood the test of subsequent examination and criticism. And speaking of the whole genus, he declares that "the sincerity and sobriety with which difficult topics are handled—the adherence to essential fact and avoidance of lurid and 'picturesque' detail—are beyond praise." Such laudation from over-sea must be very delightful to the ears of the "muck-raking" magazinists, but the description would hardly be recognized at home as everywhere applicable.

The Senate at Albany, on second consideration, has reversed its vote on the bill to provide a bond issue of $2,500,000 to make possible the acceptance of the Harriman and other gifts offered to the people of New York State. Failure to accept this wonderful gift would have been a monumental piece of stupidity. The Palisades Park, upon which the joint New York and New Jersey Commission has been working zealously for ten years without remuneration, already stretched well up the Hudson River, nearly to Hook Mountain. As now completed it extends to Newburgh, thus maintaining intact some of the finest scenery of the Hudson and ending such vandalism as has been going on in the stone quarries of Hook Mountain and elsewhere. It will result in the removal of the new State's Prison just under way below West Point. It happens, moreover, that there is not a single large private industry or settlement to interfere with the development of this park, which bids fair to pay for itself to a considerable degree by the sale of cuttings from its splendid forests. These are now a part of the State Forest Reservation. It is an extraordinary fact that so wild and untouched a tract of land, and one full of historic associations, can be found within so short a distance of a metropolis. As Gov. Hughes wrote to Mrs. Harriman: "Great as will be the pleasure of the people at the announcement of your gift, I am sure that in the years to come there will be a constantly growing appreciation of its importance to the State, and of the liberal disposition and far-sightedness that prompted it."

Monday's debate in the Senate, on the appropriation of $25,000,000 for two new Dreadnoughts, served to elicit, so the dispatches inform us, "two historical revelations by Senator Depew." Historical revelations are read with eagerness in these days; but of these two contributions by Mr. Depew we are compelled to say that one of them reveals nothing which was not known by every well-informed man beforehand, and that the other reveals something which never happened. The first has to do with President McKinley's attitude towards the Spanish War, concerning which Mr. Depew declared that he "knew of his own knowledge" that Spain was prepared to abandon Cuba and Porto Rico if she could be assured in advance of the acceptance of her offer. The facts in this regard have been repeatedly set forth in our columns; they have been summed up by Rear-Admiral Chadwick in his recent work on the diplomatic relations of the United States and Spain. On April 10, 1898, Minister Woodford cabled from Madrid to Washington the news of the Spanish Government's assent to all the American demands, adding:

> I hope that nothing will now be done to humiliate Spain, as I am satisfied that the present government is going, and is loyally ready to go, as fast and as far as it can.

On April 11, one day later, President McKinley sent to Congress a message ending thus:

> The issue is now with Congress. It is a solemn responsibility. I have exhausted every effort to relieve the intolerable condition of affairs which is at our doors. Prepared to execute every obligation imposed upon me by the Constitution and the law, I await your action.

The Senator's other "revelation" was ascribed to an "intimate friend" who had imparted this information regarding the Venezuela episode of 1895:

> When the President's message was promulgated, Lord Salisbury said to him: "I believe that on account of the rancor coming down from the Revolutionary war, and accentuated by certain occurrences in the civil war, America means to have a war with Great Britain at some time, and I believe now is the best time, when America has no navy." The views of the prime minister were overruled by Queen Victoria, but if Lord Salisbury had had the power possessed by some of the English prime ministers, the issue certainly would have been tried out.

Without disparagement of the "intimate friend," we are constrained to call attention to the position of international affairs at the hour when this remarkable clash between the Queen and Lord Salisbury must be supposed to have occurred. It was an hour when England's diplomatic isolation was such as has not been witnessed at any other period in our time. France, as the subsequent Fashoda episode demonstrated, was watching England jealously. What the popular and official feeling was in Germany, the incident of the Kaiser's telegram to Kruger, four or five weeks after the Venezuela message, proved unmistakably. Russia had not forgotten 1877 and 1885. The notion, then, that an experienced English statesman was at that very moment contemplating lightheartedly collision with the United States, hardly does credit to the "intimate friend."

The sentencing of the president of the Russian Duma and of one of the principal members of that body to a term of imprisonment for participating in a duel emphasizes the disrepute which attaches in Russia to murder, or attempted murder, on a small scale. Either it is that, or else it is a case of reserving certain sports for the exclusive enjoyment of the Czar and his government, just as hunting the stag in mediæval England was reserved for the exclusive enjoyment of the King. If Halley's comet is at all interested in the recent progress of affairs in Russia, it will carry with it into stellar space the somewhat mixed impression of a great country where it is wrong to fight a duel, but where it is proper for the government to organize the wholesale murder of women and children; a country where the Czar's peace must not be infringed upon, not though thousands must be sent to the gallows by judges in whom expedition tempers justice. At the present moment Jewish families are being expelled by the hundred from Kieff and other Russian cities outside of the Pale. The fugitives must either emigrate or go to swell the mass of existing poverty in the overcrowded cities of western Russia. It means a vast amount of suffering, but it is permissible in Russia precisely because it is suffering on a large scale.

A DEFENCE THAT PROVES TOO MUCH.

When Mr. Taft last week gave out his explanation of the Ballinger-Lawler-Wickersham affair, we made the obvious remark that if a frank statement of the facts had been promptly made when the question was first raised, "nine-tenths of the pain and humiliation attending this disagreeable episode would have been avoided." But we felt it our duty to point out that, great as had been the aggravation of the trouble caused by this delay, the original facts connected with Mr. Taft's letter of exoneration were such as to justify severe criticism. We have observed that a large number of perfectly well-meaning and usually intelligent newspapers have taken the view that the President and his advisers committed an extraordinary and deplorable blunder in their policy of silence, but that in the facts themselves there was nothing whatever to regret or to censure. The antedating of Mr. Wickersham's summary and opinion, the delegation to Ballinger's subordinate of the task of preparing the case for the President, the failure to mention this detailed digest of the case as among the documents before the President when he took action, the arrival at his practical decision after only a few hours' work on an enormous mass of complex and confusing documentary material—all this was perfectly blameless and a mere matter of course; the only thing censurable was that the President, or somebody for him, did not immediately let the public know all these facts, the entire propriety of which the public would at once have recognized.

It does not seem to have occurred to any of our esteemed contemporaries who take this view of the case that it carries with it a conclusion of a most startling character. It is one thing to blunder or to use bad judgment, it is another thing to act like an imbecile. Mr. Taft, Mr. Wickersham, Mr. Ballinger, Mr. Lawler, are all of them gentlemen who have managed through long professional careers to perform duties of considerable difficulty, to attend to business of considerable importance. Now men in full possession of normal intellectual faculties do not adopt a policy of denial and evasion and obstruction to avoid producing matter which could carry with it no blame. No one man does this; four men consulting together, or having the opportunity of consulting together, certainly do not persist in such a course, week after week, month after month, without a motive. Confronted, therefore, with the alternative of adjudging these gentlemen to be utter incompetents or of inferring that there was something censurable in the matters that they were concealing, we for our part should feel strictly compelled to adopt the latter alternative, even if we had no other light upon the facts.

But the conclusion thus inevitably drawn from the first principles of human nature is amply evident on the face of the facts themselves. As we have said before, we are fully persuaded that the President believed he was doing justice in the case; but that consideration cannot justify us in suppressing the truth as to what he actually did. He received from Mr. Ballinger and Mr. Lawler, calling on him in person at Beverly, a mass of typewritten documents containing several hundred thousand words and relating to matters of great intricacy. They arrived with these documents on a Monday evening. That same night, according to his own statement, after staying up until three o'clock, he arrived at the conclusion that the charges against Ballinger were wholly unfounded. On the following day, Tuesday, he was busy in other ways, and in the evening he had a second talk with Ballinger and Lawler, and commissioned Lawler to draw up a letter as from himself, the President. This letter has now appeared in full in the report of the proceedings of the committee. It comprises, besides the expression of opinion, a detailed digest of all the evidence, made entirely from Mr. Ballinger's standpoint. Attorney-General Wickersham brought this document to Beverly, and had not seen either the full records or the President until the morning of Sunday, the 12th. On the next day, the 13th, Mr. Taft wrote the letter completely exonerating Ballinger and authorizing the dismissal of Glavis. Three months later the Senate requested the President to transmit to it "any reports, statements, papers, or documents upon which he acted in reaching his conclusions." Among the documents transmitted by the President in response to this request was an elaborate summary and opinion by the Attorney-General, filling seventy-four large pages of printed matter and dated September 11—a document which the President did not have before him and which it was manifestly impossible for the Attorney-General to have produced or even to have roughly indicated, in the time at his disposal. And among the documents was *not* included the minute and laboriously constructed digest of Ballinger's subordinate, Lawler, prepared at the President's own request, which must inevitably have formed an important element in his disposition of the case.

There is no mystery, therefore, why all parties concerned should have desired the facts to remain secret. These facts were damaging. They were calculated, on the one hand, to deprive Mr. Ballinger of the benefit that had come to him from the President's favorable verdict, by vastly lessening the weight of that verdict with the country. And they were calculated also to do an injury to the President's own standing. Ill-judged as was the policy of delay and obstruction, it was not idiotic; it was not without a motive. The bad judgment consisted not in thinking that it would be well for all parties concerned if the facts were suppressed, but in imagining that it would be possible permanently to suppress them. That there was no bad intention on the President's part we sincerely believe. But neither regard for his good intentions nor concern for the dignity of his great office would justify us in helping to pass off upon the American people, in place of the truth, a view of the affair the inherent absurdity of which is no less patent than its disagreement with the facts.

RAILWAYS AND THEIR PATRONS.

Throughout the prolonged discussion of the pending Railway bill in Congress there has been manifest a determination, by a large and apparently controlling element of the Congressmen of both political parties, not to relax, directly or indirectly, such barriers as already exist against arbitrary rate-making. The comment of the railways on this attitude has been generally to the effect that an unreasoning hostility has been created against one of our greatest industries. And more particularly, it has been asked why the railways should not possess unchallenged the right, which smaller industries assert and ex-

ercise, of adjusting their business arrangements to changing financial conditions. Why, for instance, if the price of grain and cotton and iron and meat and rents has been rising rapidly and continuously, should not the price of railway transportation rise proportionately, and why should not the railway managers, like the farmers and manufacturers and graziers and landlords, be the judges as to what increase the circumstances of their business require? These have at all times been fair questions, and certain recent events may help in giving a fair answer.

A few weeks ago, there was filed with the Interstate Commerce Commission notice of what appeared to be a concerted advance of 10 to 20 per cent. in freight rates on the Western railways, and it was intimated that the Eastern railways would follow suit. In public statements several railway managers averred that, having granted substantial increase in wages to their employees, they were forced to recoup themselves by higher transportation charges. One railway president, Mr. Brown of the New York Central, went so far as to assert that "if the railways are to remain solvent, the only recourse now is an advance in freight rates." To these arguments the association of Western shippers rejoined, first, that the railways had very lately assured them that no general advance in rates was contemplated; secondly, that the progressive increase in railway earnings has been much more than enough to cover the higher wage payments. It was elsewhere pointed out that the proposed advance in rates was on the average much greater than the advance in wages, and that, in the face of their gloomy statement of the situation, the railways, including that over which Mr. Brown presides, were increasing dividends, even where the rate was already high.

In the past week or two, there has also been announced in behalf of the railways which conduct the suburban passenger traffic of this city, a seemingly concerted increase of commutation rates, averaging something like 10 per cent. A commuters' committee of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford called on the president of that road, last Friday, to remonstrate. Mr. Mellen, according to the newspaper reports, responded thus in regard to suburban passenger traffic:

> We pay out 5 cents more than we receive. I haven't asked you for anything. We lose on you. We carry you into New York for nothing and our blessing. We are not trying to rob you.

And in regard to the protest of one town upon his line, he added:

> The more you do at New Rochelle, the more you prosper, the worse off we are.

Now it is not our purpose here to dispute the facts or figures produced in their own behalf by the railway managers. But what the two incidents seem to us to prove is the entire reasonableness, under existing circumstances, of the public's insistence on a tribunal, higher than either the railway managers or the shipping and travelling public, with full and complete authority to pass on the justice or injustice of such increased charges. Mr. Mellen's attitude shows clearly the necessity for such supervision. It is not a novel attitude. Commuters on an important New Jersey railway will recall a similar incident, as much as twenty-five years ago, when a committee of passengers were informed by the president of the road that he "would rather carry dead hogs than live ones." The result was the extension to that district of a rival railway which apparently held other views regarding the profitableness of suburban traffic. Thereupon, instead of cheerfully bidding its rival godspeed, and urging commuters to patronize it, the railway with a leaning towards dead freight proceeded instantly to improve its own facilities, reduce its commutation rates, and invite fresh patronage. It was perfectly well aware that it could not afford to lose this patronage, with the profitable freight traffic which came to it from the building-up of a prosperous suburban community.

It is conceivable that it may then have cost as much to haul a fast suburban express to this city as was collected from the fares of commuters on the train. But no railway man was quite so simple as to argue seriously that his road got no compensation elsewhere. But this was not then, and is not now, the end of the matter. A railway is not in the same position as a merchant, for example, in fixing arbitrarily its charge for what it produces. If the merchant names an unjust price, his customers will go elsewhere to buy. The case with the railway is that the customer has nowhere else to go. Thanks to the franchise, the right of way, and the facility for concerted action, the railway enjoys a power not far from monopoly. Two or three decades ago, it was commonly answered to this argument that if the commuter, in the case supposed, felt seriously aggrieved, he could move to another town—if, indeed, his own town did not happen to enjoy the facilities of an energetic competing railway.

But the essential fact about the present advance in rates, to Western shippers as to Eastern commuters, is that all the railways appear to act in concert. For better or for worse, competition in rates has virtually become a thing of the past. This situation is recognized by the public, and is the real cause both of the organization of the shippers and of the vigilant, if not hostile, attitude of Congress. For it is quite impossible to ignore that such an argument as Mr. Mellen's has far wider scope than a 10 per cent. increase in rates. If 10 per cent. is claimed, simply because one branch of traffic is not profitable enough, then why not 20 per cent., or 30? So long as all competing railways acted together, the shipping and travelling public would be equally at their mercy, subject always to governmental intervention.

We say nothing of what many people describe as the astonishing lack of wisdom in projecting these higher railway charges on the public at the very moment when the fate of a railway restriction bill hung in the Congressional balance. What impresses us far more forcibly is the blindness of many railway managers in their obstinate struggle against the committing of broad supervisory powers in these matters to Federal commerce commissions and public service commissions in the States. That the Government will intervene to safeguard its citizens against injustice which is indisputably possible, may be taken for granted. But one cannot help wondering whether sweeping and drastic rate provisions, in a single set of statutes, would be deemed more satisfactory by the railway managers than the entrusting of the whole question to a body of conservative officers, with instructions to consider, in the light of all the circumstances, each general change in rates and the case of each individual railway.

AN IMPORTANT BILL HASTILY PASSED.

It is difficult to find a respectable excuso for the action of the House of Representatives on Monday of last week, in rushing through, under a suspension of the rules, a bill of extremely important character affecting the entire penal system of the United States. Mr. Parker of New Jersey, chairman of the Committee on the Judiciary, moved "to suspend the rules and pass the bill (§ 870) to parole United States prisoners, and for other purposes, as amended." Strong objection to the railroading of the bill was at once raised by Mr. Mann of Illinois. The report on the bill, he stated, had been made only on Saturday, and it had reached him and other members only on Monday. He had not had time to look at it. "Does not the gentleman from New Jersey," he asked, "think it is rushing business to try and pass an important matter like this without an opportunity to read the report and consider it?" Mr. Parker replied that the bill had been most carefully considered in committee, that there had been ample and thorough hearings, and that it had been unanimously reported by the committee. After a haphazard debate, in which a total of twenty minutes was allowed to each side, the bill was passed. The division, which was called for by Mr. Mann, showed 56 ayes and 18 noes, a total of 74 votes, the full membership of the House being 391. Thus after a random debate of forty minutes, and a vote in which less than one-fifth of its membership took part, this great change in the penal system of the United States was adopted by the House of Representatives.

The bill provides—

> That every prisoner who has been or may hereafter be convicted of any offence against the United States, and is confined, in execution of the judgment of such conviction, in any United States or State penitentiary or prison for a term of more than one year, other than for life, except when convicted of murder in the first degree, rape, or incest, and except those who have previously served a term of imprisonment of at least one year in any penal institution in the United States, may be released on parole as hereafter provided.

Application for parole can be made only after one-third of the term of the sentence has been served; the board of parole is to be composed of three persons—"the superintendent of prisons of the Department of Justice, the United States district judge for, and a citizen living in, the district in which the penitentiary is located, the latter to be appointed by the Attorney-General." The members of the board are to serve without compensation; a majority of the board (*i. e.*, two members) are to be a quorum sufficient for the transaction of business. The board is to meet at stated times to consider applications for parole. At such meetings, it "shall receive and consider recommendations, and if it shall appear to the board that there is reasonable probability that any prisoner who applies for his parole, if the same is granted, will not violate any law, and if in the opinion of the board such release is not incompatible with the welfare of society, then the board may authorize the release of said applicant upon parole." And the nature and effect of the paroling, when granted, are set forth in detail in the bill.

Now we are far from saying that the bill is without merit. The parole system is eminently desirable in the case of all minor offences, and in a large proportion of all first offences, even of a more serious character. But there is grave doubt whether it ought to be made to apply, as does this bill, to all crimes except the three specifically named as exceptions; and, apart from this fundamental question, the plan upon which the system should be administered in the case of the Federal Government, as distinguished from local jurisdictions, raises questions that demand careful consideration and discussion. Instead of such discussion, all that the House heard from the advocates of the bill were some vague generalities as to its mercy and humanity, some broad assertions of the benefit of the parole system in general, and—strangely incongruous with these—a plea for the bill on the score of the saving of government money that would result from the freeing of the prisoners. Mr. Mann put the case plainly when he said:

> Here is a very important proposition—two bills relating to the same subject, both reported back by the Judiciary Committee, striking out all after the enacting clause and inserting a new provision, and then they propose to pass the bill through the House without consideration under suspention of the rules, when certainly this bill is of a character that ought to be considered under the privilege of amendment.

Mr. Hughes of New Jersey, protesting against the railroading of the bill, asserted his entire approval of the New Jersey parole system, but declared that the bill under consideration was of a very different character from the New Jersey law. "There has been nothing in this discussion," he said, "and there is nothing that any man of ordinary intelligence can discover by a hasty examination, which would appeal to him to cause him to resolve his doubts in favor of passing this important legislation at this time. I propose to vote against the bill because I have not had sufficient time to examine it."

Among the crimes with which the penal laws of the United States deal, there is one class to which the usual arguments in favor of the indeterminate sentence and the parole system are singularly inapplicable. Such crimes as bank-wrecking, systematic defrauding of the government, or criminal financial operations generally, are committed by men not because they have never had an opportunity for self-development, nor because they have never acquired habits of order or of regular work. And when these men are put in prison, the object of the law is not at all—certainly not in any significant degree—to prevent a repetition of the same or a similar crime by the same person. Such a man finds no difficulty in being the most exemplary of prisoners; he needs no prison discipline to make him polite, neat in his person, punctual in his daily tasks, efficient in the dispatch of work. Whether his sentence should be a year or six years or twenty years is a question the true answer to which depends not on the facts developed during his prison life, but on the facts brought before judge and jury at his trial. He suffers in prison for one purpose, and one purpose only—that knowledge of the dire punishment which society thinks it necessary to impose for his crime may prevent others from committing it. To confuse his case with that of the shiftless or hopeless fellow who falls into the clutches of the law through the commission of some petty crime is to lose sight of the sole weighty purpose of the law in this most important domain. And before deciding upon so radical a change, it were well that the House of Representatives should devote to its consideration something more than can be got out of forty minutes of impromptu debate.

ENGLAND AND THE PEACE OF EUROPE.

Strong insistence has been laid upon the services of Edward VII in the cause of peace, and speculation will now be asking whether a new reign in England may be expected to bring about a change for the worse. The question must have presented itself with dramatic force to a great many people when George V and William II knelt beside the coffin of Edward the Peacemaker. But probably not many of these reflected that, in the sharpest menace to the peace of the world, the services of the late King are not as irreplaceable as may appear at first thought. The case is rather paradoxical. It is admitted that Edward VII was zealous in behalf of European peace. It is admittted that in the hostility between Great Britain and Germany lies the greatest danger of a European conflict. And it is a matter of record that during Edward's reign, Anglo-German relations grew in bitterness with the years. If Edward, ascending the throne when England was still under the cloud of the Boer war, had asked himself, What must I do to insure peace for England and for Europe? the answer must have been, Bring England and Germany into friendship. This solution he did not attain.

Apart from Germany, England's relations with the Continent during the reign of Edward VII took the form of an extraordinary succession of friendships and ententes, of which the cornerstone was the understanding with France, later expanded into a Triple Entente by the adhesion of Russia. With France virtually an ally, with Russia as the ally of an ally and a pledged friend, with Italy and Spain won over to closer friendship than ever, here was indeed an imposing record for the monarch who was understood to have taken a very active part in the framing of British foreign policy. And yet it should seem at first that for all those generous new bonds of amity, the cause of peace had not been measurably advanced. At no time was England in danger of going to war with France or Spain or Italy or even with Russia. If England made friends, it was with those who were already inclined to be friendly or, in any case, in no near danger of becoming enemies. Whereas, by rousing German fears or German anger, this policy of friendships and alliances may be said actually to have accentuated the perils of the general European situation. It was to test the strength of the Anglo-French understanding that Germany brought on the Morocco crisis. It was as a reply to the Triple Entente of Great Britain, France, and Russia that Austria and Germany broke with the Treaty of Berlin by the seizure of Bosnia and Herzegovina.

The Moroccan incident illustrates the difficulty of apportioning precisely the rights and wrongs in a complicated situation. Coming within a year after the conclusion of the Anglo-French entente, it was cited as a justification on both sides. Frenchmen congratulated themselves on the possession, in England, of an ally whose pledge of support saved the Third Republic from humiliation at the hands of Germany. But Germany argued that if France had refrained from entering into a menacing alliance with England, there would have been no occasion for the rattling of the German sabre. Common sense decides that France was right in seeking to insure her safety by means of powerful friendships abroad, instead of depending upon the forbearance of Germany. Common-sense, that is, agrees that on the whole the Anglo-French understanding has worked for the peace of Europe. And Edward VII, as one of the authors of that understanding, merited the reputation of peacemaker he enjoyed.

Yet it would be misjudging the proportion of things to overlook the fact that the final cause behind the Anglo-French entente was to be found in France rather than in England. For years the Frenchman Delcassé had been at work on his scheme of a great anti-German alliance. Its motive may have been the impossible one of revenge for 1870-71, but in principle it recognized that, single-handed, France could not hope to hold her own against Germany. The same principle was recognized by those who were opposed to Delcassé's adventurous policy. Whether war with Germany was to be risked or not, Frenchmen had grown reconciled to the fact that their country must henceforth play a secondary rôle in the politics of Europe, that her prestige and her safety demanded an ally. The question then was who that ally should be—Germany or England. The question had only to be asked to be answered. The year 1870-71 is still a bitter memory in France. In spite of Fashoda, it was England to whom the French people turned.

Prominent, therefore, though the late King's share undeniably was in the cementing of England's recent friendships, the prime impelling force lay outside himself, in the general condition of European politics. His pacific disposition, his tact, his wide knowledge of men, his geniality of temper, supplied an added impetus, but, after all, a subsidiary one. But since the forces that ultimately shaped British foreign policy lay outside the personality of the monarch, it follows that no great changes are likely to occur with the succession of George V. France needs English friendship now as she did five years ago, and English interests point to a good understanding with France as they did five years ago. There is no reason why George should be less a monarch of peace than his father was. And if he succeeds in bringing about a better understanding between England and Germany, he will have done a greater work than his father did.

PHYSICAL TRAINING IN COLLEGE.

In a recent report on physical development among undergraduates, by the director of the Yale University gymnasium, the apologetic note is distinctly present. Athletic directors have been on the defensive before this, but they have seldom been called upon to prove that physical training is good for the—body. Yet that is what the elaborate report in the *Yale Alumni Weekly* sets out to do. It attempts to explain the striking fact, as most people will find it, that, between his freshman year and his senior year, the undergraduate shows no appreciable improvement so far as may be judged by outward physical manifestations. The records show that in height, weight, and muscular development the freshman average and the senior average are virtually the same; in lung development there is a slight increase after four years. On the whole, the Yale figures indicate a sharp lack of correlation between physical exercise and physical growth, and all the more when it is recalled that 88 per cent. of Yale men are reported as taking part in some form of major athletics in addition to their gymnasium work.

The explanation brought forward by

the Yale writer is a novel one, though we have not the least ground for questioning its sufficiency. He points out that the period between seventeen or eighteen years and twenty-two or twenty-three years in men is a period of arrested development and often of actual retrogression. For a college man merely to hold his own is, consequently, something; and a gain, however slight, proves the efficacy of physical culture. For encouragement, we may look at the measurement figures of fifty and forty years ago, which show that the present-day undergraduate is physically a much better man than his father or grandfather was at his age. We find the stronger argument, however, in a plain appeal to common sense. One need not be a believer in all the miraculous benefits that are so often claimed for athletics, in order to feel that a fair amount of good cannot help coming from physical exercise. The Yale director's figures almost prove too much. They concede what the most fervent opponent of muscle-worship in the colleges would scarcely venture to claim.

But there is another argument which the Yale writer has failed to make use of, although it is one that enters into almost every discussion on the subject. Not height or weight or chest-girth or breathing capacity is the sole test of ultimate physical capacity. There is that mysterious element called staying-power on the athletic field and vitality in the sick-bed, which often differentiates so sharply two men of the same build and the same apparent organic equipment. In the long run, of course, the man with the deeper chest and firmer muscles will be the healthier man; but nevertheless, it is open to the athletic director to claim that his college boys get something out of their training that cannot be measured in inches, linear or cubic. Sand, grit, pluck, or whatever the latest name may be for it, undoubtedly plays a part in the general problem of health and survival as it does in the solution of isolated problems. At least, that is the way we should have commented upon the *Alumni Weekly's* figures instead of contenting ourselves with proving that the college man is no worse off physically than the young man who does not go in for athletics to-day, and better than the young man who did not go in for athletics forty years ago.

And yet, when all is said and done, if the Yale statistics hold good for all American colleges, here is something to strengthen the hands of men like President Lowell, who, in an age gone mad with athletics, have ventured to raise their voice in behalf of that virtue which once upon a time used to find a place within university walls, namely, scholarship. It required courage to raised the plea. For some time it had become the fashion to argue that it was absurd to decry athletics, since it was a well-known fact that the best athletes in the college were as a rule among the best scholars. It really was not a well-known fact. Common experience and common sense all pointed the other way. But the bold repetition of an obvious falsehood is always impressive. The paradox appealed; and we were really in danger of turning to the football field and the diamond for our future stars in scholarship, until some very relevant and very illuminating statistics on this point were put out, a few months ago, at Harvard. The Harvard figures disposed with neatness and dispatch of the paradox that the hardest workers are those who do not work. The athlete who found no time for study as an undergraduate made no particularly happy showing in the professional schools, and the undergraduate who was faithful to his work did. If athleticism was to be justified at all, it was within its own domain of the physical.

And now come the Yale figures to indicate that even in the domain of the physical, athleticism, with its vast and costly machinery, works results totally out of proportion to the expenditure of money, time, effort, and interest. We say "indicate" and not "show" because, as we have already stated, we believe the Yale figures prove too much. We feel that athletics must do good, and actually do so. We find the only value of the Yale figures—though a very high value it is—in proving the disproportion between the zeal and clamor that go into athletics and the result. The figures do not convince us that football and rowing produce no favorable effect on the college man's physical development. They do support the conviction that such good as football, rowing, and all the other college sports accomplish, might be attained at a much smaller sacrifice of the things colleges were once upon a time supposed to stand for.

THE LOST ART OF SKETCHING.

The extension of the professional point of view, with all the contempt for the amateur which it implies, has tended, in our day, to discourage every form of irregular application to the fine arts. The last few decades have seen a notable decline in promiscuous painting and piano playing. Those who possess, or think they possess, a real talent, pursue its cultivation farther than in the past—and not merely as an accomplishment, but with a more or less distinct professional end in view—while, on the other hand, those who are conscious of no such conspicuous gift, or who foresee no need to earn a living, are easily deterred from acquiring even the elements of those arts which may nevertheless appeal strongly to their taste, contenting themselves with such participation as may be enjoyed publicly in concert halls and picture galleries.

There was a time, in reality not long distant—though, like all things connected with our grandfathers and grandmothers, it seems more remote than antiquity—when every European traveller carried his sketch-book, just as he kept a journal of his literary impressions. But the professional spirit has long since, in large measure, suppressed both of these practices, even among our English cousins, who were peculiarly addicted to them. In one of his essays, George Moore, an exponent of this spirit, indulges in witty ridicule at the expense of art in the royal family, whose domestic tastes were an accurate reflection of the tastes of the nation as a whole. Here, as elsewhere, the critic's point of view is French rather than English. Gallic wit has traditionally found material in the tweed-suited English tourist, who sits on the highest rock in the landscape, and sketches away regardless of the attention he attracts, or of personal discomfort. Maupassant has a story of a wreck on the Breton coast, in which the life-savers who make their way through the surf to the hulk of an English ship hung up at a perilous angle on the rocks find, as the sole survivors, an elderly Englishman and his four daughters all seated in the wreck and absorbed in sketching the picturesque aspects of the disaster.

It is easy to smile at the young lady of the mid-Victorian period, with her album of sketches which, in the pages of the polite contemporary novelist, she

is always being persuaded to exhibit to visitors. With what bashful hesitation does she accede to the reiterated requests, and with what real palpitations of pride does she eventually accept the glowing praises that are bestowed upon the skilful product of her pencil! But the camera fiend, rushing at express speed through foreign parts, and stopping every few feet to make hasty snapshots, lends himself as readily to ridicule as his predecessor, the sketching tourist, and is far less susceptible of a rational defence.

Surely, one purpose of foreign travel is to store the mind with impressions, visual images. But to gain a lasting impression or image of a place or object, it is necessary to look at it, to study it with some care, to analyze it, noting its peculiar structure and characteristics. Such study was required of even the most casual and untrained sketcher; with the camera it is quite different. The hastiest glance apprises the photographer that he has found a "subject"; he levels his little box, gazes at the finder, presses the button, and hurries on. His own eye has scarcely been involved in the operation, and to that of the camera has been deputed the task of mechanically assimilating each detail of the scene. To recall what he has seen he must have recourse to his album, which has thus become a kind of detached, impersonal, mechanical memory for him. Moreover, the very operation of the mechanism, simple as it is, serves still further to distract his attention at the moment when his eye rather than the lens should be carefully focussed upon the object, so that the camera may be said to encourage and complete that indolence and lax dispersion of mental and visual attitude which are so characteristic of the average American tourist.

Far from smiling, then, with a superior air at those stalwart Englishmen and angular Englishwomen who are still occasionally to be seen sitting before their easels in the blistering sun of southern Italy, or in a gondola in Venice glancing up from their notebooks, and with fixed gaze measuring some bit of garden wall with vertical pencil grasped firmly between thumb and forefinger—far from smiling at these, we entertain a profound and hearty admiration for them, and wish we could surprise more of our own compatriots in like occupations. For we feel convinced that they are getting something out of their peregrinations and *séjours* which we, with our snapshot methods, miss utterly. Viewed as art, their work may be faulty, indeed quite negligible. Certainly, a good photograph is a better thing in itself than a bad drawing, or water-color. But to the amateur himself a poor sketch (but his own!) has a deeper personal value than the most finished snapshot, his rôle in which has been far more passive than active.

And even the camera craze bids fair to be superseded by that for photographic postcards. Now that the traveller can get his choice of scenes ready-made in prodigal variety and at the most trifling expense, he is less likely than before to burden himself with a camera which cannot compete with the postcard maker. This very perfection of the process of acquiring "impressions" without effort or reflection may, however, tend to remedy the evil which, in the beginning, it tended to emphasize. What more likely than that a natural reaction, a swing of the pendulum in the other direction, should bring the sketch-book and pencil once more into vogue? The revival of these abused articles of the traveller's equipment might not lead to any great advance in our native art, but it would at least help to render us, as a nation, more acute and careful in our observation and make us better travellers.

SHERIDAN.

There are some characters that seem predestined to serve as the scapegoats of human frivolity. Upon them legend delights to pitch and empty the whole budget of folly which respectability is unwilling to own to in itself but is perfectly ready to chuckle at in others. Such to some extent appears to be the rôle of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. In this sense story and fable have made so free with his name that it is difficult to tell how much of the current conception of the man is fact and how much is fiction. Hitherto the general reader who would ravel out the skein of tradition, which seems to grow more complicated with every effort to extricate it, has had to rely for the truth upon the biographies of Percy Fitzgerald and Fraser Rae, both of which are unsatisfactory in many respects as finished likenesses. In comparison Mr. Sichel's new biography* has an advantage in measure and precision as well as in fulness.

On the whole, it is such manner of biography as Sainte-Beuve approves—"broad, copious, even diffuse at times." For a third or fourth gleaning it contains a good deal of new material. In several instances, too, Mr. Sichel is successful in mending or piecing out his predecessors' story. While, in addition, he has expanded some of Sheridan's speeches by a collation of reports, notably the amazing "Begum Speech" before the Commons—though it must be confessed that in this instance, as in some others, the attempted restoration begins to show signs of superfetation.

Indeed, it is just this excess of fact—this disposition to dilate the subject beyond his predecessors, which forms the most serious blemish of the book as a whole. There is hardly a sentence which does not suffer from a kind of diffraction of the attention. The author has had so many things in mind that he seldom succeeds in bringing a fact sharply to a focus or in illumining it distinctly without a fringe of outlying reference and allusion—to say nothing of the inundation of detail which has overflowed the text in a freshet of footnotes. Nor does all this luggage harmonize very well with the biographer's ambition to write a picturesque narrative. After all, biography is not romance; and the attempt to write the former in the taste of the latter is likely enough to spoil both.

In view, then, of all these more or less conflicting representations and particularly of a certain inchoateness and unwieldiness in Mr. Sichel's performance—his biography includes something like a thousand compactly printed pages—it may not be unpardonable to try to draw, from the data which the successive biographers have obligingly furnished, not so much a full-length portrait of the subject, as a mere head-and-shoulder sketch which may possibly gain in compactness and consistency what it is bound to lose in scope and detail.

I.

Sheridan is one of those rare amphibians who live partly in literature, partly in politics; who belong at once to the two elements of imagination and reality. This double *ménage* makes him, like Swift, who is in so far his counterpart, a rather difficult subject of criticism. He is not to be found wholly in his plays or in his speeches—in one sense it is questionable whether he is to be found in both together. He resides in a great measure outside of his professions. He has not a trace of Swift's deadly seriousness. He is at bottom a man of pleasure, to whom these occupations are but expedients—a means to live. In the incorrigible levity of his character, he is much like Sterne—only more effectual. His genius is largely an affair of animal spirits, so little does it

*"Sheridan: From New and Original Material, including a Manuscript Diary by Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire." By Walter Sichel. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. 2 vols. $7.50 net.

seem to do with the intellectual or the moral nature. It is impossible wholly to stifle the suspicion that he is amusing himself even with what purport to be his most earnest efforts.

Of such a character you can hardly expect the logical consequence of a fanatic, an idealogue, a man of principles like Burke—any more than you can expect of the stage the solid consistency of life. What stood him in the place of principle or even policy, it would sometimes seem, was a desire to strike the imagination. He was, above all, a social creature, the man of an audience. His first thought is of the play—the illusion, the stage effect. And what an effective, what a brilliant performance, it must have been! To know him at his best, it would be necessary to replace him in his original setting, to restore the situation, social and political, in all its intricate intrigue with its conflicting motives and cross purposes, to recall the vanished actors and set them wheeling again in their rounds of gayety and self-interest—the captivating Georgiana of Devonshire, the romantic Mrs. Crewe, the generous and profligate Fox, the tinsel "Florizel" of Carlton House, "first gentleman of Europe" and heir apparent to the throne of England. But the old comedy is long since played out to its foregone conclusion, and we are left to imagine as best we can the audacity and fascination of him who was one of its most striking and versatile performers.

And yet, though Sheridan realizes himself fully neither in literature nor in history, he is always oscillating between these two poles; he is constantly manifesting himself in one or the other of these two worlds—he is either the humorist, the man of fancy and invention, or else the statesman and manager, the man of affairs—ever a little too much of the former, no doubt, to make a complete success of the latter. And it is his instability—the unexpectedness with which he shifts his ground so that you never know just where to have him, the persistency with which the one character will be getting into the other's light—which makes him so interesting—and sometimes so unedifying.

It is frankly in the former capacity that he begins his career—with an elopement and two duels. About the whole affair there is something as paradoxical, as quizzical as any of his literary compositions. Whatever the feelings of the parties at the moment, whatever the bunglings of the fate that mislays our prettiest dénouements, his elopement is essentially a comic situation, which might serve as a pendant to the scene between Lady Teazle and Joseph Surface—an elopement in all the proprieties, with a duenna in waiting, wherein everything is saved but appearances. And with what waggishness the penniless lover, who is innocently masquerading as a friend to all concerned, hoodwinks his rival and contrives that some one else shall bear the expenses of the frolic! His whole genius is in it; for the future he has only to reduce himself to writing.

Nor does his later life belie the mingled jest and earnest of his beginnings. He is always living at loose ends himself, always in arrears, always behind time, his affairs in hopeless disorder, his letters unread, his appointments unmet; and yet he aspires to manage a theatre or two, to control a political party, to direct a prince, to carry out a national policy. In the general chaos of his existence he is always making shift, with incredible dexterity and presence of mind, to extricate himself from difficulties that would never have arisen in the first place without the grossest tardiness and negligence. He is admirably cool, good-humored, and resourceful. But his abilities are wasted on temporary expedients—to put off a dun or wheedle a tradesman or pass off an indiscretion. His was the dodge by which the public lie in denial of the Prince's marriage to Mrs. Fitzherbert was accommodated and the lady sentimentally reimbursed for the loss of her character. Even in his moments of power he is restrained by some refinement of delicacy—a scruple that, however fine, seems more dramatic than political, and calculated rather to meet the needs of the literary imagination than of practical common sense—from securing the advantages for which he has been working all along. In a day of party—a system of things which the conscientious Burke himself defends at length—he had too much of the original about him to become a mere col laborator in other men's plots. He is incorruptible by his enemies, but he is equally intractable to his friends. Ad mirable exception as he is to the purchasable politicians of his time, his probity is largely sentimental. It never seems to have crossed his mind that, as society is constituted, the management of money is itself a branch of morals, and carelessness with one's own is only a milder kind of dishonesty. If reports are to be believed, he must have practised methodically what Balzac facetiously calls the English system of living on the interest of one's debts. As a result, the remark he is said to have made when asked what kind of wine he preferred, would apply equally well to his preference in money—some one's else. About his management of his political credit, too, there is much of the same light-mindedness. After sharing the ill-fortunes of the Whigs for years, he finally tricks them out of power by a turn so thoroughly comic that it looks like a caprice of the fancy, an irresistible desire to score a good point at any cost.

In a word, Sheridan combined in his own person the double rôle of Joseph and Charles Surface. He had all the former's sophistry of protestation devoid of profound sincerity of conviction, and all the latter's mischievousness of impulse devoid of intentional malice. What evil he did, he expected to excuse, like the one, by the goodness of his heart, and to dignify, like the other, by the elevation of his sentiments. As his father said with reference to "The School for Scandal," "he had but to dip the pencil in his own heart, and he'd find there the characters of both Joseph and Charles." But nature is occasionally more logical than our invention; and it is in significant contradiction with the fallacy of the dénouement that he comes to grief in both characters alike. He suffers, not only in the part of Joseph, but also in that of Charles, for his want of seriousness. And yet we must be careful. To take him too seriously is to falsify his proper impression and effect. In a certain large sense he belongs himself to comedy; and while comedy, too, may be a pretty serious business, its seriousness is not that of politics, irresistibly comic as the latter often appears. At all events, it is upon the former that Sheridan's genius has stamped itself most distinctly.

II.

The French would probably say, as indeed Taine virtually does, that Sheridan, like the rest of his countrymen, has no sense for comedy at all. But we must take our drama as we find it; and Sheridan's is the very best of anything like genuine comedy that we have. We have plenty of stage faery and romance, of tragi-comedy and melodrama; but of that sort of exhibition which arouses chiefly amusement and curiosity, which appeals above all to the intelligence, and constitutes something like a *genre tranché* comparable in any degree with the French, we have next to nothing. Congreve and the whole Restoration Comedy have failed to keep the boards for some reason or other—it can hardly be on account of their impropriety, one would infer from the present condition of the theatre. With the possible exception of Goldsmith, who is not in quite the same vein, Sheridan alone survives.

And yet how different is Sheridan himself from Molière, the representative not only of French comedy, but of the comic spirit at its fullest and best. It is not merely that he never wholly rid himself of the fatal English sentimentality, that he never completely parted company with the muse of lachrymose comedy against whom he inveighed at his first entrance upon the scene—though that has a good deal to do with it, too, and accounts for his tenderness for Charles Surface, as it does for his lack of the absolute intellectual detachment of perfect comedy, the purely disinterested pleasure in the discernment of character and motive. In this particular I

cannot help thinking Charles Lamb's perceptions less at fault than those of his critics. But to take the comparison where it is most favorable to Sheridan—the striking passages in "The Rivals" and "The School for Scandal," the things by which we remember Sheridan (I take them as they come) are phrases like Mrs. Malaprop's "nice derangement of epitaphs" or "allegory on the banks of the Nile"; or Sir Lucius's "snug lying in the Abbey"; or Lady Teazle's "I deny the butler and the coach-horse"; or, best of all, Sir Peter's "I leave my reputation behind me."

But clever as these are, they are not in the same class with those which leap into mind at the mention of Molière: Orgon's "le pauvre homme!" or Harpagon's "sans dot!" or Argan's "C'est pour moi que je lui donne pour mari ce médicin"; or finally Madelon's "Pour moi, un de mes étonnements, c'est que vous ayez pu faire une fille si spirituelle que moi." Decidedly this is quite another thing. It is not cleverness—it is dissection; every stroke disposes of a character. It would be impossible to shift these speeches from one mouth to another, as was Sheridan's habit—a practice that gives much of his dialogue the effect of a uniform veneer. And it is not so much that Molière is greater than Sheridan—or the comparison would be an unfair one—as that he is different. Vastly entertaining as he is, Sheridan belongs with another class—with the wits and the phrase-makers. Like Oscar Wilde he is a maker of smart comedy. "Why don't all these people leave off talking and let the play begin?" asked Jekyll of "The School for Scandal"; and in a word he supplied the formula of the species.

Within these limits, however, Sheridan created the variety. In certain respects the case is much the same with him as with Beaumarchais, whose "Barbier de Seville" came out the same year as "The Rivals." Beaumarchais may have been trying, as he pretends, to naturalize and familiarize the drama; but what strikes us at first is the conventionality of his intrigue—the stock motive, the "literary" commonplace of the plot; it is only later that its perfidiousness becomes evident. And so in his own way with Sheridan; the lover courting his mistress clandestinely, the hypocrite seducing the wife of his benefactor—these are not very novel properties. It is Sheridan's waggery, like Beaumarchais's malice, which saves the situation. The very quality of his wit is implicated in the manner in which the triteness of the matter is turned against itself. To don a disguise in order to escape discovery by anxious duennas and guardians, is one thing; it is quite another to don it, as Captain Absolute does, to conceal his identity from his mistress herself. To betray a husband out of passion for some one else, and to betray a husband, as Lady Teazle contemplates doing, out of a tenderness for her own reputation, are two very different things. So, too, of Joseph and Charles Surface, it would be difficult to show in what respect the latter is more virtuous than the former, except in his contempt for the proprieties. And to much the same effect Mr. Sichel points out very properly that the dénouement of "The Rivals" and "The School for Scandal" hinges in both cases on what amounts to a practical joke, the duel in the one and the overthrow of the screen in the other. It is all very English, somehow; it is all good fun. And it is this that makes Sheridan so thoroughly enjoyable. And as a natural result in his case, the better the joke, the better the play. For this reason "The Rivals" is on the whole a more successful effort than "The School for Scandal"—just as Mrs. Malaprop is the best of his *dramatis personæ*—in spite of the more finished workmanship of the latter piece and its greater significance. The former is more in character, it suited the author better, and it is, if anything, the happier performance. In short, it is more fun, just as Sheridan himself is more fun than Congreve, more fun even than Goldsmith.

III.

It is much more difficult to form an estimate of his oratory than of his drama. Not only has the taste in eloquence changed almost unrecognizably; most of his speeches exist only in garbled and mutilated versions as they were put together from the reporter's memory. In many cases it is quite impossible to be sure just what Sheridan said. In others, curiously enough, the reporters seem to have improved upon the original.

As far as can be judged, however, from what remains, his is what may be called abstract eloquence. It consists very largely in dilating a commonplace by transmitting it through a medium of general and rhetorical terms, which destroy its definition at the same time that they enlarge it. To be sure, it is a kind of thing of which any ingenious man can produce a passable imitation nowadays, just as he can produce a passable imitation of the verse of the period. But this is not to belittle Sheridan's merit in its discovery or perfection. It is immensely clever, as he does it, and when properly delivered to suit its occasions, it must have been immensely effective, too, as it was unanimously applauded—though few of his contemporaries fail at the same time to refer to its artifice and elaboration.

But in justice to Sheridan's oratory it must also be remembered that those were the good old days of the four and five bottle men, when statesmen gambled and caroused all night, when orators made speeches five and six hours long, and fell back exhausted into the arms of their friends, when a public compliment drew forth floods of tears, and a public censure streams of vituperation and abuse—the days of sensibility and intemperance, of violence and declamation, when ginger was still hot in the mouth, and men thrived on massive sensations. Even Burke himself is by no means guiltless of extravagance. And while Sheridan's points seem labored and fetched, while he has none of his great contemporary's clearness of vision, which penetrates at times to the bottom of political institutions and discovers their foundations in the roots of the moral nature itself, yet he has occasionally, at his best, a way of striking words together which produces a very presentable imitation of revelatory lightning:

> An honorable friend of mine . . . has told you that prudence, the first of virtues, can never be used in the cause of vice. . . . But I should doubt whether we can read the history of a Philip of Macedon, a Cæsar, or a Cromwell, without confessing that there have been evil purposes, baneful to the peace and to the rights of men, conducted—if I may not say with prudence or wisdom—yet with awful craft and most successful and commanding subtlety. If, however, I might make a distinction, I should say that it is the proud attempt to mix a variety of lordly crimes, that unsettles the prudence of the mind, and breeds this distraction of the brain. One master-passion, domineering in the breast, may win the faculties of the understanding to advance its purpose, and to direct to that object everything that thought or human knowledge can effect; but to succeed it must maintain a solitary despotism in the mind—each rival profligacy must stand aloof, or wait in abject vassalage upon its throne. For the power that has not forbade the entrance of evil passions into man's mind has, at least, forbade their union; if they meet they defeat their object, and their conquest, or their attempt at it, is tumult. Turn to the virtues—how different the decree! Formed to connect, to blend, to associate, and to cooperate; bearing the same course, with kindred energies and harmonious sympathy, each perfect in its own lovely sphere, each moving in its wider or more contracted orbit, with different but concentring powers, guided by the same influence of reason, and endeavoring at the same blessed end—the happiness of the individual, the harmony of the species, and the glory of the Creator. In the Vices, on the other hand, it is the discord that insures the defeat; each clamors to be heard in its own barbarous language; each claims the exclusive cunning of the brain; each thwarts and reproaches the other; and even while their full rage assaults with common hate the peace and virtue of the world, the civil war among their own tumultuous legions defeats the purpose of the foul conspiracy. These are the Furies of the mind . . . that unsettle the understanding; these are the Furies that destroy the virtue, Prudence; while the distracted brain and shivered intellect proclaim the tumult that is within, and bear their testimonies from the mouth

of God Himself to the foul condition of the heart.

After all, however he may look to us nowadays, Sheridan represents what is always a disturbing phenomenon—the irruption of genius into a province usually reserved for other occupants. With posterity Burke has come off lightly, thanks to his caution in editing his own memorials—and besides, Burke was much more of the expert. But outside of his comedy poor Sheridan has always lain at the mercy of the diarists and chroniclers, who have tried him by the measure of an officialism to which he did not belong, and finding him fall short, have cried out upon him for lack of a consistency which is not in his proper character at all.

PROSSER HALL FRYE.

Lincoln, Neb.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

A work which will take its place at the head of books in the English language on the subject is Theodore L. De Vinne's "Notable Printers of Italy during the Fifteenth Century," just issued by the Grolier Club of New York.

Almost thirty-five years ago Mr. De Vinne published his "Invention of Printing" (first edition 1876, second edition 1878), a work which still holds its position as the best comprehensive account of the beginnings of typography. In that earlier work Mr. De Vinne held closely to his subject, and, except for a chapter on the spread of printing, dealt only with the very beginnings, playing-cards, block books, etc., and the work of the first printers of Germany, Gutenberg, Fust, and Schoeffer. In this new work on Italian printing, a subject which he has studied for many years, he tells of the work of those Germans who first carried the "art preservative" into Italy, and their immediate successors.

To Italian printers we owe the use of the Roman alphabet in printed books. For more than a century after the invention of printing the Gothic, or "black-letter," was preferred in Holland, England, France, and Spain, and it is within our own day that the German printers are making a general use of the more distinct and more legible Roman characters. The letters cut by Conrad Sweinheim, Nicolas Jenson, and printers of their age, are, with modifications, the characters with which the books of the world are printed to-day. One font of Roman type was used by the unknown and so-called "R" printer of Strasburg as early as 1464, but that it did not meet with the approval of the book buyers of the day is shown by its subsequent abandonment. For the book buyers of Italy, accustomed to the lighter-faced Roman letters in their manuscripts, the Germans were ready to prepare letters of similar form for their printed books.

The first book printed in Italy was a Donatus, or Latin Grammar, printed in Roman characters, at the monastery of Subiaco, near Rome, in the year 1464, by two Germans, Conrad Sweinheim and Arnold Pennartz, who had been invited thither by its ecclesiastics. Of this first book a single copy only is known to exist. The second book, for which a Roman type of a different face was cut, was the Lactantius, printed in 1465, and of this Mr. De Vinne gives the reproduction of a page from the copy in the library of the late Robert Hoe.

After three years at Subiaco the first press was moved to Rome. In 1472, in a petition to the Pope praying for pecuniary assistance, they said that they had printed more than fifty works, amounting to 11,475 volumes. During this time also other presses had been established, mostly by Germans, in Venice and other Italian cities, and the total number of books printed in Italy during the first decade after the setting up of the first press must have run far into the thousands. Nicolas Jenson, who began printing in Venice in 1470, was the most notable of the early Italian printers, and the Roman types first cast by him are the models upon which our modern types are in large part based.

A preliminary chapter on the Roman alphabet and chapters on type-founding, printing ink, paper, composition, and the hand press will be found especially attractive to readers not interested in incunabula as such. There are forty-one full-page plates, reproductions of specimen pages of the work of various printers, besides a few illustrations printed in the text.

The work throughout shows that it was not written by a mere bibliographer describing the books, but by a master printer who, familiar with all the processes of printing, can explain them to the lay reader. And, as the most famous printer in America for nearly half a century, and as a man who did not follow William Morris with his Kelmscott "revival" of twenty years ago, and its many imitators, Mr. De Vinne may well stand up for modern printing as most suited for modern readers. Upon this head we quote the following:

> Praise fairly due to some early books has been conceded unwisely to too many. Eulogies of the general superiority of fifteenth century typography, written by critics a long time afterward, when the printing of the seventeenth century was in its lowest estate, were justifiable then, but are not warrantable now. An old book may be highly esteemed for its age and rarity, for its quaint mannerisms or its association with a famous editor, printer, binder, or owner; but these peculiarities may not invest it with a sacredness that puts it beyond examination and comparison. The reading world of this century has its own standard of fair workmanship in printing, by which it judges the old as well as the new. The new too often suffers by comparison, but the old is not always faultless.

And again:

> Few of the written and printed books of small size, cheaply made for the needs of young scholars and poor buyers, are in existence now, for they were generally thumbed to rags by persistent handling, and for that shabbiness have been kept out of neat collections, but enough have survived to indicate the existence of the larger number destroyed. The old books that are now made to serve for comparison with new books are of the better class.

On June 1 and 2, C. F. Libbie & Co. will sell in Boston the library of the late Charles Edwin Hurd, literary editor of the Boston *Transcript* for nearly thirty years. Mr. Hurd was vice-president and one of the founders of the Bibliophile Society, and a complete set of that society's publications are included in the sale.

On May 31 and June 1, the Anderson Auction Co. will sell the books and autographs of the late Joseph M. Hart of Troy, N. Y. First editions of Shelley's "Adonais" (1821) and "Queen Mab" (1813); early New England and New York imprints; books with colored plates, etc., are included.

On June 2 and 3 the Merwin-Clayton Sales Co. offers a miscellaneous collection of books, including nearly fifty pamphlets on early American railways and a quantity of portraits for extra-illustrating.

Correspondence.

BORDEN PARKER BOWNE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The deep, quiet devotion of the "great teacher" to one of the less prominent institutions, which younger men are so often pitiably but honestly unable to comprehend, was strikingly characteristic of the group of men who served Boston University almost from its inception. Their academic creed was the transcendent belief that "it is beautiful simply to know things."

And it is no vain and gratuitous lauding *temporis acti* that insists on remembering the splendid enthusiasms, the unfailing stimulus to the eternal questioning, the almost apostolic fervor for teaching as an art which they incited.

Of the three who have but recently ceased to teach, Prof. Augustus Buck, now in voluntary retirement in the Germany of his youthful university days, was for more than half a century, most of that time at Boston University, a teacher of truly inspiring type. So careful for the nice balances of the letter that he never let the smallest "particle" of his loved Greek go untranslated, he could, too, by his own impassioned interpretation, rouse the most stolid freshman to grasp something of the spirit of Socrates's sublime Apology; and even with hurdy-gurdies and florists' windows to create the illusion, he made Theocritus and the lyric fragments the joy of a senior springtime and a memory forever to be loved and forever fair.

The late Prof. Thomas Bond Lindsay was a master of the art of coördination, and whatever the Latin text studied under him, all literature was its commentary. So Lucretius brought to many the first real grappling with Whence? and Whither? Such a teacher could show the agonized vision of doubt behind the insidious melody of the "Rubáiyát" and in the laborious embroidering, in somhre richness of color, of the theme of "In Memoriam." William Watson, in that first outpouring of real achievement and ringing verse, served to give present significance to Juvenal's scorn and Persius's ire by means of "The Things that are More Excellent."

The recent death of Prof. Borden Parker Bowne, whom the academic world knows best by his philosophical writings and public addresses, brings to his pupils an intensified realization of the compelling personality of the teacher. They recall gratefully his encouragement to those who would enter the vastnesses of Thought and who learned from him that happiness is surely in travelling hopefully.

Compelled for many years to furnish lectures on the Philosophy of Theism as a prescribed course for students of varying training and receptivity, he inevitably re-

mained unknown to many younger, awe-inspired students; but he was greatly loved and sought as adviser by others. Ho could not, however, without sacrilege, be called popular with the ordinary connotations of that word. That he could so persistently take his philosophic view from the angle of theism was cause for wonder to some who follow the changing fashions in philosophical nomenclature and find an apologetic appearance in a previous decade's styles. His was a mind to prove all things, but his very conservatism helped his gift for emphasizing the few things that are really good and to be held fast.

On the margins of class-hooks, especially the "Ethics," I find pencilled epigrammatic sayings of the author-lecturer, elaborating and illustrating his text. They bring back the invariably gentle voice and the inscrutable smile that could rebuke the hollow sophistries of the unthinking and clamorously insistent youth with Xavier de Maistre's "On voit bien, excellent jeune homme, que vous avez dix-huit ans; à quarante je vous attendrai." There was infinite patience with ignorance, but a certain bitterness in the protests against the limitations of rigid, unreasoning theological bias, against the foolishness and menial vanity of halfway knowledge, and the inanity of the "well-intentioned." He could condemn without vehement denunciation. "It's the easiest thing in the world to denounce somebody," he said long before muck-raking became pleasant and profitable. In the marginal notes are found the following:

The ease with which persons are injured varies inversely as their intellectual development.

Pretty much everything in this world is an edge-tool, and fools among others exist at their own peril.

It is becoming less and less a world in which fools can live in safety.

The chief mark of the fool is that he is clamorously delighted over nothings.

Referring to a certain kind of self-imposed mental misery over remote ills, he said, "We could not distress ourselves if we would over some indignity in South Africa." Much of our seeming hypocrisy, however, he deemed merely "handy remarks to make under the circumstances"; and the note adds, "'I'm glad to see you,' as glad as the occasion demands." Many of the apparently hard sayings of Professor Bowne were directed against the elusive disguises of a perennially recurring Phariseeism, and the subtle settling with conscience that leads to various schemes of so-called altruism (really a "wise selfishness at best," as he called it). Thus:

It is selfishness that most makes for righteousness, and justice is the second choice of the many.

We have no revelation as to the bearing of to-day's activity upon the twentieth generation to come.

Many of the workers in the slums and settlements, where he occasionally lectured, he declared to be self-deceived as to motive and results; and time has shown that the self-development of the worker is the most tangible result in many cases, although the neighborhood settlement remains the best of a poor array of social palliatives. Much of our current generosity he termed "pathologic," and with the much-organized report-writing charities in the early days, at least, he lost patience. "I abominate," he said, "all general philanthropies. The natural selfishness of the race is safer on the whole than our philanthropy." Again, "the great bulk of humanitarian effort is lost objectively." A very "successful" East Side minister recently made the same admission, despairing of the great waste of individual endeavor. From certain kinds of inflammatory preaching which advocated useless sacrifice of the individual, Professor Bowne found safety in the apathy of congregations. "Much of the preaching would be calamitous if it were not for the dulness of those who listen." No one was more of a temper to quote, as he used to do:

Tho' love repine and reason chafe,
There comes this voice without reply,
'Tis man's perdition to be safe
When for the truth he ought to die.

But against offering this gospel as "an equation of happiness" no one could protest more vigorously.

In answer to the objection that woman suffrage, "like popular suffrage has fearsome possibilities," there is found the note: "Logic leads to the abysses." No saner, more temperate consideration of that burning issue could be found, by the way, than the brief page or more in his "Principles of Ethics."

He was fond of emphasizing the "Function of Illusion in Life," and his little allegory, noted merely as pleasing, takes on rich meaning after years: "If it were not for the rainbow, we should not get on. We follow the gleam; at first we misinterpret it; we live by it, eventually." His life and temperament ever exemplified belief in his own words, "This world is full of possible beauty," and "the joy of living cannot be separated from the joy of knowing." Those who knew him will recall how often those words, "the joy of knowing," were on his lips, and that other phrase, "a common faithfulness," for which he pleaded with the intense conviction that it was the sum of life, learning, and all endeavor.

In the undergraduate days, when life needed not philosophy to make it tolerable, his hearers admired his brilliancy, serenity, and conviction; when the problem became real for them, inextricably bound up with the value of life, they remembered his teachings. Greater monument could no teacher have.

MARY COWELL HAM.

Brunswick, Me., May 16.

CURIOSITY AND THE COMET.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Nothing pleases some people so much as facts. They will spend whole hours in persistent yet apparently aimless questioning of their acquaintances, or in concentrated application to newspaper articles and technical reviews. Details of mechanical processes, circumstantial accounts of the most unimportant happenings, are all enchantingly attractive to them, because, and only because, they are series of facts. Obviously the motive for such truth-seeking is intellectual curiosity, pure and simple, with no basis of a desire to use the knowledge gained, or of pleasure in the gaining.

Just at present, the existence of the fact-hunting point of view is even more easily discerned than usual among people in general. All you have to do is to mention the comet, and your friend's mind classifies itself immediately. He may begin to talk in a mildly historical vein of the curious superstitions it has inspired in the past; he may discourse of its wonder and natural beauty; he may take a soberly philosophic view of the littleness of man and his world. But if he begins to tell at once how many times he has seen the comet already, at what hour it will appear to-morrow morning, and how much good his little pocket telescope really does him, he is a fact-hunter, and you may know exactly where to put him.

A hundred and fifty years ago, however, nearly everybody was a fact-hunter. That remark is not a wild generalization from histories of eighteenth century literature, but a deduction from a relic of the "age of prose and reason" itself. Nothing but the general acceptance of that point of view as natural and right would ever have led to the publication of a poem that was found not long ago in a pile of old letters, dated all of them about the time of the appearance of the comet in 1759. The name of the paper in which it appeared is not given on the clipping, but it was doubtless a New York weekly of that time. One only wishes that the modern prosaically-minded fact-hunter were unsophisticated enough to unbosom himself as frankly as did the provincial bard. A lament in a current metre, one patterned after Alfred Austin, for instance, and inspired by the poet's lack of sufficiently accurate astronomical instruments, would be a relief from the flood of verse, which, I quite clearly perceive, will richly supply the magazines for the next few months. The eighteenth century model has, at any rate, "one native charm":

Hah! There it flames, the long expected star,
And darts it's awful glories from afar!
Punctual at length the traveller appears
From it's long journey of nigh four-score years.
Lo! the reputed messenger of fate,
Array'd in glorious, but tremendous state,
Moves on majestick o'er the heav'nly plain
And shakes dire sparkles in it's fiery train.
Ah! my misfortune that I live retir'd,
And nought avail me arts I once acquir'd!
Here, like an hermit, in my lonely cell,
Far from the mansions where the Muses dwell,
I'm forc'd to act the common gazer's part,
Alas! unfurnish'd with the aids of art!
O for the tube, with philosophic eye
To trace the shining wand'rer thro' the sky!
O for the ampler arch, in nicer mode,
To mark it's stages in its azure road!
But vain the wish, oh! ye that can survey
The glorious orb, and track its wondrous way,
And find it's shortest distance from the source of day,
While vulgar crowds with dull attention gaze,
And gaping, wonder at the silver blaze;
Ye sons of science, from your high abodes,
Discry it's oblique path, and mark it's nodes,
Explore with what velocity it's hurled,
And what exact its period round the world.
Now, now in this delightful work engage,
Pursue the steps of the sagacious sage,
And be this wiser than the former age.

ELIZABETH CRANE PORTER.

Audover, Mass., May 18.

LIBERIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Any one appreciating the importance of the audience addressed by the *Nation* and at all well informed as to Liberian affairs, internal or international, must regret the endorsement given in your is-

sue of April 21 to the report of the Liberian Commission.

Readers of this report or of your review of it will receive an impression of Liberia as a native republic whose difficulties are due solely to foreign interference with its independence; of Great Britain as the *instans tyrannus*, who, for a century, has been fomenting these difficulties in order to encroach on or intrigue against that independence; of the United States as an earthly providence which at the right moment will send, as a *deus ex machina*, a cruiser or a minister with a treaty in his pocket. Such an impression is as false as the information on which it is based is fallacious. The difficulties in Liberia are due solely to the incompetence and corruption of the small governing class. The country is bankrupt, and has no credit and nothing in its treasury; but the total debt charge is only 15 per cent. of the revenue, and were the collected revenue paid into the treasury, it would be amply sufficient for all requirements. Again, the disorders in the interior are caused neither by the intrigues of Great Britain nor by the turbulence of savage races raiding or revolting against civilized rule; but by the extortions and outrages of the armed expeditions sent out by the Liberian government against peaceable villages. That is the origin of the present trouble with the Grebas and the reason why the Kroo coast refuses to acknowledge Liberian rule. Indeed, not long ago a raiding force of Liberians, after ravaging several villages was disarmed by the natives and sent back to Monrovia unharmed.

Liberian rule is corrupt, cruel, and, fortunately, confined to a small coast strip; which facts should be as well known in the United States as are the same disappointing developments in colored communities of the Western Hemisphere. Until they are well known Liberia will remain exposed to the cruel kindness of good people who—

> have just got a notion
> for making a motion
> that black shall in future be white.

Now, sir, to turn to the international aspects of the report. The whole course of Liberian history goes to show that the dramatic tableau staged in the report as an American Perseus rescuing a Liberian Andromeda from the British sea monster is, to say the least, fanciful. If American philanthropists made Liberia, British cruisers made the Liberians. It was Great Britain that first recognized Liberian independence, fifteen years before the United States did so; and for the last twenty years the maintenance of that independence has been due to British support. But it is unnecessary to go further for a recognition of the true relations between Great Britain and Liberia than the recent correspondence published last year when Mr. Roosevelt recommended to Congress the appropriations for this commission. This correspondence shows that in 1897 Great Britain made the following proposal to the United States:

> It might prove of service to the Liberian Republic and encourage it to resist absorption by a foreign Power were the governments of Great Britain and the United States to make a joint declaration of the special interest taken by them in the independence of the republic.

A suitable reply was made by the State Department, and the understanding was notified to the Liberian government by the American minister in the following terms:

> It is my privilege to present these *promemoria*. . . . The one from the United States which I have the honor to represent at this court, gives me profound pleasure to present to the home of my ancestors—the one from Great Britain increases my admiration for his Majesty's government as a power of justice and equity.

Ten years later, in 1908, Sir E. Grey, foreign secretary, made another proposal that the United States government should take over judicial reform in Liberia, and added:

> While calling attention to this branch of administration which has been a frequent scene of trouble, I need hardly add that his Majesty's government would welcome the coöperation of the government of the United States with them in Liberia in any other manner which may appear most suitable or more observable on a consideration of all the circumstances.
>
> It appears to his Majesty's government that the main risk to the future of Liberia arises from the inefficiency of Liberia's administration of their own affairs, especially in matters of finance, and any suggestions which the United States might see fit to give them to follow the advice of such foreigners as they have themselves engaged to help in their administration would have a beneficial effect.

VERITAS.

Washington, D. C., May 15.

LORD CROMER AND THE EGYPTIAN PEASANTRY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: Before the echoes of Mr. Roosevelt's Cairo address have quite blown away, the following unconscious tribute to Lord Cromer's exertions on behalf of the Egyptian peasantry may prove of interest.

One of the most voluminous, varied, and picturesque of the mediæval Arabic romances of chivalry has recently (1908-1909) been printed at Cairo for the first time. It is the story of the Sultan az-Zahir Baybars, and the publisher, who was, apparently, as frequently in such cases occurs, also a redactor, announced at the beginning that it would consist of fifty parts. But for this number he was unable to find material, and was therefore obliged to fill in, from page 20 of Part 48, with a strongly nationalist outline history of Egypt, Syria, and Turkey, down to the present time. The latest date I can find is April 9, 1909; but there is no hint of a Turkish revolution, and his Majesty Abdul Hamid is still reigning gloriously.

This whole appendix is of the highest interest as an example of how popular history can be written. But the point to which I now write to draw attention is in the section on Lord Cromer (Part 49, p. 47). There the writer, evidently a townsman and of the "learned" class, complains that Lord Cromer brought young men from his own country, and put them into government posts which should have been held by natives, and that he "succeeded, by his guile and astuteness, in drawing to his side the hearts of the peasantry, and of the simple-minded among the country governors and shaikhs, who used to write to him reports and complaints and lying desires."

Of course, until the time of the English control, no Egyptian ruler or ruling class ever thought of the peasantry, except as a source of labor and revenue. That the Egyptian upper and middle classes still view it in the same way is, unfortunately, too certain. Lord Cromer's consideration of them could, therefore, be only the guile of the politician. Yet one hardly expected to find so complete and naïve an admission of the success of his policy. Perhaps, with time and patience the peasantry may at last be persuaded to exercise the voting power which it already possesses. When it does so, by far the most important step will have been taken towards full parliamentary government. For before that comes, the peasantry, the most weighty if the most silent element in the Egyptian population, must be equipped and ready to protect itself against the exactions and the contempt of the other classes.

DUNCAN B. MACDONALD.

Hartford, Conn., May 17.

THE PHILIPPINE LANDS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: In reply to Mr. Bingham's letter in the *Nation* of the 12th, may I suggest some considerations in regard to the sale of Philippine lands in large quantities?

In the first place it is a matter of common knowledge that Mr. Taft has expressed repeatedly his hope that the Philippine Islands, at a time when their independence may be properly considered, will not aspire to it, but will be satisfied with a colonial attachment to the United States, which he believes to be a desirable permanent condition. The Filipinos, whenever and wherever their voice has been able to make itself heard, protest against the colonial position and demand independence at the earliest possible date, secured through neutralization by the great Powers. This voice has spoken loudly and clearly to deplore these large sales, because it is apprehended that the establishment of interests such as those of great sugar or tobacco cultivators will create powerful influences against the independence of the islands. The true welfare of the people of the islands was sought in the establishment, under the authority of Congress, of an agricultural bank which has not been successfully developed. The admirable "Raiffeisen" system of agricultural credit was adopted by the Philippine Assembly in a bill which was done to death in the upper House (the Philippine Commission, composed of Mr. Taft's appointees). It is quite obvious why the attitude taken towards exploitation by Senator Hoar, who earnestly hoped for the early independence of the Philippine Islands, was antagonized by Mr. Taft, who has never even reckoned with it.

Mr. Taft may be a friend of the *land* of the Philippine Islands, but he cannot in any proper sense be said to be a friend of the Philippine *people*.

Ireland and even Scotland to a large extent have been depopulated by those who love the land and not the people.

ERVING WINSLOW.

Boston, May 16.

A CORRECTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: As a reader of the *Nation* and an English Liberal, permit me to say that you are mistaken in believing that the budget

has passed as the result of "one of its most contentious provisions being struck out" (the *Nation*, May 5, p. 449). No concession at all was made. Agricultural land was from the first exempt from the increment tax. RICHARD CAPELL.

London, May 5.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Allow me to call your attention to an error in your article on page 449 of the last issue of the *Nation*. No actual change was made in the British budget upon its final passage except in the matter of dates to fit the new conditions.

The original budget did not assess the new 20 per cent. increment duty to land used for agricultural purposes, and the declaration on that subject in the bill as finally passed was inserted merely for the purpose of clearing up a possible ambiguity in the original wording.

One would infer from the remainder of your article that as a fiscal scheme the historic budget had been something of a failure; an idea which is hardly borne out by a careful reading of the debates in the House of Commons, as reported in the most recent London newspapers. Mr. Austen Chamberlain, at any rate, seemed disposed to congratulate the chancellor of the exchequer upon his favorable statement. Of course, a surplus of "only $14,500,000" is nothing to boast of, but it is better than a deficit. GEO. Q. THORNTON.

St. Louis, Mo., May 6.

THE THESIS OF A PLAY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue for April 7 there appeared an interesting notice of the revised edition of William Vaughn Moody's "The Faith Healer." I should like to raise a question about one remark in this notice:

> The great weakness of the play in its first estate, as has been pointed out in this journal more than once, was the vagueness of its intent and meaning, as if the author were himself in doubt as to the true nature of the phenomena with which he had undertaken to deal. . . . This defect is as conspicuous in the revised version as in the end.

This struck me as a very unjust bit of criticism. What attitude other than doubt as to the nature of such phenomena is possible at present to an intelligent man? And are we to exclude from the legitimate field of drama every phenomenon which we do not fully understand? If we do, how much will be left?

To make sure that I did not misunderstand your critic, I referred to his review of the earlier version of the play (*Nation*, February 18, 1909). He there remarks:

> The play would be stronger if it were clearer in meaning and purpose, more definite in argument and declaration. It is difficult in reading it to determine whether it is a profession of faith, a spiritual romance, or a *mere* dramatic study of existing conditions. (The italics are mine.)

I am reminded of a remark made by a student in our engineering department, apropos of a presentation of Ben Jonson's "Silent Woman": "I don't think it's really a good play; there isn't any moral which you can take away with you and think about."

Against the assumption which underlies the sentences quoted from the *Nation*, I wish to enter a vigorous protest. The doctrine of your critic seems to be that a play cannot deserve the highest praise unless it presents some definite thesis, some clear-cut solution of a problem. This critical attitude, I suppose, is due chiefly to the influence of Ibsen. A great master of dramatic technique has seen fit to confuse the functions of the stage with those of the pulpit or the platform; many lesser men have followed him, and, as usually happens, a criticism has arisen which sees in their practice a fundamental principle of drama.

Of course, this principle is beautifully exemplified in the plays of such men as Ibsen and Shaw, from which it is derived. Almost all their plays are what Mr. Chesterton calls "propaganda" plays. But how will the principle apply to the great dramas of the past? Can we be quite sure that Sophocles, in describing the death of Œdipus and the voice which called him "many times and in many quarters," was not "in doubt concerning the true nature of the phenomena with which he had undertaken to deal?" Is "Œdipus" or "Hamlet" "clear in meaning and purpose, definite in argument and declaration?" If they were, should we be fascinated by them still?

I am not yet ready to believe that a play is a better play because it is also a sermon or an essay. I cannot escape from the conviction that what your critic regards as the chief fault of "The Faith Healer" is really one of its greatest merits. Mr. Moody has set forth in splendid dramatic form a situation which would have tempted a lesser man to promulgate a psychological theory, thinly disguised as a play.

HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE.

Colorado Springs, April 23.

[We print this letter because it raises an interesting question of art. Our reviewer did not mean, and did not imply, that a play is better for being a sermon or an essay; he did mean that a play, or any other work of literature, is better if the writer has a clear perception of the theme he has in hand, and a clear notion of his own mental and emotional attitude toward that theme. Crude didacticism may injure a work of art, "vagueness of intent and meaning" may also be injurious," the greatest work of art will always convey a definite moral impression.—ED. NATION.]

Literature.

THE ARTHURIAN ROMANCES.

The Vulgate Version of the Arthurian Romances. Edited from manuscripts in the British Museum, by H. Oskar Sommer. Vol. I: L'Estoire del Saint Graal; Vol II: L'Estoire de Merlin. Washington: The Carnegie Institution.

The publication of a work of such magnitude as the present would in Europe be the function of some academy of sciences; it is fortunate that we have at last on this side of the ocean in the Carnegie Institution a foundation which possesses the material resources to carry through an enterprise of this nature. To be sure, the aid of the Institution has been hitherto mainly extended to investigators in the physical sciences, but we hope that with so liberal a recognition of the claims of literary research as is implied in the present publication we may look forward in future to a more abundant flow of favors in this direction. In any event, the Institution is earning the gratitude of all serious students of literature by the issue of these splendid volumes—the product of the Riverside Press—which in beauty of typography are not inferior to the publications of any learned body in the world. We only regret that it should have chosen to date them respectively 1909 (Vol. I) and 1908 (Vol. II), although they were really published in 1910. This is sure to lead to confusion in future researches in this field.

The first two volumes which lie before us comprise the branches of the Vulgate cycle generally known, respectively, as the "Grand Saint Graal" and the "Merlin." The whole work, as Dr. Sommer announces, is to consist of six volumes, of which the third, fourth, and fifth are to contain the "Lancelot," and the last the "Queste del Saint Graal" and "Mort Artus." With the very important exception of the "Lancelot," all the branches of the cycle have already appeared in print. For instance, the "Grand Saint Graal" has been edited by both Furnivall and Hucher, and the "Merlin" by Dr. Sommer himself. Nevertheless, the present publication has its value even for these works, since it rests on a much more extensive examination of the manuscript material, and in the case of the former offers the text (a somewhat abbreviated one, to be sure) of a manuscript which has not been printed before in its entirety. As in his previous publications, Dr. Sommer merely prints exact transcripts of the manuscripts, without editing them. Headlines and ample side-notes, however, make it easy to glance rapidly over the narrative, and he has also adopted a system of cross-references to previous editions of these romances, which renders it easy to compare any passage. Furthermore, collations are given at the bottom of the page from some other manuscripts, although it is to be regretted that no statement is made as to how systematic these collations are.

The manuscript which Dr. Sommer has chosen as the basis of his edition of the whole cycle is Additional 10292-4 of the British Museum. One may well question whether it is advisable to print all the branches of the cycle from this one manuscript, simply because it happens to contain them all, regardless of the fact that a less abbreviated text of each branch of the cycle—that is, accordingly, a text which represents more nearly the original form of each of these branches—may be obtained from separate manuscripts. For, although Dr. Sommer does not state it, Additional

10292-4 is really a somewhat shortened text of the Vulgate Version. This is indisputably true of the first and last branches, and it is presumably true of the intervening branches. The collations at the bottom of the page from other manuscripts will make up in part for the deficiencies of the main manuscript, but not altogether. Taken as a whole, the abbreviations, no doubt, only rarely involve the omission of incidents, but in the last branch, at least, they are in one or two places of such a character as seriously to impair the value of the manuscript. Still further, the disadvantages of a shortened text will certainly be felt, when it is used (as Dr. Sommer expects it will be) for purposes of collation in the preparation of a critical edition. On the other hand, there are certain advantages in having in print the whole of one of the only six manuscripts extant that embrace the whole cycle (each of which, however, has its imperfections), even though it is, to a certain degree, shortened, and students of the Arthurian romances will be too grateful to Dr. Sommer for undertaking the task at all to quarrel with him over this matter. To give three years and seven months to the mere transcription of the text (as he tells us he did) is devotion enough for any cause.

Notes do not enter into the plan of the present edition, but Dr. Sommer has prefixed to his first volume an Introduction of twenty-six pages which contains a description of MS. Additional 10292-4, a list of the manuscripts and early prints which he has used in the preparation of his work, and a critical discussion of the development of the Vulgate cycle, consisting in large measure of a summary of the editor's views on this subject as already expounded in various philological journals. With regard to the description of the MS. Additional 10292-4, we have commented above on Dr. Sommer's neglect to state that it offers a shortened text. But, still further, how can he speak in this place (as he has done once before) as if he were the first person to notice that the date of this manuscript (1316) was fixed by a certain miniature in the first volume, when the description of the manuscript in Ward's "Catalogue of Romances" has made this a matter of common knowledge for upwards of twenty-five years? He should also have warned the reader that his tables of manuscripts do not embrace all the manuscripts of the various branches of this cycle which are accessible in the Bibliothèque Nationale. The same is true of the list of early prints. Dr. Sommer adopts the division (already frequently in use) of the "Lancelot" into three parts, and there is no objection to this (only the older division into two has the justification of following a common arrangement of the manuscripts), but the exclusion of Part iii (known as the "Agravain") from the term "Lancelot proper" does not accord with general usage. Indeed, Dr. Sommer himself did not so use it, when he published his "Studies on the Sources of Malory's 'Morte Darthur,'" though, to be sure, in that work he made the mistake of calling the whole "Lancelot" the "Livre d'Artus," which is the term he now rightly applies to the second part of the "Merlin."

We have not the space here to enter fully into the discussion of Dr. Sommer's theories concerning the development of the cycle. In some respects, they manifestly require correction, as when he makes the "Galahad-Queste" later than the "Mort Artus," for the "Galahad-Queste" is, beyond dispute, an important source of the "Mort Artus," as the recent edition of the latter work shows. Dr. Sommer, moreover, exaggerates his originality in regard to most of what is sound in his theories here, and still more in the various articles which he has in recent years devoted to these questions. For instance, Gaston Paris recognized fully, in his review (*Romania*, 1887) of Von Reinhartstoettner's (uncompleted) edition of the Portuguese "Demanda," that this was the third part of the so-called Robert de Borron trilogy of the Arthurian romances; and Wechssler showed satisfactorily that an "Estoire del Saint Graal" (and not a "Joseph," as in the Huth manuscript) constituted originally the first part of this trilogy, even conjecturing that the Torre do Tombo manuscript contained this "Estoire" in Portuguese form. The results here indicated anticipate the essentials of Dr. Sommer's conclusions on the same subjects. Again, as regards Dr. Sommer's remarks on the place of the "Livre d'Artus" in the Vulgate cycle, they simply prove that Gaston Paris did not sufficiently note all the incongruities between this branch and the "Lancelot" (and perhaps their use of common sources, which is interesting, if confirmed), but they do not touch the main matter, in which he was undoubtedly right, viz., that this same "Livre d'Artus," no doubt the last to be composed of all the branches, was written to connect the "Merlin" and the "Lancelot." We do not believe that that eminent scholar would have been greatly disturbed by this list of incongruities —though interesting in itself—for he must have recognized that after all the different romances that make up the cycle were originally written as separate works solely for the purpose of entertainment without any thought that some day the *assembleurs* would unite them in huge manuscripts, so that their occasional want of harmony, and even bare-faced plagiarisms from one another, would stand out in the clear light of day.

We might mention still other points in which we differ from Dr. Sommer—for instance, in his inference that a "Perceval Quest," now lost, must have once formed an integral part of the Vulgate cycle—but we prefer, in conclusion, to speak of matters in which there is no disagreement between us, as in regard to the late origin of the "Didot-Perceval," and especially in regard to the "infinitesimal" influence of Celtic tradition on the romances of this cycle. After all, however, it is the texts that are the main thing, and whatever one's views may be concerning the critical questions which swarm about these romances, no student of mediæval literature will lay aside the present volumes without a feeling of gratitude to the editor and an earnest wish that he may bring his immense task to a successful conclusion.

CURRENT FICTION.

Murder Point: A Tale of Keewatin. By Coningsby William Dawson. New York: George H. Doran Co.

This book starts as if it were going to do justice to its lurid title, but the author loses his grip after a few chapters and the story becomes a bit vague. It seems to be chiefly concerned with this question: When Spurling killed Mordaunt, did he know she was a woman? As she passed for a man in Alaskan mining camps, one can understand that Spurling might have shot her under a misapprehension as to her sex. Doubt and perplexity over this matter cause much trouble in the mind of Granger, who left Spurling and Mordaunt hunting gold in Alaska, and came to Keewatin. If Spurling knowingly shot a woman, then vengeance must be had, particularly since Granger knew Mordaunt was a woman, and had fallen in love with her. On the other hand, if Spurling thought she was a man, it did not matter so much. Granger is further puzzled as to whether or not he should marry a certain half-breed girl, named Peggy. He owes it to her, but he remembers that with a squaw wife he can never return to England and civilization. This bothers him a good deal, being an Oxford man and a competent oar. These two problems keep him busy for three or four hundred pages, till one marvels at his consummate inability to solve them. A priest finally persuades him to marry Peggy, by way of fulfilling his obvious duty, but the other question is settled in a manner devious and unconvincing. Peggy murders Spurling in order to get the matter off her husband's mind, and then when the sergeant of the Mounted Police arrives, suspecting Granger, the latter gives himself up to save his wife, and departs with the sergeant in order, as the book succinctly remarks, to be hanged.

The story is evidently an attempt at realistic portrayal of life in the North-

west, somewhat after the fashion of Jack London. We can believe Mr. Dawson when he tells us of the loneliness and isolation of the life which Granger leads as a post trader. Also the effects which the country has on the man and his mind are well set forth. But when it comes to Granger's dealings with his fellow men, the touch is not so sure. A great deal of it that is meant to be powerful reaches only the level of the melodramatic. The impression left by the story as a whole is one of confusion and lack of direction. The situations often give the reader a feeling which in one place is ascribed to Granger (the italics are the author's): "Gradually the most fatal feeling that any man can experience in northland travel stole over him—*he felt that he did not care.*"

Legends of the City of Mexico. By Thomas A. Janvier. Harper & Bros.

These nineteen legends which Mr. Janvier and his wife have collected in the City of Mexico will be equally attractive to the folklorist and the disinterested reader. The stories are a genuine product of the people. A laundress and a waiter furnished the greater number of them, and several, as Mr. Janvier points out in notes, have Spanish or other European parallels. We may remark that the feat of the Mulata de Cordoba, who sailed away from her captors in a ship she had drawn on the wall, finds an interesting pendant in the tale of the Chinese artist who walked into his painted screen and disappeared forever.

Mr. Janvier has been successful in reproducing the simple manner of the story-tellers and in conveying the shudder that befits these ghostly topics. Told beside a flickering fire, these legends would infallibly produce that pleasing "cold qualm in the stomach" which the narrators so often mention as the sure sign that spirits are by. Walter Appleton Clark has contributed half a dozen effective illustrations, and there are as many photographic cuts depicting the places where these legends are localized.

The Royal Americans. By Mary Hallock Foote. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Many a reader will take up this book with genuine pleasure at the sight of Mrs. Foote's name once more upon a title-page, and only those unreasonably expectant of a renewal of her very best work need lay it down in disappointment. Pleasant, indeed, is the easy, clean-cut style, and pleasant the fresh, sweet atmosphere, moral and physical, the vein of pure romance. Though the author's pen has been trained to depict the mountains and deserts of the Far West, it has no less cunning to sketch a more homely scene. Description is, on the whole, Mrs. Foote's forte. In straight-away narrative, too, like that of Catherine's drive across the field of death at Saratoga, she is very good. But, in exposition—to keep to the academic divisions—she is decidedly at fault. When she has any complicated matter to explain, she seems to get a little flustered, like inexpert talkers who, having neither the gift of flashing quick illumination upon their subject nor the self-assertiveness to insist on their hearers' attention to a merciless succession of details, become embarrassed at the first signs of inattention, and hurry confusedly over the ends of their stories, leaving the main point as dark as ever.

Mrs. Foote's *mise en scène*—the heroine is born at Fort Ontario in 1756, and finds her happiness on the morrow of Burgoyne's surrender—can hardly fail to suggest that much faultier and incalculably greater romance, Cooper's "Spy," and to awake again the endless question, what is genius? Why will that book, with its turgid English, its insufferable *longueurs*, its detestably feminine "females," live on in literature, while hundreds of pleasant stories like "The Royal Americans" are read, enjoyed, and forgotten?

The Awakening of Zojas. By Miriam Michelson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Miss Michelson is an adroit teller of tales. The four stories which make up the present book show a good deal of versatility. The first and longest of them, "The Awakening of Zojas," is also the most striking—a fresh treatment of the old idea of a life suspended and awaking to a new world after many years. Zojas is an Italian brigand, condemned to death for a brutal murder and rescued for scientific purposes by a learned man who has discovered a way of suspending animation for a century. He comes to life to make himself leader of the popular party, and finally dictator. "The Cradle," by way of contrast, is the story of a viking's daughter, phrased in the lingo of the historical romancer. The two remaining stories, "Peach Blossoms" and "Tares," with their mingling of realism in detail and romanticism in substance, are, we take it, really characteristic of the writer, and of the order of magazine fiction with which she has identified herself. They are cleverly conceived and executed; they have a good deal of intensity and not a little humor. But they have the defect of their kind. Seeming to deal with the materials of tragedy, they really lack the scope and dignity demanded by that great word. The human figures involved are not of sufficient stature: the end of them and of their intense experiences is at most pathos. The real achievement of tragedy is, of course, beyond the reach of the short-story writer. But the tragic note may be struck, may at least be dimly heard as a sympathetic vibration. Our magazines just now are clearly under the domination of the humorous-pathetic pseudo-realism which tends to corrupt the public taste for true comedy and true tragedy.

A GREAT PUBLISHER.

Robert Dodsley, Poet, Publisher, and Playwright. By Ralph Straus. With a photogravure portrait and twelve other illustrations. New York: John Lane Co. $6.50 net.

After the few really great names, that of Robert Dodsley is one of the most frequently heard of the eighteenth century, yet of the events of his life—beyond the fact that he was the publisher and friend of Johnson—you would probably find even well-informed readers surprisingly ignorant, and of his literary work, apart from his successful editing of the "Collection of Poems" and "Old Plays," you would find still grosser ignorance. Yet Dodsley's bookshop, at Tully's Head in Pall Mall, was one of the centres of literary society from its opening in 1735 until the retirement of its founder in 1759, and indeed in a lesser degree until the death of Robert's brother and successor, James, in 1797. He was himself a poet of some distinction, and a popular playwright. Mr. Straus's biography, therefore, is not, like most of the eighteenth-century memoirs now appearing, a superfluity, but fills a real want. The work, we may add, is solidly, if not brilliantly, written. Some new material has come to light, and in all nearly two hundred letters to or from Dodsley have passed through the author's hands.

Possibly the book might have been made more lifelike if a few more of Dodsley's own letters had been printed, although it cannot be said that the master of Tully's Head possessed much of Tully's epistolary art. Only once, so far as Mr. Straus permits us to judge, does he show the poet in his correspondence, and that is when, writing to Spence (author of the "Anecdotes" and owner of Byfleet, a rival to Shenstone's Leasowes), he expresses his desire for leisure:

> But here am I, ty'd down to the World, immerst in Business, with very little Prospect of ever being able to disengage myself. 'Tis true, my Business is of such a nature, and so agreeable to the Turn of my Mind, that I have often very great Pleasure in the Pursuit of it. I don't know but I may sometimes be as entertain'd in planning a book as you are in laying out the plan of a Garden. Yet I don't know how it is, I cannot help languishing after that Leisure which perhaps if it was in my possession I should not be able to enjoy. I am afraid the man who would truly relish and enjoy Retirement must be previously furnished with a large and various stock of Ideas, which he must be capable

of turning over in his own mind, of comparing, varying, and contemplating upon with pleasure; he must so thoroughly have seen the World as to cure him of being over fond of it; and he must have so much good sense and Virtue in his own Breast as to prevent him from being disgusted with his own Reflections or uneasy in his own Company. I am sorry to feel myself not so well qualify'd for this sacred Leisure as I could wish, in any one respect; but glad I have a Friend from whose example I cannot but hope I shall be able to improve.

Not often will you find this subject treated in letters of Dodsley's age so honestly.

Robert Dodsley was born in 1704 at Mansfield, in Nottinghamshire; was educated at the grammar school in the town, and at an early age went out as footman to Charles Dartiquenave (Swift's Dartineuf), passing in 1728 into the service of the Hon. Jane Lowther, the third daughter of the first Viscount Lonsdale. Of his life of servitude Dodsley seems never to have been ashamed, although once or twice in later years the fact was thrown at him insultingly. Indeed, his first publication was a poem entitled "Servitude," and in 1732 he brought out a fuller portrait of his life in "A Muse in Livery: or the Footman's Miscellany." There is a certain frank sincerity in such lines as these:

> And first,
> As soon as laziness will let me,
> I rise from bed, and down I set me,
> To cleaning glasses, knives and plate.
> And such-like dirty work as that,
> Which (by the bye) is what I hate.
> This done, with expeditious care,
> To dress myself I strait prepare;
> I clean my buckles, black my shoes;
> Powder my wig, and brush my clothes;
> Take off my beard, and wash my face,
> And then I'm ready for the chace.

His first important success was a short play in prose, called "The Toy Shop," which was produced with gratifying success in 1735. With the money from this and a present from Pope he set up as publisher and bookseller in Pall Mall. Though evidently fairly cautious in his ventures, he had the rare union of literary taste and business sense which makes the great publisher. Johnson, Pope, Young, Shenstone, Chesterfield, Gray, Walpole, Spence, Burke, Akenside, Joseph Warton, Lyttelton, and Jarvis are some of the names that helped to make Tully's Head famous. Of his own editorial work the "Collections" and the "Old Plays" are too well known to need more than mention here. His play of "Cleone," though fairly successful on the stage, has passed into complete oblivion, nor, we think, was it so original in its domestic tone as Mr. Straus would have it. Mr. Straus does not attempt to revive a spurious interest in this play, any more than in the other forgotten works of Dodsley. But he rather jealously, and with good evidence, vindicates "The Œconomy of Human Life" for his subject, and calls attention to the grace of the fairly well-known song: "One kind kiss before we part." We will not quote those charming stanzas, but close, rather, with the poem "On Tully's Head in Pall Mall," which was written at the time of "Cleone" in 1756, by Richard Graves, the friend of Shenstone and Jago, author of "The Spiritual Don Quixote" (would the novel were as inspired as its name!) and many other books which have made themselves forgotten. We doubt if a neater or better deserved laurel was ever placed on publisher's brow:

> Where Tully's bust and honour'd name
> Point out the venal page,
> There *Dodsley* consecrates to fame
> The classics of his age.
>
> In vain the poets, from their mine,
> Extract the shining mass,
> Till Dodsley's mint has stamp'd the coin,
> And bid the sterling pass.
>
> Yet he, I ween, in *Cæsar's* days,
> A nobler fate had found;
> Dodsley himself with verdant bays
> Had been by *Cæsar* crown'd.
>
> His bust near *Tully's* had been plac'd,
> Himself a classic bard;
> His works Apollo's temple grac'd,
> And met their just reward.
>
> But still, my friend, be virtue, sense,
> And competence thy share;
> And think each boon, that courts dispense,
> Beneath a poet's care.
>
> Persist to grace this humbler post;
> Be *Tully's* head the sign;
> Till future booksellers shall boast
> To vend their tomes at *thine*.

The Drama of Saint Helena. By Paul Frémeaux. Translated from the French by Alfred Rieu. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $3 net.

This is a translation of M. Frémeaux's "Les Derniers Jours de l'Empereur," which was crowned last year by the French Academy. As the author confined his account to the period after July, 1817, it would have been well to translate the title more literally. But if a sensational title must be chosen, it would be more appropriate to say The Tragedy of Saint Helena. For the author's point of view is tragic—the horrible climate, Hudson Lowe's enormities, Napoleon's agonies. In a subject on which so much has been written, one takes up a new book with scepticism as to its justification. Yet this one has a real value as a description of the fallen Emperor's external surroundings and internal disorders.

To give an adequate account of the scene of Napoleon's last years, the author has studied the works relating to St. Helena itself. He describes the winds and the rocks, and the flora and fauna, and their relation to the exile. The reader may see a plan and views of Longwood, and learn of the use, and furniture, of each room from the cracked range in the kitchen to the faded carpet and gorgeous gold and silver toilet articles in the Emperor's own nine by fifteen-foot bedroom. On a map of the island he may trace the "four-mile limit" around Longwood, within which Napoleon was left undisturbed, and the "twelve-mile limit," within which he could walk freely, if accompanied by an English officer. A telegraph station, on a rock commanding Longwood and the sea, signalled to Hudson Lowe and to the port information of Napoleon's movements and of the approach of any vessel to the island.

The author also has an especial interest in the minutiæ of Napoleon's illness, and its symptoms. He has not only made good use of the well-known accounts left by Doctors Warden, O'Meara, and Antommarchi, but he has also gained many bits of information from the less known statements of Walter Henry, Dr. Arnott, and Dr. Stokoe. He even turns to his use points picked up from Napoleon's cooks, after they returned to Europe, and is able to state in detail what Napoleon ate and what he did not eat in his last years. The ponderous Forsyth believed it better to draw a veil over the realistic details of an illustrious end. Not so M. Frémeaux. He is in deadly earnest to describe, as he says, "how the greatest of all warriors died nobly in bed." He agrees that the ultimate cause of death was cancer of the stomach, but thinks the end was hastened by poor food, bad climate, lack of exercise, and the ignorance of the attending physicians who persisted until within a few weeks of Napoleon's death in diagnosing and treating him for hepatitis. There is much in the book that to the non-Gallic mind reads like gossip, but it is gossip touched with the grace of imagination and wit.

Notes.

Henry Holt & Co. announce the early publication of a new novel by William de Morgan, which will probably be called "An Affair of Dishonor." The first volume of the American Historical Series, "Europe Since 1815," by Prof. Charles Downer Hazen of Smith College, will be published next week.

A new novel by Henryk Sienkiewicz, entitled "Whirlpools," will be published by Little, Brown & Co. early in June.

The Putnams announce for early publication a new volume of essays by A. C. Benson, entitled "The Silent Isle," also "The Valley of Aosta," by Felice Ferrero; and "Controversial Issues in Scottish History," by William H. Gregg.

A volume on the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, the second in the series describing American Art Galleries, is announced by

L. C. Page & Co. The book is by Mrs. Julia DeW. Addison.

A series of biographies which are intended to be in themselves a history of Western development, is announced by D. Appleton & Co. Prof. Clarence W. Alvord of the University of Illinois will undertake the editorship of the series. The biographies now in preparation are those of George Rogers Clark, William Henry Harrison, John Charles Frémont, and Charles Michel de Langlade.

Norwich University, at Northfield, Vt., plans an elaborate work of two volumes, giving a history of the university and a roster and sketches of the cadets, trustees, and professors. Vol. I will cover the years 1819-1866, and Vol. II, 1866 to 1910; each will contain the university history, so that an old student need purchase one volume only.

The Boston Public Library, according to the Fifty-eighth Annual Report, just published, contains nearly a million volumes, three-fourths of which are in the central library. While the home use of the books has fallen off slightly, the number and size of school deposits have increased in a gratifying degree. The cosmopolitan character of the library work is shown by the fact that the examining committee suggests that a new edition of the standard-fiction catalogue "should contain likewise the books in Yiddish"; and also that the newspapers taken are in twenty different languages, including one in Tagalese, published in the Philippines. It is interesting to note that there is a marked increase in the use of the branches in those quarters of the city where the foreign population is largest.

In 1908 Archibald Constable & Co. of London issued in three volumes a translation of Josef Redlich's "Procedure of the House of Commons." Reviewing the book at the time (April 9, 1908), the *Nation* said:

> This is a work of German thoroughness in point of scholarly research, and of a lucidity and philosophic grasp which is, we will not say more than German, but uncommon in any language. It is no surprise to find Sir Courtenay Ilbert, clerk of the House of Commons, speaking regretfully in his introduction of the fact that it had been left to an Austrian scholar to write a book which some competent Englishman ought long ago to have produced.

This excellent and standard work has now been put on the list of E. P. Dutton & Co. of New York.

Thorough-paced admirers of the Camden sage will take pleasure in Carlton Noyes's "An Approach to Walt Whitman," published by the Houghton Mifflin Co. Mr. Noyes tells something of Whitman's life, but the greater part of his little book is devoted to a reverent exposition of Whitman's art and philosophy. To Mr. Noyes "the very perfection" of Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn" "is its limitation," whereas "Whitman challenges comparison with nature," and his appeal is limitless. "Whitman has in himself the instructive and absolute rightness of all natural things"; to him "God has given a special revelation of Himself," and "he was given to the world to bring to men a revelation of God."

"The Works of Sir John Suckling" (Dutton), including the poems, plays, and letters, make only a single comfortable volume, and are well worth printing complete in this convenient form. A. Hamilton Thompson furnishes a satisfactory introduction, and a body of notes which show more careful research than is often bestowed on these minor poets. Suckling's fame hangs almost upon a single exquisite poem, "A Ballad"—it might almost be said upon a single metaphor in that ballad: "Her feet beneath her petticoat." Much of his verse has indeed that peculiar carelessness—one might almost say amateurishness—which characterizes so many of the poets of that age. Yet there is good reading in such a drama as "The Goblins," and his poems, besides occasional beauty or wit, tell us more of the cavalier spirit than does many a history.

Ethel Rolt Wheeler's "Famous Blue-Stockings" (Lane) is another example of the amateur biographies, written chiefly by women, that are pouring from the British presses. Of the author's style the following sentence is a not altogether unfair specimen: "This essence has, of course, to be enmeshed in a cage of facts, or it will evaporate altogether." Of her learning we may guess from such a phrase as "these *Flora*." Of her accuracy the spelling of "Lyttleton" is witness. Of her insight into history, we may judge from her statement that "there was, perhaps, never an age when Epictetus as a teacher would have been so little understood"; when, as a matter of fact, the revival of a kind of pagan stoicism, exemplified in the "Regimen" of Shafteshury, was one of the chief marks of the eighteenth century. Yet the book is not without merit. Considerable intelligence is displayed in selecting anecdotes that set forth the characters of Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Delany, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Chapone, Mrs. Thrale, and the other learned ladies of the period. In particular we commend the account of Mrs. Thrale's second marriage as on the whole the most sensible we remember having read. It was a happy stroke to judge the excitement caused by that event in accordance with the rules for female conduct enjoined in Mrs. Chapone's chapter On the Regulation of the Heart and the Affections in her "Letters to her Niece." Such a comparison is really illuminating. It shows how the passion of Mrs. *Frail* Piozzi, as Walpole dubbed her, aroused the grief and resentment of her admirers; and it shows, too, that the very fact of this contrast between her action and the ideal of the age was proof of some real lack of discipline in her character.

About S. G. Bayne's cheaply facetious book, "A Fantasy of Mediterranean Travel" (Harpers), there is nothing whatever remarkable, except that a publishing house of good standing lends its imprint to so distressing a performance.

Whether "Susan in Sicily," by Josephine Tozier (L. C. Page & Co.), is a novel masked in the form of travel letters or a genuine record of travel somewhat embellished for romantic effect, is a question that must be left to the higher criticism. The present writer, subject to correction, holds the latter view. In any case, Sicily imposes itself singularly little upon Susan in comparison with various delightful men, who promptly present themselves and are never rebuffed, and the love affairs of sundry of her acquaintances. There is, however, a capital sketch of the doings and opinions of a delightful Anglo-Sicilian family at Palermo. Otherwise, the circumambience is shadowed forth chiefly in misspelled Italian and in a few half-tone cuts. Susan travels in the jaunty mood, and her letters will be liked by those whose appetite for the sentimentally flippant has not been surfeited. All the love affairs end well, though the final status of Susan's heart is discreetly slurred. Her suitors may have feared her because she read "Theocritos." As a postscript is added a letter on the Messina earthquake, very vivid and purporting to be by an eye-witness. It has drastic touches that recall the reality, and if it is imaginary is of literary quality far superior to the average of this slight work.

Garret A. Hobart, twenty-fourth Vice-President of the United States, was in many respects a classic example of the self-made American. He had the advantage of good colonial stock on both sides, and of a college education, for which he entered active life in debt. After the ritual year of school teaching he followed the law. Never an eloquent speaker, he was turned by this defect towards the most lucrative form of practice, corporation law. His geniality and sagacity brought him wealth and prominence. At thirty he was Speaker of the Assembly of New Jersey, a few years later president of the State Senate. His influence is said to have counted for much in making New Jersey a Republican State. To us it seems that the political turnover was foregone. The moment New Jersey ceased to be mainly rural, and became, with a concurrent growth of manufactures, a dependency of the New York money market, it was written that the party of "prosperity" must prevail. An admirable counsellor and friend, a high-toned partisan, a man of increasing wealth and influence, Mr. Hobart was the kind of man from whom Vice-Presidents are chosen. Unhappily his health was already broken before his election, in 1896, and he died before his term was completed, being only fifty-five years old. Here is a fine and normal career, and one worth commemorating. Great qualities of imagination and originality were denied Mr. Hobart. He struck out no new paths, and left no memorable sayings. He cheerfully did the work that came to his hand, and the deeper political ferment of his times seems scarcely to have come into his consciousness. In his public aspect he was one of those almost impersonal forces that make for industrial consolidation. At one time he held three-score directorates. That he is rather a meagre subject for biography must now be evident. With taste and insight in the biographer something might have been done. Unhappily the official biographer, David Magie, D.D., has conceived his task in a parochial spirit, eking out the exiguity of his matter with commonplace comment, and adding unnecessary details of the last illness, death, and funeral. The book is on the lines of a family memoir and is pretty nearly negligible. After ransacking it thoroughly we have found only one revelation of importance. It appears that it was Mr. Hobart who persuaded President McKinley to despair of his peace policy and submit the Cuban dispute to Congress. Let us note the words of the biographer: "He [Mr. Hobart] realized that the time had come when the President must act in conformity with the feelings of the people or *lose his control over his own party*" (our italics). On a long drive, the date of which is not given, Mr. Hobart urged the Presi-

dent "to forestall any action by the Senate to declare war against Spain," adding that otherwise the Senate would declare war of its own motion. "I can hold them back no longer," insisted the Vice-President. The drive was finished in silence, and in a few days the President's message was read in Congress. We should be glad of corroboration of this story. It is about the only instance in which Mr. Hobart appears in a tragic light or as a maker of history. It reveals his lack of the higher imagination and is inherently credible enough. This book is well printed and illustrated, and bears the Putnam imprint.

Following the practice of the German savant who builds up around himself a group of student followers and provides a means for the publication of their researches, Professor Vinogradoff has begun a series of "Oxford Studies in Social and Legal History" (Vol. I, Henry Frowde). He plans to issue an annual volume which shall contain one or two monographs. The character of the two monographs in the inaugural volume bespeaks success for the series. In the first, "English Monasteries on the Eve of the Dissolution," Prof. Alexander Savine of Moscow makes a painstaking and critical examination of "Valor Ecclesiasticus," the great six-volume folio of figures which is the principal source for our knowledge of the revenues of the English monasteries just prior to the Protestant Reformation. He approached it with scepticism, as many have doubted its accuracy. But in spite of its many omissions and undervaluations, he came to the conclusion that it compared favorably in reliability with similar statistical records, and might be safely trusted by the historical investigator. Upon its statements he bases a careful study of the whole economic life of the monastic establishments under Henry VIII. His results are often in figures and somewhat technical, but are valuable for the student of the English Reformation.

The second monograph, "Patronage in the Later Empire," by Francis de Zulueta, barrister and fellow of New College, is an interpretation of the laws in the Theodosian and Justinian codes directed against private patronage. This was a common form of graft by which powerful patrons enabled favored peasants to evade the tax-gatherers. The author has confined his study mainly to the way in which this abuse developed in the Eastern provinces, especially Egypt, and his conclusions rest largely on an interpretation of recent papyri deciphered by Grenfell and Hunt. The monograph is valuable for its account of Egyptian land-tenure and village organization in the fifth century, and for its definition of the much disputed class of ὁμόλογοι γεωργοί. In a larger relation it throws some light on the weakening of the Roman tax system, and on the origin of the later feudal tie of lord and vassal.

"Inns, Ales, and Drinking Customs of Old England," by Frederick W. Hackwood (Sturgis & Walton) takes both the private and public view of its vast theme. We follow the individual British drinker in his joyous progress from mead, through ale, to beer, gin, and assorted spirits; and similarly we note the attitude of the realm gradually changing from solicitude lest ale be too scanty and dear to concern for drunkenness and worse incidents of public-house debauchery. There are digressions on the coffee houses, which as centres of good talk find tolerance, upon smoking, and upon tea-drinking, which is regarded as no manly thing. In general, Mr. Harkwood's political conclusions might be symbolized by Hogarth's famous prints Beer Street and Gin Lane. A nocturnal tramp in beer-soaked London and whiskey-soaked Glasgow would, we think, convince the temperance advocate that the fermented drink represents distinctly the lesser evil. Mr. Hackwood, whose concern with these matters is that of an excise reformer and man of the world, believes the "public" to be a permanent institution that must be regulated and reformed. On the whole, this book, with its many quaint illustrations and various antiquarian lore, deals with the picturesque side of the subject. It is capital reading, being fortified not merely by dry records, but by literary allusions and personal experiences. The writer has achieved the feat of compiling a book which, being frankly convivial in tone, has also claims upon those who regard unregulated tippling as a danger to the state.

The difficult question as to the right of a clergyman to remain in a church whose creed he has outgrown, or which he can accept only in a sense very different from that intended by its framers, is treated in an anonymous volume, "Confessions of a Clergyman" (London: George Bell & Sons). The author was reared in the orthodox circle of Anglicanism, and in early life was devoutly attached to the High Church party. Gradually he came under liberal influences, and, at length, discarded the sacerdotal view of the church and the ministry, together with belief in miracle. For every doctrine he was compelled to reject, he found, however, a better one to take its place, and truth more genuinely Christian for each dogma he cast aside. He resolved, therefore, to continue in the ministry, without loud proclamation of his rejection of current orthodoxy. He justifies his position by his own satisfaction in the new truths he has discovered and by the evident benefits of his ministry in the community in which he labors. The position is that of an increasing number of progressive men in the orthodox churches.

Gerolamo Rovetta, the Italian novelist and dramatist, died recently. He was born in Brescia in 1850. Among his writings were "Ninnoli," a volume of stories, and "Mater Dolorosa," a romance. He was author of many dramatic pieces, chiefly comedies.

Dr. Emil Schürer, professor of New Testament exegesis at the University of Göttingen, died in that town recently, at the age of sixty-six years. He was author of many works, among them "De Controversiis Paschalibus," Geschichte des jüdischen Volkes im Zeitalter Jesu Christi," and "Ueber den gegenwärtigen Stand der Johanneischen Frage."

Science.

Nautical Science. By Charles Lane Poor. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2 net.

This is a readable account of the solar system and of such other heavenly bodies as concern the navigator. It describes, in popular terms, the principles underlying the daily problem of determining a ship's position at sea; gives the formulæ employed in this work, with practical examples, and includes three valuable chapters on the causes and the phenomena of the tides. The scope of Professor Poor's subject required a much less comprehensive treatment of general astronomy than may be found in Dolmage's "Astronomy of To-day," and but little reference to those larger, fascinating studies in which the late Professor Newcomb was *facile princeps.* Within his self-imposed limits Professor Poor leaves nothing to be desired, however, so clear has he made what is essential to an intelligent use of the mathematical methods which he recommends.

Doubtless by design, he ignores the recent speculations as to the part which radium is believed by some to play in maintaining the temperature of the sun; he holds to the long-entertained view that the contraction of the sun's sphere and the impact of outside particles are adequate forces in themselves. Until more is known of radium, this is certainly safe ground.

Few illustrations of the relative sizes and distances of the members of our system are so apt as his in which he typifies the sun by a globular light twenty feet in diameter on top of the City Hall, New York, and places a large toy balloon in Bronx Park to represent the outer planet Neptune, the earth, to our humiliation, being a big orange at White Street. He is also happy in giving a comparative idea of velocities. The light which comes to us from the sun in eight and one-third minutes covers a path the Mauretania would take more than four centuries to travel.

He appreciates rightly the importance of the Nautical Almanac, to which the sailor resorts for those astronomical data which are essential to his computations, and he does full justice to Astronomer Royal Maskelyne, its founder, and to Maskelyne's successors in England and America.

It would have tended to uniformity had he defined zenith distance as north (p. 190) when the zenith is north of the observed body, and thus kept to the sailor's phrase, "zenith bearing north." His examples of sights taken at sea are worked out in seconds of arc. If these examples are to serve as models to the navigator in ordinary days' reckoning, the seconds might well have been omitted. A saving of labor in computing and in logarithmic interpolation is thus obtained, with no real loss of accuracy. When an observed altitude is habitually affected by the rise and fall of the ship, it seems useless to regard it as true to within even ten seconds. Navigation being but an approximation at best,

prudence dictates placing upon sextant sights no more reliance than they actually command. Working them out to seconds encourages a false confidence. A ship's position is well defined if known to within one minute of arc. No captain would be justified in running near the land in thick weather trusting to a fraction of a minute in his position because so shown by his observations.

Professor Poor's explanation of the tides is lucid and valuable. Many will be glad to have fuller explanations of these periodic movements of the water than the ordinary text-books contain. The book is handy in size and well printed. It will be welcomed by those for whom it was intended, "the general reader as well as the practical navigator."

Plans for establishment of a medical college, with an endowment of $5,500,000, the greater part of which has been promised, are announced by the trustees of Washington University, St. Louis. The proposed college will be on the lines of Johns Hopkins, according to the statement of the corporation, with especial attention paid to research work. Among the medical men who are to be on the new faculty are Dr. George Dock of Tulane University, Dr. John Howland of Bellevue Hospital Medical College, Dr. Eugene L. Opie of the Rockefeller Institute, and Dr. Joseph Erlanger of the University of Wisconsin.

William Phipps Blake, the geologist, died on Saturday at Berkeley, Cal., aged eighty-four years. After his graduation from the Yale Scientific School, in 1852, he was geologist and mineralogist for the United States Pacific Railroad Company, and later served both the Japanese and United States governments. He was made professor in the College of California in 1864, and professor of geology and director of the School of Mines of the University of Arizona in 1891. Professor Blake was a fellow of the Geographical Society of London, and a member of the American Philosophical Society, and of the American Institute of Mining Engineers. He wrote extensively. Among his books are "The Geological Reconnaissance, California," "Silver Ores and Silver Mines," "Ceramic Art and Glass," and "The Life of Capt. Jonathan Mix."

Drama.

Richard Le Gallienne is the author of "Orestes," a tragedy in two acts (Mitchell Kennerley), of which the acting rights are owned by William Faversham. It was designed to fit the music which Massenet composed for Leconte de Lisle's "Les Erinnyes," a fact which necessarily imposed certain restrictions upon the dramatist for which allowance must be made. In action it follows the outlines of Æschylus, but the dialogue, the development of the characters, and their motives, as Mr. Le Gallienne somewhat superfluously explains, are entirely his own. The work is more classic in form than it often is in spirit and expression, but is written on the whole—in spite of certain verbal eccentricities—in notably fluent and simple verse, admirably adapted for declamation, and contains passages of vivid description, emotional eloquence, and dramatic force. The speeches allotted to Cassandra are full of prophetic horror and despair, and the scene in which Orestes and Electra, at their first meeting, relate their several experiences is one of indisputable imaginative power. But the piece is much stronger in a literary than in a dramatic sense, and is, moreover, of uneven quality. At times it is hysterical and fantastic rather than tragic, while many of its phrases have a sort of affectation which suggests artifice and insincerity, and is antagonistic to the stern spirit of tragedy. There is, moreover, a lack of consistency in the important character of Electra, manifested not only in her relations with Ægisthus, but in the nature of her long appeal to the avenging Orestes, which is incongruous in sentiment and far too long for acting purposes. On the stage the piece would probably have to depend largely for success upon its musical and scenic accessories, but it is an ambitious effort, showing uncommon literary adroitness if little positive inspiration.

J. T. Krein and W. T. Stead are promoters of a plan to produce, in a small way, English plays on the Continent of Europe. They ask subscriptions of $25,000 in a letter to the London press, which goes on to outline the scheme: "We only propose, in the first instance, to make, as it were, a trial trip with a couple of plays in the foreign watering places during the summer season, say, 'As You Like It,' and either an old comedy or some typically modern play, such as 'The Importance of Being Earnest.' There is no notion of squandering money in engaging stars. We want a small, hard-working company of artists, who bring enthusiasm to their task of presenting their country's drama, as well as they can, before our foreign neighbors."

An English theatrical writer gives some account of "Typhoon," a play by an Hungarian dramatist which Sir Herbert Tree is to produce at His Majesty's in London, next season. Most of the characters in it are Japanese. The central figure is one Dr. Tokeramo, who is in England on a secret mission for the Japanese government. He has fallen into the toils of Helen Kernes, a beautiful but unscrupulous woman, who encourages him simply to further the ends of herself and her English lover, the poet Linden. The latter and his friends seek to provoke Tokeramo in many ways, but are unable to disturb his Oriental calm. But at last Helen, changing her tactics, tells him that she has been playing with him and pours contempt upon his caste and color. Beside himself with rage, he seizes her by the throat and drags her behind a curtain. There is a struggle, a silence—then the Oriental emerges, breathing heavily, but once more calm and collected. He rings up his friends. When they arrive, it is decided, according to Japanese custom, that some one must die for the better man. Hironari, therefore, takes the murder on himself. The next act is that of the murder trial. Everything goes against Hironari till Molly, a friend of Helen, identifies Tokeramo as Helen's lover, not the accused. Tokeramo then breaks down and confesses his guilt. But the judge, knowing the Japanese nature, regards this as an attempt to shield Hironari, the richer and higher caste Oriental. In the concluding act Tokeramo is a shattered man, but he has fulfilled his mission. Again he confesses his guilt, first to Linden, and afterwards to his friends, and at last, just before his death, succeeds in making them believe him. Thereupon, they decide that he was a victim of European culture. The play has been acted with much success in Europe.

Jules Renard, the French dramatist, author of "Poil de carotte," died in Paris on Saturday, at the age of forty-six years. He was born at Châlons-sur-Mayenne, and was educated at the Lycée de Nevers and the Lycée Charlemagne. Among his dramatic works are "Le Plaisir de rompre," "Le Pain de ménage," and "Ragotte." Other works are "L'Ecornifleur," "Crime de village," and "Nos Frères farouches."

Music.

The Singing Voice and Its Training. By M. Sterling MacKinlay. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25 net.

The author of this volume enjoys the distinction of being the son of Antoinette Sterling and of having been the last student who had the benefit of the full four years' training under Manuel Garcia, the greatest vocal teacher of the last century. Most of his directions have, therefore, the authority of an *ipse dixit*, being based on what Garcia said in the class-room. What distinguishes this book from others of its kind is the attention paid to the need of expression. It is not the beginner alone who needs to be told that, besides a good voice, a singer who wishes to rise to eminence needs ninety-nine other things. The musical profession is "strewn with the shipwrecks of those who trusted in voice alone." The rock on which most of them come to grief is "sameness." There is not in their singing sufficient variety—variety in loudness, in pace, in accentuation, in phrasing, in tone-color.

The attention of teachers and students is called particularly to the author's remarks on the changes of timbre needful for the expression of diverse emotions. It is in this that the best singers of our time excel those of former times, largely because of the more intimate association of music with poetry. Mr. MacKinlay in this section goes beyond the lessons of his master, who was concerned mainly with the developing and polishing of the voice. In the paragraphs on tempo it is discouraging to find the old remark about *rubato* that disfigures so many books—the remark that the displacement of values occurs in the melody alone, the accompaniment being kept strictly to time throughout. No real artist ever renders a piece or song in this metronomic manner, yet all are taught to parrot the

silly precept. Apart from this, we have found nothing to object to, except the author's suggestion that when a passage of notes occurs a second time during a song, it is sometimes advisable to make changes by the introduction of turns, appoggiaturas, or trills, "or by absolute alterations in the melody." He admits that this practice is rarely resorted to except in the old Italian airs. It certainly would not be tolerated in the music of our time.

While the remarks on expression constitute the most novel pages in this book, the chapters on voice training also deserve commendation, because of their lucidity. The important problem of breathing has new light shed on it by comparison of an athlete's breathing with a singer's, whose aims are almost diametrically opposed to the athlete's. Valuable directions are given for the cure of the tremolo. In the remarks on the classification of voices attention is directed to the fact that whether a singer is to be called a tenor or baritone, a soprano or contralto, is not so much a question of compass (high and low) as of the quality of tone. On the subject of "nasal" tone, also, the current notions persist in being incorrect:

> How often has one heard the remark that one can generally tell an American, because he speaks through the nose. It is perfectly incorrect; it is because the American does *not* speak through the nose. Some property of the ear [an obvious printer's error for air], or else the way of living, renders Americans liable to nasal catarrh, which totally or partially closes up the passage at the back of the nose communication between the nostrils and the pharynx. Hence the twang which we are wont to term "nasal."

The expenditures of the Grand Opéra in Paris last year were 4,107,436 francs. The new scenery for "Faust" cost 165,000 francs, that for "Monna Vanna" 35,000, and for "Götterdämmerung" 82,500.

Few modern poets have influenced music so much, and, in turn, been so greatly influenced by this art, as Björnsterne Björnson. By far the greater part of his significance in music is, of course, in those compositions which his works have called forth. Among these compositions, which number hundreds, are "Before the Convent Gate," which has been set to music by Grieg, O. A. Gröndahl, and the Dane, I. P. E. Hartmann; his "Bergliot" (a monologue), by Grieg and the Dane, Peter Heise; the music for his drama "Sigurd Jorsalfar" is by Grieg, that for "Mary Stuart" by Nordraak, for "Tho King" by Halvorsen, etc. Of songs for a single voice, with piano accompaniment, an all but endless list might be compiled; often one text has inspired a number of musicians, as "The Spinning Woman," for which there are six different settings, three by Norwegians and three by Danes, among them the deeply original Lange-Müller.

Pauline Garcia Viardot, a famous Spanish singer, who retired from the operatic stage in 1863, died last week in Paris, aged eighty-nine years. She was the daughter of Manuel Garcia, and sister of Mme. Malibran, and her death marks the passing of the last of that noted school. Mme. Viardot studied under Liszt, and achieved great success in Europe. She was the composer of several operas, and a number of vocal melodies and instrumental pieces.

Art.

Promenades of an Impressionist. By James Huneker, Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

The vivacity of Mr. Huneker's style sometimes tends to conceal the judiciousness of his matter. His justly great reputation as a journalist critic most people would attribute to his salient phrase. To the present writer, the phrase goes for what it is worth—generally it is eloquent and interpretative, again merely decorative—what really counts is an experienced and unbiassed mind at ease with its material. The criticism that can pass from Goya, the tempestuous, that endless fount of facile enthusiasms, and do justice to the serene talent of Fortuny is certainly catholic. In fact, Mr. Huneker is an impressionist only in his aversion to the literary approach, and in a somewhat wilful lack of system. This, too, often seems less temperamental than a result of journalistic conditions, and of the dire need of being entertaining.

We like best such sober essays as those which analyze for us the technical contributions of Cézanne and Rodin. Here, Mr. Huneker is a real interpreter, and here his long experience of men and ways in art count for much. Charming, in the slighter vein, are such appreciations as the Monticelli, and Chardin. Seasoned readers of Mr. Huneker's earlier essays in musical and dramatic criticism will naturally turn to the fantastic titles in this book. Such borderline geniuses as Greco, Rops, Meryon, Gustave Moreau, John Martin, are treated with especial gusto. We should like to have an appreciation of Blake from this ardent searcher of fine eccentricities. In the main, the book is devoted to artists who have come into prominence since 1870, the French naturally predominating, but such precursors of modern tendencies or influential spirits as Botticelli, Watteau, Piranesi are included. Eleven "Museum promenades," chiefly in the Low Countries and in Spain, are on the whole less interesting than the individual appreciations—necessarily so, but this category embraces a capital sketch of Frans Hals at Harlem, while the three Spanish studies on the Prado Museum, Velasquez, and Greco at Toledo, are quite of the best. From the Velasquez, we transcribe one of many fine passages:

> His art is not correlated to the other arts. One does not dream of music or poetry or sculpture or drama in front of his pictures. One thinks of life and then of the beauty of the paint. Velasquez is never rhetorical, nor does he paint for the sake of making beautiful surfaces as often does Titian. His practice is not art for art as much as art for life. As a portraitist, Titian's is the only name to be coupled with that of Velasquez. He neither flattered his sitters, as did Van Dyck, nor mocked them like Goya. And consider the mediocrities, the dull, ugly, royal persons he was forced to paint! He has wrung the neck of banal eloquence, and his prose, sober, rich, noble, sonorous, rhythmic, is, to my taste, preferable to the exalted, versatile volubility and lofty poetic tumblings in the azure of any school of painting.

Here we see how winning Mr. Huneker's manner is and how insidious. Unless you immediately react against that apparently innocent word "tumblings," your faith in the grand style will begin to disintegrate. It is this very sense of walking among pitfalls that will make the book fascinating to a veteran reader. The young are advised to temper it with an infusion of Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Discourses," *quantum sufficit.*

"Town Planning in Practice," by Raymond Unwin (Scribner's importation) is, as the title implies, a practical treatise on this revived art. Many plans and perspectives are given of German cities recently improved and of English suburban schemes. The active designer will find many hints for the treatment of large building areas. Such artifices as grouping suburban houses to enlarge the lots, breaking the building line, saving out orchards or playgrounds within the blocks, grouping buildings about forecourts or commons, parked treatment of four corners, etc., are fully illustrated. An especial merit of this book, however, is the generosity with which it offers beautiful and picturesque effects sketched in many ancient and modern cities. A careful study of these drawings should make for taste, and, after all, town planning is an art, and not a casual application of geometry. On the matter of formal or naturalistic design Mr. Unwin takes an opportunistic attitude. It depends, he thinks, largely on the lay of the land and the existing monuments in the city under consideration. On the other hand, an underlying formality is desirable. It would be folly to mimic the unconscious irregularities of mediæval towns. In short, the replanning of a city is a very delicate affair into which innumerable considerations enter. It is often better to do too little than too much. A recommendation of special interest to American designers is that proper public limits, both for town centres and for suburban areas, should be provided. If a town and its outlying districts be hemmed in betimes by clearly marked zones, that distressing shading off into shanties and cow sheds can be almost entirely prevented. The parked zones set a standard of upkeep, and draw to themselves a good class of buildings. In many instances it would unquestionably pay well to establish such zones in our older cities. Since this handsome quarto deals in a liberal spirit with the elements of the subject, it may be recommended to beginners. Architects generally will find in it

an abundance of suggestive material, most of which fortunately is given in the form of plans to scale.

Franz Skarbina, painter, died in Berlin last week, at the age of sixty-one years. He studied in the Berlin Art Academy, and was made a professor, in 1888, of the Berlin University School of Art. In 1892 he was elected a member of the Academy for the Advancement of the Art of Engraving, and in 1905 a gold medal was awarded to him for his engraving, The Imperial Palace in Berlin on a Winter Afternoon. Among his best-known works are Evening of Life, Fish Market in Blankenberg, Noon in Ostend, and Villagers Playing Cards.

Finance.

AN INTERESTING CONTRAST.

Whatever else may be inferred from the series of remarkable episodes, whereby the general situation has been greatly and beneficially modified within the past six weeks, it is beginning to be appreciated to what extent the salutary results were achieved by the policies of what Europe has long described as high finance. There are occasions when the peremptory needs of one financial market are automatically provided for—in a genuine trade revival, for example. But there are also occasions when the automatic process will not answer, and one of those occasions had presented itself at the opening of April.

London, to begin with, found itself confronted, first with a wild and dangerous speculation by its public; secondly, with imminent contraction of its money market resources, through call for payment of $60,000,000 to $70,000,000 back taxes. These conditions had arisen at a moment when the Bank of England's position was weaker than in any spring-time season since 1899. New York was simultaneously confronted with unprecedented demands for investment capital; this at an hour when the investing public's surplus savings were curtailed through the high cost of living, and when an abnormal international trade situation blocked automatic recourse to Europe's open money market.

Here was a complicated situation. It was met in a manner which showed old-fashioned high finance at its very best. New York was, in any case, bound to export gold; but the Bank of England's policy was so regulated as to attract the $30,000,000 outflow into London. During the same period, other London banks were cautiously increasing their balances at the Bank of England. When, therefore, collection of the tax arrears began, after the Lords had, on April 28, adopted the long-deferred budget of 1909, the tax-money was withdrawn from the private deposit account of the Bank and transferred to its public deposit account. Private deposits have decreased $41,300,000 during the subsequent three weeks, along with increase of $43,500,000 in public deposits. That is to say, the tax payments have been made without ruffling the London money market.

Meantime New York had been watching the Wall Street bond market apprehensively, with an eye also to surplus bank reserves. High finance, having shifted $30,000,000 gold from New York to London, managed to place with Paris something like $50,000,000 of the railway loans which were overhanging Wall Street—undoubtedly impressing on Paris that if it did not take the loans, French gold would have to go to London. The result was relief to our bond market, a check to our gold exports, and a fall in our money market from 7 per cent. on April 28 to 3½ last week.

When European markets speak of the plans and purposes of high finance, it is this sort of operation which they have in mind. To understand, however, what is the true office of international high finance and what is not, the episode may be profitably contrasted with two other episodes. One was the international high finance of 1906. The strain on capital supplies was then world-wide; home and foreign markets were perplexed as to how legitimate trade requirements should be met. It was the business of great financiers to clear the decks and discourage unnecessary demands on credit. What happened was the beginning of wild speculation at New York, backed by our great banks and great capitalists and equipped with enormous sums of capital, borrowed from Europe and flung into the Stock Exchange at the hour when all of it ought to have been most jealously guarded for other purposes. The next year, everybody learned just how much sense there had been in the operation.

At this time in 1909, a spasmodic trade recovery had begun in the United States. It was clear that if this recovery were to continue unchecked, it would need for its own uses all our available supplies of capital. If it was premature and likely to break down, cautious husbanding of resources was advisable. But high finance concerned itself, that season, with fomenting an excited "bull movement" on the New York Stock Exchange, in moving heaven and earth to get a certain speculative stock listed on the Paris Bourse—an achievement which could have had no apparent result of service to any one, except the enhancement of its price. Into the wild speculation which accompanied this programme was absorbed the capital which the legitimate money market was sure to need in the autumn season. The sequel has been witnessed since December.

These contrasts suggest the query, what will be the attitude of high finance towards our markets during the rest of 1910. High finance cannot make crops grow, or turn an import balance into an export surplus. It can, however, use its influence to discourage untimely use of credit in stock speculation; restrain the advancing of bank money for the single purpose of raising commodity prices, and thereby both keep the capital fund in shape to use for legitimate purposes, and at least arrest the tendencies which created the recent unhealthy economic situation, and which, if continued, will create it again. This would be old-fashioned high finance. It is also possible, though one may hope not probable, for high finance to do what it did in 1906 and 1909—stimulate speculation, divert capital from channels where it is sorely needed into those which have no right to it, and thereby help towards upsetting things again. The character of the present situation is such as to make the programme of our great capitalists, for the balance of the year, peculiarly interesting.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Agnel, G. A. D'. Les Comptes du Roi René. Tome 2 and 3. Paris: A. Picard & Fils.
American Sociological Society Publications. Vol. IV. University of Chicago Press. $1.60.
Baring, M. Landmarks in Russian Literature. Macmillan. $1.75.
Beers, H. A. Milton's Tercentenary. New Haven: Yale Univ. Press.
Bell, J. J. Wullie McWattie's Master. Revell Co. 60 cents net.
Bradley, W. A. The Garden Muse: Poems for Garden Lovers. Sturgis & Walton. $1.25 net.
Brockett, P. Bibliography of Aeronautics. Washington: Smithsonian Institute.
Bruce, P. A. Institutional History of England in the Seventeenth Century. 2 vols. Putnams.
Bryant, L. M. What Pictures to See in Europe in One Summer. Lane Co. $1.50 net.
Butler, S. Erewhon or Over the Range. Erewhon Revisited. Dutton. 2 vols., $1.25 net, each.
Butler's The Way of All Flesh. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Colbron, G. I. Joe Müller: Detective. Duffield.
Congrès des Associations Internationales (Bruxelles, 1910). Rapport 1, 2, and 3. Bruxelles.
Crosby, O. T. Strikes: For the Buyers and Sellers of Labor. Putnam. $1.25 net.
Day, E. H. Ober-Ammergau and The Passion Play. Milwaukee, Wis.: Young Churchman Co. 45 cents net.
Deeping, W. The Rust of Rome. Cassell. $1.20 net.

Financial.

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Dewing, A. S. Life as Reality: A Philosophical Essay. Longmans, Green. $1.25 net.
Doumic, R. George Sand. Trans. by A. Hallard. Putnam. $2.75 net.
Eccles, F. Y. A Century of French Poets. Dutton. $3 net.
Edwardes, T. Lift-Luck on Southern Roads. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Euripides' Iphigenia in Tauris. Trans. into English verse, with notes, by Gilbert Murray. Frowde. 75 cents.
Evans, H. Sir Randal Cremer: His Life and Work. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.40 net.
Farrington, F. E. French Secondary Schools. Longmans, Green. $2.50.
Feuillerat, A. John Lyly: Contribution à L'Histoire de la Renaissance en Angleterre. Putuam. $4 net.
Frere, C. F. The Cookery Book of Lady Clark of Tillypronie, arranged and edited. Dutton. $2 net.
Frothirgham, A. L. Roman Cities in Italy and Dalmatia. Sturgis & Walton. $1.75 net.
Fuller, T. E. The Right Hon. Cecil John Rhodes. Longmans, Green.
Gallon, T. Dead Man's Love. Brentano. $1.50.
Gascoyne-Cecil, W. Changing China. D. Appleton.
Gibbs, P. The Street of Adventure. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Goetchius, M. L. Anne of Tréboul. Century Co. $1.20 net.
Grew, J. C. Sport and Travel in the Far East. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $3 net.
Halsted, L. B. A Victorious Life. Metropolitan Press. $1.50.
Hamilton, J. J. The Dethronement of the City Boss. Funk & Wagnalls. $1.20 net.
Hapgood, H. Types from City Streets. Funk & Wagnalls. $1.50 net.
Harrison, J. S. The Teachers of Emerson. Sturgis & Walton. $1.50 net.
Hazard, C. The College Year: Vesper Addresses in Wellesley College Chapel, by the President. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Hedrich, E. R., and Kellogg, O. D. Applications of the Calculus to Mechanics. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.25.
Hine, M. Half in Earnest. Lane Co. $1.50.
Hogarth, D. G. Accidents of an Antiquary's Life. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
Hunt, V. The Wife of Altamont. Brentano. $1.50.
Hymns of the Kingdom of God. Edited by H. S. Coffin and A. W. Vernon. Barnes Co.
Jourdain, M. An Outdoor Breviary. London: Academy Press.
Keeler, H. L. Our Garden Flowers. Scribner. $2 net.
Kephart, H. Camp Cookery. Outing Pub. Co. $1 net.
Lampe, W. E. The Japanese Social Organization. Princeton Univ. Press. 50 cents.
Lanciani, R. The Roman Forum: a Photographic Description of Its Monuments. Stechert & Co. $1.50 net.
Letters to My Son. Auonymous. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Lincoln, J. C. The Depot Master. Appleton. $1.50.
Longman's Historical Illustrations: England in the Middles Ages. Portfolios I, II, III. IV.
Lough, W. H. Corporation Finance. Vol. IV, Modern Business. Alex. Hamilton Institute.
Lyde, L. W. Man in Many Lands: An Introduction to the Study of Geographic Control. London: A. & C. Black.
MacArthur, R. S. Precepts and Prayers: Souvenir for the Fortieth Anniversary of the Pastorate. Treat & Co.
MacChesney, N. W. Abraham Lincoln: Commemorative of the Lincoln Centenary and Containing the Principal Speeches Made in Connection Therewith. Chicago: McClurg. $2.75 net.
Macdonald, D. B. Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves. In Arabic from a Bodleian MS. From the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society, April, 1910.
McInnes, T. In Amber Lands. Poems. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.
Meredith, G. Memorial Edition. Vols. VII, VIII, IX. X. Scribner.
Miller, B. Leigh Hunt's Relations with Byron, Shelley, and Keats. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Mordecai, M. The Flower of Destiny. Putnam. $1.50 net.
Packer Collegiate Institute. Fifty-seventh Annual. Brooklyn, N. Y.
Payne, W. M. Björnson, 1832-1910. Chicago: McClurg. 50 cents net.
Pratz, C. de. The Education of Jacqueline. Duffield.
Redway, J. W. All Around Asia. Scribner.
Rice, P. Tangles Untangled. Ogilvie Pub. Co. 25 cents.
R. L. S. Pan's Pipes. Houghton Mifflin.
Roe, A. S. China As I Saw It. Macmillan. $3 net.
Rogers, J. F. Life and Health. Lippincott. $1.
Sabatini, R. Arms and the Maid. Putnam. $1.25 net.
Sapir, E. Takelma Texts. Anthropological Publications. University of Pennsylvania. Vol. II, No. 1.
Saunders, A. Maritime Law. Second edition, enlarged.
Schaff-Herzog Encyclopædia of Religious Knowledge. Vol. VII. Funk & Wagnalls. $5.
Seligman, C. G. The Melanesians of British New Guinea. Putnam. $7 net.
Senior, D. Caprice, Her Book. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Smith, F. B. A Village of Vagabonds. Doubleday, Page. $1.50.
Smith, I. G. Thoughts on Education. Oxford: James Parker & Co.
Spargo, J. Karl Marx: His Life and Work. Huebsch. $2.50 net.
The Wild Olive: A Novel. By the author of "The Inner Shrine." Harper. $1.50.
Ticknor, C. A Poet in Exile: Early Letters of John Hay. Boston; Houghton Mifflin.
Tweedy, J. History of the Republican National Conventions from 1856 to 1908. Danbury, Conn.: John Tweedy.
United States Life-Saving Service. Annual report, for fiscal year ended June 30, 1909. Washington: Government Printing-Office.
Wager-Smith, E. Skat: Principles and Illustrative Games. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.25 net.
Whitefield, C. T. A Plain American in England. Doubleday, Page.
Wilbur, M. A. Every-Day Business for Women. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Williams, H. S. The Science of Happiness. Harper. $2 net.
Yale College, Class of 1865. Plainfield, N. J.: W. C. Duyckinck, class secretary.
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[Entered at the New York City Post Office as second-class mail matter.]

The Nation is published and owned by the New York Evening Post Co. Oswald Garrison Villard, President; William J. Pattison, Treasurer; Paul Elmer More, Editor.

Three dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada $3.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union $4.00.

Address THE NATION, Box 794, New York.
Publication Office, 20 Vesey Street.

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The Week.

It is announced that when Mr. Roosevelt reaches the port of New York, his baggage will enjoy Ambassadorial privilege. None of his trunks or of those of members of his party will be subject to examination by customs inspectors. Now, personally, we have no objection to this favor being shown Mr. Roosevelt. We congratulate him, rather, on his good luck. But we still think that he will be missing a part of his education as an influential public man. If we could have our way, no American, however eminent or well deserving, should be deprived of that intimate knowledge of our barbaric tariff laws which is stamped upon the mind of every "resident of the United States" who comes back from Europe to find himself exposed to annoyance and insult which he could encounter in no other custom house in the world—not even in Turkey. It is in the public interest that every man who has to do in any way with the making of our tariff laws should be put into the same suffering category with the hundreds of thousands of Americans who find themselves every year treated on the docks of their own land as suspected smugglers and liars. So while we wish Mr. Roosevelt every personal comfort on his home-coming, we should be very glad if his stern sense of public duty, or even his insatiable curiosity, were to lead him to renounce his privilege and to find out by individual experience just what is the nature and the administration of the American tariff laws.

Now, in this matter of personal baggage there is no way of abolishing the abuse except by abolishing the foolish law. The system of advance declaration on shipboard, which we owe to Mr. Cortelyou when he was Secretary of the Treasury, is a great improvement over the old method, but it is necessarily only a palliative, as must be every other plan to render more easy the enforcement of a law which cannot be enforced at all without being made onerous and humiliating. We ought rather to assimilate our practice to that of all other civilized countries. For the detection of real smugglers we have an organized secret service. If it does its work properly, there can be no serious evasions of duty on articles brought in for sale. But to persist in harassing a hundred thousand innocent people so as to catch one rogue is an exhibition of helpless folly which ought to be characterized by words in Mr. Roosevelt's vocabulary.

It is said that we have no privileged class in this country, but this is to overlook the private secretaries of Governors and Presidents. They are as regularly taken care of with a good office as if they had an hereditary and indefeasible title thereto. Gov. Hughes has simply anticipated matters a little in appointing Mr. Fuller to a State office, while Mr. Carpenter, the private secretary to President Taft, no sooner shows signs of breaking health than he is named as Minister to Morocco. In both cases there was simply a following of a long precedent. If we have anything like a permanent office-holding class in the United States—that dread thing which so frightens the spoilsmen—it is to be found among private secretaries to executives, and they get their start without coming under the abhorred civil service rules. There is the less objection to this because it seems to be felt that they have so many disagreeables to put up with while serving as private secretaries that they deserve recognition and reward afterwards. Everybody will sympathize with Secretary Carpenter in his break-down, but that will only increase the wonder at Mr. Loeb's uncommon robustness.

If it prove true, as has been stated in the Washington dispatches, that the appropriations in this session of Congress will be considerably beyond the billion-dollar mark—that is, fully as large as before, if not larger—President Taft cannot fail to be chagrined. Whatever "policies" he inherited from his predecessor, economy was not one of them. That was his own. In dealing so plainly as he did with public extravagance, and setting out to reduce the national budget by $60,000,000 or $75,000,000, he took an original and promising lead. In fact, the estimates submitted to Congress by the heads of departments were cut much lower than in recent years, and it seemed reasonable to hope that the first steps in national retrenchment would be taken. But now it appears that the old total of outlay is to be reached again, if not surpassed. The leaders in Congress confess themselves unable to keep down the appropriations. Chairman Tawney puts his finger on one chief cause of this inability, so far as the House is concerned, when he says that there is no concentrated control of the public expenses. The appropriation bills have been more and more taken out of the hands of the Appropriations Committee, until now there are a dozen committees each entitled to bring in its own bill for money. Such a breaking-up of financial control, and such a breaking-down of responsibility, lead inevitably to wastefulness.

As high as $16,000,000 run the varying estimates of the cost of each of the two 26,000-ton battleships just authorized by Congress. When there is not a war-cloud on the horizon; when the navy is larger than ever before in its history; when the whole country is groaning under the increased cost of living and steadily increasing burden of taxation, Congress is content to waste perhaps $32,000,000. When it is considered that there were years before the Spanish War when our total naval expenditure was annually only $9,000,000 or $11,000,000, and no harm came to the country, the present insensate folly is inexplicable. We firmly believe that if the fact could be got into the head of every citizen that the United States is spending 70 cents out of every dollar upon expenditures for wars, past or future, this colossal waste would stop. Naturally, Congress refused to appropriate on the same day $100,000 for a commission to inquire into methods of economy in the administration of government. To have done so after the naval appropriations would have been to stultify itself.

Senator Lorimer made last Saturday his expected denial that he had bribed his way into the United States Senate, but, unfortunately, almost at the very moment he was speaking, legislators

were being indicted and arrested in Illinois for having taken bribes to vote for him. This may be only an unlucky coincidence. Mr. Lorimer has called for an investigation of the charges against him, and the Senate Committee on Elections is bound to take the matter up. Pending the result of such inquiry, final judgment must be withheld. There can be no reasonable question, after what has been already shown by the prosecuting authorities in Illinois, that the Senatorial election in that State was corrupt, but it may not be possible to connect Mr. Lorimer personally and directly with the wickedness. It may be said that he was the victim—or the beneficiary—of over-zealous and too wicked friends. But even he himself is evidently aware that the presumptions are heavily against him, and that he has no time to lose in showing, if he can, that his title to a seat in the Senate is not tainted. The first thing he should set himself to clearing up is the mystery of confessed bribe-takers without any briber.

The doctrine of States' rights has been invoked to very poor purpose, indeed, by those Southern Congressmen who have come out in opposition to Senator Dick's bill for the establishment of an additional number of mine rescue stations in the Middle and Far West. At present there are only four such central emergency camps, situated at Pittsburgh, Knoxville, Urbana, Ill., and Seattle. Following upon the Cherry disaster, a report of the Secretary of the Interior ascribed the great loss of life in mining disasters in part to the distance of the rescue stations from the mines. The Secretary recommended the establishment of twelve additional branch stations all over the country at a cost of $160,000. But inasmuch as such emergency depots would necessarily have to cut across State boundary lines, whereas mines are under the police power of the States, the States' rights shibboleth has been raised against a measure called for by every instinct of humanity and every argument from sound business policy. After the Courrières disaster in France a few years ago, a rescue party from the German mining fields came to take part in the work of human salvage. If the very real frontier that separates Frenchmen from Germans could be wiped out under the influence of a common pity and common humanity, it would be the very height of criminal absurdity to let State boundaries stand in the way of so imperative a reform.

Shorter than Paulhan's last and longest flight by some forty miles, Glenn Curtiss's aerial dash down the valley of the Hudson last Sunday surpasses Paulhan's feat in actual difficulties overcome, in the clean-cut demonstration of the possibilities of the aeroplane, and in dramatic interest. To Americans, certainly, Curtiss's achievement gains a special intensity of interest because the scene of it was the river upon which the Clermont sailed a hundred years ago. That circumstance forces upon the mind solemn recognition of that human progress which we so easily talk about without realizing it to the mind's eye or the emotions. Curtiss's triumph is none the less emphatic because it was preceded by the doubts and hesitations that a crowd eager for a spectacle is none too patient with. The aviator was quite right in saying that the very people who insist upon the show being carried off at all costs would be the ones to shake wise heads in the case of disaster. It was a doubly dramatic event for Glenn Curtiss, therefore, that his record-making flight should have lain along the historic trial course of the Hudson, and that his landing should have been on the very spot where less than a year ago he gave a certain excuse for bitter comment on his abilities and his motives.

Robert Koch was born the same year that Louis Pasteur entered the university. It would be difficult to decide which of the two men has gained the wider fame. Certainly, Koch and Pasteur are the two great names in the science of bacteriology which has revolutionized modern medicine. In range of achievements, Koch was probably the greater man of the two. His discovery of the germ of tuberculosis would in itself constitute a service of transcendent importance. But in addition, he had studied malaria, cholera, and, newest of all to European knowledge, that sleeping sickness which has been threatening negro Africa almost with depopu'ation. Associated with his name is one tragic disappointment which detracts nothing from his reputation as a scientist or a man. Everybody over thirty must recall the vast stirring that followed the announcement from Berlin of the discovery of a specific for tuberculosis. Science and the millions of afflicted who looked to science for aid in their affliction turned expectant eyes towards the Prussian capital. Pilgrimages were made. It was a vast upward surge of hope that failed of realization. But whether the dread white plague is to be conquered by a sudden discovery or by the slower hand-to-hand methods which we are adopting to-day, Robert Koch's share in the ultimate victory will be unquestionable.

Every patriot heart from the Atlantic to the Golden Gate and from the Gulf of Mexico to the forty-ninth parallel of north latitude so recently eulogized by Mr. Cannon, will thrill with pride at the news that our epic scramble for the privilege of lending China some money has succeeded. The Hankow-Sze-chuen railway matter is settled, or at least almost settled. After years of furious contention, we have won the right to participate with Great Britain, France, and Germany in the $30,000,000 loan which it is now only a question of inducing China to accept. For it would appear that at the last moment the Chinese have been seized with sore doubt. The beautifully altruistic spectacle of the four leading nations of the West fighting for the right of giving away their money has somehow failed to impress the bland Celestial mind. That the struggle for the privilege of forcing money on China was accompanied by a struggle for such sordid things as a share in supplying the necessary railway material and engineering skill, was probably only a coincidence. To the pure all things are pure. But China has had so rich an experience of the implications that go with a European loan that her hesitation is, after all, comprehensible. All the more reason, therefore, why the four allied and altruistic nations should now concentrate their efforts, and, with one eye on the main chance and one eye on each other, proceed to lend money to a heathen foreign government by hypodermic injection.

The death of Edward VII has aroused profound regret and actually some anxiety in Russia. One correspondent relates that when the order for court mourning, usual in such circumstances,

was presented for the approval of the Czar, Nicholas II with his own hand struck out the traditional three weeks and inserted three months. The *Novoye Vremya* printed, in heavy type, immediately after the dispatch announcing the King's death, the single sentence, "The death of King Edward VII is a day of sorrow for Russia." The *Russkoe Slovo* of Moscow declared that in Edward the country had lost one of its sincerest friends. The Polish press laid stress on the fact that, as a result of the Anglo-Russian understanding, of which Edward VII was the author, Russia had been saved from her humiliating dependence upon Germany. Such expressions of regret were probably as sincere as formulas of this kind usually are; and perhaps a little more so, because at the present moment the Anglo-Russian *entente* in Persia is being put sharply to the test by German diplomacy. It is the misfortune, however, of Russia's blundering autocratic system that her Czar will often pull one way and his Ministers another. It may be that Nicholas II was really moved by the death of the English monarch and its possible effects on Anglo-Russian friendship. But, on the other hand, there is no guarantee that the Czar may not be soon making another little Baltic trip with his good friend William II, and soliciting his advice on vital matters of state.

The Prussian Government has been compelled to abandon its franchise bill after carrying it through one house, which is gratifying proof that even in Prussia obstinate officialdom cannot prevail against popular opinion. The effect of those wonderful, peaceful demonstrations of the Socialists in Berlin could not be withstood, nor the sentiment created elsewhere by the clashes between police and people. According to the dispatch, the Chancellor has declared that the measure failed because it gave to the wealthy and middle classes a greater influence in the elections and that there would doubtless be a continuance of the bitter agitation against the suffrage system until the Government submitted new legislation. But if the Chancellor sees that now, why was he not aware of it when he drew the bill and announced that it would go through whether the people liked it or not? If the agitation has really converted the Chancellor, that fact, by itself, is a great gain, but the price seems high if one considers that all the ill-feeling and anger aroused among the populace could have been avoided by a little greater intelligence on the part of the rulers. The Chancellor's prestige is bound to suffer, for this was his first measure of importance. So far as suffrage reform is concerned, the attitude of all enlightened people in Prussia has been that it would be a great deal better to have the present intolerable conditions continue than to accept the proposed legislation. Even in the House of Lords the Chancellor's bill met with the greatest opposition, steadily increasing until even the Chancellor abandoned it as hopeless.

A conversation about Turkey with Arminius Vambéry at Buda-Pesth is reported in a letter to the Manchester *Guardian* by Sir William Ramsay. The veteran traveller and professor—he is now eighty-nine—holds that the new régime in Turkey must enjoy twenty-five years of peace in order to have a good chance of success. What Vambéry most fears is not attack from without, but bitter race and religious dissensions within the Empire. The Albanian trouble he regards as serious, but as really the least threatening of many probable causes of dissension. Vambéry's opinion of the former Sultan is interesting. He agrees with the general view that Abdul Hamid in his later years sank into a condition of listless cruelty, but affirms that earlier, say, about twenty years ago, he displayed great ability and tireless energy, often working thirty-six or even forty-eight hours on a stretch. It is well known that Vambéry was once in the employ of the Turkish Government, to which he made confidential reports. One of these so plainly enumerated the causes leading to the ruin of Turkey that the Sultan in a towering rage ordered all allowances to Vambéry stopped. Afterwards, narrates Sir William Ramsay, on the authority of a friend in Constantinople, when the Sultan discovered that Vambéry had been entirely right, he made tempting offers to him to resume his connection, but they were all declined.

The first Cabinet for United South Africa has been organized. Pessimists who see everything in old England going to ruin might be asked for a moment to look at South Africa. After all, there must be something of the ancient virtue left in a nation which can accomplish what England has accomplished in South Africa in the last seven years. In that space of time, a conquered population has been not merely appeased but conciliated and won over. Civil government has been reëstablished in the former Boer republics, and such government has been placed in the hands of the conquered element. Superimposed on the four separate colonial governments of Cape Colony, Natal, Orange River Colony, and the Transvaal, comes now a general government for South Africa, which, too, has been handed over to the men who only eight years ago were in the field against England. Gen. Louis Botha is the first Premier of United South Africa, and Gen. Smutz is his leading associate. Nor is it less eloquent testimony to the English genius for using the dead past only as a foundation for the present, that the son of the English statesman who was responsible for the "disgrace" of Majuba Hill should be the first Governor-General of the new nation.

The fact that the Premier and the Minister of the Interior in the first South African Cabinet hold the same positions in the Transvaal Ministry raises the natural expectation that to the Transvaal will fall, if not a predominant voice in federal affairs, certainly a degree of influence greater than would be its share on a strict population basis. The population of Cape Colony is nearly twice that of the Transvaal, and the proportion holds for whites as well as for the colored races. In the Transvaal, too, the Boer element predominates decisively over the English element, whereas in Cape Colony the two are pretty evenly balanced. The Transvaal's economic importance, of course, outweighs the mere factor of population, but it is doubtful if even then Cape Colony would have foregone its claim to the leadership in the first federal Ministry, if it were not for the manifest desire in England and South Africa to make the point that the loyalty of the Boer population conditioned the success of the great political experiment. Of that loyalty there can be no doubt, though it may well be that racial influences will color South African politics for many years to come.

POLITICAL LEADERSHIP.

The startling change in the national Republican prospects within a year, the even swifter alteration in New York State within the last few weeks, are among the most recent and conclusive demonstrations of the fact that, however intelligent an electorate may be, without some sort of leadership it cannot prosper. For the apparently irreconcilable differences within the Republican party are not sudden developments. It is only their revelation in all their mutual repugnance that is novel. While McKinley lived, divergences of view were harmonized by a spirit of peace-at-any-price compromise, for the sake of party success; Roosevelt smashed opposition where he could, yielded to it where he was compelled, actuated by conviction as well as by party success; Hughes, scorning compromise, has triumphed by making use of the only legitimate weapon, the power of public opinion. These three men, two Presidents and a Governor, represent three stages in popular political leadership. The first stood for organization. Whatever theory of government he may have held, his practice resulted in the victory of the practical politician, of the man who looked first and chiefly for the purely political effect of measures and appointments, the man who was thinking always of the next election. That President McKinley was himself the preëminent politician of his day may prove to be his best title to enduring fame. Our fathers seem to have feared the demagogue less than the tyrant; the politician who combines the hypocrisy of the one with the oppression of the other is to be feared more than either.

The uniqueness of McKinley's successor lay in the circumstance that the country, while giving him its enthusiastic support, was uncertain whether to call him politician or statesman. His aims were high; his means "practical." All the arts of the demagogue, all the resources of the tyrant, he employed with consummate skill. Those who did not trust him, feared him. Many who favored his ends censured his means. But it was such a relief to see old-timers completely beaten at their own game that his countrymen generally overlooked the method for the sake of the result. Nevertheless, Roosevelt's blazing seven years were only the middle stage. It was reserved for another New Yorker to take the final step; to do, after all these years, what the plain citizen would naturally have supposed all public officials would do of their own accord—to refuse unworthy means as quickly as unworthy ends, to think of party as no more than a means, and to act as if genuine statesmanship were its own sufficient justification. To withhold adoration from the great god Success is to run the risk of being sneered at as un-American; but there are few more successful careers than that of the Governor who has despised any success except the highest.

These three stages in democratic leadership are progressive in kind rather than in time. They exist simultaneously; and, while it is not difficult to rank them, it is very difficult to find leaders belonging to the last one. Leadership, nevertheless, democracy must have, and, if it cannot find one sort, it will perforce turn to another. It is this aspect of the Republican break-up that is serious. The only party to emerge with credit from the special session of Congress last summer was the group of partyless insurgents; the only respectable party in New York for some years has been the party-scorned Hughes Republicans. Neither of these groups now has a leader. If the nation, in order to punish the long-dominant party for its inexcusable derelictions; if the State of New York, in order to discipline the same party, entrusts itself to a long-discredited Democracy, what guarantee is there that the transfer will be an improvement in the character of our political leadership? It is a fact, as ominous as it is obvious, that the rarity of the highest kind of leadership is one of the prime causes of the existence of the lower kinds. If a people lack real leaders, the reins will slip into the hands of those who substitute organization for opinion, party for principle, power for right. The buying of votes, the dealing out of offices, the suppressing of primary reform, even the juggling with the tariff, are only phases of the situation. They one and all range themselves on the side of organization, as unresponsive as they dare to be to the legitimate sovereign, public opinion.

The ground for hope is the memory of what is notable in these last ten years: the rise of a new leadership, the assertion of an awakened popular will, the realization in actual politics of lofty ideals, the sight of living flesh-and-blood men of the highest ability and respectability out in the struggle, fighting with the superb skill long consecrated to business for the attainment of a truer democracy, and fighting with a success that makes their baffled opponents look like tyros. The people can be trusted. Give them a man possessed of a modicum of ability, fired with a desire to serve them, and their ready spirit of hero-worship can be counted upon to do the rest. This is the hey-day of the statesman of the new school. He has before him a richness of opportunity that, in its rewards no less than in its demands, can be matched by nothing short of the most dramatic moments of our history.

THE BALLINGER INQUIRY.

The long-protracted hearings in the Ballinger investigation came to an end last week with the oral arguments of the attorneys. On neither side was an attempt made to cover with convincing precision all the points in dispute. This indeed was impossible in the limited time at the disposal of counsel, as would be shown by the attempt of any impartial student to settle a single one of these questions. Not until the briefs have been submitted, and the evidence studied in the light that they should furnish, will a trustworthy conclusion on the whole case be possible. Nevertheless, the survey of the case afforded by the oral arguments makes the present an appropriate time for weighing the general controversy.

In the first place, there are some points about the nature and genesis of the case of which the public needs to be reminded. Especially as regards Mr. Glavis, it is necessary to recall to mind the character of his initial connection with the matters involved. Whatever basis there may be, or may be alleged to be, for supposing that the animating force behind the developments of the past ten or twelve months is of a political or personal nature, no such allegation can be made as to Mr. Glavis's first resolute interposition in the Alaskan coal claims. No Rooseveltian plot can have been at the bottom of his zealous interference in the year 1907, to prevent the patenting of the Cunningham and other claims without searching inquiry. Mr. Ballinger was at that time Commission-

er of the General Land Office; but Mr. Garfield was Secretary of the Interior, and Mr. Roosevelt was President. An intense desire to preserve for the nation valuable lands to which the private claimants were not in his judgment lawfully entitled is the only motive which could at that time have actuated Mr. Glavis. Not only was there no possibility of a political motive, but personal animus was equally out of the question. His efforts were made within the Land Office, and they were successful. There arose at that time no complaint or scandal. It is not impossible that Mr. Glavis was over-zealous or that his judgment was at fault; but the fact is that for two years, unremittingly, he stuck to this line, no matter who was Land Commissioner, or Secretary of the Interior, or President. Eventually, he had recourse to Attorney-General Wickersham, and finally to President Taft. In pursuance of his formal statement to the President, Mr. Taft called upon Secretary Ballinger and others for replies; and, having examined these replies, he exonerated Mr. Ballinger and his subordinates and authorized the discharge of Glavis. Only after his discharge, and more than two years after the beginning of his activity, did Mr. Glavis enter into a public agitation of the case through *Collier's*.

A second point, which should be clearly apprehended, is that the question before the committee, the President, and the people, all along, has not concerned corrupt conduct on the part of Mr. Ballinger. The question is and always has been, whether he has fulfilled the peculiar responsibilities of his office with single-minded fidelity to the rights and interests of the nation. To show that those interests have not been in safe hands, it is not necessary to convict him of a pre-conceived purpose to betray them, or to prove the existence of any corrupt motive. If, in point of fact, he has been eager to facilitate the patenting of doubtful claims; if, in point of fact, he has been conspicuously wanting in zeal for the protection of the nation's rights—the charge made by his opponents is established. The accusations against him under this head relate on the one hand to his attitude toward the Forestry and Reclamation Service, and, on the other, to his conduct concerning the Alaskan coal lands, especially the Cunningham claims. The questions of fact and law involved are anything but simple; but as regards the coal lands, some indication of the situation may be given.

It is agreed on all hands that the existing law on the subject of Alaskan coal lands is utterly unadapted to the situation concerned. That law is designed to prevent the taking up of large tracts by private owners, the normal amount permissible being limited to 160 acres. But these lands cannot be worked profitably in small parcels; and everybody agrees that a radical change should be made in the law. Meanwhile, however, there are two opposite attitudes which may be adopted. One is, that so far as possible the land should remain the possession of the nation until such time as legal provision shall be made whereby large holdings can be worked, with the people coming in for their full share of the benefit of such working; the other is, that inasmuch as the land cannot be worked in small parcels, the Government should look with leniency upon devices whereby, while superficially observing the law, private interests may contrive to get possession of large and extremely valuable tracts upon the easy terms designed for small holders. That there is a certain amount of sentiment in the far West in favor of this latter view is probable; that it is the view taken and promoted by the capitalists interested in getting possession of the lands goes without saying. And what seems established with a fair approach to conclusiveness, in spite of the complexities and contradictions of the mass of evidence, is that Mr. Ballinger's acts were largely influenced by this view of the case, and that, but for the dogged opposition of Mr. Glavis, this view would have prevailed long ago in the Cunningham claims.

To substantiate this assertion it would be necessary to adduce a number of special circumstances, all pointing in that direction, which have been brought out in the evidence. There is hardly one of them for which some explanation has not been offered, and to examine the pros and cons thus presented is here out of the question. It is only by considering them in conjunction, and getting their net result after all criticisms and explanations have been allowed for, that one can estimate their true significance. For this reason, it is so regrettable from the standpoint of Mr. Ballinger that the extraordinary series of inaccuracies and concealments took place which was the centre of public attention two weeks ago. In consequence of these developments, the President's letter of exoneration and the Attorney-General's summary and opinion have been largely deprived of the weight that would naturally attach to them. In default of a reading of the evidence—an impossible task to all but one person in a hundred thousand—it is upon the judgment of such referees that people naturally rely. That both the President and the Attorney-General were themselves fully assured of the justice of their conclusions, we entertain not the slightest doubt; but it is by no means so certain that in arriving at these conclusions they were not unduly guided by *ex-parte* information and assistance.

No survey of the case, however broad and general, can omit a reference to Mr. Ballinger's conduct on the witness-stand. In several instances, when questioned by Mr. Brandeis concerning extremely simple matters of fact, he made a pitiable exhibition of shiftiness, evasion, and—to call things by their right name—untruthfulness. To deny a thing and almost in the next breath to admit it when denial was plainly useless; to say he knew nothing about a matter, and, after a little prodding, to show that he remembered it quite accurately; to present the appearance of one willing to lie, and yet afraid to stick—this is a showing not only lamentable in itself, but doubly significant in its relation to the case. It is significant in regard to the trustworthiness of his statements in general; and it is significant as bearing on the question of his fitness for the custodianship of the great national interests of which the Secretary of the Interior is the trustee. We would not magnify the circumstance; we would not say that Mr. Ballinger's character is to be measured by these manifestations. Some men, not particularly dishonest, thus instinctively grasp at straws when placed in an uncomfortable position; and we would not say that more than this is true of Mr. Ballinger. But it is not to the keeping of such men that we entrust great national possessions for the seizure of which shrewd and unscrupulous and powerful private interests are constantly on the alert; nor is it to the statements of such men that we give the benefit of every possible

doubt when confronted with opposing evidence.

DESERTERS FROM FICTION.

A statistical comparison of half a dozen numbers of half a dozen leading magazines to-day and five years ago would probably show a marked decrease in the relative number of short stories printed. A critical comparison between the short fiction of to-day and of five years ago would probably show a decline in quality fairly parallel with the decline in quantity. Fiction has fared best in the older type of magazine. Where the appeal is to the æsthetic and not to the militant virtues, the short story naturally has the better chance. The special article which has turned our newer and more popular magazines into gory battlefields of humanity has naturally served to crowd out the mere idle teller of tales. The June issue of one of the older magazines prints almost as many short stories as three among the best-known of the monthlies whose reputation has been made in the fight for God, country, and circulation. By so much as the popular monthlies have absorbed the functions of the newspaper and won thereby the unrestrained admiration of Mr. William Archer, by so much have they naturally narrowed the field for the older kind of imaginative literature.

If quality has gone down with the supply it is largely because of facts that lie in our native psychology. No one has ever denied that in imitating, adapting, and improving we are enormously clever. Mr. William Archer thinks it natural that there should be good short-story writers in America because America is the original home of the short story. Mr. Archer is wrong when he imagines that the marketable magazine story of the last dozen years has any perceptible relationship with Edgar Allan Poe and Nathaniel Hawthorne. It is an Englishman, Rudyard Kipling, that has conditioned and shaped the prevailing type of the American short story. It is Kipling's plots, Kipling's dash, Kipling's terrifically nonchalant grown-upness, Kipling's tricks of style and very phraseology that stand out as the one powerful influence in our newer magazine pages. And as we have imitated Kipling, we have imitated such minor influences as have appeared from time to time. In other words, we have an enormous writing class in this country who write less from impulse than for business reasons, and who write less what they want than what the editors want. With our native cleverness it is possible for us to turn out excellent Kipling stories when the editors desire Kipling, excellent dialect fiction when that is what the public desires, excellent cowboy fiction, excellent "uplift" fiction, excellent detective and murder stories. It follows that when the editors want no stories, or few stories, of any kind, excellent stories will cease to be written in such numbers, and the adaptable American mind will turn to what the editor does want.

Hands that the enchanted wand of fiction might have swayed are now busy turning out special copy, and fairly good copy at that, such being our incredible cleverness and adaptability. It is possible to cite from this month's magazines nearly half a dozen concrete instances of men and women who, having made their first appearance as writers of short stories, have been hired by the editors for service on the firing line. One woman has been detailed to expose the horrid evils that inhere in the five and ten-cent stores, gigantic nurseries of woman's extravagance. Another woman in another magazine assails another form of the same shopping evil. A writer of short stories, strongly impregnated with the atmosphere of the East Side, now girds at wicked Pittsburgh and now at the horrors of the State workhouses. Two years ago a novel of brilliant promise came from a young man in Boston. Since then his decline has been steady. First he began to write for the magazines the kind of stories the magazines at that time liked. Then he was drafted for muck-rake duty. He is now pretty far from the fine originality of his first book and is probably making a good many thousand dollars a year. His case exemplifies strikingly the workings of the average editorial mind. It is in the nature of the editor to like live topics, and it is in his nature to like live names. What more reasonable, therefore, than to take this young man who writes such excellent stories, which unfortunately have gone a good deal out of style, and set him to work on something statistical, brisk, and terrifying that is in style? It is an editorial point of view which in its ultimate manifestation would write, "My dear Mr. Kipling: We foresee a hit in a series of articles dealing with brutality and underfeeding in the Indian army, at your own terms, of course"; or cable: "Rostand, Paris: Could use four articles showing connection French Prime Minister theft church property; wire acceptance and text."

So much fiction as survives in the militant monthlies is of a lower order, on the whole, than the fiction of the period before the moral awakening. After half a dozen special articles detailing the horrors of graft, smallpox, intermarriage, morphinism, tight-lacing, and over-study, the reader must have his fair measure of relief. There is very little chance, consequently, for anything but the lightest of fiction. The detective story flourishes like a green bay-tree in the company of the wildest of Wild West stories and the frankly farcical adventures of missionaries in cannibal lands. Not that the appetite for fiction is declining. This is shown by the upgrowth of a large number of magazines which print nothing but fiction, and vast quantities of it. Apparently, the average reader has let himself be persuaded that the real magazine must be chiefly social and strenuous; to quench his longing for fiction he buys an "all-story" magazine, thus learning to take his recreation and his excitement in separate doses.

That this condition of things will be permanent or even lasting, we refuse to believe. If the editors do not get exhausted, the field of human interest is pretty sure to be. And then there will be a return to the older type. Already the pioneer magazine of the militant cast is gravitating towards earlier conditions.

THE LONELINESS OF THE RETIRED

There passed through New York last week, bound to London, a former resident of Kansas City who, unlike most Americans, decided that he would not die in harness. He had made enough money some ten years ago to supply his wants, and the mere piling up of more dollars had no interest for him. So he turned over his business to younger men and sought to enjoy quietly the remainder of his years. What was the result? This typical Westerner, who had literally grown up with Kansas City, found

himself ere long a permanent resident of the capital of a foreign country. No snobbishness took him to London, however, and no desire to force his way into foreign society. Unlike some extremely rich Americans who had preceded him to the other side, he was in nowise dissatisfied with being an American, or convinced that England is a better country than that in which he "made his pile."

Why, then, does he reside in London? The question was put to him by a reporter, who plainly could not conceal his amazement that anybody would live in London who might live in Kansas City. We give the answer precisely as the reporter printed it:

> Well, there is no place in America for a man out of a job. Over there you will find more people in the same position and you can associate with them. Here, after I go in and shake hands with my friends, they wonder how soon I am going to leave, so that they can get back to work. Every Englishman, no matter to what class he belongs, gets to a certain point when he stops work.

There it is, in a nutshell; it is the unutterable loneliness of the American with leisure on his hands which has made this man turn his back on Kansas City, its heights, its river, its cattle-yards, and its turreted homes. He could not spend the whole day watering his lawn or watching the trains come into that horrible Kansas City pigsty misnamed a station, or driving an automobile, or in waiting for his friends to come back from work. We are inclined to think, too, that, in addition to his loneliness, a sort of social stigma helped to drive him to another clime. It is still felt in many communities that there must be something wrong with one who will not earn money when he can. A man of leisure, it is instinctively understood, must turn to the Devil for aid in passing his time; as a matter of course, he is also a "man about town."

Now, it must not be thought that the case of this wayward Kansas City citizen is altogether exceptional. The plaint he utters reaches us quite frequently. The man whose health does not permit of strenuous office labor, the man of moderate income with bookish taste, the retired capitalist, the superannuated bank president, are all hard put to it to obtain sufficient human companionship. This is particularly true of retired army and navy officers. A fixed day, their sixty-fourth birthday, finds them promptly shelved. They give up their regiments or the command of departments or of fleets at the stroke of noon on the fatal anniversary. They wander homewards to the towns they came from, only to find that after the first week's issue of the *Daily Watchword* recounting their gallant services on land and sea, their friends can hardly conceal their impatience if these veterans appear a second time at their offices. Hence it is that for the retired officer Washington is a Mecca. He cannot walk down Connecticut Avenue without meeting a score of men he knew in the service. Colonel, general, and admiral—one of these titles he applies to almost every man he meets. The Army and Navy Club or the Metropolitan always has its occupants. Somebody is sure to ask the veteran how he swam ashore in that gale at Samoa, or charged down the road in the Wilderness the time poor Harry Smith got that bullet in his brain. The human touch that makes the whole world kin is there.

But not officers alone find Washington the ideal city for men with plenty of time on their hands. Even our Kansas City wanderer would have discovered associates. For side by side with official Washington is growing up another Washington, comprising men and women of wealth or social leanings who like the capital's cosmopolitan flavor, who enjoy meeting the Chinese Ambassador, the colonel fresh from the Philippines, and the titled attaché of the British Embassy, at the endless teas and dinners of the season. For those of more sober tastes there are the vast treasures in the Library of Congress and the other storehouses of learning and science for which Washington is famous, and the companionship of the growing body of scientists who slave and all but starve in the Government bureaus.

A leisure class, indeed, whatever the age of its members, is not altogether an evil. Perhaps the men in it will help to redeem their sex from the old slur that only women keep alive in America the handsomer things of life. But first they must learn the difference between mere restless idling and that happy leisure which means the opportunity for many finer activities.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Frederik Muller of Amsterdam announces a noteworthy sale of manuscripts, appointed for June 16 and 17, which should attract the especial attention of those interested in the earliest news of the city on Manhattan Island. A descriptive catalogue of the collections to be disposed of contains a complete list of autographs and letters in the possession of Jhr. Ridder van Rappard and others. The tale is enticing from the collector's point of view. There are the signatures of Charles V, William the Silent, Napoleon; of scientists such as Boerhave, Galileo, Franklin; of theologians, philosophers, and writers of the last three centuries. But the autographs are only examples of others of their kind; the letters do not, apparently, offer new information.

Bundle 1,795 is another matter. Herein are found seven documents relating to New Netherland, 1624-26. They do not purport to be originals, but copies made at the time. Of the originals we have no trace, so that the contents are new to us; and the comments are certainly valuable if they fulfil the promise of the catalogue. It is curious that documents pertaining to New Netherland are so slow in coming to light. Before the discovery (1904) of the Michaelis letter of August, 1628, nothing had been found for about forty years. Now this report of 1626 suddenly appears.

The list is as follows:

A. Rules for colonists to the West Indies on the ship Nieu Verdriet, "The New Sorrow" [not an auspicious name to invite emigration]. 9 pp.

B. Letter of Jan van Rijn. "Actum 25 Aprill in Wiapeco of het fort Nassau a° 1625." 5 pp.

C. Instruction for Willem van Hulst Commis on the voyage to New Netherland. No date. 1625 (?). 22 pp.

D. Further instructions for this same Willem van Hulst. Amsterdam, Ap. 22. 1625. 24 pp.

E. Particular instructions for the engineer and land surveyor Crvn Fredericxse for construction of a fort in New Netherland. Ap. 22. 1625. 19 pp.

F. Detailed report of Isaac de Ragière [Razières] to the W. I. Co. written in the Fort of the Island of Manhattan. Sept. 23. 1626. This contains a description of the life of the colonists and the difficulties they have encountered.

Surely some effort should be made to acquire these papers for the New York Library or some other public institution. They should not be absorbed in a private collection merely as curiosities and secluded from view.

Correspondence.

MARK TWAIN, SIR THOMAS BROWNE, AND THE OLD TESTAMENT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Prof. William Lyon Phelps, in an interesting article in the *Independent* for May 5, points out a parallel to Mark Twain's delightful story of "Isaac" and the prophets of Baal and how the water poured over the altar turned out to be petroleum. It certainly looks, at first sight, as though the same devil that whispered to the disquieting of Sir Thomas Browne had reappeared for the comforting of Capt.

Wakoman (alias "Hurricane Jones"). As Browne's "Religio Medici" says (I quote from Professor Phelps's article):

Again, . . . having read far more of Naptha, he [the Devil] whispered to my curiosity the fire of the Altar might be natural; and did me mistrust a miracle in E...s, when he entrenched the Altar round with Water.

But it is probable that this explanation of the origin and recurrence of the petroleum idea gives the devil more (or less) than his due.

For some time past I have had in mind a still older parallel, which has occurred to me whenever I have thought of Mark Twain's story. It is a bit of narrative which is to be found in the Old Testament, though in a portion of it which is not as familiar to Bible readers now as it was a few generations ago. In II Maccabees i, 19 ff. we read how the sacred fire on the great altar in Jerusalem was rekindled, after the return of the exiles. Nehemiah had come from Babylonia, bringing with him the secret of the place where the fire had been hidden in a deep well, by the Jewish priests, many years before. He sent some of the descendants of those priests to find it, but they returned with the news that they found no fire, but only "thick water." Then (vs. 21) "he commanded them to draw it up, and to bring it; and when the sacrifices were laid on, Neemias commanded the priests to sprinkle the wood and the things laid thereupon with the water. (22) When this was done, and the time came that the sun shone, which afore was hid in the cloud, there was a great fire kindled, so that every man marvelled." But this was not all. After the sacrifice had been consumed, (vs. 31) "Neemias commanded the water that was left to be poured over certain great stones. (32) When this was done, there was kindled a flame; but it was extinguished by the light that shone from the altar." The obvious purpose of this second episode is to show that the "thick water," while always capable of producing fire when greatly heated, did not of itself produce *sacred* fire. The flame on the holy altar at once quenched the rival blaze, though the two had been kindled in the same way. And finally, that there may be no doubt as to the nature of this "water," the narrator adds in vs. 36 that Nehemiah (following a seductive etymology) "called the stuff Naphthar, . . . though most men call it Naphtha."

Now, it may well be that Capt. Ned Wakeman was not acquainted with this legend; though it is in the inherited family Bibles of just such old stagers as he that the Apocrypha chiefly survive among us today, and we may be sure that he would have read or heard such narratives as this with especial satisfaction. At all events, we may give his inventive faculty the benefit of the doubt. But in the case of Sir Thomas Browne there can be no doubt at all. He was perfectly familiar with the account of how Nehemiah watered the great altar with petroleum, and thus restored the perpetual fire. What the devil whispered to him was merely the suggestion that perhaps this had been the standard method of renewing the sacred fire whenever the altar had been rebuilt, and that therefore Elijah himself, in his great oncounter with the priests of Baal, had only made use of this same old oil.

CHARLES C. TORREY.

Yale University, May 25.

CAPTAIN ALDEN PARTRIDGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of May 5, under the ambiguous heading "West Point in 1824," you print an interesting old letter, written from Norwich, Vt., under date of July 9, 1824, by Theodore Sedgwick, jr., to Harmanus Bleecker of Albany, N. Y. It is perfectly clear that Sedgwick's detailed description of the routine and curriculum of "the academy" refers to Captain Alden Partridge's famous school, known at the time of its foundation (September, 1820) as "The American Literary, Scientific, and Military Academy"—the forerunner of Norwich University, now situated at Northfield, Vt. For reasons not easily discoverable Captain Partridge's "Academy" was removed from Norwich, Vt., to Middletown, Conn., in August, 1825, and remained there until 1829. Then, not being able to obtain from the Connecticut Legislature such privileges as he thought that he deserved, Partridge removed back to Norwich. The buildings at Middletown, which had been carefully constructed under Partridge's supervision, later formed the nucleus of Wesleyan University, an institution chartered in 1831. Inasmuch as Alden Partridge left an impression as an educator on his generation that is deserving of more careful record than it has yet received, will you allow me briefly to recall his career?

Alden Partridge was born in Norwich, Vt., in 1785. He died there in 1854. For a brief time he was a student at Dartmouth College, but he gained admission to the academy at West Point and graduated there in the Engineer Corps in 1806. Receiving an appointment on the teaching staff at West Point, Partridge was known soon as an exceptional teacher of mathematics and was deeply interested in the educational features of tactics and military drill. Before he was thirty years old, he was promoted (1813) to a professorship of civil and military engineering; later, for upwards of three years, he occupied the position of superintendent of West Point. His administration, however, did not satisfy the national authorities, and he was virtually forced to leave his place. After aiding as a practical surveyor in striking out the Maine boundary in the summer of 1819, he was free to turn his enthusiastic nature to the work of establishing a school in his native town of Norwich. This school he opened in September, 1820. Boys from the best New England homes came to it. Among the early catalogues, one finds the names of boys from Michigan, from Ohio, from Charleston, S. C., and elsewhere in the South, and occasionally from Cuba and parts of South America. In later years, Partridge was sufficiently encouraged or persistent to try to found similar private schools along the Atlantic slope—at Pembroke, N. H., at Brandywine Springs, Del., at Harrisburg, Pa., at Portsmouth, Va., and even as far south as the State of Mississippi. Devoted to his school projects, he was yet able for a time to be useful as surveyor-general of Vermont. Between 1830-40, he was four times chosen a member of the Vermont Legislature.

Partridge, in truth, stood for certain rational and—for his day—very advanced ideals in education. In the first place, he was among the earliest protestants against too conservative classical modes of training. While willing to admit Latin and Greek into the curriculum, he had firm faith in the discipline to be gained from mathematics and from what would generally be called scientific studies—from physics, chemistry, geology, and mineralogy. He was careful to provide instruction in the modern languages, notably in French, Spanish, and even Italian. Sprung from a line of colonial fighters, trained to some extent at West Point, he believed in the value to every youngster of military drill and in a knowledge of military tactics. To long idle vacations he was sternly opposed. Healthy boys should be occupied, he thought, at all times of the year. They should be subjected, moreover, to the open air in all sorts of weather.

One of the most characteristic features of his school was the trips which he made with the cadets, trips which always included places of historic or scientific interest, not too far removed from Norwich or Middletown. On these trips records of a casual or scientific nature were kept: heights were calculated; observations of the weather were taken; notes of the scenery and of the occupations of the inhabitants of various regions were set down. Usually a printed *Journal* was published. These old *Journals* contain the names of the cadets and general accounts of the entire course of the trips. There was, for example, a corps of 115 boys organized in June, 1822, which went from Norwich to Concord, N. H., where the Legislature of New Hampshire was then in session, and which returned by a different road. Capt. Partridge addressed the Legislature on the subject (a favorite one with him) of the Battle of Waterloo. The Governor reviewed the corps. In June, 1824, a similar corps of 132 students went from Norwich across the State of Vermont on foot to Whitehall. There they took the boat for Burlington and Plattsburgh, passing Ticonderoga and Crown Point, and returned to Norwich by way of Vergennes. It is to this trip that the letter of Theodore Sedgwick refers. In the autumn of the same year some fifty cadets, among whom was Gideon Welles, years later Lincoln's Secretary of the Navy, went to the White Mountains, where they climbed Mt. Washington and camped on its side. The longest expedition of which I have discovered a record was made in December, 1826, from Middletown, Conn.—then the temporary location of the Academy—when a corps of cadets embarked on the Oliver Ellsworth for New York city. Thence they crossed New Jersey via Trenton on foot, passed through Philadelphia, and over a portion of Delaware to the head of Chesapeake Bay, where they were transported to Baltimore. From there they tramped to Washington, D. C. At Washington the corps visited the Capitol, where they saw the Senate and the House in session. They were cordially received by President John Quincy Adams. The Secretary of War (James Barbour) addressed to them a few remarks in the nature of a homily. At Mount Vernon Judge Bushrod Washington showed them the points of special interest, and opened the vault that, in the language of their *Journal*, "contained

the mouldering remains of the greatest and best of men."

After this sort of evidence one may fairly assume that, were Alden Partridge alive to-day, he would be deeply interested in many phases of the movement toward a more rational system of education, particularly in out-of-door observation and exercise, of which he was one of the earliest American exponents. Many of his students found, as time went on, useful places in the work of the world; and some of them gave evidence of their sound military training under him in connection with the Mexican and the civil wars. They were to be found in high and low places in the army and the navy. It was such young men as Gideon Welles, Josiah Tatnall, George M. Colvocoresses, Horatio and Thomas H. Seymour, Theodore Sedgwick, Thomas Rutherford Trowbridge, and William H. Russell of New Haven, who came into close touch with much that was admirable in Capt. Partridge's spirit, and were the means of carrying his influence on to a later generation.

In an early manuscript diary kept by the late Secretary of the Navy, Gideon Welles, the writer speaks of meeting Capt. Partridge in Hartford, Conn., in the spring of 1842. Partridge had given a lecture on the subject of the "National Defences." Mr. Welles found the lecture interesting and instructive. "Capt. Partridge," he remarked, "condemns a standing army as inconsistent with public liberty, and would rely for national defence on . . . the people themselves. These he would educate to be not only scholars, but soldiers." Of the man himself, Welles set down this matured judgment: "He still possesses and exhibits that strong, marked, and honest good sense for which he was uniformly distinguished, and I find the high admiration and regard of early life was not in this instance, certainly, an over-estimate of the man."

HENRY BARRETT LEARNED.

New Haven, Conn., May 26.

THE HETCH HETCHY WATER SUPPLY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of April 21 there appears a communication from Mr. George Edwards, Berkeley, Cal., in which he undertakes to throw "new light" on the Hetch Hetchy water supply. He endeavors to make it appear that the water supply of San Francisco and adjacent cities is a matter of area drained, when it is preëminently a matter of storage of flood waters which would otherwise go to waste. He attempts to make it appear that Cherry Creek and Cherry Valley are in the reservation called "Yosemite National Park," when they are beyond the limits of that reservation; also that Cherry Creek drainage basin and the reservoirs therein are "conceded" to San Francisco, when they are all in the hands of a private corporation by appropriation and grant under the laws of Congress, and if acquired by San Francisco, will have to be acquired at great cost, but to the benefit of those corporations and individuals who have acquired them at slight cost and by "appropriation" and "filing."

Mr. Edwards not only advocates the deprivation of San Francisco of her ultimate right to store waste waters in the Hetch Hetchy reservoir, of which she owns more than one-half by purchase resting upon patents issued by the United States government prior to the establishment of the reservation, but he also wishes to deprive her of the right to use the remainder of this reservoir already granted to the city, and of the right to a single gallon of waste water of the main Tuolumne, which flows to the sea each year in excess of all possible demands.

Now, instead of the so-called "new light" which Mr. Edwards attempts to throw on the subject, let us have a little of the old light of truth and fact:

By the law of 1888 reservoirs surveyed by any department of the government charged with this duty were set apart to public use. By the law of October 1, 1890, a reservation, subsequently known as "Yosemite National Park," was defined, and rigid regulations provided regarding the injury of timber, mineral deposits, natural curiosities or wonders, within the limits of said reservation and their retention in their natural condition. (26th Stat. at L., 651).

In 1898, the reservoirs in this reservation were surveyed by the United States Geological Survey, their storage at various levels estimated, and types of structures planned for their utilization. Among these were both Hetch Hetchy and Lake Eleanor reservoirs. (See U. S. Geol. Survey, 21st Anuual Report, page 453.)

On February 15, 1901, after an experience of more than ten years with the law just referred to, and in the light of the researches of the United States Geological Survey, Congress passed an act empowering the Secretary of the Interior to permit the use of rights of way through public lands, Yosemite, Sequoia, and General Grant National Parks, for canals and reservoirs for the supply of water for domestic and public or any other beneficial use (31 Stat. at L. 790). By the law of February 1, 1905, these rights of way were presented by Congress to San Francisco for municipal purposes, and under this law are not revocable during the period of their beneficial use (33 Stat. at L. 628). Under the law of 1901 San Francisco surveyed and applied for reservoir rights of way for two of the reservoirs designated and covered by the provisions of the above law; these rights were granted, and there is no just possibility of their revocation. Secretary of the Interior Hitchcock, under the able tutelage of the chief engineer of the Spring Valley Water Company, denied these rights, under the law of February 15, 1901, both upon original application and a subsequent rehearing, but Secretary Garfield, who is not an apt pupil of "the interests," after an opinion rendered by the attorney-general of the United States and a careful hearing both in San Francisco and in Washington, granted these reservoir rights of way to San Francisco, subject to certain stipulations, among which was one requiring the development of Lake Eleanor reservoir to its maximum extent before the Hetch Hetchy reservoir should be undertaken. Under this grant, more than one-half the reservoir area in each reservoir has been purchased and is held in fee simple by San Francisco, under patents granted by the United States government prior to the establishment of the reservation. The cost of these purchases and of land for exchange for the remainder of the reservoir areas and of their survey and development to date, is in excess of $600,000. These ownerships and the grant above mentioned constitute vested rights; it is the manifest purpose of Mr. Edwards's allegations to effect a withdrawal of San Francisco's rights to such an extent as to remove an adequate basis for going across the State of California for a pure water supply.

San Francisco is prepared to carry out the provisions of the stipulations in the grant of May 11, 1908, provided her ownership in the reservoir areas and her rights thereto shall not be mutilated to the extent of depriving her of that part of these properties which justifies the expenditure of $45,000,000, recently voted for this work by a majority of more than twenty to one.

To any just and fair-minded person it should appear from the above plain statement of the facts that San Francisco has vested rights of which she cannot be deprived if the Federal Administration keeps faith with this city.

Mr. Edwards misstates the prior rights of the irrigation districts. He would make it appear that they have a right to 1,500,000,000 gallons a day. They have this right only when the natural flow of the river is equal to or beyond this amount, and when they, under the laws of the State, make beneficial use thereof. These districts have legal rights to water to the extent of the capacity of their diverting canals, when the natural flow of the river is capable of yielding this amount. San Francisco has recognized their rights to an extent far greater than this legal right, namely, to the full extent of these filings, or to 2,350 second feet. The storage which San Francisco proposes to make is of flood waters in excess of this natural flow, which would otherwise be wasted. The attempt of Mr. Edwards to apportion and divide the waters of the Tuolumne River by percentages of areas drained is silly in the extreme, as the problem is not one of percentages of drainage areas, but of storage. If San Francisco can store the waste flood waters in excess of 2,350 second feet natural flow at La Grange, the water so stored will be a net gain which is to be exclusively used for municipal purposes, and such storage and use will not in the least interfere with the rights of the irrigation districts. The representatives of these districts, in a discussion held at Modesto in July, 1907, recognized that it was not a problem of diversion and use of water or scarcity of flood waters for storage, but a problem of storage alone. They have every assurance that San Francisco does not intend to divert, and will not divert, waters except in excess of 2,350 second feet, which is the ultimate limit of their rights as fixed by their own filings.

The charges, therefore, "that a few dishonest men are maturing in secret a plot so atrocious that they have not yet dared to whisper it in public, and that they are in cold-blooded villany preparing to rob the irrigationists and to convert their homes into a desert waste," are ignorant and vicious.

It would be well for the public, if Mr. Edwards knows of any such "atrocious plot," for him to state it, instead of intimating the existence of such a plot without a clear and distinct statement of what it is and who are its originators. The con-

ception that such a plot could be devised and carried out under the laws of this country rests with Mr. Edwards alone. Some motive is the actuating cause. Through the plea that San Francisco shall develop reservoirs which have been acquired by private corporations, this motive is not far to seek. MARSDEN MANSON,
City Engineer.

San Francisco, April 29.

A SOURCE OF SHAKESPEARE'S "JULIUS CÆSAR."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I should like to bring to the attention of Shakespeare students the "Cesare" of Oriando Pescetti, published in Verona in 1594, which has been overlooked by modern histories of the drama, though it is mentioned in Tiraboschi. The tragedy has intrinsic merit, but is of particular interest because there are a number of passages which are later found in the "Julius Cæsar" of Shakespeare, though they are not found in Plutarch, the common source of both dramas.

Some of these passages are:

J. C., i, 3, 3-4. id., ii, 2, 18-24. Ces., p., 74-75, l. 20-28, and 1-9.
J. C., i, 3, 5-8. Ces., p. 759, l. 2-6.
J. C., ii, 2, 75-78. Ces., p. 75, l. 17-18.
J. C., i, 2, 59-61. Ces., p. 73, l. 26-36.
J. C., i, 2, 68-70. Ces., p. 80, l. 28. id., p. 77, l. 17-21.
J. C., ii, 1, 187-190. Ces., p. 25, l. 21-24.
J. C., ii, 11, 62-63. Ces., p. 27, l. 1-11.
J. C., iii, l. 78-79. id., iii, 11, 106-114. Ces., p. 116, l. 22-31. id., p. 126, l. 20-21.
J. C., iii, 2, 201-203. Ces., p. 144, l. 3-5.
J. C., iii, 1, 205-208. Ces., p. 120, l. 16-24.
J. C., iii, 1, 170-172. Ces., p. 13, l. 13-15. id., p. 25, l. 189.

These passages are not all equally striking, but cumulative evidence has its value. I quote two of the passages that I consider striking:

J. C., iii, 1, 78 ff.:
Cinna. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.
Cassius. Some to the common pulpit, and cry out,
Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement.

Idem. iii, 11, 106-114:
. . . Stoop, Romans, stoop.
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows and besmear our swords,
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, Peace, Freedom, Liberty!
Cassius. Stoop then and wash.—How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

Ces., p. 116, l. 22 ff.:
Ma scorriam per la terra,
O voi che fidelissimi compagni
Mi siete all' onorata impresa,
Con le coltella in mano,
Del tirranico sangue ancor stillanti,
E coi pilei sull'aste,
E'l popolo di Marte
Chiamiamo a libertade.
Con. Libertà, libertà, morto è il tiranno.
Libera è Roma, e rotto il giogo indegno.

Idem, p. 126, l. 20-21:
Recandosi ciascun a somma gloria,
Tinger la spada sua nel sacro sangue.

Idem p. 106, l. 7-9:
Cal. Ahi, pur ch'anzi a gli Euripidi non porga
Materin, onde riusonino i teatri
Ne secoli avvenir le sue sventure.

J. C., iii, 2, 201-203:
Citizen. We will be revenged!
All. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Kill! Slay!
Let no traitor live!

Ces., p. 144, l. 3-5:
Arme, arme, sangue, sangue, ammazza, ammazza,
Degli empi traditor non resti razza.

Not only the verbal coincidences, but the similarities in the exclamatory style are worth noticing. There are points in the subject matter used in both dramas which will also have value in deciding whether Shakespeare knew and used the "Cesare" of Pescetti.

I hope to find time and strength to publish the work I have prepared on Orlando Pescetti in the more exhaustive form he fully deserves, for all his writings merit recognition. LISI CIPRIANI.

New York, May 27.

THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I would call your attention to a misstatement of fact appearing in the comment upon the death of Mr. James Van Cleave in the *Nation* of May 19. In this article the statement appears: "The officials of the American Federation of Lafor announced that they were superior to any decrees of the Supreme Court of the United States and continued to violate its injunction," etc. The Supreme Court of the United States did not issue the injunction in question. It was issued by the Federal Court of the District of Columbia. And further, the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia has since held that in some respects the Federal Court exceeded its authority in issuing the injunction.

This difference may seem a small matter, but it is only one instance of many in which misrepresentations have been made—often, without doubt, unintentionally—which have placed the officials of the American Federation of Labor, their acts, and their utterances, in a false light before the general public, especially when this case has been under consideration.

E. C. MORRIS.

New York, May 26.

COLLEGE DEBATING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorial of May 5 upon "College Debating and Writing" censures the "text-book" method of debating, and questions the value to the debater of discussing current problems. A wrong impression may be gained from the editorial as to the nature of forensics in which high-school and college students are engaged.

As the article suggests, any system that makes a mere parrot of the pupil is worthy of nothing but condemnation. Yet it is also true that legitimate means of assistance should be encouraged. To the observer the change from the old to the new way of teaching forensics doubtless seems odd. The alteration, however, has been nothing but a part of the general transition from the scholastic to the empirical method of teaching—a change that has taken place in every department of higher education. This change in forensic methods, like other similar changes, is open to misconception. One might conclude from reading the editorial, that the object of presenting a brief to the debater is to save him the labor of making one. Such an assumption is entirely wrong. The brief serves merely as a model for orderly arrangement of argument. Any one who has engaged in debating knows that it is suicidal for one side to follow blindly a brief with which their opponents are, in all probability, familiar.

To the statement that the modern method of brief-making has no place outside a court of appeals, a reasonable answer is that if the system is not used elsewhere, it manifestly ought to be. Brief-making teaches accuracy of thought, systematic arrangement and the ability to discern the essential from the non-essential—all acquisitions that are desirable, whether one be in the courtroom, on the platform, or simply reading a book.

After commenting upon the value of brief-making, the editorial asks: "But why, after all, should the high-school student or college student debate corporation taxes or central banks?" Why, one immediately wonders, should they not discuss these questions? What harm can result? Who is more willing to attempt an earnest study of corporation taxation or the problem of the central bank than the college student? He has every inducement to make that study thorough. His library facilities are adequate. His work is done under supervision of men competent to direct. Having no cause to play the demagogue, to make the worse seem the better reason, he discusses faithfully the issues before him. His general qualifications for the task are not to be made light of. Probably at no other time has one so good an opportunity for thorough research as during one's college days. Moreover, a study of the average intercollegiate debate will show that it is likely to contain in one or two paragraphs the kernel of a proposition that one not trained in arranging argument would take pages to expound. Since college men are entering more and more into our legislative halls, such training is desirable. They should be taught to write an argument in such a manner that it will not be necessary for listeners to go home to dinner while the main body of the speech is being delivered.

Inference might be readily drawn from the editorial that the "text-book" method ignores training in delivery. Modern methods not only teach the speaker to have something to say, they also teach him how to say it. What can more truly inspire a debater "to plead with passion" than the consciousness that what he is saying conforms to logic and fact? What can be more easily shown to be untrue, by present research methods, than an argument that does not conform to these essentials? If sincerity, simplicity, and passiou are desirable elements in debate, surely the present-day method offers every inducement for their successful operation.

E. CLYDE ROBBINS.

The State University of Iowa, May 21.

THE "AUGUSTAN" AGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: How old is the word "Augustau" as applied to the literature of the eighteenth century? The Oxford Dictionary's first reference is 1819, and that from a dictionary, where it is stated that "The reign of Queen Anne is often called the Augustan age of

England." Horace Walpole, writing to William Mason, July 21, 1772, says:

> What a figure will this our Augustan age make; Garrick's prologues, epilogues, and verses. . . . What a library of poetry, taste, good sense, veracity, and vivacity! ungrateful Shebbear! indolent Smollett! trifling Johnson! piddling Goldsmith! how little have they contributed to the glory of a period in which all arts, all sciences, are encouraged and rewarded. . . . The retrospect makes one melancholy, but *Ossian* has appeared, and were Paradise once more lost, we should not want an epic poem.

All which is delightfully bad criticism, in addition to being an early reference to the word in question. JAMES W. TUPPER.

Lafayette College, May 24.

Literature.

THE MAKER OF JOHNS HOPKINS.

The Life of Daniel Coit Gilman. By Fabian Franklin. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.50.

Some time or other the historian of America in the nineteenth century will mark the rise of a new and exacting profession that broke many mediocre persons and greatly exalted a few persons of uncommon parts. To be a university president in the period of expanding science, implied the negation of academic ease. Where a *rector magnificus*, a provost, or other traditional academic chief merely administered small and carefully husbanded revenues and ruled a compact body of teachers, the American university president had to be competent in numerous extra-academic functions. Besides the duty of administration within the scholastic family, a sufficiently difficult task, he had to deal on equal terms with men of great affairs, trustees, donors, and the like. Frequently he had to beg for the growth or the very maintenance of his university from more or less ignorant and hostile legislatures. Constantly he must make ideals of disinterested scholarship both explicable and acceptable to communities and individuals frantically given over to immediate and palpable gain. In short, he was required to add to the well-balanced imagination of the scholar, the plausible audacity of the popular evangelist, and the effective tact and energy of the captain of industry. In every sense, he was compelled to convert his thinking promptly into cash values, and this with no compromise of the dignity of his office. For such service he received a tenth of the salary that men of like abilities received as officers of business corporations.

The challenge of this new and arduous profession enlisted many notable personalities. Among them incontestably the first was the late Daniel Coit Gilman. Others may have equalled him in the quality of their service, but none conducted so many important enterprises so successfully. Deeply associated with the organization of the Sheffield Scientific School, at New Haven, with the upbuilding of the University of California, the foundation of Johns Hopkins University, and of its Medical School, he found energy at seventy to inaugurate the work of the Carnegie Institution, an unprecedented organization for the fostering of research, and in the last year of his life he practically gave shape to the Russell Sage Foundation for sociological and charitable investigation. In treating such a career, the biographer had no choice but to merge the hero in his causes. This Dr. Franklin, a former Johns Hopkins colleague, has done, making so many chapters out of Mr. Gilman's chief activities, and then adding as a sort of supplement a selection from his intimate correspondence, and a brief sketch of his family life by Mrs. Gilman. The man appears so transparently in his administrative efforts that in the interest of symmetry, one could wish that the more essential portions of these supplementary chapters might have been interwoven with the general narrative. On the other hand, a large circle of Mr. Gilman's friends—and he had the faculty of endearing himself to the most casual associates—will undoubtedly welcome these collected materials of intimate import. As to the larger issue, Dr. Franklin has set forth with admirable orderliness and lucidity the chief activities of a varied and complicated life, and his book will be necessary not only to admirers of the hero but also to all students of higher education in America.

Mr. Gilman scored more, and more various, successes than any other man who ever dealt with education in America. Accordingly, the training of this ideal administrator and his fundamental personality are subjects of uncommon interest. It would be foolish to deny that his intimates found a certain mystery in his power. His was never the obviously masterful way of the conventional commanding officer. His suavity in all relations was complete. How the genial "Uncle Daniel" of the Johns Hopkins undergraduates did so many things and did them so infallibly well was a poser. It was easy to miss the incredible industry of one who was never in a hurry, and to underrate the sterner qualities of a chief who worked mostly by suggestion and persuasion. One remarks the swiftness of his judgment, his ready sympathy with other points of view, the measured economy of all his processes; but these are inert phrases for a vital thing. Perhaps a fine confidence in other men was his strong point. His highest praise for a friend or colleague was to call him "coöperative." He had a remarkable sense not merely of policies, but of what could or could not be done with individual people. This helped him in choosing his associates. He had the gift of being discreetly personal in matters of routine. Many a student could tell of timely admonition as to crudity in work or demeanor, and such criticism never seemed made by a superior but addressed to a higher court—the better judgment of the unconscious offender. Knowing his personal capacity, Mr. Gilman very reluctantly left any negotiation to the written word. He was a born committee chairman, and at his best in small groups with work to do. A graceful speaker and writer, his impact was comparatively weak in those regards. No man of our times, probably, has left so deep an impress on higher education, but many others have aroused more discussion and launched more theories.

It was part of the genius and rectitude of the man always to seem less important than his work. If you had visited Yale about 1870 and asked about Professor Gilman, probably you would have got the picture of a brilliant dilettante. Here was a ready man endeavoring against official indifference to make a workable university library. He had travelled much, and everywhere with eager curiosity for educational and charitable institutions. At twenty-three he had spoken at Manchester for Cobden and Bright, on American public schools, and had taken a heckling well. He had for a space been a diplomatic attaché at St. Petersburg, and transiently a magazine editor. He had seriously considered entering the Christian ministry. A New England patrician by birth and training, he worked well with all manner of men in college and out. He was in all kinds of charities and semi-public activities. He had organized an art loan exhibition that paid its own expenses. Just the conventionally useful and versatile person, one would have said. A shrewder observer would have noted that a new system of study had been quietly introduced into the Sheffield Scientific School. And here we face an odd and characteristic paradox, that this orderly method of grouped studies which Mr. Gilman introduced first at Yale and afterwards at Johns Hopkins, while it is steadily prevailing, has been little discussed, whereas the elective system, which is nearly in confessed bankruptcy to-day, was the object of an ardent and diffused propaganda. The fact gives a sidelight on the respective temperaments of two great university presidents. In his hour of discouragement in California and periodically at other times, Mr. Gilman leaned toward journalism. We think he was well out of it. His public utterances were conciliatory, as if he feared the emphasis of mere words. It was his accomplished deeds that spoke cogently. There are no addresses and writings of Mr. Gilman that seem monuments of his favorite cause—the idea of scientific research in America. He simply started Johns Hopkins University, and academic America saw itself compelled to a stern chase. This

was highly characteristic of the man. He was nothing of an idealogue, nourishing the theory for its intellectual fascination, but rather a potent evoker of sane ideas to guide the next forward step. Thus, in spite of an absolute and self-sacrificing devotion—while president of Johns Hopkins he added the directorship of a great hospital to fixed duties already oppressive—he gave to many some sense of facile opportunism. On the contrary, loyalty was his strongest instinct. During his brief but effective term as president of the University of California he met with an ignorant political opposition that threatened the very existence of the university, and with the demagogic shifts of certain of his own professors. His correspondence shows how keenly he felt the lack of underlying trust. As a matter of fact, the event showed that he exaggerated the peril of agrarian interference, but it is plain that he could not be spiritually at ease in an air where competence might be at the mercy of charlatanry, and antagonists would not even play fair.

His mind was already on Baltimore and the proposed Johns Hopkins University. As the trustees made a tour of information to existing universities, four college presidents, Eliot, Porter, Angell, and Andrew D. White, independently recommended him for the position. What he proceeded to do now seems the most natural thing in the world. What could be more obvious than to naturalize in America the German university system, admittedly the best in the world? We have even got to the point of questioning whether it was really for the best. Would not a finer foresight have seen a greater flexibility in some adaptation of the more humane university organization of France? As a matter of fact, to found a university *more teutonico* was by no means an obvious course. Many people who were not fools doubted seriously if advanced students would be forthcoming in sufficient numbers to justify the enterprise. One Baltimore paper, while genially admitting the right of Johns Hopkins's trustees to commit such a quixotry, opined that in fifty years there might be a genuine demand for this new-fangled institution. The success of Johns Hopkins University was instantaneous and signal. Its reverberation extended far beyond the range of direct emulation. Everywhere among us scholars held their heads higher because of what was being done in Baltimore. If Whitney and Child in New England were relieved from elementary drudgery borne for years, it was because it was known that Johns Hopkins University had desired their distinguished services. Hardly less meritorious than the institution of facilities for research was the generous provision that President Gilman made for the publication of the results of American scholarship generally. That American research began to bulk impressively in Europe, no longer as an exceptional and individual phenomenon but as a collective fact, is largely due to the journals that Mr. Gilman encouraged, apparently in advance of any demand. The early fluid days of the university he has described charmingly himself. In shabby temporary quarters his young enthusiasts learned that not bricks and mortar counted, but the work and the spirit of the work. With the wisdom of hindsight we can now see that the university somewhat hardened as it grew, and that the wholesale imitation of its example by the older universities was by no means an unmixed good. Yet the fault, if fault there be, lies not with Mr. Gilman, but with his emulators. It was inevitable in a land of ill-organized scholarship that the first emphasis should be set on simple thoroughness, that Original Research should a little flaunt its lordly capitals. Mr. Gilman had to combat a disgraceful laxness. As late as the founding of the Medical School of the university it seemed a radical thing to insist that its students should first have been liberally educated. Most medical schools were taking students who could not have entered the freshman class of an old-style college. In fine, while it is now patent that the country did not need a score of universities on the Johns Hopkins model, it is equally clear that precisely the impulse it gave was most timely and necessary. We feel that a new university could hardly have started then and there on any other basis, and regret merely that the older colleges followed its leading with too little imagination, and left unsettled the adjustment between different orders of research and between these and the claims of higher discursive education.

It was not, we repeat, the fault of Johns Hopkins if its admirers supposed it had attained a kind of doctrinal finality. President Gilman himself never held any such opinion. On scanty and shrinking means he endeavored to liberalize its teaching. By introducing open lectures of the highest class he took a leaf from the French book. He wished to give the poet Sidney Lanier a professorship, and did get him a lectureship. He would have had Child from Cambridge; barring that, he arranged a succession of literary courses by the best critics of both worlds. In short, if other college presidents had copied not his catalogues, but his spirit, the excessive Germanization of our universities would have been tempered by some respect for the experience of France and for the finer part of our own English tradition.

A new enterprise always appealed to the imagination of this indomitable leader; a difficult problem merely set his resolution on edge. There was a moment, in 1896, when he was tempted to leave Johns Hopkins and assume the superintendency of the New York schools. What tempted him was doubtless the prospect of a great confusion to be set in order. Such service as he constantly rendered to civic and charitable organizations of all sorts, from the Village Improvement Society of his summer home at North East Harbor, Me., to the Venezuela Boundary Commission, was simply in his day's work. Probably few men of our times believed more fervently in the value of organization, or lent to what may be called bureaucratic activities a more personal touch. When past seventy he undertook the management of the Carnegie Institution, and our sole quarrel with the biographer is that he has failed to show how the work of encouraging research grew and broadened under Mr. Gilman's hand. It is Mr. Carnegie who has given the most terse expression to that mild and reasonable forcefulness which was Mr. Gilman's most marked trait. On the occasion of Mr. Gilman's resignation the founder of the Carnegie Institution wrote:

> All great men have their special feature. If I were asked what yours was, I should say, that which draws all men after him, pleasing everybody, and offending nobody, doing the absolutely necessary ungentle things in a gentle way.

With this tribute we might well leave Mr. Gilman, but it may be permissible in view of the peculiar importance and difficulty of the profession he so signally adorned, to note that not merely his personality, but his apparently desultory training made him the ideal university president. And first, he never was a finished specialist in any subject, though his attainments in his favorite science of geography were considerable. He represented rather a ready and unbounded intellectual curiosity and sympathy that swiftly caught the significance of other men's specialties. To old age, he kept his zest and alertness for new knowledge and untried experiences. His mind was equally attuned to the recondite erudition of a Henry Rowland and to the personal fragrance of a Sidney Lanier. Mr. Gilman was preeminently the astute and forceful administrator, but he was, apart from this, as few men of our times have been, a true professor of things in general. And this capacity, if not the absolute requisite, is surely the ultimate grace of that character which makes for acceptable leadership over the irritable race of creative scholars.

CURRENT FICTION.

The History of Mr. Polly. By H. G. Wells. New York: Duffield & Co.

Mr. Polly's story is roughly analogous, in setting and atmosphere, to the "Old Wives' Tale" of Mr. Bennett. It is placed, that is, in the dingy and unhopeful

scene of lower middle-class activity in a provincial English town. But Mr. Wells is anything but a realist: he is not content, like Mr. Bennett, with setting down scrupulously the facts, physical and spiritual, connected with an average shopkeeping and housekeeping experience on that plane—interpretiug them only through the luminous diffusion of sympathy we call humor. Mr. Wells must have his definitive objective, and subtlety is not his favorite means of conveyance. There is perhaps less of mere sparkle and more of humor in the present tale than is common with him. But his theory of the life he portrays has not left his mind clear for mere vision. He has set out, as usual, to demonstrate a particular thing—the possibility of the existence, even in that bog of servile and conforming tradesmanship, of an ardent if baffled idealism.

Mr. Polly's father was a small tradesman; his mother died when he was seven. At fourteen, after attending a national and then a private school, his studying was over. "By that time," here speaks the caustic, reforming Mr. Wells, "his mind was in much the same state that you would be in, dear reader, if you were operated upon for appendicitis by a well-meaning, boldly enterprising, but rather over-worked and under-paid butcher boy, who was superseded toward the climax of his operation by a left-handed clerk of high principles but intemperate habits—that is to say, it was in a thorough mess." Shortly thereafter he became apprentice to a "gentlemen's outfitter," and for some subsequent years drifted toward the misguided ownership of a shabby hose and necktie shop in a town as forlorn as that of his birth. Marriage had intervened, with a narrow-souled slattern who ministered to his now chronic indigestion and discontent. Finally bankruptcy arrives, and what with the wife, and the stomach, and the debts, and the general dinginess of life, Mr. Polly is at the end of his rope—or thinks he is. His real trouble, and his real salvation, lie in his inborn and unconquerable love of beauty and desire for grace of living. The episode of his achieved arson and attempted suicide, with the incident of the criminal turned hero, and the irrepressible old woman whom he saves, is upon a plane of true humor. And the further action—the secession from wedlock, the cheerful wandering of a delivered Mr. Polly, and the final discovery of the home and the companion in which his soul (no longer hampered by convention or indigestion) may find rest—all this part of the narrative is in Mr. Wells's best mood. The book will not breed the controversy awarded (to the amusement of her creator, no doubt) to "Ann Veronica." Mr. Polly does desert his titular wife, to be sure, but that act is incidental rather than climacteric. Mr. Polly is a person to be loved rather than quarrelled over; and may turn out to have been the inventor of a new sort of art-tongue.

The Fascinating Mrs. Halton. By E. F. Benson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Mr. Benson has an advantage over many current novelists in being sure of his *métier*. He never attempts too much. His plane is that of the social-humorous romance. He is content with few characters and simple plot. After a few of these pages, it is perfectly clear what the fascinating Mrs. Halton is going to do. Her task is an unusual one, though not unheard of: there is a very passable stage plot involved in the narrative. Mrs. Halton is a young and not over-mournful widow. She is, indeed, when the story opens, already pledged to a second mate, and on the way to a first happiness. But an unpleasant duty interveues. Returning to England from a season of mourning and recuperation abroad, she finds her favorite niece and companion almost engaged to be married to a certain young lord (of course a lord). He is a pretty fair sort of lord, but he has had his experiences, one of them connected with a lady in Paris, whom Mrs. Halton knows to have been the sister of Daisy, the girl. There is your situation. It is impossible for Mrs. Halton to tell Daisy, for the sake of her memory of the erring sister, who is now dead. And she cannot bring herself to tell the nobleman, since she regards him as a rascal. Evidently, there is only one thing to do. Mrs. Halton is almost as young and quite as beautiful as the fair Daisy. She determines to steal away Daisy's lover before Daisy actually promises herself to him. The thing is easily done: the gentleman is quite ready to change his objective. As soon as his fickleness is made clear to Daisy, Mrs. Halton's engagement to the other man is announced. Her game has been open, and both Daisy and his lordship demand an explanation—which the fascinating Mrs. Halton is forced to give. They agree that she has done right. Daisy promptly pairs off with her original second choice; milord is content to remain the adoring friend of the no longer Mrs. Halton. For her part, she has come to like and admire him very much: there is a touch of pure Briticism in the toleration with which she looks upon him as a man who has had a mistress, though the thought of his marrying the sister of that deceased mistress is a horror to her.

The Head Coach. By Ralph D. Paine. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Here Mr. Paine has succeeded in creating a sabbatical atmosphere in a story about football, with its familiar accompaniment of mud, blood, and manly tears. His head coach, Kingsland, is an eminently—we are tempted to say aggressively—righteous person. At Yale, he "got out and showed his college spirit" on every possible occasion. As all college people know, there is no greater praise than this. When, to the surprise of everyone, including the reader, he enters the Divinity School after graduation, his football training enables him handily to thrash ruffians who try to take charge of mission meetings. Then he is called to a backwoods pulpit in Maine, and the team of a nearby college offers a field for his abilities as a coach. Here he has trouble with the students, who have ideas of their own about running the team. Needless to say, the Yale veteran smites the rebels hip and thigh, and creates a winning team out of chaos. He comes from the struggle crowned with such glory and honor that the hearts of his hitherto unfriendly parishioners are completely won over. So is that of the necessary girl, and behold a tale that is told. In reading it, those of us who do not play football must feel a sort of wistful regret that we can lay no claim to the many and marvellous virtues that seem inseparable from the football hero of fiction. But when we look upon him in the flesh, strolling about the campus with his Olympian air, or in later years getting "logy" and creased about the neck—we wonder. And when we read of a professional coach who is also a rising young divine—we wonder still more.

Jacqueline of the Carrier-pigeons. By Augusta Huiell Seaman. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co.

This agreeable little story of the siege of Leyden is introduced by William Elliot Griffis, whose intimacy with the Netherlands makes authoritative his testimony to the book's general historic accuracy as well as to its human interest. He calls attention to the reasons that make the topic especially impressive for American readers. We, he says, "cannot know Leyden too well, for no city in Europe so worthily deserves the name of Alma Mater," sheltering as it did the Walloons, the Pilgrim Fathers, and the Huguenots; and leading in the movement to recognize America's independence. A boy and girl are the hero and heroine of the story, which gives glimpses of some of the great personages of the time, and pictures the miseries of the siege, the heroism of the defence, and the thrilling conversion of land into ocean that brought the Dutch men-of-war to the rescue. A very excellent little preparatory study it is to the moving story of the Dutch Republic for young readers, and for their elders a sympathetic reminder. The book is admirably printed and prettily decorated with the quaint, fitting drawings of George Wharton Edwards.

ANCIENT NUBIA AND THE FRONTIERS OF EGYPT.

University of Pennsylvania: Publications of the Egyptian Department of the University Museum. Eckley B. Coxe Junior Expedition to Nubia: Vol. I. Areika, by D. Randall Maciver and C. Leonard Woolley, with a chapter on Meroitic inscriptions, by F. L. Griffith. Oxford: Letterpress and plates, printed by Horace Hart, at the University Press. MCMIX. 56 pp. and 43 plates.

An Egyptian Oasis: An Account of the Oasis of Kharga in the Libyan Desert, with Special Reference to its History, Physical Geography, and Water-supply. By H. J. Llewellyn Beadnell, F.G.S., F.R.G.S., Assoc. inst. M.M. Formerly of the Geological Survey of Egypt. With maps and illustrations. $3.50 net. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

As the ancient sites in Egypt are one after another exhausted, and it becomes more and more difficult to secure promising territory for excavations, modern enterprise has pushed out into the region lying on the outskirts of Egypt, or even far beyond its widest limits. We therefore find expeditions now active in Nubia, Ethiopia, and the oases of the Eastern desert. The University of Chicago expedition spent two seasons (1905-07) in endeavoring to recover completely all inscribed monuments of ancient Nubia or the Sudan. Its work, however, was chiefly devoted to monuments still above ground.

The northern end of the Nubian-Nile Valley will be deeply inundated when the Assuan dam has been raised twenty-two feet higher, in accordance with the plans now under way. At high water, Philæ will virtually disappear, and the cemeteries and ancient remains above the beautiful island will be flooded by the waters of a great lake a hundred miles long. Aroused by the outraged public sentiment of Europe, peculiarly sensitive after the loss of beautiful Philæ—for as a thing of beauty it *is* lost—the government has appropriated money for an archæological survey, which for two seasons past has been thoroughly excavating the endangered cemeteries and making exhaustive records of the monuments which would be injured by the flood. These excavations have already yielded most important and interesting results, among which the most notable is the fact that in prehistoric times the population of Northern Nubia was Egyptian and that this Egyptian population was displaced by Nubian (or Bega) immigration from the south. This shift of the Nubians, or possibly Bega, towards the north must have taken place at an extremely early date, for the earliest inscribed records which we possess disclose Northern Nubia to us already in the possession of the southern barbarians, creating a frontier in the fourth millennium before Christ, the dangers of which have only been removed within the last few years. It is, therefore, the oldest frontier in the world of which the history is known to us.

Under these circumstances, it was a wise decision on the part of the University of Pennsylvania expedition to devote their efforts to excavations in Northern Nubia, and their first volume, entitled "Areika," is a report of their work in a region lying at the head or upper end of the great lake to be created by the raised dam. Dr. Maciver, who was in charge of the work, has produced a careful report of a carefully planned and successfully executed campaign. Perhaps the two most important finds which he made are, first, the rough masonry castle of a Nubian chieftain under the Eighteenth Egyptian Dynasty (1580 to 1350 B. C.), and, secondly, a large number of stone offering tables bearing inscriptions in ancient Meroitic writing. This new material, together with further examination of older documents already known, has enabled the able Oxford Egyptologist, F. L. Griffith, to undertake the decipherment of the still unreadable ancient Meroitic writing.

The Nubian country has furnished us three different systems of writing: first, an ancient hieroglyphic system, the signs of which are largely of Egyptian derivation. This system is the oldest and goes back several centuries before Christ, continuing then into the Christian age. The second is a cursive writing evidently developed by the use of pen and ink, but preserved to us only in specimens on stone. It closely resembles the Egyptian demotic and developed in the early Christian centuries, or at least this is the date of the specimens preserved to us. The third system grew up after the Christianization of Nubia in the sixth century A. D. It is made up of Greek and Coptic letters and was used for the translation of Christian literature into Nubian. All these systems of writing have now disappeared and Arabic is the sole present writing of these Nubian speaking peoples. Some recently discovered portions of the New Testament in the third or Græco-Coptic, system of writing have enabled Professor Schaefer of Berlin to demonstrate that the language for which this system of writing was employed in the early Christian centuries, was the Nubian still spoken on the Nubian Nile. This important fact, together with some other scattered indications, has led Schaefer to the conclusion that the people who wrote the other two earlier systems, the hieroglyphic and the cursive, was also Nubian—that is to say, that the Ethiopians of Meroé, that distant and mysterious kingdom of the South, towards which the Greeks as far back as Homer's day looked with so much curiosity, was a Nubian kingdom. Lepsius had also reached the same conclusion in 1843, while on his great expedition in Nubia; but he later changed his opinion and held that the people who left us the earlier monuments in hieroglyphic and cursive, were Bega—a people now inhabiting the eastern desert between the Nile and the Red Sea.

Attacking this problem with great skill, in a chapter which he has contributed to Dr. Maciver's book, Mr. Griffith shows that the cursive is an alphabetic system of writing, containing twenty-three letters; and that where the identity of the materials will permit, the cursive corresponds, letter for letter, with the hieroglyphic. He has, indeed, established with certainty the hieroglyphic equivalents of ten of the cursive letters. He has as yet not been able to read this cursive writing or to decipher more than a few proper names in the scanty examples of hieroglyphics which survive; but he has reached one conclusion, which, if established, will prove of great importance. The Nubian of the third, or Graeco-Coptic, system of writing, as shown by Schaefer, is inflected solely by means of *terminations*. Mr. Griffith finds indications of the extensive use of *prefixes* in the cursive documents. If such be the case, the language of the cursive is sharply distinguished from the Nubian of the Graeco-Coptic system of writing. The language of the cursive will not have been Nubian, but, as Griffith concludes, Bega. If this conclusion is right, the Ethiopian kingdom of the South in the early Greek days will have been a kingdom of Bega tribes, who, as already stated, still inhabit the eastern desert; while the Nubians of Christian Nubia will have pushed in from inner Africa at a later period.

Mr. Griffith is to be congratulated on his contribution to a highly important subject. On the basis of fuller materials which it is hoped future excavations may furnish, we may confidently expect that he will accomplish the decipherment of this long-lost language. The other finds of the Pennsylvania Expedition, while not of great artistic interest or importance, are nevertheless valuable and have found their way chiefly into the museum of the University.

Mr. Beadnell's volume on "The Oasis of Kharga" is the work of a trained field observer and geologist, and furnishes a very interesting account of the largest of the Egyptian oases. His description of the geological conformation of the country, of the ancient wells, and the methods of boring new ones at present employed, as well as his account of the resources of these strange depressions in the desert, should make the volume the standard account of a Sahara oasis. In his discussion of the his-

tory of this and the other Egyptian oases he has been unfortunate in the choice of his secondary sources, as the oases are far older in the history of Egypt than one would conclude from the reading of his book. The volume is excellently illustrated and accompanied by useful maps.

English Literature in Account with Religion. By Edward Mortimer Chapman. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2 net.

The Religion of H. G. Wells and Other Essays. By Alexander H. Craufurd. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

No great while ago the eyes of lay readers would have turned, after one incurious glance, drearily away from the titles above; every one would have known exactly what dejecting banality to expect. Meantime, we have been suffering a sea-change. The spiritual welkin, long befogged and breathless, now quivers with uncertainties, faint flushes of promise, new hope of adventure—the wind of thought finding its wings once more. The literary, the philosophical, and the religious are cautiously plucking up heart together. Something important seems about to occur—perhaps has occurred already. Neither Mr. Chapman nor Mr. Craufurd knows precisely what it is; but both are conscious of a novel and significant breath stirring the face of the waters. For this reason their books have a symptomatic and barometric interest independent of their considerable literary virtues.

It has been common to speak of the nineteenth century as the era in which the warfare of science and theology terminated in religious and philosophical despair. But as we draw farther away from it, see more clearly its links with the past, see it linking itself quietly enough with the future, we begin to regard it, like every other age since the world began, as merely an "epoch of transition"—not hopelessly ultimate, after all. We begin to look upon its desperate and apparently sanguinary conflicts as the perennial contentions over form and vesture, in which there is much rending of garments but little loss of life. Thus Mr. Chapman, after examining the literature of this skeptical age, is profoundly impressed with its debt to religion and religion's debt to it. He admits great carnage among the shadows of faith, but he is resolute that the substance has got off unscathed.

In order to make good this position, he looses the irrational knots of church vesture and entirely unclothes religion of theological dogma. His preliminary attempt at defining the residual substance is broad, and his subsequent applications make the limits of his meaning still broader. Religion is that "faith or experience" which suffices "to make life coherent and harmonious"; it is the sense of obligation and responsibility; it is the sense of wonder, pity, tenderness, awe, sacrifice, and consecration. All these things are within the meaning of religion, and are under the special covert of its wings. They are present, too, in all great literature as indispensable elements in its greatness. They were incorporated in the various substitutes proposed in the last century for outworn Christianity. They were left unmolested even by the utilitarians and the militant men of science, who declared war on what they regarded as the misleading poetical fictions of the Bible. They must continue to be present in life and literature, or the coil and tumult of existence will be reduced to the proportions and significance of Carlyle's vase of Egyptian vipers. They are real because they persist; they persist because they are indispensable.

These things substantially Mr. Craufurd finds in the writings of H. G. Wells; on the strength of them he speaks of the "religion of H. G. Wells" with the greatest respect. A clergyman issuing from Oriel College, he declares that Christian thinkers who would minister to the wants of this inquiring age "must do so by addressing themselves chiefly to the vivid thoughts and feelings of detached, unsystematic, and more or less representative minds, rather than to the dry-as-dust professors of an antiquated learning that has well-nigh lost all true vitality." Accordingly, he goes a long way with the writer he criticises. He agrees with Mr. Wells that we should form our beliefs to suit our needs, and make our religion answer to the highest aspirations of humanity. But he finds Mr. Wells's understanding of the aspirations of humanity defective; he finds his distaste for the character of Christ, his ignoring of God and immortality, sure indications of his failure to perceive some of the most fundamental human needs. "If God and a future life do not exist," urges Mr. Craufurd, "we must, it would seem, invent them, if we seek to evoke from humanity its noblest and most persistent efforts." This is also the position of Mr. Chapman.

The point of interest in both these books is the ground on which their authors hold to Christian orthodoxy. Like G. K. Chesterton, they are orthodox with a difference—in an untraditional and exhilarating fashion. Like him they have rejuvenated their understandings in the waters of philosophical Pragmatism. Mr. Craufurd's book is suggestively studded with references to Theodore Parker, Emerson, Whitman, John Fiske, and William James. Commenting on Wordsworth's famous

> Something far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns—

Mr. Chapman says: "I would not dogmatize here. If any reader prefer to say that there only seems to be something, I am content for the moment to have it so; simply remarking that the *seeming* is one of the vital facts of life." (Quoth Touchstone, "the truest poetry is the most feigning.") The return to orthodoxy represented by these writers is like the return to Elizabethan literature on the part of the romanticists. They feel that the various rationalistic isms of the nineteenth century—Positivism, for example—is to Christianity as the poetry of Pope is to the poetry of Shakespeare. They reject Positivism, as Wordsworth and Coleridge rejected Pope, not because it isn't sound so far as it goes, but because it is hopelessly inadequate to represent the height and depth of man's desire—the "vital facts of life." They try God and immortality as hypotheses, and they stand the test prescribed by the scientific age; they *work*—they fit the facts. Such is the hope of the new orthodoxy.

Histoire de la Langue Française des Origines à 1900 (III, 1600-1660: première partie). Par Ferdinand Brunot. Paris: Armand Colin.

The publication of the extensive work of Ferdinand Brunot on the history of the French language, which is the subject matter of his professorship in the University of Paris, advances a material step further. The first volume (548 pages; 15 francs) reached from the Latin epoch to the Renaissance; the second (510 pages; 15 francs) dealt with the sixteenth century; the third, when completed, will give the formation of the classic language from 1600 to 1660, and of this volume the first part is now published separately (456 pages; 12.50 francs). It is divided into three books, of which the first is eminently readable by anybody interested in French history and literature; and one need not be a special student to find savory mental food in the remaining and more technical pages.

Paris literary opinion received a shock at the opening of the seventeenth century when the newcomer Malherbe began his reforms, weeding out the vocabulary and reducing the language to rule. His typical adversary was that erudite and entertaining old maid, Mademoiselle de Gournay, *fille d'alliance* of Montaigne and editor of his works. Even she had to yield to her printers so far as to change in his sacred text "a few words of no consequence, such as adverbs and articles which seem to them somewhat crabbed for the taste of certain over-nice persons of this century." Malherbe's influence and the number of his influential followers grew apace. A fury for grammar raged in the *salons*. Voiture wrote to Mademoiselle de Rambouillet on the suppression of the conjunction *car*,

which Gomberville had achieved in his romance, "Polexandre." A *recommandaresse* of wet nurses complained that, in good houses, they now ask if the nurse speaks French well, "which she cannot guarantee, but only that which belongs to her state, that she has good milk, is and shall always be, please God, of good life, and shall die without reproach—with which the *monsieux* do not content themselves."

The discussion of the good use of the day introduces us to the *pédant* language; to that of the Palais or lawyers of the Parlement, whom Jodelle describes as "speaking of war in *pur jargon*"; to city and to court use. It was the latter which was bound to prevail and make of French that "classic" language whose formation is the subject of this volume. The foundation of the Academy, closely followed by its project of a dictionary; the opposition led by La Mothe Le Vayer; the carrying on of Malherbe's good work by Vaugelas and more opposition; preciosity, which was not new, but was always creating new words and phrases; and the burlesque, which is all the more instructive as it is the negation of all rule, make up these generally interesting pages.

The second book, "le Lexique," uses to great advantage the curious foreign-language dictionaries of the day—French-Latin, French-Flemish, French-Spanish, French-Italian, French-German, and French-English (eight of the latter from 1611 to 1673). In succession the author takes up words already old; improper and *réaliste* words (*poitrine* fell under the reprobation which "leg" later incurred in New England); low, dialect, and trade words; neologisms; *travail sémantique;* and various expressions and figures. This book has a valuable biblographical appendix on the dictionaries published during the period, giving the libraries in which the author has found them.

The third book gives a very complete morphology of the parts of speech at the time. A lexicological index, in the alphabetical order of words, occupies fourteen pages; and thirty-six pages of "abbreviations" of editions from which examples are cited have the interest of a bibliography.

Report of the Work of the Commission Sent Out by the Jewish Territorial Organization to Examine the Territory Proposed for the Purpose of a Jewish Settlement in Cyrenaica. By J. W. Gregory, D.Sc., F.R.S., etc. London: Ito Offices.

The object of the Ito, or Jewish Territorial Organization, of which Israel Zangwill is president, is to procure a territory upon an autonomous basis for those Jews who cannot or will not remain in the land in which they at present live. The project of colonizing the Cyrenaica was determined partly by its geographical position, highly convenient for persecuted Jews emigrating from Russia and Rumania, partly by the fact that the region wears the Turkish suzerainty so lightly that practical autonomy might be hoped for, though the word could not be used. Moreover, the Cyrenaica approaches Palestine as a sentimental goal, since it was once a home of Judaism, "the land that is in league" of Ezekiel. On the eastern frontier Egypt would be useful as a civilized neighbor, and the Turks to the west were not unwilling that a country that they have had to abandon to the Arabs should be regenerated at the expense of others. It was therefore with the countenance of the Turkish Government, and with high hopes based on the glowing accounts of the Cyrenaica in classical literature, that the Ito Expedition set out in July, 1908. It consisted of an engineer who was to survey and to report on the water supply (a question naturally uppermost when you are about to colonize a desert), a medical man to consider the probability of epidemics, an expert on agriculture, and Dr. Gregory, the professor of geology at the University of Glasgow. Never has a project so visionary been safeguarded with precautions so scientific. Few people realize how great a rôle Cyrene and her distinguished sons played in the past before she became Jewish, lost her prestige, and disappeared from history. Even Mr. Zangwill's Report, concerned as it is with her Jewish traditions, ignores nearly all the associations that spring to the mind of the Greek scholar. Tennyson himself was not quite clear about Cyrene's position on the map when he set the Garden of the Hesperides on

> a slope
> That ran bloom-bright into the Atlantic blue,

—unless, indeed, he intended to break with the prevailing tradition of the locality of the famous apple tree with its golden fruit. It is, of course, the Mediterranean that is the great commercial high-road waiting to be exploited once again by Cyrene as in the days when the Cilician pirates called these waters "the golden sea" because they could always waylay a rich cargo from the Cyrenaica. In Pindar's day it would be a cargo of silphium, a plant now apparently extinct (it is ignored in the Report), which the merchant kings of Cyrene fostered as a royal monopoly, like Congo rubber to-day. Besides this plant, which was used as a drug and for cooking and was sent in shiploads to Capua, as we see from the "Rudens" of Plautus, Cyrene exported pottery and chairs. But it was her splendid horses and chariots that made her the envy of Greece at the great games, and the swan-song of that dynasty of traders, the Battiads, was sung by Pindar in the Fourth and Fifth Pythian Odes.

> Kingdoms lapse, and climates change, and races die,

says Tennyson, but we are now told that the climate of Cyrene has not changed, that the population can never have been more than fifteen to twenty thousand, and the inspiring legend that the Jews in that district once rose and massacred 220,000 Greek and Roman inhabitants must be discarded. The fact is that the rainfall is and always was quite insufficient. At the best, Cyrene could have had only a gallon a head per day for a population of fifteen thousand, and that allows none for those horses that were the envy of Greece. It seems likely, too, that wild animals were as scarce then as now. One of Cyrene's most agreeable legends is of the lion who met the first founder, Battus, when he landed, and fled into the Libyan wilderness in terror of the hero's stammering tongue. But there were no lions to be dismayed by the accents of the Ito Expedition. "A dead jackal and a living hare were the only wild animals"; but we are told that rats and mice "are said to be found in the country. . . . Donkeys are neglected. As a consequence they are small and dispirited. . . . Crickets and locusts, fleas and flies are numerous." The first Greek colonists brought no women, and the Ito explorers recommend that, if the colonizing scheme should be attempted, only a few men should be imported at first, and those "encumbered as little as possible with women and children."

But the Cyrenaica will not be colonized by Jews; Cyrene will remain a derelict, and all the gold of the Rothschilds will not people those Libyan wastes. There are two practical difficulties recognized by the Expedition, either of which would have been enough to blight their hopes. The Arabs are unfriendly, well-armed with modern rifles, and evidently prepared to resent any intrusion. If that were not so, Cyrene would long ago have been a centre of archæological excavation. But still more fatal to the prospects of that agricultural life desired by the Ito for their immigrants, is the scarcity of water. What the Arabs would obviously shed their blood to defend from invaders is not their hearths and homes, for they are Nomads, but their entirely inadequate wells. "The absence of impermeable rock layers in the Cyrenaica explains the paucity of its surface waters, and renders practically impossible the construction of storage reservoirs large enough for irrigation. The excessive porosity of the rocks also forbids reliance on wells." The dry bones of Cyrene cannot live again.

There is, however, another obstacle to any such project of an agricultural community for the Russian and Rumanian

Jew, though it is one that Mr. Zangwill does not choose to face. The life that he had planned for the North African colony involved incessant and virtually unremunerative toil. The colonists would need to have the outdoor tastes, the hardiness, the thrift, the self-denial of the Pilgrim Fathers. Mr. Zangwill seems to forget the existence of the United States and the total lack, as far as we are aware, of any enthusiasm on the part of the Eastern Jewish immigrant for the simple life of agriculture, even under the most favorable conditions. The results of immigration to the United States have shown clearly that an oppressed agricultural population fleeing from Europe will always cling to the crowded life of large cities, and that these are the last persons whom you can persuade to make the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose.

Mr. Zangwill, in his Introduction to Dr. Gregory's Report, declines to accept as necessarily final all the damaging evidence of the experts of the Expedition. He still believes that the Cyrenaica, with its Hinterland, combines a greater number of qualifications for an Itoland, as defined by the Russian Council of the Ito in 1907, than any country of the Old World. But the Report brought disillusion to the Council as a whole, and the costly experiments in buildings, roads, railways, and a harbor suggested by the experts are indefinitely postponed. The Report contains much that is of interest to classical scholars and archæologists, and is well illustrated by photographs.

The Great Pacific Coast. By C. Reginald Enock. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $4 net.

The author of this volume, who is an F.R.G.S., is an astonishingly persistent traveller, even for an Englishman. A score of times, he tells us, perhaps oftener than any other European, he has stood on the white mountainous heights of Peru, and has lived in large towns where the people pursue their daily occupation at an elevation greater than that of the summit of any of the California or Oregonian snow queens, or of Mont Blanc. He has written books on the Andes and the Amazon, on Peru, Mexico, and other countries. His latest volume covers twelve thousand miles of territory from Chili to Panama and California, thence through Oregon and Washington to British Columbia and Alaska. He writes chiefly to entertain the reader, incidentally also to tell him many things about the regions traversed, and to dwell briefly on personal adventures, some trivial, others serious. Among the latter were two hairbreadth escapes; one in Mexico, where a peon guide took him on horseback up a mountain so steep in one place that only by urging the horse to utmost speed could it be kept from overbalancing—the guide's excuse being: "I came up here when a boy, on muleback, but the road has fallen away since then"; another time, in Arizona, when he had to hang on to a rickety viaduct while a freight train passed over him.

Mr. Enock comments on the difference between the black people who live under British and those who are under American rule; on the courtesy of the Mexican as contrasted with the American, who is often aggressively uncivil, merely to assert his equality, not because of inherent disagreeableness. He offers much good advice to the English on the subject of emigration to Canada. He wonders what sort of adults the American children will make who are brought up on the colored supplements of our Sunday papers. Such moralizings, however, are incidental; the bulk of the author's remarks relates to things seen by him and likely to be seen by those tempted by his descriptions to follow in his footsteps.

Notes.

Justin McCarthy, whose "History of Our Own Times" covers the reign of Queen Victoria, is now preparing to add to that work an eighth volume, which will deal with the events of the reign of King Edward VII.

G. R. Agassiz, who is preparing a life of his father, Alexander Agassiz, requests that letters bearing on the subject may be sent to him at the Museum of Comparative Zoology, Cambridge, Mass. If so desired the letters will be copied, and the originals returned to the owner as soon as possible. Those who are unwilling to part with the originals will confer a favor by having copies made at the expense of Mr. G. R. Agassiz, and sending these copies to him at their convenience.

Elizabeth Wager-Smith, who has already written several manuals of the great German card game, now offers "Skat: Principles and Illustrative Games" (Lippincott). The book opens with an instructive and entertaining chapter on the Origin and Characteristics of the Game.

The Yale University Press has issued in a slender little volume Prof. Henry A. Beers's address before the Modern Language Club of Yale, on "Milton's Tercentenary." The essay deals more with Milton's relation to the spirit of the times than with his art. It is worth preserving.

It will be sufficient barely to announce the appearance of four more volumes (VII to X) of Scribner's Memorial Edition of George Meredith. The novels now added are "Vittoria" and "Harry Richmond." Of the typographical excellence of this edition we have already spoken.

We welcome "Burdett's Hospitals and Charities" for 1910 (London: The Scientific Press), and congratulate the editor, Sir Henry Burdett, who, as he observes in the preface, has borne the burden and responsibility of the compilation for twenty-one years. The present issue contains two new chapters, one on orphanages, the other on state aid to hospitals in the United States and Canada. The price, which has hitherto been below the cost of production, is this year raised to 10s. 6d., "which still leaves it, having regard to its size and the character of the information it contains, one of the cheapest books of reference issued from the press."

We have already had occasion to note the "Complete Edition of Friedrich Nietzsche," translated by various hands and edited by Dr. Oscar Levy. Hitherto the volumes have come to us from the London publisher, T. N. Foulis. The handling of the books in this country has now been taken over by the Macmillan Co., from whom we have received the following six volumes: "Human, All Too-Human." "On the Future of Our Educational Institutions," "The Will to Power," "The Birth of Tragedy," "Thoughts Out of Season, Parts i and ii." Two more volumes, viz., "Thus Spake Zarathustra," and "Beyond Good and Evil," which have appeared in the London edition, we have not seen with the American imprint. The works, when complete, will extend to eighteen volumes.

Five letters of John Hay, written when he was about twenty years of age, are printed in the small volume, "The Poet in Exile" (Houghton Mifflin), so called because he was then in the unwelcome surroundings of Warsaw, Ill., after leaving the more congenial literary atmosphere of Brown University and the coterie which grouped itself about Mrs. Whitman in Providence. Dreams of the life of a poet, instead of dreams of state, filled the mind of the future author of the Pike County ballads, and he looked with distaste upon the lawyer's career, which his father had chosen for him. He writes:

> In spite of the praise which you continually lavish upon the West, I must respectfully assert that I find only a dreary waste of heartless materialism, where great and heroic qualities may indeed bully their way up into the glare, but the flowers of existence inevitably droop and wither. So in time I shall change. I shall turn from "the rose and the rainbow" to corner lots and tax titles, and a few years will find my eye not rolling in a fine frenzy, but steadily fixed on the polestar of humanity—$.

The letters were written to Miss Nora Perry, and are edited by Caroline Ticknor.

There must be a great many people who have been speaking Irish all their lives, without knowing it. "When our Irish forefathers began to adopt English," says P. W. Joyce, in his "English as We Speak It in Ireland" (Longmans), "they brought with them from their native language many single Irish words, and used them among their newly acquired English words." And not only Irish words, but Irish idioms and phrases have taken part in the invasion and become thoroughly naturalized. It will be a surprise to most people that the method of "assertion by negative of opposite" is Irish; that it is Irish to say, "A glass of whiskey will do us no harm," when we mean that it will do us good. It is Irish to say of an elderly maiden that she is no chicken, or to speak of its being no joke to be caught in a heavy shower without an umbrella. Yet Mr. Joyce has his authorities pat. He quotes from the old Irish tales, "The enemy slew a large company of our army, and that was no great help to us"; and the poet who has been

grossly insulted "rose on the morrow, and he was not thankful." So, too, we learn that it is Irish to give emphasis to a statement by adding the words "and no mistake." From the same source comes "I'll engage" you did this or that, in the sense of "I wager" you did; "I'll go bail"; "aye, is it"; and the repetitions "so he did," "so I do," "so it is": as in "he hit me with a stick, so he did, and it is a great shame, so it is." More suggestive of their origin are phrases like "I believe you," and "what would ail me not to?" But it is unquestionably a surprise to find a Celtic heredity claimed for such apparently universal expressions of ready assent as "I don't mind if I do," or "Would a duck swim?" A very common exclamation in Ulster, we are told, is "No, but did you?" and it is a common Irish phrase, *ná bi leagal ort* that has given us our "never fear." On the contrary, there would be danger of misunderstanding if, outside of Ireland, a visitor coming in and finding the family at dinner, should say, "Much good may it do you." Mr. Joyce admits that in Ireland the people are "rather prone to exaggeration." Hence, a chapter on Exaggeration and Redundancy. It is common to say of a person with a persuasive tongue that he "would coax the birds off the bushes." It is Irish to say "I'd give my eyes," "I'll follow you to the world's end," to let grass grow under one's feet, to be frightened out of a year's growth, to swallow a dictionary, to jump out of one's skin, to have the road fly under one, or to be so rich as to be rotten with money. What would be left to English verbal picturesqueness if the Irish were taken out, we fear to think. Until that time, however, we may quote the Irish way of describing a man who is very short and very fat: "If you met him on the street, you'd rather jump over him than walk round him."

A timely reprint of the appreciation of Björnstjerne Björnson, by William Morton Payne, which originally appeared in the *International Quarterly*, is now made by A. C. McClurg & Co. It contains additions in the way of translation, anecdote, and consideration of the poet's later works. Of Björnson in his home—after speaking of him as the orator and teacher—Mr. Payne says:

> In his more intimate relationships, on the other hand, in face-to-face conversation or in the home circle, the man takes on a quite different aspect; the prophet has become the friend, the impassioned preacher has become the genial story-teller, and shares the gladsome or mirthful mood of the hour. Such a personality as this may be analyzed: it defies any concise synthesis. One resorts to figures of speech.

To review Ralph Nevill's "Light Come, Light Go" (Macmillan) would be to make a selection from the great mass of information and anecdotes regarding gambling and betting in all its forms, brought together in one book. We could, on a pinch, add a story here and there from our own reading, but the addition would be of no significance. England and France furnish the bulk of the material, and the eighteenth century and the early years of the nineteenth offer the most startling anecdotes, although there is nothing in the book more interesting than the careful study of present-day gambling at Monte Carlo and the analysis of the various futile schemes to assure winning. Mr. Nevill mentions a dice game of creps or craps common in the old days of the Palais Royal and still played in Alaska, sometimes on the very boards brought to California by French emigrants in the forties. He seems not to have heard of the modification of the game played in our cities.

Sophie Shilleto Smith has no new information to bring in her life of "Dean Swift" (Putnam), and her manner of relating the known events is not more than moderately entertaining. The great crux of Swift's life and character, the question of his marriage to Stella, she waives with a "What does it matter?"—and this in a long chapter which undertakes to set the Dean before the world as a Don Quixote and flower of chivalrous devotion to the ladies. But if our author has no new facts, she has abundant new interpretation of them. Swift was "an idealist"; as for his ambition, he merely "stood on a pinnacle and demanded a reward to crown the citadel"; he was in advance of his age in his attitude toward women; he allowed no coarseness before them; he was without reproach in the tragedy of Vanessa; he writes the "Tale of a Tub" in a spirit of "genuine optimism"; "Shelley and Swift [was there ever a more incongruous junction of names?] are, perhaps, the two best examples of the altruist entirely misunderstood"; he had the childlike imagination described by Francis Thompson:

> Know you what it is to be a child? It is to be something very different from the man of to-day. It is to have a spirit yet streaming from the waters of baptism; it is to believe in love, to believe in loveliness, to believe in belief; it is to be so little that the elves can reach to whisper in your ear. . . .

In all the ignorance and perversions of recent biography it would be difficult to find anything more grotesque than this assimilation of the spirit of Swift with that of Shelley and Francis Thompson. As sensible lives of Swift are already in existence, we can see no excuse for the writing or the reading of such nonsense. We observe that there is no mention of Craik's Life in the strange bibliography appended to the present work.

The historical contrast between the Ionian and the Dorian spirit is familiar to all readers of Thucydides, Curtius Arnold, Pater, Wilamowitz, and Eduard Meyer. But as a term of ethnical origins Ionian is still as problematical a word as Pelasgic. Were there proto-Ionians in Asia Minor before the Ionian colonization? Were the Ionians the original dough or the later leaven of the population of Attica? Were they the survivors and inheritors of Mycenæan or Ægean culture, or like the Achæans and the Dorians iron-using invaders from the regions of the Danube? Did the Ionians make the Ionian migration, or did the migration make them, and is Ionian merely a name for mixed tribes of colonists driven out from European Greece by the pressure from the North? David G. Hogarth's six lectures on "Ionia and the East" (Frowde) are the latest contribution to this elusive discussion. He does not claim to have propounded many novel conclusions, but merely to have collected new evidence that tends to define and clear up the truth of old theories. The elements which went to the making of the Ionians are those of all the Hellenes: "A mass of the old Ægean stock, which had long been participant in the prehistoric civilization of the Ægean Bronze Age, came to be leavened by the infusion of northern blood drawn from the area of mid-European culture." The Ægean element was relatively preponderant in the tribes that came to occupy the part of Asia Minor afterwards known as Ionia. But the territory in which they settled had not itself been a seat of Ægean culture. It had been closed to the Ægean civilization by the domination, first of a Hittite, and then perhaps of a Phrygian inland power. The weakening of this power by Assyrian pressure threw the coast open for settlement, and left free play for the first expansion of historic Hellenic civilization known as Ionian.

By these hypotheses, Mr. Hogarth thinks he can account for the sudden outburst of this civilization—inexplicable if the Ionians were merely rude northern tribes—and for the traces of Oriental influence in the art of Ionia. The chief mediators with the Orient were the Hittites and the Phrygians, and probably not the Phœnicians, whose rôle has been greatly exaggerated. For confirmation of these views, Mr. Hogarth appeals to the treasure of the earliest Artemision discovered by him at Ephesus in 1904. These specimens of early Ionian art, dating perhaps from the eighth century B. C., he finds closely analogous to the "suh-Ægean" art of the Enkomi treasure found in Salamis on Cyprus, which he would date at the very end of the Bronze Age. The traces of Oriental influence in both are to be explained in the same way. Mr. Hogarth recognizes the uncertainty of all conjectures of this kind, and is not inclined to dogmatize. It would perhaps be expecting too much to ask that Mycenologists and Minoans should refrain from speculation altogether and confine themselves to the bare statement of the Greek tradition and the facts of archæological discovery in these prehistoric matters. But it would release an immense amount of the Hellenist's time for more profitable reading.

A valuable source for the study of political and constitutional history has been made available by the publication, by authority of the State of New York, of the "Messages from the Governors" (Albany: J. B. Lyon Company, State Printers). There are in all eleven volumes covering the period from the meeting of the first representative Assembly of Colonial New York in 1683 to the beginning of Gov. Hughes's first Administration in January, 1907. Ten volumes are taken up with the text of messages and accompanying State papers. The eleventh volume, perhaps the most valuable of all, is a comprehensive index of the whole with valuable tabulations of law cases cited and constitutional references. It is so rare to find works of this sort carefully and fully indexed that it is a relief to discover with this compilation a key of such utility. The work of editing has been competently done by Charles Z. Lincoln, whose experience for his difficult task comprised service as counsel for Govs. Morton, Black, and Roosevelt. He has provided historical introductions for each volume, and in the earlier period has found

it necessary and useful to piece out the sometimes meagre records by extracts from other contemporaneous records, all of which work seems to have been done with a keen regard for historical accuracy. Throughout the volumes there are frequent footnotes, not only explaining the text but providing careful citations to cases and decisions mentioned, and a systematic analysis of constitutional questions and legal development as they arose. This makes the work of considerable value for students of the development of legislative and constitutional problems, whereas without it a searcher would have to grope largely in the dark. The books are printed in clear type on good paper and are well bound.

For Samuel G. Camp's "Fishing Kits and Equipment" (Outing Publishing Company) there should hardly seem to be a need, since, though the chapters were well enough as contributions to a sporting magazine, they are not sufficiently important for a book, and contain nothing that is not already to be had in more valuable volumes. The illustrations are not wisely chosen. For example, there are no helping diagrams for such processes as the tying of leaders while a large half-tone shows four rods which vary in price from $5 to $30, but which, in the picture, appear identical. The English is slipshod. Not to speak of split infinitives and such minor weaknesses, the book is full of sentences like the following: "But the American angler who follows the above plan is a very rare bird, however numerous they [*sic*] may be in Merry England"; "The cheap fly is a snare and a delusion to the angler only."

"Old Hallowell on the Kennebec," by Emma Huntington Nason, published by the author at Augusta, Me., is notable among town histories, both for its execution and for the inherent interest of the subject. This pleasant town, opposite Augusta, was successively an Abenaki village, which was first Christianized by the Jesuits, and later acquired as a trading post by the Plymouth Colony. The foundation of the town goes back to 1771, its incorporation as a city, with which the story ends, dates from 1852. People of substance and education were among the early settlers. We find such names as Dummer, Sheppard, Merrick. The Vaughan family still occupy the house built for Dr. Benjamin Vaughan, M.P., just before the close of the eighteenth century. A man of wealth, he treated only poor patients, and free of charge; he had aided Franklin substantially in the peace settlement; his library of 10,000 volumes was put at the disposal of borrowing neighbors, in a small way he was an author. Cardinal Manning was the nephew of Dr. Vaughan's wife. It was people of this stamp that gave the community its flavor. It has supplied two Governors to the State. Among its literary citizens are Jacob Abbott of the Rollo books, and his brilliant son, Lyman Abbott; Prof. C. F. Richardson, the historian of American literature; Rev. J. H. Ingraham, a most prolific novelist of the sensational order, and his son, Col. Prentiss Ingraham, who, beginning as a Confederate officer, was a soldier of fortune under many flags, and wrote innumerable novels of a lurid cast. Such are a few of the claims of old Hallowell upon the reader's attention. Talleyrand visited it. William Hazlitt, the elder, preached there on trial, but his Unitarianism was too radical for the congregation. Charles Bulfinch designed the belfry of the oldest church. In short, the chronicle is variously interesting. It gains from the numerous illustrations based on early portraits or scenic photographs.

If the title "Britain at Bay" (Putnam) were not enough to make the stolid Englishman sit up, the fact that it is written by Spenser Wilkinson should cause disquietude from John of Groats to Land's End. With the peculiar solemnity and emphasis that distinguish this writer's ante-mortem surveys of his fatherland, Britain is warned that Germany looms large across the channel, controls the politics of the Continent, and might, at a pinch, force united Europe to attack England. "In that case"—a favorite phrase—England's vaunted supremacy on the sea, even if maintained, would not help much. You can't force enemies to make peace with you, even after the destruction of their sea power, unless you can get after them with horse, foot, and marines. The foe may not be able to attack you, but their distressing sentiments of hostility may be indefinitely continued. The only real safeguard against Germany is for England to have an army that can be sent over seas and make her, in contingencies, an aggressive ally on land. The way to get such an army is compulsory military service for a year—two for the mounted service. This can be done cheaper than the present army, the effective of which would be quadrupled. As for the inconvenience of serving a year, that is a patriotic duty, and once right principles were instilled, every Briton would be delighted to become a Tommy Atkins, with pocket money "not to exceed fourpence" daily. With such an army, invaders could be repelled, and, at need, a Continental ally substantially reinforced. We should hardly notice this ponderously harmful tract were it not that the English, and on occasion ourselves, take a melancholy delight in mumbling the tidbit of national peril. That would be an innocent recreation except that it has to be paid for heavily in guns, ships, and costly martial overprovision of all sorts. To make his bugbear horrific, Mr. Wilkinson piles up gratuitous suppositions indefinitely. He fails to see that with or without British troops France and Italy have the strongest motive, that of self-preservation, to oppose Germany. The idea of either being forced into an anti-British coalition is preposterous. Moreover, there is no reason to represent Germany, in which International Socialism is steadily gaining, as potentially an enemy of the human race. As for Mr. Wilkinson's paper army, it is by no means certain that an effective force can be obtained on a basis of a single year's service, especially if, as it is suggested, recruits who wish may live at home. But in a book of this sort one wide assumption more or less really doesn't matter.

From his "Critical Essays of the Seventeenth Century" Prof. J. E. Spingarn has reprinted "Sir William Temple's Essays on Ancient and Modern Learning and on Poetry" (Frowde), in a separate small volume. The study of Temple's style (he was, according to Dr. Johnson, "the first writer who gave cadence to English prose") would be serviceable in our schools to correct the modern tendency toward an unbalanced impulsiveness.

To the Albion series of Anglo-Saxon and Middle English poetry, Frederick Tupper now adds in monumental edition "The Riddles of the Exeter Book" (Ginn). In a prefatory essay of some hundred pages he discusses the principles of comparative riddle-study, the sources and analogues of the Exeter Book Riddles, authorship, poem, manuscripts, etc. The sixty-seven pages of text are illuminated by 223 pages, including notes and glossary. If Professor Tupper has not brought his subject into broad daylight, he has at least made darkness visible. The result of years of research in the most recondite territory, this volume is an admirably organized mine opened in the field of enigmatography.

The Oxford French Series (Frowde) contributes four volumes handsomely printed, and well equipped with introductions and notes. Two are works of George Sand, "François le Champi," edited by Alfred Mercier, and "Les Maîtres Sonneurs," edited by Stéphane Barlet. The other two are the entertaining "La Société française au XVIIe siècle," by Victor Cousin, issued by Leon Delbos, and Lamartine's "Le Tailleur de Pierres de Saint-Point," edited by W. Robertson. It is doubtful whether any of these books will make much appeal to American colleges, even the editions of George Sand, since "La Petite Fadette" and "La Mare au Diable" have long preëmpted the ground.

E. B. Iwan-Müller, journalist and author, died in London last week, aged fifty-seven years. He was engaged at different times upon the staffs of the *Pall Mall Gazette* and Manchester *Courier*, and from 1896 until his death, as an editorial writer on the *Daily Telegraph*. He was editor of the Oxford collection of "Shotover Papers," and author of "Lord Milner and South Africa," and "Ireland To-day and To-morrow."

Science.

"A Manual of Practical Farming," by John McLennan (Macmillan), belongs to the group of general works of which we now have so many. Its treatment is not deeply scientific; and this is both an advantage and a detriment. One would like, for instance, to have more attention to general principles, connecting classes of phenomena. There is in the book some undue compression: the chapter on ploughing contains no more than the average poor farmer is content to know, and barely begins to answer the numerous questions of the beginner. The treatment of the important subject of barnyard manures is most cursory. One is amused to find the recommendation not to spray plants when in blossom appended to the directions for spraying the potato, which, of all plants, needs such caution least, as its crop in no way depends on its flower. On the other hand, apart from these defects, the book has the advantage of being not unduly technical; it is generally direct and sensible, and gives much practical advice. Characteristic of this better side are the remarks on feeding the horse, and the care of the farm orchard as distinguished from the commercial.

Modern interest in children's gardens, chiefly in cities, has produced a flood of books, of which two of the most interesting are "Little Gardens for Boys and Girls," by Myrta Margaret Higgins (Houghton Mifflin) and "Children's Gardens for Pleasure, Health, and Education," by Henry G. Parsons (Sturgis & Walton). Although the correspondence is accidental, these books are complementary. The first is addressed to the child itself, and, in fifteen chapters, sometimes plain and practical, sometimes idealizing and stimulating, appeals to the two sides of child nature. Put directly into the hands of any child of ten or more, it should fulfil its mission. An excellent chapter treats of a subject usually neglected, indoor winter gardening. Mr. Parsons's book, on the other hand, is addressed to the teacher. Like the first, it is the outcome of much experience, for Mr. Parsons has had the practical direction of the movement for children's gardens in New York, started by his mother. He confines himself to the work which he has done, but its general course and his remarks upon it are of great interest. One is tempted to quote from this book passages on the relationship between gardening and citizenship. The civic instruction which the author draws from the making of a garden path and the seven lessons in the "pedagogy of the spade" are not merely novel, but significant. To one engaged in the work of children's gardening, even to a parent instructing his child, this little book will give assistance; to one inclined to doubt modern progress it will bring courage and hope.

"Explorations in Bolivia," by Major P. H. Fawcett, is the article of greatest general interest in the *Geographical Journal* for May. It is an account of his work in the delimitation of the eastern frontier at the request of the Bolivian Government, together with much valuable information about the whole country. In respect to its natural resources, he says it is a commercial Eldorado of the future, not simply from the undeveloped mineral wealth, but from the extensive pasture lands, the hard wood forests, and the vast areas of rubber trees. As to the future exploitation of the rubber, he is doubtful, because of the hostility of the savages to the white man. This he attributes to revenge for their treatment in the last century, when they were "sacrificed to rubber." Though the terrible methods of collecting have ceased, a perpetual war of reprisals is waged to-day. Among the tribes are dwarfs, "usually cannibals" who are hostile to everybody outside their own tribe. In the discussion of the paper when read to the Royal Geographical Society, Sir Martin Conway said that Bolivia was the most remarkable country in the world, because it contained regions of almost every kind from mountains covered with great glaciers and perpetual snow to tropical forests. There is also utter desert with expanses of white salts spread over vast areas, so that it "resembles a portion of the surface of the moon." Six illustrations and a map accompany the article.

"The Spirit of the West," in the *National Geographic Magazine* for April, is a résumé of the work of the Reclamation Service by its statistician, C. J. Blanchard. The vivid impression made by it is that never before in the history of the world have great desert regions been transformed in so short a time as three or four years into cultivated fields thickly inhabited. This is true of a large tract in Idaho, which in 1905 exhibited no sign of human life, but now is a garden rich and productive with pleasant homes on each 40 and 80 acres, while four prosperous towns, soon to become cities, have sprung up along the new railway. The strange sights of Mukden, the capital of Manchuria, and its wonderful art treasures are pleasantly described by Eliza R. Scidmore. Both articles are fully illustrated.

George Frederick Barker, professor emeritus of physics at the University of Pennsylvania, died in Philadelphia last week, aged seventy years. He was graduated from Sheffield Scientific School at Yale in 1858, and after holding chairs in several colleges was called to Pennsylvania in 1873. Professor Barker was the first to exhibit radium in this country. He served as United States commissioner to the Paris Electrical Exhibition in 1881, and as delegate or commissioner to several other electrical exhibitions and congresses.

Professor Robert Koch, the celebrated bacteriologist and discoverer of the germ of tuberculosis, died at Baden-Baden on Friday, aged sixty-seven years. Dr. Koch's medical education was received at Göttingen, and, after several years of private practice, he was made director of the Cholera Commission to India and Egypt. In 1884 he discovered the cholera spirillum, regarded as the positive test for Asiatic cholera. He also traced the germs of the then incurable sleeping sickness to the tsetse fly, and prepared an antitoxin. It was in 1882 that he discovered the germ of tuberculosis; in 1890 the world was startled by the announcement that Dr. Koch had discovered a lymph which would cure the disease. Thousands flocked to Berlin, drawn by the sensational reports, which, however, did not come from Dr. Koch himself. He explained the nature of his discovery, its scope and treatment, in an article in 1891. The scientific world still questions the value of the lymph in general practice. Dr. Koch continued his penetrating studies of the disease, and founded the Institute for the Investigation of Tuberculosis, which bears his name. In 1908 he provoked much discussion at the Tuberculosis Congress at Washington, because of his views on the transmission of the disease germ. He was for many years a professor in the University of Berlin, and director or member of many scientific bodies. He received the Harden medal and the Nobel prize.

Drama.

Vanderheyden Fyles, it is announced, will take up at once the duties of literary director of the New Theatre, succeeding John Corbin. This position carries with it the responsibility of selecting plays for presentation, subject to the approval of a committee of executive heads. Mr. Fyles is a son of Franklin Fyles, the dramatic critic and writer.

One of the leading events of commencement week at Middlebury College will be the presentation of a Roman drama, "Temporibus Hominis Arpinatis," a representation of dramatic moments in the life of Cicero. It deals particularly with the great conspiracy of Catiline, the play closing with Cicero's triumphant return from banishment. The end sought is educational rather than entertaining. It is to give "a true glimpse of the life of a civilization which has entered into and moulded all subsequent history."

"Oberammergau," by Josephine Helena Short (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.), gives a full summary of the Passion Play, and a sympathetic account, profusely illustrated, of the village and the villagers, by one who speaks from intimate knowledge. The circumstances attending the production of the play are pleasantly described, and the personal tone in which the author writes accords well with the attempt to bring out the importance which the play has in the personal lives of the players.

A similar book by the Rev. E. Hermitage Day, "Oberammergau and the Passion Play; a Practical and Historical Handbook for Visitors" (Milwaukee: The Young Churchman Co.), dwells especially upon the spirit of the production. It contains a useful synopsis, and its practical guidance is accompanied by considerable descriptive matter; the historical background seems somewhat remote. An abundance of good illustrations and tasteful printing make this a neat little volume.

Sir Herbert Tree says that the play which Alfred Noyes has written for him is "a work of pure imagination, something between 'The Blue Bird' and 'Pinkie and the Fairies,' with a distinctly Christmassy flavor."

A new play by Henry James will be produced before long in Charles Frohman's Repertory Theatre in London. Granville Barker is superintending the rehearsals. It begins to look as if Mr. Frohman were really in earnest in his experiment with the literary and intellectual theatre.

The rural theatre seems to be making some advance in England. The Aldbourne Village Players are filling a two weeks' season at the London Coronet Theatre. They play every evening, with matinées on Wednesday and Saturday. The Aldbourne Village Theatre—"the first village theatre for village players in England"—was opened for Mr. McEvoy by Granville Barker on February 26. The play presented was "The Village Wedding," a cottage drama in three acts, which Mr. McEvoy had specially written for his company. Since the opening of the Aldbourne Theatre "The Village Wedding" has been played sixteen times to crowded houses, thousands of persons having travelled to the little village of Aldbourne to be present. The play has also been presented by the Village Players eighteen times elsewhere, including two performances at the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester. In London the whole original cast appears. After the London season the company returns to Aldbourne for the hay-making and harvest, and in the autumn will fulfil engagements in the provinces and in Ireland.

The Abbey Theatre Company of Dublin has begun an engagement in the London Court Theatre, opening with "Deirdré of the Sorrows," written by J. M. Synge not long before he died. "The Playboy of the

Western World" will also be given. A number of plays new to London are likely to be presented, including "The Green Helmet," a play in verse by W. B. Yeats; "The Image," a comedy by Lady Gregory; "The Eloquent Dempsey," by William Boyle; "Thomas Muskerry," by Padriac Colm; "The Glittering Gate," by Lord Dunsany; and two plays by a young dramatist, S. L. Robinson. The company will include Sara Allgood, Maire O'Neill, Arthur Sinclair, Fred O'Donovan, and J. M. Kerrigan.

Music.

Boston Symphony Orchestra Programmes. Boston: C. A. Ellis.

One of the bulkiest books that come to a newspaper office is the annual volume containing the programmes of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The issue for 1909-1910 contains 1,860 pages. Many of these are filled with advertisements, some of which inconveniently interrupt the reading matter; but there is enough of this, too, to entitle the tome to a permanent place in a music-lover's library. The editor, Philip Hale, who, as a newspaper critic, can give free expression to his dislike of things that are good and great in music, must have suffered agonies in the attempt to write pleasantly about the concert pieces he has to comment on for these programmes, and the soloists who help to interpret them; yet he usually succeeds surprisingly well. He has somewhat curbed his pedantic passion for footnotes, and he generally avoids the foolish parsing in which some programme elucidators indulge. No less readable than his comments on the programmes are the "Entr'actes and Excursions" which are inserted to keep the Boston brain agreeably exercised while the orchestra has its intermissions. They are partly the editor's own, partly culled from diverse newspapers. Among the notable topics discussed are Bruckner, Therese Brunswick and Beethoven, Color Audition, Don Juan in Music, Legend of the Flying Dutchman, The Lorelei in Legend and Music, Newman's "Hugo Wolf," Schubert's First Singers, Liszt in Rome, Grenville Bantock, Does Music Pay? Chopin, In Defence of Transcriptions, Music in the Theatre, Daudet's "L'Arlésienne." There are sundry indexes, including one for the footnotes, and the programmes are given in full, with soloists, dates, and summaries of the number of times diverse composers were represented. The present conductor, Max Fiedler, evidently has not much interest in American music, only three of our composers—Chadwick, Converse, and Loeffler—being represented, one each. Some oddly assorted pairs are Beethoven and Strauss, who head the procession with eight hearings each, and Brahms and Wagner, who come next, with seven each. The number of composers altogether was forty-six. Max Fiedler's programmes are not always models, but, on the whole, they include what the public particularly wants to hear; and Mr. Hale's comments and erudite references will serve as a treasure-house for the editors of the programme books of the other American orchestras, the number of which has increased surprisingly within the last ten years.

Art.

THE TWO SALONS.

PARIS, May 18.

The artist in France cannot lay the blame of his own failure on the Government with the ease of the British artist, who is now convinced that art in England needs but the encouragement of the state to wake up from its torpor. Nothing strikes one more, on coming to the two Salons from the Royal Academy and the International, than the number of pictures and prints and sculptures bearing the label "commanded" or "acquired by the state." The state orders pictures and buys them, it provides wall space for the designs of its painters and buildings for the statues of its sculptors, and the results scarcely justify the belief of the British artist that inspiration must come with encouragement. Neither Salon makes a sign of that awakening, or rebellion, or new movement, or whatever it may be called, that some people think has long been due. Of course, the mistake is in counting upon an awakening with every spring. In the last century the interval of stagnation was long between the romanticists of the thirties and the impressionists of the seventies; and again there was a pause before the memorable secession of 1890 and the wonderful series of exhibitions that followed for some few years afterwards at the new Salon. So high a level could not be maintained indefinitely, and, while the older generation gives evidence of exhaustion, the younger generation has not yet come knocking at the door loud enough to make itself heard. In the old Salon the vigor, the vitality, that was once the redeeming merit of the exhibitors there, seems to have weakened; the huge *machin*, of old its chief feature, has dwindled in numbers and threatens to shrink in size; and, more unfortunately, Henri Martin, who knew how to bring to it distinction and decorative dignity, is this year among the absent. In the new Salon it is not the vigor, the vitality, alone of the artist, but in many cases the artist himself who has disappeared—for the time, anyway. You look in vain for such distinguished painters from abroad as Anglada and Zuloaga, Zorn, and Veber, Sargent and Liebermann, who at one period were always represented. The president, Roll, sends nothing, his forces this year reserved for Venice, and if Besnard does send, he is content to be represented by but one picture, and this one he has often surpassed. Altogether, the absences are so numerous and so notable that the collection as a whole inevitably suffers in interest.

I make this explanation at once, because, really, nothing is more characteristic of either exhibition than the prevailing dulness. However, a lesser degree of interest does not mean no interest, and I have not passed through these endless galleries entirely without my reward. In the old Salon I was attracted especially by the big series of panels by Jean-Paul Laurens, naturally, since they represent the Surrender at Yorktown and are destined for the Law Courts at Baltimore. It is suggestive to see them so soon after Abbey's designs for Pittsburgh now at the Royal Academy. Before the Frenchman's work you feel how much better he has mastered technically the needs and uses of mural decoration. He convinces you that he knows how to make his picture tell on the flat wall it is designed to cover, how to make his subject the motive for an effective arrangement of lines and colors. The windings of the road and the red-coated troops through the bare landscape, the enclosing fences, the raised fort, the stretch of water beyond—all become parts of an ingenious pattern, well-defined, well-balanced, restful to the eye. But so much is to be expected from the decorator who has learned his trade. More is looked for from the artist who should infuse the spirit of life into the pattern. It is just here that Laurens fails. His officers and soldiers are puppets whose place in the pattern is their only reason for being there. The title of the design cannot but recall another famous surrender that was made more famous still by the painter's record of it on his canvas—the surrender of Breda. Velasquez was not heedless of his pattern, his record is splendidly decorative. But he expressed, too, the emotion, the tragedy, of the incident; the meaning of his two central figures is none the less poignant because the lances which give the picture one of its names group themselves with such decorative beauty in the background. The central figures in Laurens's Surrender are but puppets like the rest, they convey no emotion, not so much as a hint of tragedy, they have not even a leading importance in the pattern. However, there is no other work on the same colossal scale that can compare with it.

In other kinds of work, it is extraordinary to find how persistently the Salon of the Artistes Français repeats the same familiar features spring after spring. Here again are two fine virile

landscapes by Harpignies, so like to his previous pictures that it is impossible to say anything more of them except that in one this year he shows—and shows superbly—Un Centenaire of the tree world, symbolic apparently of himself in the world of painters. Bonnot again vies with the photograph in the hard exactness of the likeness he obtains—Edmond Théry and Isidore Leroy this time his sitters. And once more Joseph Bail displays his skill in rendering an interior filled with homely domestic detail elaborately carried out in his Kitchen of the Hospital at Beaune; and also is assured of his success by the most flattering compliment of all, for his imitators abound on every side and brass and copper are brought to such a glorification of polish in so many canvases that Bail in self-protection should scrupulously shut his eyes forevermore to metal that is polishable. Also, the Spanish element is to the fore: Zo with a group of the dancing boys that bring the tourists in crowds to Seville at Easter, Ribera with Carmen, who is now an indispensable heroine of the modern exhibition; Salas with an equally indispensable religious procession; Vasquez with the inevitable scene from the Bull Ring—though Sorolla shows not. But no convention survives triumphantly continual usage, and the radiance of conventional Spanish sunlight grows a little dimmed. Nor has the American element vanished, though perhaps it is not quite so strong as in some recent exhibitions. Few things in the entire collection interested me as much as Richard Miller's Statuette Clinoise, rather for the rendering of still-life than as a portrait of the girl who sits before the idol and a mirror beyond it in which her face, with its clear rose tints and golden hair, is reflected. The beauty is in the gown of quiet but gorgeous plaid, in the figured bodice, in the reflection, above all in the little Chinese figure catching the light, and giving it out again as if the light shone but to express its subtle modelling and beauty of surface. Nothing could be better as a piece of painting, though there is no pictorial reason why the woman should be in the picture; she is a mere bit of still-life herself. Vonnoh is not so successful as he was with the portrait of his wife two or three years ago. In his Mr. Clifford Grayson, he has evidently sought to use his sitter as a motive for an arrangement in brown and black, the brown of the background repeated in the waistcoat, in the cane, in the gloves. That a portrait painter should spare a thought for color arrangement is a fact that in itself arrests attention at the old Salon. But Vonnoh's thought for arrangement has left him less time for the study of character. Another good portrait, reticent in color, graceful in pose, is one of a young girl by MacCameron; and Hubbell's La Sortie is an admirable full-length of a lady in street dress, who stands well within her frame, with the quiet, almost austerity, of color, which the younger school of Americans have learned from Whistler. Among the landscapes, Charles W. Eaton's forest in winter and moonlight night in autumn make their effect by the refinement of color and light, the wonderful gradation in the luminous sky, and the sympathy of observation. There is too a striking painting of winter by E. W. Redfield, a relief after the sprawling countrysides of the usual exhibitor, with whom inappropriate size and screaming color are bids for notice.

In the section of engraving, Pennell's etchings of England at Work, Timothy Cole's sympathetic reproduction of Carrière's Maternité with its envelope of atmosphere admirably suggested, and Henry Wolf's print after Corot stand out with a good deal of distinction, especially as year by year the old Salon devotes itself more exclusively to the big commercial print, to the enormous reproductive etching and lithograph, and spares less space and prominence to the original expressions of both these arts.

In the sculpture section, it was no doubt partly prejudice that drew me particularly to Barnard's La Vie Humaine, for not only are the two enormous designs, entitled respectively Le Fardeau de la Vie and Le Travail et la Fraternité, the biggest in the Sculpture Court, but both are to have their permanent place in my native country and, to appeal to me still more personally, in my native State. Whether from prejudice or not, certainly I found nothing else so ambitious in subject and composition. They are groups of nude figures, heroic in scale, elaborate in arrangement, full of detail, and replete with allegory for those whose pleasure it will be to unravel it from its symbols in stone. When it is a question of the more important question of the decorative value of these great groups, I feel, as I so often do with work designed for a special place and purpose, the difficulty, or perhaps I should say the impossibility, of judging it when in the discordant setting of a modern exhibition. As seen at the Salon, the composition of each group strikes me as a little incoherent; there is no fine outline, the separate forms hardly seem bold enough or simple enough or well enough subordinated to the effect as a whole. But the sculptor knows, as I do not, the conditions for which he is working, and the probability is that the groups, on the building which they are to adorn, would impress me very differently.

The balance of interest still lies with the Salon of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, though not in the overwhelming degree of its earlier days. I have said how many of the exhibitors of greatest note have stayed away this spring. Too many of the others, like so many of the more distinguished members of the Artistes-Français, show an ever-strengthening tendency to repetition in subject and dependence on the same convention, with the consequent loss of the old spontaneity and freshness. I feel this very much in the work of painters like Gaston La Touche and Aman-Jean, whose work varies slightly as one sees it spring after spring, except for the size of the canvas and for the new models and sitters they sometimes—though not often in the case of Aman-Jean—may find. Both these artists have the great advantage of definite commissions to fill, but even this does not suffice to stimulate them to the point of facing fresh problems. In a new series of three panels for the state, La Touche gives but another variation of the old theme built up of swans and fountains, of sunlight and figures, ideal and real, so that I wondered if they might not be the same decorations I had seen in almost the same place a year ago. In a new design for the Musée des Arts Décoratifs, Aman-Jean's phantoms still wander and lounge in his phantom landscape, so alike in form and feature that they seem but shadows of one another, faint blossoms still blooming languorously among the fainter foliage as if they had not the energy even to fade with time. His work always has charm, but he allows it no chance to develop more virile qualities in the pale land of ghosts to which he restricts it.

Something of this same dimness, as well as the same repetition, is becoming as characteristic of the work of Barlow. But while his charm is no less than Aman-Jean's, the forms in his paintings have greater solidity. There are real women under the long cloaks he wraps about them, real heads under the white caps he always gives them to wear, seen though they are through the haze with which he envelops his peasants and their life. His color schemes are as subdued as ever, the accustomed sadness pervades the meetings of the quiet groups whom he once again arranges into so many new variations, this time four in number, of the old harmony. Frieseke has another series of small nudes in strong sunlight which filters through fresh green foliage, with a touch of rose or blue in the drapery lying across the grass; he returns to earlier motives in a group of two women watching a cage of little parrots, though their real purpose is simply to afford him an opportunity for painting the sumptuous details he delights in, and for weaving a decorative pattern out of the lines and ornament of their gowns, the cage, and the wall behind them. It is by the elimination, rather than the emphasis, of detail that Maurice Denis gets his effect, and he allows no voluptuousness of line to his figures, no charm of ornament, no dain-

tiness of dress, whether the subject is Orpheus with his lyre or Christ among the children, Joan of Arc receiving the Sacrament, or modern bathers on a modern stretch of beach. He has no important piece of decoration this year—important, that is, in size—but his Orpheus, with its arrangement of upright lines in a grove of trees, repeated in the figures clothed in long straight garments of archaic and austere cut, and with its well-distributed spaces of green, looks as if it were a suggestion for a mural decoration on a larger scale.

The growth of mannerism is no less marked among the portrait painters than among the decorators. One has come to know so well the water finish which Dagnan Bouveret gives to his sitters and the fashionable elegance that Gandara and Carolus-Duran lavish upon theirs, that one scarcely stops to look upon the yearly portraits by these painters, certain that if the modes they record have changed within the last twelve months their methods have not; though this year it is to Gandara the place of honor in the central gallery has been reserved, and Carolus-Duran has had an officer in the splendor of Italian uniform for one of his three sitters. Life, or its semblance, is apt to vanish from many portraits of masters as accomplished and of as established reputations. But not from Boldini's. His are never without life; on the contrary they overflow with life—in the sitter who is all vivacity and animation, in the painter who exults in the swift eloquent strokes of the brush that fill his canvas with the sheen and shimmer of silks and satins, and the glow and glitter of jewels. But, as I have pointed out often before now, his exuberance verges on caricature. His two ladies this year, one in a bewildering "creation" of gray, the other in as elaborate an arrangement of brown, almost step from out the canvas to meet you; their dress outdoes the exaggerations of the passing mode, and in the angular affectation of their pose and the meaningless gestures of their hands they are not far from degenerating into caricatures of the impossible ladies of the popular fashion plates. From both, it is a relief to turn to the little girl in his third canvas, not so much for the child herself, in simple frock and the long black silk stockings Boldini loves to paint, as for the great gray Persian cat she holds in her arms, rendered with a freedom and power and truth that make one wish all his sitters were so little encumbered by the fashions that too frequently distract him from themselves. Blanche is in less danger of becoming mannered, because he brings less character of his own, less sense of style to his work than either Dagnan Bouveret or Carolus-Duran, Gandara or Boldini. He has four portraits in the general exhibition, and, besides, a little exhibition to himself in one of the small galleries downstairs, and it cannot be said that he is a painter who gains by having so much of his work shown together. He is a good draughtsman, he has technical skill and vigor. He can see things for himself and put them down as he sees them; the trouble is in the way he sees them: his vision is commonplace. I think it is because of the lack of distinction that the series of portraits downstairs fail to make their effect. They are like the interiors he paints: true, exact, showing observation, but just without that indefinable quality that makes the little rooms painted by Walter Gay—six are now shown—such delightful masterpieces. Caro-Delvaille has a life-size full-length of Mme. Vallandri of the Opéra-Comique, but the figure is curiously unimpressive, easily forgotten for pleasure in the delightfully rendered vase of flowers and sheets of music on the table by her side. Ostermann has a portrait of the King of Sweden, a half-length, that might have been interesting if royalty nowadays did not seem to exact an uninteresting degree of finish from the painter when brought face to face with it. Because there is less finish, there is more character in the same painter's Archbishop of Lund. The fame of the sitter leads interest to Simonidy's very unpoetic presentment of the poet, half American and half-French, Francis Viélé-Griffin. The straightforward realism of Renouard's M. Binet, Architecte du Gouvernement, portrayed on the scaffolding with his builders and workmen, inspires confidence. Columbano also carries conviction by his uncompromising realism, almost brutality. I say nothing of J. J. Shannon because he shows no portraits I have not already seen in London. But I cannot pass over those of the young Boutet de Monvel, who endeavors to lend dignity to his sitters by an exaggerated effect of height obtained from a touch of perspective which is at least amusing. The people in the Place de la Concorde look up to his Comte E. de B., who stands there in the immediate foreground, as if he were a statue set on a high pedestal.

Perhaps I should have included Simon with the portrait painters, but his large group, La Poursuite, has the air rather of an impersonal decoration than the family group *en plein air*, for which I suppose he meant it. Two little girls, bare-footed, in short-waisted pink slips, one with flying pigtails, running, but with an effect of arrested motion, strive in vain to attract the attention of the mother and the baby in her arms who both stare placidly into space. The painting is immensely fluent and learned, as in his other two big pictures, one of Bretonnes battling and the other of Harlequin, Columbine, and Pierrot playing the Comedy, but it has hardly more suggestion of life than the splendidly gowned ladies of Gandara. No doubt there are portraits in Cottet's Ceremony in the Cathedral of Burgos, but the likeness in every case is subordinated to the spectacle, which would be more gorgeous than it is if he could have maintained throughout the splendor of painting achieved in the golden cope of one of the chief celebrants. Hochard, like Cottet, has gone to the church for subject and he has depicted in many mediums the ceremony, and the participants in it, of the canonization of Joan of Arc, but with hardly the eloquence inspired in him by the drama of the market place. Louis Legrand has no paintings, Charles Guérin but two, and both of comparatively small importance. Nor is there much among the landscapes and marines to detain one.

Rodin sends, as to the International in London, a female torso, but here adds to it the bronze bust of a man, strong in character. He himself figures in the work of Bourdelle and Soudbinine, both of whom honor the master by giving him the head and expression of a venerable satyr. Bourdelle is seen to finer advantage in a large bronze, with the movement powerfully expressed, its subject Heraklès Tue les Oiseaux de Stymphale. Bartholomé's fragment for the tomb of Rousseau in the Pantheon has not the big simple dignity of the figures and groups for his tomb at Père-la-Chaise; neither has his nude, a young girl, Au bord de l'Eau, though graceful and charming in a simple way. Here and there a bust, as, for example, a portrait of a young man by Jedrzejewicz, suggests character, and a special exhibition is made of the work of Lucien Schnegg. Otherwise, not much need be said of the sculpture one way or the other.

N. N.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Addison, J. de W. The Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Boston: Page & Co.

Aldrich, M. C. Sonnets for Choice. Moffat, Yard. $1 net.

Babbitt, I. The New Laokoon: An Essay on the Confusion of the Arts. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.

Back to the Land: a Medley. Longmans, Green.

Baedeker's Southern Germany, 1910. Scribner. $1.80 net.

Barber, M. Britz, of Headquarters. Moffat, Yard. $1.50.

Baring, M. Dead Letters. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.

Barnett, Mrs. P. A. Drifting Thistledown. Longmans, Green.

Barry, J. C. Ideals and Principles of Church Reform. Scribner. $1.25 net.

Bartholomew, J. G. An Economic Atlas. Frowde.

Bates, L., Jr. The Russian Road to China. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $3 net.

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Boston **HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY** New York

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 9, 1910.

The Week.

That the Railroad bill has been passed by the Senate, is naturally highly welcome to President Taft. With this contentious subject shelved for the time being, it is to be hoped that he will find it possible to centre the attention of Congress upon the question of conservation. That this was the subject of his talk at Detroit last Friday is doubtless merely a coincidence; but it should be made more than that. In addition to the general and permanent reasons for urging needed legislation relating to our natural resources, there is a pressing special one arising from the Ballinger affair. In no way could the President do so much to counteract the bad effects of that unfortunate business as by bringing to an end the condition of things out of which it has arisen. What is needed is a short and sharp Presidential message on the necessity not only of Mr. Taft's proposed law giving Presidential withdrawals of public lands full force and authority, but also of a law establishing a rational system for the disposal of mineral lands. It is upon the absence of such a law that the capitalists who are eager to capture the Alaskan coal fields are seizing as their chief support; and it is for Mr. Taft to make it plain that he will not, either by action or by inaction, play into their hands.

"No Congressman is safe," says the manager of the campaign for renomination of the Hon. John Dalzell of Pennsylvania. In the hard-fought primary of Saturday in the Thirtieth District, Dalzell had an apparent majority of about 400 over his Republican opponent, but the latter declares that there was cheating in the count, and is going to contest the matter in the courts. Even if Dalzell shall be shown to have won by a narrow margin, he will have to face such strong opposition at the election in November that his return must be regarded as doubtful. This intense hostility displayed against Dalzell in a district which, for more than twenty years, he has held in the hollow of his hand, is an event of first-class political significance. It is important in itself, and even more important in what it implies for his party in other contests of the kind, and in the choice of a new Congress next autumn. In the controversies within the Republican party which are to be fought out in Ohio and Indiana, in Kansas, and Wisconsin, and Minnesota, and Illinois, the fight will be along the same lines as that which was directed against Dalzell. His sad lot will make many another Congressman quake in his shoes. If Dalzell, the chief of the standpatters in the most standing-pat of States—if he, the most uncompromising of protectionists in a protection-ridden district—barely wins renomination and finds his seat confessedly in danger, what hope is there for lesser men of his kind in States less joined to high-tariff idols?

These results in the Pennsylvania primaries completely brush away the assertions about the insurgents in Congress made by Speaker Cannon and his echoes. It has been confidently declared that the whole thing was artificial, the work of a few newspapers and magazines and agitators with a talent for blowing froth. There was no evidence, it has been glibly said, that the people themselves were taking any great interest in the controversies at Washington, much less that they were ready to stand behind those who were in revolt against the ruling cliques in Congress. But Pennsylvania will have opened many eyes to the folly of all this. If Dalzell is perfectly honest with Cannon, he will go up to him on his return to Washington, and say, in the historic phrase, "Sire, it is not an *émeute*, it is a revolution."

Ex-Gov. Folk's speech at a St. Louis dinner last Thursday night, which is regarded as the preliminary launching of his Presidential "boom," has for its keynote that which first brought him into national prominence. When Mr. Folk, as Circuit Attorney for St. Louis, instituted his sweeping prosecutions of rich and influential corruptionists, the act was something new to the people of the country. It was one of the chief factors in bringing on the era of house-cleaning through which we have ever since been passing, and of which the end is not yet. In his speech last week Mr. Folk spoke of the stories of thievery and graft with which the newspapers are filled every day, and declared that the Democratic party must "insist upon the stamping out of graft and corruption from every department of the government." Along with this, however, he placed the duty of eradicating "all special favors, including bounties, subsidies, and a tariff for any purpose other than revenue." His note on the tariff is as clear as that struck by Gov. Marshall of Indiana at the State Convention some weeks ago; indeed, it seems plain that all the promising candidates for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency stand together on this issue. Gov. Folk gave it happy expression in these words:

> All political parties ostensibly oppose the privilege of lawlessness, but when it comes to privilege conferred by law there is a distinct issue between the parties. The Republican party stands irrevocably for the privilege of a protective tariff. The Democratic party, if true to itself and its teachings, must stand squarely against this privilege.

Disappointing in a way as is the postponement of the corporation-tax case, its enormous importance to the country dictates all prudence in reaching a decision. No action should have been taken by a weakened bench—there are but seven active judges now sitting as the Supreme Court. Few people yet realize just what the tax means. The unthinking rejoice at another slap at the corporations, another effort "to make them pay up as they ought." The thoughtful discern what the Republican leaders are quite ready when pressed to admit—as President Taft has often done—that the income from the tax itself is of little importance; that the taxing of the corporations itself is a secondary purpose, the real object being to drive in an entering wedge which shall permit, within a few years, the Federal Government's taking oversight of business in the United States. Not merely interstate business, but all business is involved. Above all, the object is to break down State supervision of the corporations created by the States. When it is considered that the nation

broke in two over this question of State rights—involved, it is true, with one of human rights—the apathy of the country as a whole, and particularly of the South, as to the vital importance of the corporation tax, is much to be wondered at.

Secretary Meyer talked the usual official nonsense when he addressed the Academy midshipmen at Annapolis last Friday. This time his thesis was that the navy must be so constituted and drilled as to have at every moment the "greatest possible military efficiency," for "under such conditions only" can the navy "insure peace." Otherwise, he added, it is only a menace and needless expense "when it is permitted to deteriorate and when the military spirit weakens." Well, they evidently did not teach history when Secretary Meyer went to Harvard. If they had, he would have learned that the navy, before the outbreak of the civil war, was in anything but a state of preparedness. It was far removed from the "greatest possible military efficiency." But it had not only a Farragut and a Porter, but a Dahlgren, a Rodgers, a Cravens, and a host of gallant officers whose personal quality was never sapped by the demoralization of the navy from 1850 to 1860. More than that, under those leaders were many thousands of volunteers from the merchant marine and civil life who had had mighty little training when they went on the blockade, assaulted Sumter, ran the gantlet at New Orleans, and charged the ramparts at Fort Fisher. That poor, abused military spirit! How much longer must it be said that it can be nurtured only in battleship hot-houses?

"We must be brought to realize," says Mr. Daniel Guggenheim, managing director of the Morgan-Guggenheim Alaskan syndicate, "that the greatest amount of wealth that the country makes is not by the people trading among themselves—this only adds to the wealth of one man at the expense of another—but the great wealth of a country is made by selling something at a profit to another country." It is a thousand pities that this great economic truth has not wider recognition. Through ignorance of it, an appalling waste of opportunity has been going on in this country. If, instead of being one nation, we were three or four or a half-dozen, what enormous gains might we not have been making all these years! The stupendous interstate commerce of the United States would then have been international commerce, and when the East was selling to the West and the West to the East, or the North to the South and the South to the North, each of these countries would have been acquiring great wealth by "selling something at a profit to another country." As it is, there has been no benefit to the nation in all this vast business; it has only "added to the wealth of one man at the expense of another." See what it is to be a practical man; none of the closet philosophers who have racked their brains over economic theory have discovered what this man of affairs sees so plainly and sets forth in such simple language.

One great advantage that Mr. Roosevelt has enjoyed abroad has been little remarked. It lies in the fact that his sayings, which have become a trifle worn by frequent use in English, have now had an opportunity to reach and thrill readers in a foreign language. It seems quite a new thing, for example, when we see in Italian that Roosevelt praised in his speech at Rome the essential virtues of the citizen, and declared them to be "Coraggio, onestà e il senso comune." Even in England, Mr. Roosevelt was done into another tongue; the Public Orator at Cambridge made him seem positively novel when he described his deeds in Latin. Thus for the usual reminder that different races went to the making of Roosevelt, we have the orotund pronouncement of Dr. Sandys: "Batavorum et Caledonum sanguine olim oriundus." It was a severe wrench on Latin to find words for Rough-Riders, but here they are: "equites voluntarios durum in armis genus." Even the Back from Elba Club had a recognition in the phrase "virum populo suo etiam in posterum sine dubio profuturum." It is hard not to believe it when you see it in Latin.

Comparing the statistics of the occupations of members of two Yale classes, twenty-nine years apart, the *Yale Alumni Weekly* says that they "show the continued and striking drift of the later Yale graduates of the 'culture' branch away from the professions and into business." Similar comment is often made on figures of this kind relating to American college graduates. But it is by no means clear that such comment correctly represents the significance of the figures. They may well mean that there is a steady increase in the tendency of young men who intend following a business career to obtain a college education before entering upon their active business life. In other words, it is probable that the increase in the proportion of college graduates who go into business is not due to an increasing preference for business among the class of persons who formerly went into the professions, but to an increasing desire or ability to secure a college education on the part of the class that formerly went into business without it. If such is the case, it is a welcome development.

It has long been believed that the alumni of Brown University were strongly in favor of revising the charter of that institution so as to eliminate all sectarian tests. Now the matter has been put to vote and the demonstration is complete. A poll of the graduates has been taken, and the result was announced on Saturday to be 2,008 for abolishing the present restrictions, to 223 against any change. The sectarian college is everywhere becoming more and more of an anachronism, but the absurdity of keeping Brown as an appanage of the Baptist Church has been peculiarly flagrant. We take it for granted that the decided response of the alumni will cause the movement for charter revision to be pressed. It ought to be speedily successful.

Pity the poor opera singer. When wages of everybody else are going up, his are to be cut. Here is the merciless Andreas Dippel back from a vacation abroad calmly announcing that there will be a decrease in singers' salaries from now on. Of course, this impresario is careful not to use the word "cut." He merely says: "We shall readjust salaries." But when a man who has just driven his sole competitor out of the business, and thereby established a complete monopoly, talks about adjusting salaries, we all know what it means. Singers must look out for trouble. First-class tenors who now get over $1,000 a night will be cut to $999.99 on a basis of 20 per cent. decrease in appearances. How are our prima donnas

to dress if they are to get a chance to make only some $4,000 or $5,000 a week? The thing is preposterous. Obviously, there is nothing left for them to do but to organize a union. For behind Dippel stand the European impresarios, long angry because Americans have exemplified on the opera stage their political belief that cheap clothes make a cheap man or woman. Let every singer, high and low, join their organization and have a fixed wage scale for Europe and America.

The troubled Nicaraguan situation has been rendered much more cheerful by the explicit official statement at Washington that the Government "has no present intention of assuming a protectorate over Nicaragua"—which was, of course, ridiculous—or, and this is much the more important point, "in any way intervening or recognizing either party to the controversy until one faction or the other has obtained full control of the machinery of the government by the consent of the people." This still leaves Nicaragua exposed to the evils of a brutal civil warfare. If the United States had seen its way towards extending its good offices for bringing about peace, it might have been a gain for humanity. But at least notice has been given to the Estrada faction, or to those whom Estrada would win over by holding out the hope of American support, that such hopes are illusory. It now remains for our Government to do what it can to have unofficial America maintain the same neutrality. With Americans in Estrada's ranks and supplies coming to him from American seaports, the danger of complications involving the United States will never be entirely absent.

Englishmen who complain that their politics are becoming Americanized may find a fresh grievance in the proposal of a writer to whom the London *Times* gives prominence. This is nothing less than that England should have a Constitutional Convention. The notion is borrowed frankly from American practice. After showing how grave is the English political situation to-day, how sharp the differences, how menacing the various attacks upon the British Constitution, the writer in question asks if there is no way out. His reply is:

> The way which seems to fit the occasion best, seeing that the matter in hand is no ordinary legislative measure, but the very framework of government, is the way adopted at Philadelphia in 1787, when the Constitution of the United States was hammered into shape; the way adopted only last year in South Africa—the way of common sense and sobriety, when men are really in deadly earnest about an object of vital importance—*a conference with closed doors.*

This is more interesting than convincing. Should the plan be adopted, it would mean the giving up of the great distinction of the British Constitution—namely, that it is *unwritten.* The compromises in the American Constitution, as in that of South Africa, could be put there because it was a written document; but how could Liberal and Conservative statesmen compose their differences unless there were some way of reducing their agreement to writing? That impalpable thing, English Constitutional practice, will still, it should seem, have to go on forming itself by votes in Parliament and popular elections.

Prime Minister Briand has shown himself too much a man of courage and resource to be fairly compared with the Frenchman who started out in pursuit of a mob, crying, "These are my people, I am their leader, I must follow them." Yet there is just a suggestion of that gallant spirit in the way M. Briand is reported to have gone at the task of framing a government programme for the newly elected Chamber of Deputies. In a circular addressed to the prefects of the French Departments, the Prime Minister asked for full and precise information as to the opinions expressed by the successful candidates for the new Chamber in their electoral manifestos to the voters, on every question that has been before the public for some time, such as electoral, administrative, and judicial reform, the income tax, state recognition of the trade unions, and the school question. The results of this inquiry were laid before the assembled Ministers and used as the basis of a programme of legislation which the Prime Minister intends to press home upon the members of the Chamber. Perhaps the most interesting single point upon which the people of France have spoken out strongly is proportional representation; this has been endorsed by three voters out of every four.

The resignation of the German Colonial Minister, Bernhard Dernburg, is correctly reported as marking the end of a unique governmental experiment. Official Germany was thoroughly shocked, when, a couple of years ago, the Kaiser suddenly chose, for reorganizing the demoralized Colonial Office, a man who had made a reputation as a reorganizer of wrecked or imperilled banks. Moreover, Herr Dernburg is a Jew, his wife formerly earned her own living as a governess, and his father is a journalist connected with the Berlin *Tageblatt*, a newspaper particularly odious to the bureaucracy, whose weaknesses it takes delight in exposing. All this made Herr Dernburg a bitter dose for an aristocratic officialdom. Furthermore, Herr Dernburg, who was at one time a clerk in one or more New York banking houses, has certain aggressive qualities, which do not always make him popular. It was not to be expected, therefore, that his administration, with its "American" business ideas, would last very long. It began, however, with vigor and force; the new Minister spoke well in the Reichstag, was able to take care of himself in any Parliamentary situation, and proved that he had original and clear-cut ideas about colonial administration.

These ideas he soon supplemented by facts gathered in the German colonies themselves, for Herr Dernburg speedily became a travelling Minister, last year making a visit to this country to study cotton-growing in the South. After his return to Europe he gave out an interview in which he declared that the American negro ought to be compelled to work under a system of peonage. This clearly illustrated the point of view he took toward the inferior races with which he had to deal in Africa. They were there to make money for the white man and to order their lives and habits of mind accordingly. It is only fair to say, however, that, if the total absence of sentimentality in Herr Dernburg would have satisfied Mr. Roosevelt completely, he several times intervened in behalf of justice for the natives and did all that he could to cut the red tape which often injured natives and colonists alike. Of the aggressive business exploiter of other people's lands Herr Dernburg was an excellent type. He leaves office now because

the Reichstag insists upon levying taxes on the commercial companies in German Southwest Africa, in order to pay a part of the fifty millions it cost to put down the recent war in that colony. This Herr Dernburg considers fatal to the capitalistic development of the colony. He will probably be succeeded by an official of the old type, and the African experiment of Germany will remain a great load upon the taxpayers.

THE RAILROAD PEACE.

Grim war can seldom have smoothed its wrinkled front so suddenly as in the conference between the railroad presidents and Mr. Taft on Monday. On either side, there was a swift removal of the *casus belli*. The railroads, on their part, decided to suspend the increase of freight-rates of which they had given notice, and to leave the question to be worked out under the new law. Thereupon the President announced that the Administration would not press the suit for an injunction. If no advance in rates is threatened, naturally there is no longer any reason to ask the courts to enjoin it. Thus sweet reasonableness descends upon all parties to the controversy, and they shake hands in perfect amity and agree to let the orderly working of the pending law for regulating railway rates dispose of all the questions in dispute. So the cruel war is over.

President Taft will receive, and will deserve, congratulations upon the way in which he has met the difficulty. The result will be a help to his political prestige at a time when he plainly needed it. Without grasping all the details of what has taken place, the country will get a good general idea of what the President has accomplished. The broad facts are not easy to mistake. In anticipation of the passage of a law compelling them to submit increases in rates to the scrutiny and judgment of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the railroads had hastened to file a large number of such increases. Those the new law would not have been able to touch. But the Administration caught up the first weapon handy and, seizing upon the evidence of combined action to raise rates, got the roads enjoined under the Anti-Trust act. For a week, there was a great deal of extreme and wild talk by the railroad men; we were given to understand that the whole transportation business of the country was threatened with ruin; but, in the end, reason prevailed. The railroads began to coo instead of roaring, abandoned their first purpose, and were content to look for their rights under the regulation law. The President, not to be outdone, suspended hostilities on the Government side. But he had fully achieved what he set out to obtain. The increased rates do not go into effect, and may not for several months, if at all. Upon that achievement the people will fix their eyes, without caring very much what the process was, and for it they will give Mr. Taft due credit.

That there are humorous aspects of the whole proceeding, cannot be denied. Inconsistencies and laughable changes of front have been visible on both sides. An Administration which has been urging an injunction bill, the essential feature of which is that injunctions shall not be issued without notice, secretly applies to a distant Federal judge for an injunction, and then the Attorney-General boasts of his cleverness in concealing his plans. On the other hand, the railroads cried out that they were not only tricked, but destroyed; that no more railway bonds could be sold abroad, though directly afterwards the Germans took $25,000,000 worth; then turned about and said that the proposed freight increases affected but an inconsiderable percentage of goods transported; admitted that they could get along cheerfully for the present without any advance, and finally promised to put themselves in good faith under the control of a law not yet enacted. In all this the Comic Spirit must surely find congenial material.

Serious features of the railway-rate question are not, however, lacking. One of them is the effect which the truce will have upon the fortunes of the railroad bill in Congress. That it makes the enactment of the bill certain in some form or other, is clear. We shall hear no more rumors of letting the bill die in conference. And it is equally clear that the clause empowering the Interstate Commerce Commission to pass upon the reasonableness of increased rates must be retained. No conference committee would now dare report urging that it be stricken out. That would be not only to throw away one of the great improvements made by the bill, but to imperil the whole settlement reached by the railway presidents at the White House. We may therefore set it down as a fixed thing that there will be a law, and that it will, as in the Senate bill, declare that "the burden of proof to show that the increased rate or proposed increased rate is just and reasonable shall be upon the common carrier."

There will doubtless be a good deal of pulling and hauling before the railway bill is finally presented to President Taft for his signature. It has now gone to conference, and Washington is saying that close watch will have to be kept lest some of the valuable features added to it in the Senate be eliminated, or "jokers" be introduced. On the other hand, it may be that the conference committees will take the desirable step of recommending that traffic agreements, subject to the approval of the Interstate Commerce Commission, be legalized. This would be only a common-sense recognition of the necessities of the case, and would also be in line with what both Roosevelt and Taft have proposed, besides being a fair way of meeting the latest and more reasonable attitude of the railroads. However this may turn out, the main point appears to have been securely gained: the flurry about increased freight-rates, with exaggeration on both sides, has now blown over, and we are to have the entire dispute settled in orderly and lawful fashion. On that result, not only the President, but the country is to be felicitated.

ROOSEVELT INSTRUCTS CROMER.

Lord Cromer studied and governed Egypt for thirty years. Mr. Roosevelt gave his attention to Egyptian questions for perhaps as many hours. Yet the novice is able to correct the veteran. Lord Cromer was on the platform at the Guildhall meeting when Mr. Roosevelt made his now notorious speech, and he must have been deeply impressed by the way in which a fresh mind, working with lightning rapidity and infallible judgment, can arrive at results which a plodding intellect, compelled to make its way through a maze of facts and elusive tendencies, does not feel certain that it can itself reach at all. In his book on "Modern Egypt," Lord Cromer made the humiliating confession that he was many years in Egypt "before I fully realized how lit-

tle I understood my subject." He added that "to the last day of my residence I was constantly learning something new." From this experience of his own, he was led to the rash conclusion: "No casual visitor can hope to obtain much real insight into the true state of native opinion." But Mr. Roosevelt showed the folly of all that. After one hurried visit, he was in a position to instruct and rebuke those who had given their lives to the problems of Egyptian administration. It is a great triumph for the intuitive philosophy in statesmanship. The University of Berlin knew what it was about when it made Roosevelt a doctor.

The point on which he chiefly enlightened Lord Cromer was the nationalist movement in Egypt. In cherishing or even tolerating this, England had made an enormous blunder. From this American, who announced himself "a radical, and a real not a mock democrat," the English learned that in encouraging the Egyptians to attempt anything like self-government, they had made a frightful mistake, and that they must at once retrace their steps, if they were to do "their duty to civilized mankind." This must have been peculiarly mortifying to Lord Cromer, for he, in his humdrum way, had assured his fellow-countrymen that the only alternative to annexing Egypt outright was to help on the Egyptians as soon as possible to rule themselves. His exact words were: "Egypt must eventually become autonomous, or it must be incorporated into the British Empire. Personally, I am decidedly in favor of moving in the direction of the former."

Indeed, while listening to Col. Roosevelt at the Guildhall, Lord Cromer must have blushed for the entire last chapter of his second volume, and wished that he could cancel it. In it he had asserted that the true governmental policy must be "based on accurate information and on a careful study of Egyptian facts and of the Egyptian character." He would doubtless give worlds to withdraw that now. Still more foolish, in the light of Mr. Roosevelt's convincing demonstration that Egyptian self-government is "not merely an empty but a noxious farce," appears Lord Cromer's advocacy of "a local legislature competent to deal with all local matters." He even dreamed of a scheme of autonomy "which will enable all the dwellers in cosmopolitan Egypt, be they Moslem or Christian, European, Asiatic, or African, to be fused into one self-governing body." But that was before he had heard the spokesman of the greatest self-governing nation in the world declare such a plan to be a compound of madness and crime.

With a sure hand, Mr. Roosevelt pointed out the great vice of Lord Cromer's Egyptian policy—which has long been, of course, the settled English policy. That vice is "sentimentality." Of all the broken reeds upon which righteousness may think to lean, sentimentality is the "most broken," affirmed Roosevelt. But is it not possible to be a sentimentalist about sentimentality? The real fault of the sentimentalist is that he will not study the facts, nor look before and after, but is swept away on the flood of his own emotions. Now, what are the facts about this awful "sentimentality" of the English, which so vexes Mr. Roosevelt's righteous soul? Behind the word, which he uses in opprobrium, lies a century of the liberal movement—all the aspiration for liberty and progress which has animated the speech and guided the action of a long line of statesmen and reformers. It would be absurd to call John Stuart Mill a sentimentalist. If any man ever spoke from reasoned conviction, he did; yet it was he who said: "I am not aware that any community has a right to force another to be civilized." To Roosevelt, all aglow with righteous desire to take uncivilized races by the throat and compel them to be altogether such as he is himself, that saying would seem adrip with sentimentalism; but the real question is whether there is not such a thing as a sentimentalism of fancied superiority and of what Lord Cromer himself called "a brutal antipathy" to the striving upwards of the native Egyptians. Which is the sentimentalist, the traveller who unsparingly condemns the nationalist movement in Egypt on the strength of hasty impressions, or the cautious and seasoned administrator who pleads for sympathy with it, and warns his countrymen that they must be prepared for temporary abuses of new-granted liberty, and that they, an alien race, cannot "ever create a feeling of loyalty in the breasts of the Egyptians akin to that felt by a self-governing people for indigenous rulers"? Sentimentality may be a broken reed, but it can hardly be a more unsafe support than extemporized knowledge and belligerent cock-sureness.

THE FISHERIES ARBITRATION.

The question of the North Atlantic fisheries, which has just come up for final disposition before an arbitral court at The Hague, is, in its origin, almost as old as American history. It was not many years after Cabot's discovery of Newfoundland that French fisheries began in that region. French fishing rights were defined in the treaties of Utrecht in 1713 and of Paris in 1763, and they did not cease to exist until six years ago, when they were abandoned under the terms of the general *entente* with England. Between Great Britain and the United States, the question is as old as American independence. The Treaty of Versailles in 1783 dealt with the matter. The War of 1812 disrupted existing arrangements. The Convention of Ghent in 1818 laid down the bases upon which the relations between the United States and the British colonies have continued to the present day. It is about the proper interpretation of the Convention of Ghent that the present arbitration proceedings centre. Difference of opinion on that point there has always been; but in so far as Canada is concerned, the question has been at rest for nearly twenty-five years, although under the apparently temporary form of a *modus vivendi* that has been indefinitely prolonged. Our quarrel to-day is with Newfoundland alone, and here, too, on issues that have really been raised only in the last five years. With roots running back to the year 1500, the specific questions that have led both nations to have recourse to The Hague have been to the front only since 1905.

Just what the points at issue are between the United States and the British Government, acting on behalf of Newfoundland, may best be brought out from the formal statement of the American position as it is outlined in the first of a formidable series of volumes containing "The Case of the United States." Article I of the Convention of Ghent is the subject of dispute, and concerning that article the Hague tribunal is asked to pass on no less than seven questions, of which we may mention the most important. The United States contends (1) that American fishery rights under the Treaty of Ghent

are not subject to regulation by Great Britain, Canada, or Newfoundland, either with regard to the hours, days and seasons when fish may be taken on the treaty coasts, or the methods, means, and implements employed in taking fish, unless the reasonable and necessary nature of such regulations has been passed upon by the American and British Governments. The United States further contends (2) that American vessels, in the exercise of their fishery rights, may employ as members of their crew persons who are not inhabitants of the United States. The United States contends (3) that American fishing vessels cannot be subjected to the requirements of entry or report at custom-houses, or the payment of light or harbor dues, "or to any other similar requirement or condition or exaction."

In these three provisions is contained the gist of our dispute with Newfoundland, which, at bottom, is not so much a question of fishery rights as of commercial relations. In 1905 Premier Bond of Newfoundland initiated a crusade against the American winter herring fishery as part of a campaign to compel tariff concessions by the American Government to Newfoundland. It was the Newfoundland Premier's contention that the American herring fishery was not a fishery at all, but a trading operation. As summed up by a Newfoundland journalist, Mr. P. T. McGrath, in the *Review of Reviews*, "the practice of fifty years past has been for American vessels to visit the coast and purchase cargoes of these herrings from resident fishermen who actually caught them and sold them to the American crafts as a matter of ordinary commerce." Thus the situation is that, while a cargo of herrings caught by Newfoundland fishermen and transported in a British vessel has to pay a heavy duty on being brought into the United States, the same cargo brought in an American ship is admitted free of duty.

Premier Bond's protests against such a state of affairs took the form of a series of regulations forbidding the sale of bait fish to Americans, or the enlistment of native crews by American vessels in Newfoundland waters. This last prohibition was evaded by the practice of local fishermen in going outside of the three-mile limit to take service on an American vessel. Thereupon Premier Bond introduced a bill prohibiting residents of Newfoundland from going on the high seas for the purpose of shipping on American vessels, and confiscating any American ship found in colonial waters with others than inhabitants of the United States on board. The British Government, however, refused to sanction this bill. Other regulations forbade fishing by American vessels on Sunday—a prohibition in force throughout Newfoundland and Canada—and the use of purse-seines, herring-traps, and herring-seines, as being unduly destructive of the fish-supply. American fishermen were also required to register at the Newfoundland custom-houses, and to pay light duties.

Other questions that the Hague tribunal must pass on are the rights of natives of the United States to take fish in certain bays and inlets and to enter certain other bays and harbors for shelter, repairs, wood, or water. A more important point is whether the three-mile zone from which American vessels are excluded is to run parallel with the windings of the coast, as the United States maintains, or whether the zone is to be measured from the extreme outer headlands across a bay whose depth may be as much as twenty or thirty miles. But because these questions are capable of precise determination once and for all, as well as because of their lesser material importance, they are not likely to raise such difficulties as those features of former Premier Bond's policy that we have touched upon. It was largely the dominating personality of that Minister which stood in the way of an arrangement with the United States, and has necessitated recourse to an annual *modus vivendi*. Sir Edward Morris, who has succeeded Premier Bond, is of a more conciliatory frame of mind. On the specific point, for instance, of American ships purchasing their cargoes from Newfoundland fishermen, there is a large party in the island which believes that the practice is for the benefit of both countries. In any case, there should seem to be little doubt that a solution will be found at The Hague which will remove all chances of serious misunderstanding in the future.

PHILANTHROPY AND STATISTICS.

Never in modern times, it is safe to say, has there been so large or so fine a body of workers, turning away from lives of ease and self-indulgence to devote their capacities and their energies to the service of those who are at or near the bottom of the social scale. In the pages of the *Survey*, as one scans them from week to week, one gets some idea of how widespread are these activities, how earnest are these laborers. Every issue brings its tale of effort or achievement — investigation, agitation, legislation, relief.

In the number of last Saturday, the Poles of Buffalo form the leading subject. Following the example set by the Russell Sage Foundation in instituting the Pittsburgh Survey, a small group of citizens of Buffalo, headed by A. C. Goodyear, a young Yale graduate, have supported and supervised an investigation into the conditions which prevail in the Polish colony. The results of this undertaking are set forth in an admirable spirit in the *Survey* article by Mr. John Daniels, the director of the inquiry. He does not paint a picture of unrelieved darkness; on the contrary, he begins by presenting a large number of facts that testify to the thrift and progress of the Polish settlers. With a population of 80,000, with 60 per cent. of the men common laborers and 30 per cent. semi-skilled laborers, they hold real estate (including churches) whose estimated value is about $12,000,000, subject to mortgages amounting to about $4,000,000; they have about $2,500,000 in savings banks; of the 19,000 families, 4,000 own their homes. They have about 1,000 "shops and business places"—most of them, of course, very small, but some of them of good magnitude. And these facts are the more impressive when we consider that the immigration is so recent; the 80,000 of to-day was only 10,000 no longer ago than 1881. It is no wonder, then, that Mr. Daniels says: "The Poles are industrious, thrifty, pertinacious, home-building, family-founding. So they possess many of the qualities fundamental to the best citizenship. With their homes and business places, they have built up a large area of the city. These are the things which make them an asset to Buffalo."

With this exhibit to begin with—as evidence, perhaps, of good faith and as encouragement for the optimist—Mr. Daniels goes on to tell us of the hardships that exist and of the evils that should be overcome. It is a familiar story. Overcrowding, irregular employ-

ment, insufficient wages, inadequate schooling, and the rest of it. A special feature consists in the alienation from the general currents of American life due to concentration in one district and to the support of parochial schools in the lower grades of which the English instruction is very meagre, many of the teachers not speaking English at all, or too poorly for use in teaching. For these various evils, Mr. Daniels urges remedies—an active city employment bureau to reduce unemployment, industrial schools to bring about increased wages, more adequate tenement inspection to improve housing conditions, restriction of the number of saloons and the rooting out of the worst of them to diminish crime, compulsory school attendance and a higher standard of instruction in the parochial schools to improve educational conditions. And there is little doubt that the earnest and careful statement of facts, and the proposal of these remedial measures, will work out great good.

When we come, however, to statistics, and especially to the comments on them, we find here, as so often in similar cases, a certain lack of insight and lack of perspective which it is by no means unimportant to note. Let us take, in this instance, the way the case is summed up in the editorial columns of the *Survey:*

> Thus Buffalo, and for Buffalo again read America, has permitted low wages, low standards, poor houses, crowding, and it has been paid in kind. The Poles form 16 per cent. of the population; 33 per cent. of the applicants for charitable relief are Polish, and from 25 to 28 per cent. of the court cases; so are 38 per cent. of the Buffalo babies who die before they are a year old; so are 37 per cent. of the Buffalo children who die before they are five; so are over 38 per cent. of the Buffalo boys and girls who get to the Juvenile Court. The Poles furnish 31 per cent. of the truants as against a Polish enrolment of 22 per cent. All this means not only vital loss, but waste of municipal expenditures. Other evidences might be multiplied.

Now this statistical showing is evidently meant to be of a terrifying, even a tragic character. But is it? Is there anything surprising or shocking in the fact that a body of people, many of them newly arrived in a state of extreme poverty, the great bulk of the whole belonging to the ranks of unskilled labor, should furnish twice as many applicants for charitable relief as would be their share in comparison with the whole population of this wealthy American city? Is it appalling that the number of court cases per thousand inhabitants among the poorest people of a city is one and a half times as great as it is in the population at large? As for the infant mortality, the figures do not on their face bear any intelligible significance; it is impossible to tell in what degree the fact that the Poles furnish two and a quarter times their share of infant deaths may be due to their furnishing much more than their share of infant births. Some hint of the actual conditions in this regard is unconsciously furnished by the figures of truancy; for the editor of the *Survey* does not note the significance of the fact that the school enrolment of the Poles, by his own figures, is nearly half again as great per capita as that of Buffalo at large. When it is borne in mind that the Polish children, of course, are not kept so long at school as the average, it seems plain enough that they have far more than their quota of children of school age, and in all probability far more than their quota of births. Indeed, looking at the whole set of figures with the eye of reason, they are so far from appalling that the only surprise is there should be so little about them of sinister significance.

In making these comments, we by no means wish to break the force of the assertions or conclusions of Mr. Daniels as to the conditions he describes. Statistics or no statistics, the living conditions of the poorest of our workers are such as we must bend every effort to improve. Many of the details he gives speak for themselves and need no elaborate computations to indicate their importance. But it is nevertheless important that we shall not acquire the habit of viewing with consternation displays of figures which may not mean what they imply on their face, and which, even if they do mean that, have no profounder or more startling significance than that there are rich and poor among us. This we all know without the figures; and before these are accepted as constituting a new arraignment of the existing state of society—a kind of arraignment abundantly used for the promotion of socialist agitation—it is our duty to ask whether they add anything to the general facts which no one denies, and with which the world has been dealing in a spirit of conservative progress for a century.

THE MATERIALS OF ROMANCE.

O. Henry's stories have the swiftness and the point of the anecdote. In this he was like Maupassant, with whom he has been somewhat recklessly compared. It is the essence of the anecdote that it shall keep its surprise to the end. Just enough art must be employed to keep alive the hearer's interest for the laugh or the gasp to which everything else leads up. That is the way the school-boy tries to write a short story, and that is the way Maupassant wrote his close-packed little tales of fifteen hundred words apiece. This final start of humor or surprise, which imprints a narrative sharply on the mind, O. Henry had in the stories that first brought him into notice. It appears in the burlesque adventure of the two American roustabouts in Venezuela who call up their last reserve of manhood to celebrate the Fourth of July with appropriate patriotic ceremonies, only to discover that the day is Christmas. It appears in the story of the little East Side tailor who gives up his week's wages for the honor of shaking hands with the saloonkeeper who achieves the honor of shaking hands in a Broadway restaurant with a weary member of the Four Hundred who, in turn, breaks the monotony of existence by going down to the East Side and shaking hands with the little tailor's apprentice. Later, O. Henry fell away from this highly architectural form of the short story. He went in more for the long and sprawling narrative, where the climaxes come in every paragraph and where the beginning or the middle is just as exciting as the end. The final little choke-up of laughter or tears was not quite so apparent.

But at all times the anecdotal quality was strong in O. Henry's stories, and it was this quality that made them capable of conveying the romance of New York's streets and her common life as no one before him had succeeded in doing. The anecdote must have swiftness and point, and they were most easily obtained by seizing a cross-section of life and giving to it the polish of fancy. O. Henry wrote many impossible stories. But they were impossible stories about possible people, whereas the ordinary product of the magazines to-day is impossible stories about impossible people. He took the tramp, the waitress, the shop-girl, the clerk, and

put them into a setting of tragedy or farce, but always in a romantic setting. He put plot into their drab lives, keeping the psychological realities largely true. He lacked Maupassant's perfection of form, which consisted in a seeming unconsciousness of form. On this point the difference between the two men might be something like the difference between the survivor of a shipwreck who tells of his escape and the gifted narrator who tells the story at second-hand. Maupassant would be the actual survivor in the case. O. Henry would be the anecdotist. He was always aware that he was telling a story. The art of it was quite visible. But beneath the art the sense of something real, something poignantly human, was seldom lacking.

It is probably by his earlier stories, his dramatic pen-sketches of New York, that he will be best remembered. With prosperity came a certain coarsening, or at least an overemphasis, of his manner. He made concessions to the public's ravening demand for slang; his fancy often became fantastic, his humor grew boisterous. But the instinct for dramatic surprise, which is the making of a real short story, he retained, and with it that sense of human reality which, united to fanciful form, makes romance. How was it that the romance of New York should have been so well caught by one who, until almost middle age, had not known the city? He himself once supplied the answer. It was not the romance of New York he was depicting. It was the romance of the common human heart and of the common life. He put the case in simple fashion:

> They say I know New York well. Just change Twenty-third Street in one of my New York stories to Main Street, rub out the Flatiron building and insert Town Hall, and the story will fit any up-State town just as well. So long as a story is true to human nature all you need to do to make it fit any town is to change the local color. You can make all the characters of the Arabian Nights parade up and down Broadway.

This is so old and so undisputed a formula that it is natural to find it quite neglected in practice. The local colorists among us have been busy enough in all conscience; it is the elemental factor of human nature that they have so persistently overlooked.

A "LAOKOÖN" FOR THE TIMES.

Nearly a century and a half ago, Lessing wrote the "Laokoön" to attack the prevailing pseudo-classic doctrine of imitation, and especially the maxim that poetry should be pictorial—*ut pictura poesis*. Undoubtedly his vigorous polemic did much to discredit the pedantic criticism and arid verse-mongering at which it was aimed, but apart from him the solid earth was trembling under the maxim makers and the society they represented. Rousseau and Diderot were already preaching the gospel of lawless spontaneity, and the French revolution was a short generation away. Since Rousseau, the primacy of feeling and the distrust of thought have been either advocated or tacitly accepted by our most considerable artists in letters. The emphatic bombast of *Sturm und Drang*, the more ingenious sensualism and Titanism of the French and German romantics, the formless yet iridescent pruriency of much of recent decadent poetry—all are phases of one process, the exaltation of the isolated sensation and the scorn of the controlling mind. And as literature has been deintellectualized, it has been devitalized, for real passion being substituted frenetic emphasis or diffused voluptuousness. With a sense that we are at a spiritual pass that requires a reaction analogous to Lessing's, Prof. Irving Babbitt of Harvard has attempted to sketch out a New Laokoön, for the times.*

I.

For a moment, we shall follow the argument of this stimulating and masculine book. This will imply an elaboration of the antithesis rudely stated above. The pseudo-classic fallacy rested primarily on a misunderstanding of Aristotle's theory of imitation. This word played havoc with criticism from the Renaissance onwards. Evidently promiscuous imitation of unselected nature was inexpedient—here the common sense of the period asserted itself. Instead, however, of seeking a law of selection—and in this Aristotle rightly read would have helped—the critics had recourse to authority. Imitate nature, yes, but beautiful nature (*belle nature*), and that you will most conveniently find already selected and consecrated in the pages of Homer and Virgil. Under the pressure of pedantic intermediaries, literature, in fact, began to shrink in content and expressiveness. Nothing was left to whim or inspiration. Common sense almost supplanted imagination, which for more than a generation was a term of reproach, denoting mental extravagance. The poet was conceived as a shrewd linguistic geometer, deftly assembling his words and phrases in the interest of an illusion potent enough to capture a skeptical reader. Poetry itself, then, was to be an elaborate and thoughtful deception. Professor Babbitt points out most suggestively that the pseudo-classical tendency to subtleties of analysis, the dogma of the immutable *genres*, the assertion of the authority of the classics, were in essence so many by-products of the Catholic reaction. Those casuists who in life believed that men should be deceived for their own good, quite logically consented to the theory that in art men should be deceived for their own pleasure. The police of the Church, who dreaded all spontaneity as a step towards insubordination, naturally minimized the rôle of imagination in poetry. The reason they could deal with, for, prelates or critics, they were cleverer than the minds they addressed. The feelings were refractory; put them then in the safe-keeping of Aristotle and Mother Church. *Endlich kam Lessing.*

To the well-worn subject of Lessing, Professor Babbitt brings not merely a fresh enthusiasm, but also some new points of view. Excellent is the parallel between Lessing's reform and Luther's. Just as the great Protestant appealed from a beclouded tradition to an infallible but misread Bible, so Lessing appealed from the commentators of Aristotle to the text of the "Poetics." He sought to overthrow the pseudo-Aristotelians by making real Aristotelians. The success of his polemic was great, because he literally undermined his opponents, showed that they grossly misunderstood not merely their master, Aristotle, but also their working models, Virgil and Homer. On the constructive side Lessing's work was less effective. He struck out to be sure with unique emphasis what we may call the law of the artist's material. But oddly enough Rousseau had anticipated him in the statement that painting works immediately in space, whereas literature works piecemeal in time. Moreover, singularly little has been made practically out of what would seem a germinal idea. Except for casual flashes in Ruskin, I hardly recall any serious consideration of this law of the material. Possibly the easiest confutation of some recent literary extravagances would be not that they do violence to common sense or morals, but that they do violence to language itself. In any case, Lessing's constructive counsels were few, and infected with a certain Protestant dryness. What he succeeded in proving was that a literary order already doomed richly deserved to die. It perished at the hands of revolutionists, whom Lessing, could he have read their course, would have regarded with equal scorn and with more misgiving than he bestowed upon the Rymers and Gottscheds. In fact, the simple and pregnant

**The New Laokoön.* By Irving Babbitt. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

distinctions which Lessing had substituted for the puerile distinctions of his antagonists were in their turn to be engulfed with all distinctions whatsoever in what Professor Babbitt calls the new "subliminal uprush or overflow of emotion."

II.

Of this inundation Jean-Jacques was the gate-keeper, and he played his part by launching the gates on the torrent. We shall find much to criticise in this subliminal uprush, but shall not be able to withhold admiration for its amplitude. The flood has been running copiously for more than a century. Its ramifications all proceed from Rousseau. Excess of individualism, from the Titanism of a Nietzsche to the hectic social pity of a Hugo, from the wilful whimsicality of a Tieck to the deliberate narcotism of a Baudelaire, each and every potentiality of romantic exuberance, seems contained in the experience of the founder of the cult. So Professor Babbitt does well to emphasize the central position of Rousseau. Feeling is everything, is the single article of his faith. From it follow such deductions as that thought is hostile to life and must be avoided. Feel as widely and as intensely as possible, pour as much experience as possible through your sensorium. Acknowledge no limits, add emotion to emotion, bring about a universal reverberation and interpenetration of the pleasures of the several arts—such is the gospel of spontaneity. Conceiving the rational life as evil, Rousseau yearned for the innocent state when the world was young and unspoiled by intellection. Out of this primitivism has grown the worship of nature and of the child—the Wordsworthian mood, in short—and by a crude yet inevitable perversion the grosser forms of scientific naturalism in philosophy and in the arts. All this originated in the fervid imagination of Rousseau. Nay, he anticipated the wildest vagaries of his followers. He regretted that the sublime delusions of delirium might not be recorded, and presumably had the delight of seeing the graphic transcripts of an architect's fever visions made by Piranesi in "I carceri."

Where Professor Babbitt possibly misses a point is in the failure to note that everything had to be comprehended once for all in Jean-Jacques. It is of the very essence of his anarchism that no progress is possible. In the realm of thought one may add generalization to generalization, confute, modify; in short, grow. In the realm of pure emotion experiences have merely the nexus of the individual's memory. Passions may be various, but unless they are taken up by the reason, they remain unrelated. The emotional life advocated by Rousseau in the name of liberty, admits only quantitative analysis. We may say that emotional crises are few or many, weak or strong, they never constitute a fabric or structure the quality of which may be judged. The ideally perfect free man is the lunatic; no ratiocination dims the colors or breaks the continuity of his revery. In other words, no progress of romantic individualism was possible except upon condition of retaining the despised reason, and the only step that Rousseau's disciples could take was to throw off the residuum of reason that had persisted in the master's spacious personality. This they promptly did. Where he, in behalf of spontaneity, appealed magnificently to reason, they more consistently set themselves to evoking emotional states, to what our author picturesquely calls "the dalliance of soul and body in the tower of ivory."

Nothing is more cogent in the book than the brief chronicle of intellectual decline, the abyss in which romanticism has chosen to welter:

> We can trace with special clearness in the romanticism of nineteenth-century France this tendency toward an hypertrophy of sensation and an atrophy of ideas, toward a constantly expanding sensorium and a diminishing intellect. Judged by any standard, Rousseau is a man of intellectual power, and he seems especially great in this respect when compared with Chateaubriand. Chateaubriand in turn appears an intellectual giant compared with Lamartine. Lamartine's ideas begin to look serious when compared with those of Hugo; Hugo himself strikes one as intellectually active compared with Paul Verlaine. Traces of cerebration may be discovered even in Verlaine, compared with some of the later symbolists. In these last anæmic representatives of the school we arrive at something approaching a sheer intellectual vacuum—the mere buzzing of the romantic chimera in the void. Such is the result of divorcing literature from rational purpose and reducing it to the quest of sensation; for it is the quest of sensation that is at the bottom of the whole movement, however much this quest may at any time assume the guise of a heavenly idealism.

This is well said, and the argument might have been carried a point further. Quite as noteworthy as the increasing atrophy of ideas has been the waning of real passion. The prevailing hypertrophy of sensation has produced an attenuation of real emotion, comparable only to that which marked the end of the pseudo-classic period. Has Henri de Regnier any more essential passion, for example, than the Abbé Delille? By different paths we seem to have attained an identical goal, a literary limbo where the lack of inspiration is disguised by a poetic diction, in the one case artificially dry and reasonable, in the other artificially luscious and far-fetched. In both cases the substitution of rhetoric for emotions and ideas is evident, and between dry rot and the other putrescence the former may seem on the whole the less offensive and more respectable. The shibboleth of spontaneity, in short, contained a self-destroying principle. Live solely for emotion, and you annihilate the capacity for experiencing it vividly, you will pass through various troublous cerebral reflections of actual emotion to a cross-roads where, like Huysmans's Des Esseintes, you must choose between a madhouse or quite vulgar submission to some constituted authority.

III.

Happily nature works silently against extremes of all sorts, and the romantic dilemma rarely presents this tragically uncompromising aspect. We have to do, usually, with a merely relative diminishing of thought which produces emotions first unrestrained and next variously confused. Just as the pseudo-classic discipline resulted in confusing intellectual distinctions, so the romantic anarchy results in fusing together alien emotions and planes of being. Ignoring the discriminations which have approved themselves as useful in individual experience, and in that of the race, life is reduced to a flux, the individual to an amazed observer of its superficial and inexplicable interweavings. The notion finds its most picturesque assertion in Renan. He writes, "A philosophy, doubtless perverse, has led me to believe that good and evil, pleasure and pain, beauty and ugliness, reason and madness, are transformed into one another by shades as imperceptible as those on the neck of a dove." Evidently the expression of such a state of mind will be an art where all boundaries are merged in dove-like iridescences. All emotions being on a parity, and each individual the only judge of the value of his own, art becomes a general perturbation of the entire sensorium. We write pictures, paint poems, orchestrate both, seek emphasis of emotion in overflow from sense to sense. Professor Babbitt traces these symptoms keenly through the legitimate artifices of verbal suggestion, through programme music, and the Wagnerian concentration of the visual and auditive arts, to such eccentricities or abnormalities as color audition and the cult of scents. We cannot follow him in this vivid and diverting analysis. Let us insist in general that all these adventures in multiple hyperæsthesia indicate a lack of aim and a corresponding ignorance of sound artistic economy. Matthew Arnold has shrewdly pointed out that Keats's "Isabella" contains more picture words than the whole of Sophocles, and withal as a narrative is inferior to the simple anecdote of Boccaccio. In the name of expressiveness, that is, we find a lavish and essentially unexpressive surplusage of the means of expression. The story has not been grasped as a whole, but as a congeries of glittering parts, has been imperfectly felt because imperfectly rationalized.

As the pseudo-classical thinker naturally put himself under the protection of

Aristotle, the romantic propagandist naturally claims Plato as patron. But he is, as Professor Babbitt neatly shows, at best a pseudo-Platonist. The confusion of different passions or of different stages of a single passion is profoundly alien to the teaching of the Dialogues. Plato's best remembered distinction, a typical one, is that between the earthly and heavenly Aphrodite; the true romantic, as in Hugo's poem "Le Satyre," rolls together in one vague surge all stages of sexuality from basest lust to the most ideal love. One could wish that concrete examples of this sort might have been multiplied. Such a course would have broken somewhat the march of the demonstration, but it would have helped the book with the average reader. It is in this lack of concrete illustration, and only here, that the new seems to me to fall behind the old "Laokoön." When I think what cases of the precise confusions of feeling discussed would have been afforded by Shelley, or Browning, when I recall the Swinburnian rage that lashes meaning and feeling together into an indeterminate opalescent spume, I regret a little the somewhat austere restrictions Professor Babbitt has imposed upon himself.

IV.

But the "New Laokoön" must be taken as a statement of principles. Their applications are only hinted at. Even the *genres* are not enumerated or defined, and, though the author is avowedly a lover of the *genre tranché*, he prudently omits to say just where the cleavage should be. Plainly, this would be matter for another book. I cannot resist the temptation to suggest that in all study of the mingling of the *genres* the opera must be the bone of contention, both because it is the most characteristic creation of the last century and because in it we find the mixture most extensive and apparently most successful. Personally, I doubt if the opera has yet fully justified itself as a clear-cut form. I believe the most musical admirers of Wagner will tend to close their eyes in the opera house and listen to the music; some will prefer to hear their Wagnerian favorites in the concert hall. In short, that elaborate visual accompaniment upon which he spent himself will seem to many of doubtful æsthetic utility. What makes Wagner rather than Richard Strauss the central point of any judgment is, first, Wagner's indubitable genius; next, his perfect sincerity, and, finally, his very typical sickness of soul. "'Tristan' is sick music," Vernon Lee has somewhere said; and I think no one who has really felt the web of narcotic love shimmering off into the alien passion for annihilation will deny the justness of the epithet. At many other points the course of the various arts since Rousseau might illustrate and emphasize the argument of the "New Laokoön." We see architecture slipping away from its moorings in tradition, and drifting at random in an inept individualism that hardly deserves the sounding name of chaos. Ornament similarly forsakes constructive geometry and sinks into stupid naturalism. We find painting under the tutelage of Diderot moving vapidly in the realm of the novel, wandering solitary in the fields with Constable and the Barbizon School (naturalism), with the Pre-Raphaelites and Puvis de Chavannes seeking the *faux naïf*, with the very latest Parisian school reverting to the synthesis of the cave-dweller who worked with a flint on a bone (all of these are various aspects of primitivism). On the other hand, Manet and Monet represent, though the phrase by no means bounds them, a marked tendency toward scientific realism. More specifically, the Impressionist school would have afforded an admirable target for Professor Babbitt's shafts. Its ruling principle is the isolation of the single ocular impression, the inhibition of any inflow, through memory, of previous knowledge or feeling, the swift denotation of what can be keenly felt in a glance. The golden text of the movement might be drawn from a passage of Bacon which Professor Babbitt quotes most appositely in another connection: "The affection (emotional nature) beholdeth merely the present; reason beholdeth the future and sum of time." The true impressionist chooses unhesitatingly for the "affection," and regards the forward and backward-looking reason as an intolerable obstructor of artistic traffic. Or, to put the case of impressionism historically, the earlier romanticism resolved personality, which had been regarded as a kind of equilibrium between intellect and emotion, into a single dynamic but disorderly flux. Impressionism then disintegrates the flux itself and personality becomes so many unrelated eddies. Oddly enough, philosophy has taken up tardily a neo-Heraclitanism rediscovered by a pack of painters and already pretty well played out as a guiding principle of art. Possibly, the easiest way to understand the theory of Bergson would be to study the pictures of Claude Monet's middle period.

V.

Such casual observations are a tribute to the stimulus received from this powerful book. In abundant learning, lightly carried; in the number and importance of the distinctions it establishes, in a certain passion of the intellect and masculine eloquence, the "New Laokoön" seems to me no whit inferior to the old. On the constructive side, Professor Babbitt pleads for the supremacy of the reason. Let us form the distinctions by which, as artists or as men, we must live, but let us hold these distinctions flexibly. The mind should control the passions, but with a constant delicate scrutiny and criticism of its own overlordship. The literary *genres*, being merely summary definitions of artistic forms that in the long run have succeeded, deserve our study and respect, but they exist to steady and not to trammel us. In short, while our author for polemic purposes appeals often to Plato against his errant disciples, he himself is rather an Aristotelian, *pur sang*, advocating a kind, sweet reasonableness that expresses itself practically in tempering each extreme by its opposite, in a delicate equilibration of the claims of mind and instinct. Not the craze for liberty, *eleutheromania*, but the sensitive pursuit and practice of self-discipline, constitutes a whole man. Such is the teaching to which in an earlier book Professor Babbitt gave the name of humanism. It is an old teaching, but its value is permanent. Happy is the land and the university in which old truths are restated with so seasonable an emphasis.

I can see sound tactical reasons why Professor Babbitt should be merciless to his romantics, but I feel, too, that one acknowledgment was due them. Whereas the pseudo-classic dogmatist erred doubly, and in kind (he rejected an indispensable thing, the imagination; and having given sole dominion to reason, proceeded to reason badly), the romantic dogmatist errs singly and only in degree—he too rejects an indispensable thing, the intellect, but at least he lives up to his own ideal of feeling tremendously, and merely wants too much of a good thing. Some hint of an ultimate enrichment of the resources of the arts through romantic excesses there is, but the concession might have been a more generous one. To do the Rousseauist justice, his error is æsthetically, if not socially, more tolerable than that of the pseudo-Aristotelian. With emotion regnant we shall always have art of a kind, though nebulous, or, merely some faint "buzzing of the romantic chimera in the void." With imagination suppressed, we should have no art at all, but simply some measured crackling of lifeless thorns under an archaistic pot. The romantic, after all, venerates the Dionysiac principle without which no art is, and leads us, if in unmannerly fashion and by erratic paths, somewhere near the Heliconian springs. On the other hand, his exaggeration, if logically more pardonable—since artist must speak as artist—is socially more perilous. Practically nobody ever did succeed in suppressing the emotions, while most practically the reason has been disastrously suspended in both men and nations. Thus we arrive at the seeming *impasse* of a hostile art and morality. Pascal is profoundly right: "The imagination is a proud power hostile to rea-

son." Yet the true Aristotelian, for working purposes, will adroitly adjust this enmity by a succession of reasonable treaties, while the true Platonist, virtually making a similar adjustment, will indulge the faith that the antinomy is resolved on some higher plane of being.

Let me recall in conclusion that the issue is not merely one of art or of ethics, but of life, and let me illustrate by a homely example: What did *savoir vivre* mean in Boileau's time? It meant, of course, ability to handle one's self among men, to understand one's *milieu*, a tactful and practical rationalism. Well, the other day I heard one of my most intelligent friends—a disciple of William James, by the way—gravely distinguish between "capacity for life" and "capacity for thought." By capacity for life he meant an eager and unhesitating pursuit of maximum emotions, and a ruthless performance of the deeds thereby suggested. "Capacity for thought" interferes with this vital process, and he was inclined to regard it on the whole as an evil. The eighteenth-century seeker for *savoir vivre* was at some risk of idealizing his dancing master, the neo-romantic apostle of "capacity for life" is in considerable danger of deifying Jack the Ripper. We need a conception of personality broad enough to take in both passion and discipline. If the present cult of impulse continues, the hazard will surely pass from the individual to the collective stage. Those who admit no criticism of impulse are unwittingly preparing themselves for servitude to those impulses which are strongest—the hunger for gold and the lust for empire.

Frank Jewett Mather, jr.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Another copy of the exceedingly rare first issue of the first edition of "Lyrical Ballads" (1798) was discovered a few months ago in England by a New York bookseller. This little volume of verse, the joint production of Wordsworth and Coleridge was printed in Bristol and the title-page of the first issue has the imprint: "Printed by Biggs and Cottle, for T. N. Longman, Paternoster Row, London, 1798." After a few copies had been distributed a new title-page was prepared, having the imprint, "London: Printed for J. & A. Arch, Gracechurch Street." Of the earlier issue only some five or six copies are known. One, formerly Southey's, now in the British Museum, contains Coleridge's poem "Lewti," which was, for some unknown reason, cancelled, his "The Nightingale" being substituted for it. As this second piece was the longer there are in all other copies two unnumbered pages between pp. 69 and 70. Col. Prideaux in his notes to Shepherd's bibliography of Coleridge tells also of a copy of the book belonging to R. A. Potts which contains an additional leaf, recto unnumbered, verso numbered 63*, upon which are printed lines entitled "Domiciliary Verses, December, 1795." These lines were the composition of Dr. Beddoes of Bristol, father of Thomas Lovell Beddoes, the poet.

Joseph Cottle, the Bristol publisher, paid the authors £30 for the copyright, and the book was published "about midsummer, 1798." In September of the same year Cottle "quitted the business of a bookseller," and it was at this time no doubt, that the new title was printed and the stock transferred to London.

On June 16 and 17, Sothcby, Wilkinson & Hodge in London will sell a collection which contains a considerable number of notable rarities, manuscript or printed. Among the books are Goldsmith's "Haunch of Venison" (1776), the first edition, with the rare half-title; a large and fine copy of Pliny's "Historia Naturalis," printed at Venice by Jenson in 1472; Spenser's "Faerie Queene," both volumes dated 1596, being the second edition of the first and the first edition of the second; Lynton's "Newes of the Complement of the Art of Navigation and of the Mighty Empire of Cataia" (1609), one of the first books in English on China and Japan; John Florio's "World of Wordes" (1598), John Evelyn's copy, with his autograph inscription on fly-leaf and with the cypher in gold on the binding; a fourth folio Shakespeare (1685), and other books. Among the manuscripts the most important is the original autograph manuscript of Sheridan's "School for Scandal," written on about 137 pages, quarto. This is the manuscript which was submitted by Sheridan to William Chetwynd, "Examiner of Entertainments for the Stage" under the Lord Chamberlain, and accompanying it is a short note from Sheridan, sent with the manuscript:

> If the following Comedy called "The School for Scandal" meet the Approbation of the Lord Chamberlain we shall have it performed at The Theatre Royal in Drury Lane May 7th, 1777.
>
> R. B. Sheridan.

In 1834 Sir George Chetwynd, grandson of Sir William Chetwynd, sent the manuscript to a bookbinder, a Mr. Fairburn, 10 Duke Street, Adelphi, whose shop was destroyed by fire while the manuscript was in his possession. It was recovered from the ruins several days later, but some pages of the manuscript are scorched at the edges. It was formerly in the collection of Augustin Daly of this city. At the sale of his library in 1900 it brought $1,750. Another manuscript, Sir Walter Scott's "Romance," written for and published in the six-volume supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica, edited by Macrey Napier, and issued in 1824, has also appeared in an American auction room, having been sold in the Buckler sale at Anderson's in 1907. It there brought $425. It had earlier appeared in the James T. Gibson Craig sale at Sothebys in 1887, then bringing £35.

On June 14, 15, and 16 C. F. Libbie & Co., in Boston, will sell the library of the late S. P. Mayberry of Portland, Me., with additions, including a very extensive collection of civil war literature, and about 130 lots relating to the history of printing and allied arts.

On June 15 and 16 the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company of this city will sell a miscellaneous collection of books and prints, including a few first editions of American authors.

The Anderson Auction Company held their last sale of the present season on June 7 and 8.

Correspondence.

THE RHODES SCHOLARSHIPS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It seems to me unfortunate that in the course of the six years since the Rhodes scholarships went into operation, the interest in them on the part of American teachers and college students has been so slight. Evidently American teachers and boys, for the most part, believe that the opportunity offered by these scholarships is of little value. Apparently this belief is due to the fact that Oxford training is regarded as unpractical, inefficient, and out of date. If this be the true reason for our indifference, the situation is the more unfortunate because the criticism of Oxford conveyed in it contains a certain amount of truth, and this truth blinds us to the fact that Oxford training, notwithstanding its defects, has for American boys very great value. The things which Oxford can do for our boys are precisely those things which our own universities do not do at present, and yet which they must do if our system of education is to be a success in the future. I am not alluding now to the incidental benefits of the Rhodes scholarships: travel, study in foreign libraries, acquirement of foreign languages, and acquaintance with men from every Anglo-Saxon country. It may well be that these advantages are the most important of all, but they do not exhaust the list. Besides all these, Oxford has certain lessons to teach us in the aims and methods of university education—matters concerning which our own ideas and practice are somewhat confused.

One of these lessons is the meaning of thoroughness. Each of the various undergraduate courses at Oxford is much more limited in range than that pursued by the average American student under the elective system. At the same time the Oxford examinations for the honor degree are much more thorough and searching than ours. The result is more thorough and efficient training. Nor is this good counterbalanced by the narrowness so much feared by our undergraduates. No man is made narrow by intelligent study of any liberal subject. Our common method of taking scattered courses in order to widen the range of our interests is only a clumsy and extravagant way of getting the benefit which could be obtained far more naturally and easily from a certain amount of general reading. Indeed, the widely scattered courses in the average American undergraduate's programme—planned as they are likely to be for specialists and not for browsers—often result in killing rather than in stimulating the mild interest which prompted the student to undertake them. An ever increasing number of our graduates spend an additional year taking the master's degree, in order to obtain that amount of familiarity with their special subject, which a more unified course would easily have given them in four years. The average American Rhodes scholar, who has gone no farther than the A.B. in this coun-

try, finds it worth while to take that degree again at Oxford, because of the greater thoroughness of the English course. In this respect, it is a grave question whether or not American college training is really so practical and efficient as the English.

Another lesson which Oxford has for Americans is her solution of the problem of what is the meaning of a liberal education. This is not—in the universities of our Middle West at any rate—a popular ideal, but it would be a mistake to dismiss it as not practical. It is practical for any sort of fine work which requires a cultivated mind. In an English university it is now, as much as in Newman's day, the aim of a university course. It is a problem that we are likely to study more and more keenly as time goes on. Perhaps the English methods will not prove to be best for us, but they can never be without interest and value. At Oxford one finds a solution of the problem which has worked and is working, and is thus practical and not theoretical. This letter is no place for a dissertation upon the subject, but it may be well to point out two elements in the English solution which are with us usually neglected.

The first of these is the social life, the value of which the university recognizes by its requirement of residence. The average English undergraduate does only part of his work during term time, reserving the rest for the vacations, which are longer than ours. He has thus a great deal of time for "Oxford life." The life in the colleges is comfortable, even luxurious; the men know each other intimately year after year, since most of them follow their courses straight through without intermission. The conversation which this life makes possible is not the least important part of an Oxford man's training, and it is that part of the training which earnest American students are most likely to miss at home.

The second element which Oxford utilizes and which we waste in the education of undergraduates is sport. The English college system demands that every man who has any athletic skill whatever shall take part in some outdoor games. A college of 100 to 200 men maintains six or eight teams and crews in the various forms of athletics. Matches and races are frequent through most of the year. The result is that at inter-college games there are almost no spectators. The men play more for sport's sake and less for glory than do American athletes. It is this fact which seems to me responsible for the high ideal of sportsmanship which one finds in England. I believe that it is the presence of spectators which has, more than anything else, caused the deterioration of our baseball and football. The spectators are eager to win at any cost; they are interested mainly not in the game itself but in the result; they have lower ideals of sportsmanship because they have not been trained in sport. Their part is a weak and helpless one, despite our superstition as to the value of "rooting," and the effect upon them and upon the players is what one might expect. The moral quality we call sportsmanship—the love of a fair game, and willingness to accept the result—is by far the most important good to be gained from athletics, more important than physical health. Nothing else will give a boy so effectively the kind of moral stamina which he can get from healthy well-conducted sport, and few things will do him more harm than playing to win at any cost.

In the ways which I have outlined English education has for us great value. This value is not less because we do not always clearly feel the need of it. Our educational aims are, it seems to me, definite and practical enough, but I question whether our practical sense has guided us so surely in selecting the means to these ends. The contrast is an interesting one. I have heard a distinguished Englishman say that the thing which struck him, in talking with Harvard students, as more remarkable than anything else was the fact that each undergraduate seemed to know just what he was there for, had decided what his career was to be and exactly what training he needed for it. It is true that American students do know, as a rule, what they go to the university for, and from the beginning of their course have the end clearly in view. Our universities—especially in the Middle West—have sought to meet the demand of these students by organizing many special courses which combine liberal and professional studies in the way which is regarded as giving the best preparation for various callings—journalism, law, medicine, teaching, engineering, and so on. It is an example of the trend in this direction that Harvard has a graduate school of business methods. The number of students who are in search of what is ordinarily called "a general" course, grows fewer every day, and the function of the American college is becoming more and more vague. All this is a natural result of the practial aim of our education, and it makes understandable the indifference of our best students to the opportunity offered by the Rhodes scholarships.

However, in spite of these practical aims, our education is, from another point of view, highly theoretical. We see clearly the end to be achieved, but we are perfectly willing to follow the newest theory as to the means of reaching this end. So far are we from following traditional methods, sanctioned by long experience, that we tend to despise such methods: with us the greatest of crimes is to be out of date. One of the best examples of this is the teaching of English composition in our colleges during the last ten or fifteen years. The aim has always been perfectly clear—to enable our undergraduates to write the English language with "clearness, force, and ease." To this end a thousand means have been tried: the study of rhetoric, books of selections, text-books on style, daily themes, committing to memory whole chapters of great authors, etc., etc. Our undergraduates are no longer viciously ungrammatical, they can for the most part produce fluently, in classroom or examination, enormous masses of commonplace English in which the spelling, punctuation, and grammar will pass; but they do not write well and we are being driven to the conclusion that the problem is more complex than was at first thought, that there is after all some connection between thinking and writing, and that some traditional opinions on the subject may not be without value—for instance, "Here therefore is the first distemper of learning, when men study words and not matter."

This is only one example. There are many other ways in which American education, in enthusiasm for a practical end, has been prone to overlook the necessity for workable means. In the cultivation of patience and thoroughness, in distinction of real efficiency from rampant idealism which simply underrates the task, Oxford has, I believe, something to teach us, and the Rhodes scholarships a value to our boys which our teachers have perhaps underestimated.

Closely connected with the contrast explained above, between the practical and theoretical elements of our education, is the question of broad standards versus high ones. This question is one certain to come up in any democratic country: it is felt in England no less than here. The English solution of it is to make a frank distinction between passman and classman, to separate the two classes entirely and to demand for the honor degree a higher standard than ours and for the pass degree a much lower one. This solution I am inclined to think a bad one, but nevertheless it succeeds in doing certain things which we fail to do. It gives the honor degree a meaning which we can give our A.B. degree only by the uncertain system of recommendations. It keeps the standards for the degree higher than we can make ours and thus furnishes for the best men an ordeal suited to their ability. Our system of education is an attempt to train the whole people. The danger in this attempt—that we should train them on a low level—has been often enough pointed out; but the American student who comes in contact with the honor men in an English university will realize this danger in a more vivid way than he can from any warning of Renan's or Arnold's.

I do not for a moment believe that the English system of education would do as a substitute for ours. We must work out our own problems, but we have not solved them yet. We need the help of the best ideas which can be obtained anywhere. Oxford is strong in those points where we at present are weak, and nothing would be of greater good to our education than the presence in our country of business and professional men whose education had been better in some respects than our universities are able to make it.

FRANK AYDELOTTE.

Bloomington, Ill., May 31.

ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: With regard to the President's duty in enforcing the law a tendency has recently developed which merits careful attention, the tendency, namely, to assume that the enforcement of a law is discretionary with the President. Now the simple fact is that it is the President's plain duty to enforce every law without regard to its effects; that he has no concern with the wisdom or unwisdom of a law after it is once enacted, and can in no way be held responsible for any ills resulting from its enforcement, although he is entirely responsible for such as result from its non-enforcement. The question at issue is whether Trusts are law-breakers, and that question is not to be tried at the bar of public opinion, but in the courts of jus-

tice exclusively. Neither has the President, as the representative of the public, anything to do with it except that it is his bounden duty as the public prosecutor to present to the courts all available evidence which tends to show that they are law-breakers. Their appeal to the President asks him to omit the performance of that duty in their case and thus protect them against the due administration of justice. That appeal and every similar one is necessarily one of two things, viz., it is either a tacit confession of guilt and a plea for Executive clemency in advance of trial and conviction, or it is a plea of innocence and an appeal to the Executive to rescue the innocents from the jurisdiction of the courts upon the ground that the judiciary is, in their case, unfit to be entrusted with the administration of justice. The absurdity of all such appeals is well illustrated in the one now made by the Trusts. That appeal is based upon the claim that the law, if enforced, would work a great public injury by destroying practically all trade combinations, both good and bad, and by paralyzing business. Now the intention of the law is, as everybody knows, not to injure but to benefit the public; and all that the courts are asked to do in enforcing the law is so to interpret and apply it as to effectuate that intention. The main purpose of the law is perfectly clear, viz., to prohibit and punish such combinations as are harmful, and those only. To suppose for a moment that Congress intended to prohibit and punish all those thousands of combinations that are not only harmless but beneficial, and to do so to the extent of "bringing business to a standstill," as they say, would be the height of absurdity, but that is what we are told the courts are required to do in enforcing this law. But no judge in his senses would hold that such was the legislative intent, even if the law were so unfortunately worded as to be literally susceptible of such construction. He would hold that the intention of the law was to prohibit only such combinations as are harmful, and that it devolves upon the courts to determine in each instance whether the particular combination in question is or is not harmful and obnoxious to the purpose of the statute. This task it is conceded will in some cases be a very difficult one, but it is by no means impossible.

Tribunals that habitually grapple with much more difficult problems—such, for instance, as determining whether a certain man who was at all other times sane, was at a certain hour in a certain day and year insane—surely ought to be equal to it. To say that they are not equal to it, and must not be allowed to undertake it, would be to admit that these harmful combinations are more powerful than the government, that their illegitimate methods have become so intertwined with the legitimate methods of those that are not harmful that the former cannot be distinguished and disentangled from the latter, but must be permitted to continue their noxious growth till the harvest. Certainly it is not for the Executive to recognize, and be swerved from his duty by, any such alleged inability on the part of the courts. And as regards the merits of the matter it is a noticeable and somewhat amusing fact that these cries for Executive interference with the courts of justice come, not from the thousands of small, harmless combinations which are thus alleged to be threatened with ruin, but from the few great ones whose characters have become notoriously shady. The latter have suddenly become the self-appointed guardians of the former, and are striving nobly to save their wards from destruction at the hands of the courts of justice. The solicitude thus shown by these big ones for their smaller and weaker brethren (whom they have not yet crushed) is a beautiful and touching example of corporate altruism, thus belying the reputation fastened by Lord Thurlow on all corporations as wholly selfish and soulless beings, non-kickable and non-cursable.

Such being the nature of these appeals to the Executive, the growing tendency to tolerate them and to recognize the assumption that the President has such discretion needs to be vigorously repressed by keeping before the public mind the true nature of law and of Executive authority, and their relations to each other.

What is the law as regards the Executive? Is it a license? or a mandate?—a license to do or not to do something as he may choose? or a mandate *to do* regardless of his own choice? A legislative enactment which is not such a mandate—which does not lay upon the Executive the duty of its own enforcement—is no law at all. It lacks the very first essential of all law, namely, a definite and positive legal sanction, which is as binding upon the Executive authority as upon citizen or subject. An enactment which leaves that sanction to the pleasure of the Executive is virtually an abdication *pro tanto* by the legislative power of its proper function, and leads either to government by personal dictation as distinguished from government by law, or to anarchy. In so far as the Executive branch of the government is concerned, there is no logical halting place between a strict enforcement of the law according to its terms because it is the law, and an enforcement or non-enforcement according to Executive pleasure. If the Executive may rightfully suspend the operation of part of the law part of the time, he may, in like manner, suspend the operation of all of the law all of the time. This notion that the law is in the nature of a power of attorney from the people to the Executive under which he is to act according to his own discretion, and to determine when and where and how far and against whom the law shall be enforced, is a radical innovation and is irreconcilably at war with the spirit of our institutions.

And yet that notion has now become strangely prevalent, as is shown in connection with the Anti-Trust law, where one hears on every hand the question, "Is the President going to enforce the law?" Is he going to enforce the law! What a question! You might as well ask, "Is he going to remain President?" For what is he President, if not to enforce the law? For what was the law enacted, if not to be enforced? It is frequently said, too, that he is going to enforce the law because he finds that the people want it enforced. What a misconception of the nature of law is thus involved! When and how did he make this astonishing discovery? We had supposed the people's wishes in this regard to be well understood ever since the law was enacted. What better evidence of the will of the people has the President found than that which is contained in the law itself?—the law being nothing more nor less than the will of the people carefully formulated and declared through and by the authorities regularly constituted for that express purpose.

In the making of every law found on the statute books, the President has already exercised a voice—the voice given him by the Constitution. Every such law has been enacted either with his approval or by virtue of such a majority of the people's representatives as makes it a law notwithstanding his disapproval. Now to concede him the discretion in question would be to vest him with a second and extra-Constitutional veto power far greater than the first—a power by which he could virtually nullify every law and override not only the expressed will of the people, but also his own approval or that of a previous Executive.

Witness the action of the last preceding Executive in connection with the so-called Tennessee Coal & Iron merger, in which the President assumed to fix in advance the status of the proposed merger as legal or immune by giving it his approval. If a President can validly do what was thus attempted, what becomes of the line of demarcation between the Executive branch of the government on the one hand, and the legislative and judicial branches on the other? Nay, what become of the latter branches themselves? They are henceforth merely subordinate and advisory assistants to the supreme authority exercised by the Executive.

The evils of non-enforcement are impressively exemplified in the case of the Anti-Trust law. When this law was enacted, some twenty years ago, the evils against which it is aimed were still in their infancy, and, had the law been promptly and faithfully enforced from that time to this, as the Constitution requires, the present conditions would never have existed. There would have been a gradual adjustment between the law and the business interests involved, in which the latter would have gradually shaped themselves conformably to the requirements of the law, and the law would have been interpreted, and if necessary modified or amended, so as to meet the legitimate exigencies of business. Let us then have done with this pernicious idea of Executive discretion in law enforcement, and no longer

> Make a scarecrow of the law,
> Setting it up to fright the birds of prey
> And leaving it inert till custom make it
> Their perch and not their terror.

HERBERT L. BAKER.

Detroit, May 23.

NEEDED CHANGES IN OUR PATENT SYSTEM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Senator Daniels has presented a bill to Congress which provides for a new Patent Office building at Washington. The interest shown in this bill, together with the fact that there is a movement among European nations to aid and promote invention, makes a consideration of our patent system extremely important.

A study of the lives of inventors shows that many have struggled in poverty and hardship, without encouragement or assistance, and when at last their work has been completed, they have often failed through lack of business ability or through failure to interest others in their work. In al-

most all these cases the work has been hampered and delayed through lack of equipment, and in some of them, by actual physical privation. If this is true of those whose lives we find recorded, how many there must be who lie in unmarked graves, their aims not realized, their life-work unrewarded.

The inventions of the past century have been, to a great extent, the practical application of discoveries of an earlier age, and have been worked out through a process of development to which more than one man has contributed. Under our system it is difficult to establish priority of claim, and the granting of a patent to the first claimant has sometimes been unjust. Also, there is no protection for the man who has contributed to the invention, unless he has patented some part (which might seriously interfere with the granting of a new patent). In this way the contributions of other inventors have often been overlooked in the completed work. The origination of an idea is essentially important; those who aid in development are also deserving of recognition, but too often both have been disregarded because a patent was issued to the man who made the final discovery or improvement.

In addition to this hardship and injustice our present system also permits a monopoly in the manufacture and use of inventions, which is costly to the public, and causes economic loss by limiting production. Take for example the leasing of patented machinery to favored producers, or the patenting of processes of manufacture, which prevent competition and establish private monopolies. This monopolistic idea too often makes the inventor a victim of unscrupulous promoters, and the attempt to protect him results only in the piling up of wealth in the coffers of those who have done little to deserve it. Would it not be a decided help to American progress if we could establish a system which would encourage the worker, give recognition to those who assist in the process of development, and at the same time protect the interests of the public?

We have at Washington a corps of experts whose duty it is to pass judgment on all applications for patents, to examine the practicability, and priority of claim, and to decide according to their findings. Would it not be feasible to have this board of experts examine the plans of an inventor, on application by him, and, if they found the project a promising one, provide him with means to carry on his work? Perhaps the most practical method would be to establish a government workshop where the inventor would have every advantage of equipment, and where the supervision of government experts would greatly facilitate his work. Such supervision would also prevent a wrong use of government aid. This would be the same kind of assistance as that which we are now giving to farmers by means of the Department of Agriculture and the various experiment stations. The government workshop would probably be self-supporting, just as our patent office now is.

In order to reach some of the other defects of our patent system, we might introduce a plan whereby the successful inventor, who had received government aid, should receive a royalty on his invention, while the government should retain the patent right. It could then allow freedom of competition in manufacture, or grant special monopoly privileges in case of inventions which carried a greater amount of risk and thus needed protection. The government could exact a royalty, to repay its expenditure, in cases of commercial and industrial improvements.

This plan need not affect the private inventor, or anyone who preferred to carry on his work in his own shop or laboratory, but I believe the payment of a royalty to the inventor would prove to be of general advantage. This royalty could be made larger in the case of the private inventor, but the government would still control the patent rights, and could give the public all the advantages to be derived from new devices, as well as prevent the strife and litigation which are so common to-day.

In Germany men of science are aided by the government, and that country has advanced by enormous strides in the past two decades. In France aid is given to carry on experimental work. In a recent article Sir George Reid urged the English people to take active measures to promote invention. Now that we are about to expend several millions of dollars in the erection of a new home for our patent office, it seems eminently fitting that we should make some provision to promote our own industrial progress.

WILLIAM C. AVERY.

Boston, June 1.

AN AMERICAN NEWSPAPER INDEX.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The approaching joint meeting of the two leading American library societies, the American Library Association and the new Special Libraries Association, to be held at Mackinac Island in July, will afford opportunity to discuss a project which would be of the greatest value to patrons of every library, public, private, or special. This is the proposed publication of an adequate index to one or more representative American newspapers.

No better example can be found of what such an index should be than the Annual Index to the London *Times*, which has been issued in monthly parts and annual volumes since 1906. In thoroughness, completeness, and usefulness it is unsurpassed. The volumes constitute a treasury of current English and world history of constant value to the editor and professional student. Few volumes are more frequently referred to or relied upon in the libraries of carefully edited periodicals.

The fact that we have no great national newspaper in the United States, owing largely to the vast area of the country, and to its diversified local interests, precludes the selection of one newspaper for indexing. Even if that were feasible, it would be argued, very properly, that the publication of an index to a single newspaper should be undertaken by the publishers of that newspaper, as is the case with the Index to the London *Times*.

The support of the Carnegie Institution, for example, might, however, be very properly enlisted in supporting an index to three or four representative newspapers from different sections of the country. Thus such an index might include the following newspapers: the New York *Evening Post*, the Boston *Transcript*, the Chicago *Tribune* or *Record-Herald*, and one Pacific Coast paper. It would list every important article, omitting minor local items, and should cover adequately the interests of the entire country.

No index to news in general or to any one newspaper in particular can be so valuable as one upon the lines of the periodical indexes, which can be relied upon to list the important articles and news in certain representative newspapers. Every one knows that articles are constantly appearing in newspapers of the standing of the Boston *Transcript*, the Springfield *Republican*, and the New York *Evening Post*, which merit rescue from that chamber of oblivion, the library newspaper room. Many of these articles are just as valuable as most of those listed in the periodical indexes, far more so than nine-tenths of the fiction and verse, the titles of which crowd the pages of those indexes.

What library, for example, can refer to Prof. Barrett Wendell's biographical study of Henry Cabot Lodge, to Thomas Wentworth Higginson's page of reminiscences of Agassiz, to John Jay Chapman's life of Samuel Gridley Howe, to Wardon Allan Curtis's study of Milwaukee and the triumph of Socialism, to the *Evening Post's* article on the sale of American securities in Europe, to mention but a half-dozen articles which have appeared in newspapers within the past few weeks? PAUL P. FOSTER.

Boston, The *Youth's Companion* Library, May 25.

SHAKESPEARE AND PESCETTI.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am very glad that Miss Cipriani has called attention to Orlando Pescetti's "Cesare," an interesting play in spite of its long-windedness, and in these days strangely overlooked. I have discussed it briefly in my article on Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar" in the current number of the Publications of the Modern Language Association, and attempted to indicate its relations to Muret's Latin "Cæsar" and to the stream of dramatic tradition concerning Cæsar, which sprang from his adaptations of Seneca. It is, however, a matter of grave doubt with me whether it can be shown that Shakespeare made any use of Pescetti's play. Verbal coincidences there undouhtedly are, hut so there are between any two Cæsar plays; considering the large amount of material and the frequency with which it has been handled, any other situation would be surprising. For example, the flourishing of the bloody sword and the cry of "Liberty!" is in Muret and all the rest, but the washing in the blood of Cæsar, which does not appear in the passage quoted from Pescetti, is not only in Shakespeare, but also in Sir William Alexander's "Cæsar." Yet between these last it would be virtually impossible to show any immediate connection. The parallel-passage argument is nowhere more tempting and nowhere more dangerous than in dealing with such a vast body of material of all ages as connects itself with Julius Cæsar.

HARRY MORGAN AYRES.

Columbia University, June 2.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The same mail which brings me the *Nation* brings me also the June number of the Publications of the Modern

Language Association. From Dr. H. M. Ayres's article on Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar" it appears that an expert source-hunter has already tried and rejected Pescetti's tragedy, "Cesare," as a source of the Elizabethan play. The verbal parallels suggested by L. Cipriani in this week's *Nation* are not of a kind to suggest direct borrowing. The speeches are such as would be required in dramatizing Plutarch, although nothing in the original appears directly to suggest them. By the way, one scholar says of Pescetti's play that it is "intolerably wordy," the other that "it has intrinsic merit." When doctors disagree, etc. HENRY NOBLE MACCRACKEN.

Yale University, June 2.

Literature.

REMINISCENCES OF OSCAR BROWNING.

Memories of Sixty Years at Eton, Cambridge, and Elsewhere. By Oscar Browning, M.A. New York: John Lane Co. $5 net.

Students of early Italian painting will recall those vivid representations of human souls being tugged in mid-air by a representative of heaven and of the pit. There was a time when Oscar Browning's soul was thus disputed. Lady Tennyson firmly drew him toward revealed religion, while George Eliot vigorously claimed him for positivism. Happily, the gentler influence prevailed, and latter-day Christianity was not deprived of the ornament of an "O. B." Some slight travesty of this interesting episode must be pardoned because it gives emphasis to a marked quality of this autoblography. Mr. Browning zealously records the adventures of a soul among celebrities. Established for fifteen years as a master of Eton, and for thirty-five as a Fellow of King's, Cambridge, multilingual, a traveller throughout Europe and a frequent sojourner in the most favored resorts, gifted with a genial and attractive personality, Mr. Browning made acquaintance as distinguished as it was wide, so that eventually standing before kings was almost in his day's work.

We cannot call the roll. In more or less vivid fashion Cavour, Antonelli, Gladstone, Lord Salisbury, King Edward of England, Browning, Tennyson, Ruskin, Newman, Henry Sidgwick, Jebb, the brilliant parodist and orator, J. K. Stephen; the creator of the new journalism, G. W. Steevens, are passed in review. Americans rarely appear among Mr. Browning's lions, but there is cordial, if not quite tactful, mention of John Bigelow at Berlin and of the Storys at Rome. Such reminiscences are in general rather casual and amusing than extended and intimate. We see Gladstone solemnly doing Cambridge and remarking the growing "brutalization of the House of Commons." A reverent throng followed quietly, and Mrs. Gladstone suggested: "Let us stop a minute and let them have a good look at him." Through the need of filling a column expeditiously, Robert Browning's first book was reviewed by the London *Repository* in the following summary fashion: "Pauline—balderdash." For the next number John Stuart Mill offered a favorable notice which had to be rejected because the *Repository* was already on record. By this accident the poet felt his fame had been delayed twenty years. Tennyson once told our author that "Lucretius" was written to show "how an indelicate subject might be treated delicately," and as he was reading it he exclaimed: "What a mess little Swinburne would have made of this!" The visitor spoke of Swinburne's lyrical power, and Tennyson said: "Yes, he can write French lyrics."

Just before the capture of Rome our author saw the Papal Court in its splendor, and at the Œcumenical Council of 1870 met many of the chief actors. Lord Odo Russell, astutest of papal ambassadors, told him that the most delicate affair he had ever adjusted concerned a cat. The exiled Queen of Naples, an excellent pistol shot, lived near Cardinal Antonelli's mother, "the houses standing back to back, a wall forming the frontier of their respective domains":

> On the top of this wall used to parade a magnificent Persian cat, the property of the cardinal's mother. The Queen, who rose very early, saw the cat one morning, and the temptation was too strong for her. She fired, and it fell. The excitement was tremendous, the chanceries of the Holy City were overwhelmed with correspondence, but the affair was at last composed by the efforts of Odo Russell, the universal peacemaker. He told me that up to that time the two most difficult affairs which had fallen to his lot to arrange were the embroilment of Gen. Fox [who had been challenged by the French commandant] and the murder of Cardinal Antonelli's mother's cat.

Although deeply interested in the picturesqueness of old Rome, Mr. Browning is a believer in the *Risorgimento*. He finds the Rome of the King in many respects superior to that of the Pope, and by no means less fascinating. At Florence, before the march to Rome, he was surprised at the lack of enthusiasm for Victor Emmanuel. A cab-driver said sadly, "If it had only been Garibaldi!" As a matter of fact, the Florentines are little given to noisy enthusiasms. A few years later, while visiting a secondary school at Rome, Mr. Browning saw full justice done to the King liberator. The reading was in the first canto of the "Inferno," where appears a mysterious hound (*Veltro*) symbolizing a liberator of Italy. The master asked for the interpretation of the symbolism, and an eager small boy shouted the traditional answer, "Can Grande della Scala." "The master's face fell, but the other boys, more astute, if less well-informed, cried out with one voice: 'Vittorio Emmanuele,' and the honor of the school was saved. The Italians delighted to think that Veltro was a cryptogram, the solution of which was: Vittorio Emmanuele, Liberatore Trionfante, Re Ottimo." Certainly, the anecdote casts a certain light on the enthusiasms that made modern Italy, and it is not so sure that the shade of Dante would have disowned this apparently grotesque interpretation of his symbol.

Before leaving the celebrities we must recall that memorable visit at which Mr. Browning's fellow-guests were Turgenieff and Mr. and Mrs. Lewes.

> The conversation turned upon the character of the French nation, and Turgenieff related how he had seen a play in Paris in which a woman with young children had been deserted by her husband and left penniless. A kind friend took her as his wife, but could not marry her, because the husband was alive. He became very rich, and they lived very happily together. Twenty years afterwards, the husband, a thorough rascal, reappeared, and, finding that his wife was prosperous, determined to profit by it. He revealed himself to his daughter, whom he had left as an infant. The second husband came into the room and kissed the young lady as he had done for the last twenty years. The real father hit him in the face, and said: *Vous n'avez pas le droit de faire cela*, upon which the whole house applauded, and Turgenieff stood up in his box and hissed. George Eliot listened to this with breathless interest; there was so much in it which fitted her own case, that I wondered that Turgenieff should have repeated it. The whole scene was deeply impressive.

Turgenieff on this occasion told some almost incredibly good stories of Victor Hugo. On mentioning Goethe to Hugo, he readily replied, "Yes, I have read his 'Wallenstein.'" On a reminder that not Goethe, but Schiller had written "Wallenstein" the poet remarked genially: "My dear man, I assure you that I have never read a line of those fellows, but I know them as if I had written their works myself." Goethe, whom Victor Hugo naturally pronounced Goet, was dismissed on another interview with the saying, "Pour moi, je regarde Goet comme Jésus Christ aurait regardé Messaline."

Mr. Browning is so well known as a wit and man of the world that many readers will resent a little the space given to his educational theories and experience. We are not of that opinion. Mr. Browning's miscellaneous and historical writing, though considerable in extent, and his legend, though it is a diverting one, both fail to express him. Through a laborious career as schoolmaster, tutor, and college lecturer, he has stood for certain definite and valuable ideals of education. His concern has been to train statesmen; his faith that they are best bred in the humani-

ties; his programme to enrich the traditional classical course by the study of politics and modern literatures. Long before Kipling had berated

The flannelled fool at the wicket,

Mr. Browning, at Eton, had protested against "school play" as a fetish, and had contrived to interest his boys in such alien matters as history, modern languages, and the fine arts. He was the leader of what were scornfully called the "high souls" against the "blodgers." His zeal cost him his position, for the "blodgers" then as now predominated in the land. In 1875, he became a fellow of King's Cambridge, just in time to aid in its transformation from a comfortable annex of Eton to the most active of the "reading colleges." Here he found his opportunity. The Political Society, a voluntary weekly club for papers and free discussion, was founded by him, and conducted for a full generation. In his rooms, he held Sunday evenings with talk and music which were frequented by the undergraduates. He endeavored to liberalize the Modern Language Tripos, but was outvoted by the philologians. With Henry Sidgwick, he founded the Training College for Teachers, at Cambridge. With quite extraordinary friendliness he has left his impress upon successive generations of undergraduates, and his pupils, not his bibliography, represent his work. Among them, including those whom he tutored privately, are Alfred Lyttelton, Gerald Balfour, Austen Chamberlain, Leo Maxse, and Lord Curzon. An ironic destiny has willed that a genuine Liberal and Home Ruler—Mr. Browning twice stood unsuccessfully for Parliament on that issue—should have sharpened the wits of Unionist and Tory statesmen. But this is a chance of war and teaching, which he has cheerfully accepted. We may close a random survey of this very interesting book with a passage that gives at once the author's attitude toward education and that of all humanists:

> For me education, apart from instruction, consists in literature and literature only. Classical education, however narrow it may have been, was at least an education in literature, and it cannot safely be dispensed with, unless some other form of literary education takes its place.

There are several portraits of the author beginning with Simeon Solomon's delicate drawing, which dates from the Eton mastership, to Zuloaga's robust presentment of ten years ago, which well confirms the memory of an occasional visitor at King's.

CURRENT FICTION.

A Life for a Life. By Robert Herrick. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Again Mr. Herrick has written a striking novel rather than a big one. In structure and machinery the present story shows a distinct advance upon "Together" and its predecessors. In reviewing "Together" we had occasion to deplore this writer's "tendency to scatter the interest by the multiplicity of minor actions." We have been interested in Mr. Herrick's subsequent declaration that "what the ignorant reviewer calls the formlessness of that crowded canvas is a more or less deliberate attempt to return to the larger, more fluid form of the novel as developed by the great English and Russian writers." Whatever the attempt, the result was diffused to the point of weakness; and apparently the experimenter has not thought well enough of his effort to repeat it. There are few figures upon the present canvas, and there is no doubt of their meaning. The problems of private life, of matrimony, of business, and pleasure, pursued by the individual as such, have but an incidental place in this story. In a sense, it is a parable—a modern Pilgrim's Progress along the hard ways of our life of to-day, the pilgrim representing humanity, not a personality. It seems that the writer has meant to invest his human figures with a certain vagueness, to represent them as types and symbols: a hard attempt for a man with the realist's training and habit. Again and again the elevated and mystical strain chosen for the narrative is broken in upon by passages of clear-cut and remorseless description, effective in themselves, but irritating and distracting in their context.

The persons and the setting are, we say, deliberately vague. The hero, Hugh Grant, is youthful manhood; Alexandra Arnold is youthful womanhood; her father is power incarnate—unscrupulous and insatiable power. In connection with these three the action virtually works itself out. The theme is "timely" to the point of commonplaceness—the theme with which scores of American story-writers are now wrestling. What is the honest man to do in the presence of unjust monopoly, of heartless greed and fraud exercising themselves openly, under the protection of the law? Hugh, the typical healthy youth, approaches the problem with an honest and open mind. He is a foundling, decently reared by a poor and honorable man. On the threshold of his own career, he meets Alexandra, of another class by virtue of her father's wealth. She has her father's temper and point of view. To play the game, to win at all costs, seem to her the rules of a man's life. Hugh plays the game and succeeds up to the point when his eyes are fully opened to the meaning of his success. Then he throws up all his chances, and proclaims himself the enemy of the grasping corporation for which he has worked, and to whose high councils he has risen. Of course he can do nothing: his facts and protests fall flat upon the ear of a smiling administration at Washington. He becomes a humble wage-earner; disease assails him; the woman he loves marries one of his enemies. He dies, an obscure failure in the eyes of the world. But through all his struggles he has ripened and grown. His is the real success so blatantly travestied upon the hoarding which corrupts the sky-line for a whole city; so impossibly claimed by the rich criminals from whose number he has fled. And his spirit is destined to live after him in the ministrations of the woman Alexandra, converted to his point of view by suffering and love.

The latter part of the narrative is, we must confess, disappointing, composed of incident and dialogue which not the most serious intention of the author has been able to raise above melodrama. The poetic justice of the final chapters is done with too sweeping a hand. The author betrays too personal a delight in killing off his magnates. But we must not quarrel with such aptness in a parable. We may more properly take exception to the scenes and persons which interrupt the simple march of events—especially those passages which have to do with the absurd and impertinent "Prophet."

Love, the Judge. By Wymond Carey. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

No type of story is more disheartteningly familiar to the habitual novel-reader than the elaborately conceived and executed narrative which is the product of diligence and intelligence rather than of a real impulse or instinct for story-telling. Our vaunted "high average of workmanship" brings its penalties in the form of an encouraged mediocrity. Fiction especially is in the way of becoming a dull, mechanic exercise by means of which any persevering person may hope to develop a creditable wrist. This is not Wymond Carey's first or second novel, and one may safely guess that it will not be the last. He is able to do the trick respectably well, and, it is to be supposed, without undue effort. "Love, the Judge" is the story of a magnanimous financier, the blunt, hard man of the newspapers, so far as externals show; but really a man of the tenderest susceptibilities, morally and otherwise. It is his privilege throughout the tale to stand as the protector of one pretty woman, the betrothed of a second, and the adored and pursued of a third. Of course, there are complications. The blameless relation of protector and protected is duly commented upon by a literal-minded world. The beautiful betrothed, as it is understood shall happen in books, believes all charges and suspicions against her lover. And the pursuing lady makes matters lively with her machinations. This is all strictly according to the amiable rules of the game as understood

by the high-average workman: the events of the last few pages might be foretold by an infant. So much the better, no doubt, for the novel, since there is a large and infantile public that asks nothing better than the expected.

Kilmeny of the Orchard. By L. M. Montgomery. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

The author omits Anne of Green Gables from this her third venture into fiction, although we have the familiar setting of Anne's Prince Edward Island. Its salt shore and spring blossoming have their wonted charm, and one reflects that an island is a portion of land bounded by perpetual fitness for romance. Never, surely, did romance glide onward so gently, so balmily, so florally as this. Never did the roughnesses inherent in the course of true love disappear so gracefully. Hard-hearted guardians are melted by a kind word. Prohibiting parents yield at a touch. Critical friendship melts under beauty's first glance. How mildly the eerie mystery of Kilmeny's dumbness unfolds and later clears itself! How amiably the lions in the path of young affection take themselves off! How lightly falls the foot of crime that only treads on flowers! But "the pleasure that's almost a pain" stirs at the self-taught violinist girl who plays "an airy, delicate little melody that sounded like the laughter of daisies"; who lures from her violin divine music—music that revealed "the whole soul and nature of the girl, . . . the beauty and purity of her thoughts, her childhood dreams, and her maiden reveries."

Britz, of Headquarters. By Marcin Barber. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

It may not be fair to expect much knowledge of the Orient from a maker of detective stories, although he centres his plot about the oft-used theft of a great Oriental diamond. But even a writer who seems to have watched the world from the windows opposite the old headquarters on Mulberry Street should not set a band of Brahmins on the recovery of a stone which had once been in a Buddhist temple. Mr. Barber does not make Fifth Avenue society much more real than his Brahmin-Buddhists; but his Britz is a good detective of the old school, with yet a tinge of originality in his make-up, and the plot which Britz unravels is sufficiently devious and doubtful to satisfy the taste of an exacting connoisseur of this branch of fiction.

TWO TUDOR QUEENS.

The Nine-Days' Queen: Lady Jane Grey and Her Times. By Richard Davey. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

The Girlhood of Queen Elizabeth. By Frank A. Mumby. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3 net.

The possibilities of Tudor biography are certainly recognized these days as never before. Mr. Davey's book shows that Major Hume's Romantic History Series, to which it belongs, continues to find its richest field in sixteenth-century England; while Mr. Mumby's work apparently betokens the advent of another set of biographies of the same period, written, so far as possible, in the language of contemporaries. Both books are confessedly attempts to popularize history. The mere nature of their printing, binding, and illustrations proclaims as much: but of the two Mr. Mumby's work is by far the bolder and more original in conception, and, in our opinion, more successful in execution. The bulk of the work consists of transcriptions of carefully selected letters from Elizabeth herself, from her relatives and the inmates of her household, from ministers, foreign potentates, and ambassadors, while occasional paragraphs from Mr. Mumby's pen are inserted here and there to serve as connecting links and necessary explanations. Sometimes the very wealth of authors on whose letters Mr. Mumby has drawn gives rise to difficulty and confusion. The points of view of the Protestant theologian, John Jewel, and of the Spanish Ambassador, the Count of Feria, concerning Elizabeth's religious policy at her accession, are sufficiently diverse to make the juxtaposition of their letters somewhat perplexing to any one not intimately acquainted with the *dramatis personæ* of the times: even Mr. Mumby's intermediate paragraph does not entirely disguise the abruptness of the change.

Sometimes, too, the author is tempted into inaccurate generalizations, from which a more thorough knowledge of the characters with which he is dealing would have saved him. The fact that Lady Brian wrote to Thomas Cromwell in 1536, just after the execution of Anne Boleyn, to complain that the little Princess Elizabeth had neither "kirtle nor petticoat, nor no manner of linen nor smocks, nor kerchiefs, nor rails, nor body stitchets, nor handkerchiefs, nor sleeves, nor mufflers, nor biggens," can scarcely be adduced as an evidence of "the strange duties which fell on ministers of state in those days." Thomas Cromwell, shearman and tailor in his youth, occupied an entirely exceptional position in this respect. As the letters of the time will show, he was consulted in matters of garb by his royal master and, indeed, the entire royal household, as no minister ever was, before or since.

But these are mere criticisms of detail. In all essentials Mr. Mumby has done his work admirably. He has searched diligently among the manuscripts at the Records Office and the British Museum, in the calendars and the older collections, for his material; when the occasion demands it he warns us against the inaccuracies, prejudices, and imaginations of some of the less trustworthy of his authorities; he has modernized the spelling and punctuation of the originals, but his renderings are otherwise, on the whole, exact. The reader lays the book down with a feeling that he has got closer to the characters and scenes which it describes than would be possible in an ordinary biography.

Mr. Davey's life of Lady Jane Grey, on the other hand, follows far more closely the lines of the conventional historical biography of the type to which it belongs. Like the other works in Major Hume's new series, it is well written, and never misses an opportunity to narrate thrilling details and describe dramatic scenes. Executions furnish its greatest opportunity (the path of the heroine was plentifully besprinkled with them), and "the flash and thud of the axe," and "the crimson deluge on the straw-strewn scaffold," are conjured up with vividness and frequency. But there is little or nothing new in the book, either by way of discovery or interpretation, with the possible exception of dissent from the over-favorable verdicts on Somerset which characterized Mr. Pollard's first book. All in all, the work may indirectly benefit the specialist: it will certainly amuse and instruct the general public.

The whole life of Lady Jane Grey (1537-1554), and the first twenty-five years of that of her cousin Elizabeth (1533-58), touched each other, so closely at so many points, that the story of the one is in large measure also the story of the other. And yet the fates of the two women were as diverse as could be imagined. The one, a lovely, gentle creature, the tool of unscrupulous men, was forced against her will to assume a crown to which she knew she had no right, and to pay the penalty for so doing with her life. The other, harsh, crafty, unscrupulous, shifting with the wind, preserved her life and right to the succession in the midst of appalling dangers, and in and by so doing gained experience which bore precious fruit for England. "The girl was mother to the woman to an exceptional extent in Elizabeth's case." To the singularly indecorous conduct of her first suitor—Lord Seymour of Sudely, brother of the Protector Somerset—and the knowledge she gained in dealing with him may be traced the "political flirtations" which afterwards made her name a by-word in Europe. The windings and tergiversations to which she was forced to have recourse during the swift oscillations in religion in the reigns of Edward and Mary, were an admirable training for the lying diplomacy and avoidance of extremes which

characterized the policy of the first thirty years of her reign. Her experience of the evils of French management of English affairs in the days of Northumberland and Noailles, and of the evils of Spanish intervention in the time of Philip and Mary, Renard and de Feria, made her resolve, when she became queen, to hold aloof from entangling alliances and continental complications. She learned how to make men and events serve her, instead of drifting with the tide; and though her career cannot ever evoke the sympathy which will always be accorded to her unfortunate cousin, it is idle to deny that her final success was chiefly due to her own energy and abilities.

How to Help: A Manual of Practical Charity. By Mary Conyngton, M.A. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

The first edition of this book appeared in 1906. It fully realizes the author's aim of being "a practical hand-book, serviceable alike to busy men and women who feel some responsibility for right treatment of the want which appeals to them from every side." The usefulness of a treatise of this kind was demonstrated some years ago, when a circular letter of inquiry was directed to a score of the best-known charitable workers in the United States with the request that they would designate the books that had proved especially helpful to them. The two volumes which were tied for first place were Warner's classic, "American Charities," and Mary E. Richmond's "Friendly Visiting Among the Poor." The objective scientific handling of the facts by Warner is admirably supplemented by the vitalizing treatment of the same phenomena from the standpoint of practice. As an incentive to really helpful activity among the needy such a volume as "How to Help" is probably more frequently serviceable than the colorless analysis of the problems of poverty.

The book under review is admirable in its balance. About fifty pages in Part i give a review of the General Principles of charitable effort. The charity organization movement, its advancing ideals in the direction of "preventive work," the necessity for sanity in diagnosis, and reliance upon expert advice, where possible, in affording relief or aid, are all admirably sketched without any obtrusive allusion to abstract principles. Part ii, which analyzes the most frequently recurring cases demanding relief, is compact of good sense, shrewdness, and humor. With a wealth of concrete instances in mind, the author admirably subordinates the individual case to illustrate the typical problem in hand, whether it be The Homeless Man, The Homeless Woman, Beggars and Impostors, or the Care of the Needy in their Homes. One cannot too highly commend both the sense of proportion and the well-weighed restraint everywhere in evidence. Of mawkish or maudlin sentimentality, she has a complete horror; and, unlike Robert Hunter, for instance, who is always discovering the *lacrymæ rerum*—and adding to them—she appreciates the not infrequent gleam of humor which even scientific charity cannot suppress. When repeated and well-planned effort fails to reclaim "vagrom men," she tells you, as would honest Dogberry, to "thank God you are rid of a knave." Whatever view she may hold of social or economic regeneration, she confines her advice to doing charitable work in the world that now is. The following tag may serve as a sample of the book's quality. It is the revised version of the Good Samaritan:

> A certain proportion of the people who passed by the crippled seller of shoe-strings bought from him, telling him to keep the change. A certain other proportion thought to themselves that such beggars ought to be kept off the streets, and went their way. Another proportion really did not perceive him, merely accepting him as part of the street surroundings. One man brought him to the attention of the Associated Charities, where he found friends and resources, to give him the chance he needed. Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell by the way?

Notes.

Ex-Mayor Charles F. Warwick of Philadelphia has completed a life of Napoleon, which follows in theme his studies of Mirabeau, Danton, and Robespierre. It will be published in the autumn by George W. Jacobs & Co.

The Yale University Press will soon issue Gov. Hughes's Dodge Lectures on the Responsibility of Citizenship. The book bears the title "Conditions of Progress in Democratic Government."

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. promise for next autumn a complete collection of the poems of Sophie Jewett. The same house has ready for immediate issue "God's Troubadour," the story of St. Francis of Assisi told in prose for children by Miss Jewett.

George Meredith's "Celt and Saxon" will be brought out in book form this summer by Scribners. Only about two-thirds of the novel was completed by Meredith, but the work is finished so far as it goes.

The Putnams announce the following volumes for early publication: "John Murray's Landfall," by H. N. Dodge; "Islam Lands," by M. M. Shoemaker; "The Unexplored Self, An Introduction to Christian Doctrine for Teachers and Students," by the Rev. George R. Montgomery; and "The Future of Trade Unionism and Capitalism in a Democracy," by Charles W. Eliot. The publication of "The River and I," by John G. Neihardt, has been postponed until autumn.

We are glad to call attention to a proposed plan for the publication of the complete works of William Penn. The addresses and writings of Penn have never been really collected, and it is appropriate that the present project should emanate from the State that bears his name. The editor is Albert Cook Myers of Moylan, Pa., who will be glad to receive letters or copies of letters bearing on the subject, or to hear of their whereabouts. The following committee of advisers is proposed, all of whom are members of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania: Samuel W. Pennypacker, William Brooke Rawle, Charlemagne Tower, John Bach McMaster, Isaac Sharpless, William I. Hull, and William Penn-Gaskell. The estimated cost of producing the work is $18,000, which is to be raised by subscription.

Routledge (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.) has a quite astonishing book of general information, called "Every Man's Cyclopædia," which gathers into a single volume tables of universal biography, historical allusions, battles and sieges; a gazetteer of the world; general information; and dictionaries of law, words frequently misspelt, synonyms, abbreviations, and pseudonyms. The information given is necessarily brief, and the gazetteer even dispenses with pronunciations, but the book carries the promise of wide usefulness.

F. M. Gregg of the Nebraska State Normal School has compiled a "Handbook of Parliamentary Law" (Ginn & Co.), which may be commended for its convenience of arrangement.

"The Passions of the French Romantics" (Scribners), by Francis Gribble, gives in a series of chapters the love affairs of Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, Lamartine, Alfred de Vigny, Alfred de Musset, Victor Hugo, Sainte-Beuve, and other gentlemen of the high romantic movement—not omitting the ladies. Granting that the thing is worth doing, Mr. Gribble has done it smartly, and, one may almost say, learnedly. He attempts no excuse for his theme except that it is entertaining, and ought to be instructive. We may add to his excuse that he has been frank without being prurient.

This is the season for new Baedekers to catch the summer travel. The latest volume in English (imported by Charles Scribner's Sons) is "Southern Germany: Wurtemberg and Bavaria," now appearing in an eleventh edition, corresponding to the thirtieth German.

What is apparently planned to be a complete translation of Sainte-Beuve's "Causeries du Lundi" has been begun by George Routledge & Sons (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.). Five volumes, translated and annotated by E. J. Trechmann, have reached us. If all the fifteen books of the first "Lundis" and all the thirteen books of the "Nouveaux Lundis" are to come from the same single hand, it will be something of a monumental work, embodying the virtues and defects of so large an enthusiasm. We may expect a spirited and uneven translation. As a matter of fact, though the rough spots are many, Mr. Trechmann's version impresses one as absolutely adequate from the point of view of fidelity and clearness. He has kept Sainte-Beuve's verve and color at the sacrifice here and there of the English idiom. But though Mr. Trechmann's text is obviously translation, it is a translation that reads very well. Where Sainte-Beuve rises above

his usually high level, as he does when he writes of Mme. Récamier, of Lamartine, or of Chateaubriand, the present version follows him. We may quote a few sentences from the essay on Mme. Récamier:

M. de Chateaubriand was the pride of this salon, but she was the soul of it, and she it is I must try to exhibit to those who did not know her; for to try to recall her to the others is superfluous, and to paint her impossible. I have no intention here of attempting her biography; a woman should never have a biography, an ugly word for the use of men, smacking of study and research. Even when they have nothing essential to conceal, women can only lose in charm in the text of a continuous narrative. Can a woman's life be told? It is felt, it passes, it appears.

Such verse quotations as occur in the French text are retained in the English page, but are translated in the notes which are compact but useful. Each volume has a complete index of proper names.

Henry Murray, whose memories, confessions, and opinions are presented in a book with the expressive title, "A Stepson of Fortune" (The Baker & Taylor Co.), is one of those professionally plain-spoken persons whose foible is the scorn of what they term nonsense. For a generation the author has wintered and summered in or near Grub Street, London. He early fled from severe and unsympathetic parents and became the helper of his versatile brother, David Christie Murray. They lived joyously and precariously from London to Monaco. Henry Murray's best novel, "A Song of Sixpence," brought him repute and literary acquaintance, but next to no money. He has the novelist's vivid sense of character, and his most interesting pages are those in which he describes the dear, shabby comrades of his early days, their gayeties, their shifts to turn a penny. There was a certain Anatole, who, having established a market in the pawn-shop for old porcelain statuettes, bought the imitations in neighboring bazaars and throve for a deal or two. There was Marie, a favorite girl model, whose father used to try to kill her until reminded that there was revenue in her good looks. She was a good girl and capable of wheedling a free ride out of a cabby, not only for herself, but for her sweetheart. Twelve years later he saw her ill, faded, widowed, and the mother of six children. In the early days Henry Murray fell in with Alfred Harmsworth, then a cub journalist. On the concentration of newspaper management our author has strong opinions:

Another twenty years of uncontrolled exploitation of the press on the lines followed by Lord Northcliffe will deliver the British empire hand and foot, body and soul, to the tender mercies of a journalistic Trust, will make our sovereign its powerless pensioner, our Lords and Commons the registrars of its *ipse dixit*, and our proletariat a flock of sheep to be fleeced and flayed at its sweet will.

Among the amiable figures that come and go in these pages is the Parisian hotelkeeper, M. Paulet, a wag after the fine tradition of Cyrano. His friend was the poet Belmontet, an ardent imperialist, who, it was said, enjoyed a pension on condition that he should not eulogize the Emperor. Belmontet's most perfect couplet was in honor of the opening of the new market, the Halles Centrales. It ran:

O peuple de Paris, que belles sont tes Halles!
Béni soit l'Empereur qui nous les fit Centrales!

Henry Murray passed in and out of journalism with the ease of versatility. He was long in association with that erratic poet, critic, and playwright, Robert Buchanan. Together they took a theatre, which cost them infinite pains and some money. Through Buchanan many of our author's most valuable friendships were made. Being a confirmed agnostic, he had the shock of hearing Herbert Spencer say: "I have passed my life in beating the air." We catch some delightful fooling of George Meredith's—the imaginary autopsy of a student addicted to mineral water, whose interior glittered dazzlingly with stalactites. Meredith's talk was like his books. On the whole this book is very interesting, being impregnated with a sardonic amiability, and hitting off effectively many racy characters in the two Bohemias. But, alas, it boasts neither index, table of contents, nor even running headlines. One reviewer who has tried to find his way about in it cannot wonder, though regretting, that fortune has been stepmotherly to its talented author.

Prof. Hermann L. Strack's "The Jew and Human Sacrifice" (Bloch Publishing Co.), now translated from the eighth German edition, with corrections, a new preface, and additions by the author, may be said to give the final word in its field. While happily there was no serious call for its appearance in English—for English-speaking lands are free from such a popular superstition—in densely ignorant sections of the East, and even in parts of Europe, the accusation is still occasionally heard that Jews make use of the blood of Christians for ritual purposes. Hence, Strack's researches, which were published as far back as 1882 in connection with the Tisza-Eszlar trial, serve an excellent purpose with every new edition. The work is a careful study of the religious beliefs and superstitions connected generally with the sacrifice of the blood of men and of animals, but is most exhaustive in its interpretation of Jewish belief and practice. Professor Strack vindicates the Jewish people against this monstrous accusation, showing how false and misleading are the "authorities" adduced in its support. The book, with its array of notes and opinions, its full bibliography and citations, is of interest to students of religion and sociology—especially so since it comes from the pen of a scholar and clergyman of strict evangelical type. The translation is by H. F. E. Blanchamp.

In "The New Baedeker" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), Harry Thurston Peck hits off with customary perkiness the ocean voyage, Havre and Trouville, Berlin, Rome, Rouen, Brussels and Malines, and Liverpool; then turning homeward conducts the reader to Portland, Me., Boston, Lake Pleasant (where Spiritualists congregate), Utica, N. Y., Trenton Falls, N. Y., Atlantic City, N. J., and finally across the continent by the Canadian Pacific. It is a diverting book, and catches idiomatic features of nearly every city it interprets. Mr. Peck's characteristics are so well known that we may merely remark that, like tripe, he is either adored or detested. To the reviewer his literary manners have the unnatural swagger that a professor caught in bad company might assume to prove he is a man of the world, but precisely this quality gives him a hold on thousands of people. He is the Elbert Hubbard of the American universities, which may serve, according to the reader's bent, as eulogy—or as simple description.

The secondary title of Principal Fairbairn's volume, "The Church in Idea and in History," is accurate, whereas the first, "Studies in Religion and Theology," is misleading. The book is not a general collection of religious essays, chiefly doctrinal, as one might expect from the author and the primary title, but an elaborate and earnest apologia of the congregational polity and the idea of a free church. Much of it was composed nearly thirty years ago, when the distinguished author was chairman of the Congregational Union of England. Polemical discussions of church polity are not infrequent in Great Britain on such occasions, where ecclesiastical rivalries run higher than in this country. The American reader will be somewhat surprised at the vigor of Principal Fairbairn's contentions against the episcopal form of government and the Catholic and Anglican conception of the church. Unlike the older anti-episcopal polemic, his purpose is not to prove that the congregational polity is authorized by the New Testament, while the episcopal government of the church is not apostolic; his criticism cuts deeper and aims to establish that the sacerdotal idea inherent in episcopacy is opposed in principle to the nature of the Christian religion as taught by Christ. Principal Fairbairn minces no words, and it is needless to say that his polemic is able, keen, and based on thorough scholarship. An American scholar would have written in milder tone, if he had felt the need of entering upon such a controversy. It has been sometimes said that American Congregationalists do not really believe in their church, since they display so little zeal in its defence. It may be well, therefore, that the polity of Robert Browne and John Robinson has found a champion like Principal Fairbairn. The volume contains lengthy discussions of the teaching of Jesus, Paul, and John as bearing upon the doctrine of the church. It is published by the Macmillan Co.

The seventh volume of "The New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopædia of Religious Knowledge" (Funk & Wagnalls Co.) includes titles from "Liutprand" to "Moralities." The prominent articles are not in the Biblical field, in which this encyclopædia is least valuable, and the volume accordingly makes a better impression than some of its predecessors. Dr. J. M. Buckley's article on "Methodists" is good, as is the treatment of "Lutherans," by Professors Spaeth and Fröböess. Considerable space is given to a careful sketch of "The Mennonites," by Professors Cremer and Horsch. The article on "Missions," including several sections by Dr. Warneck of Halle, contains a large amount of important information. In the article on "Marriage," the history of both Catholic and Protestant views and treatment of the subject is expounded at length and with regard for accuracy. Prof. George W. Gilmore, one of the editors, contributes articles on "Mohammed—Mohammedans." As in the former volumes, the brief biographical articles are valuable, including the notices of prominent ecclesiastics and theologians of the Middle

Ages. Special pains has been taken to furnish thorough bibliographies.

The principal article in No. 18 of the Berlin *Internationale Zeitschrift* is a masterly parallel of Bismarck and Carl Schurz, drawn by Prof. Eugen Kühnemann, of Breslau, one of the American exchange professors. The paper is a *Festrede*, delivered at the great annual Bismarck *Kommers* of German scholars in Berlin. Professor Kühnemann traces in the divergent methods and manners of Bismarck and Schurz, the higher unity of ideas and ideals for Germany's greatness.

The Proceedings of the Bostonian Society, just published, contains a paper by the superintendent of markets, G. E. McKay, which is of more than local interest from the light which it sheds on our early days. Public sentiment, for instance, was at first greatly opposed to the establishment of a market, largely for fear that the "Market Cross" would be set up. Even as late as 1740, when Peter Faneuil offered to present a market building to the town, the gift was accepted at a special town meeting by a majority of only seven votes out of 727 cast. When provisions were imported they could not be sold at wholesale, according to an act passed by the General Court in 1695, "until after three days' notice had been given by a public crier; this was considered to be in favor of the poor, who were thus to have an opportunity to buy in small quantities at wholesale prices." The development of the market business in Boston was slow, for when John Hancock had to entertain Count D'Estaing and the officers of the French fleet in 1778, he was obliged to send his man with a letter to a friend in Providence begging him to recommend him "where he can get some chickens, geese, ducks, hams, partridges, mutton, or anything which will save my reputation in a dinner, and by all means send me some butter."

Goldwin Smith, the noted scholar, professor, and journalist, died on Tuesday at his home, The Grange, in Toronto, Canada, aged nearly eighty-seven years. He was born in Reading, England, in 1823, and was educated at Eton, and at Christ Church and Magdalen, Oxford. There he took many signal honors, and after his graduation, in 1848, with a master's degree, was elected a fellow of University College, the colleague of his friends, Arthur Stanley and Conington. When Parliament created the commission to take up university reform, in 1850, Stanley was made secretary and Goldwin Smith his assistant. He served on two other commissions of a like nature, and in 1858 was made regius professor of modern history at Oxford; while there he tutored the Prince of Wales, afterward the late King Edward VII. He eagerly entered philosophic and religious controversy, opposing both the Tractarians and the followers of Herbert Spencer, but aroused more feeling by his opinions on English politics and policies, especially in respect to her colonies. His advocacy of freeing Canada, Gibraltar, and the Ionian Isles brought upon him the wrath of Disraeli and his party, and of the Tory organ, the *Times*. Soon after this, while the civil war was being waged in the United States, he wrote several pamphlets denouncing slavery and upholding the Union cause. The tragic death of his father, in 1866, compelled him to give up his professorship, and the expiration of his fellowship, in 1868, left him wholly free. It was then that Andrew D. White offered him the chair of English history in the new Cornell University, at Ithaca, which Mr. Smith accepted. He took a leading part in directing affairs of the university, until he moved to Canada, in the seventies, and then continued his lectures there, but gave most of his time to writing. He married, in 1875, Harriet E. M. Boulton, who died in 1909. Among his writings are "Irish History and Irish Character," "Three English Statesmen," "The Empire," "Lectures on the Study of History," "Does the Bible Sanction American Slavery?", "The Civil War in America," "Rational Religion and Rationalistic Objections," "Canada and the Canadian Question," "The Political Destiny of Canada," "Cowper," "Jane Austen," "William Lloyd Garrison," "Specimens of Greek Tragedy," "Guesses at the Riddle of Existence," "My Memory of Gladstone," "Irish History and the Irish Question," "Revolution or Progress?", "Labor and Capital," and "No Refuge but in Truth."

William Sydney Porter, whose fiction and sketches over the name O. Henry had made him one of the most popular and deservedly successful short story writers in the country for the last eight years, died last Sunday in this city. He was born forty-two years ago in Greensboro, N. C. Several of his ancestors had been Governors of the State. Not being strong enough as a boy to go to college, he went to Texas and spent two years and a half on a cattle ranch. A period of drought dried up the grass lands and decided Mr. Porter to give up ranch life and be a writer or an artist. He went to Houston, where he got a place on the staff of the *Post*. His success as a journalist was immediate, although he had but little special preparation. A common school education and considerable reading of the classics from his thirteenth to his nineteenth year, were the best parts of his training. He was especially fond in those days of reading Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" and Lane's "Arabian Nights." It was while he was in New Orleans, ten years ago, that he adopted the pen name by which he is best known. He had sent stacks of manuscripts to unappreciative editors, and when they were returned, as they nearly always were, he put new stamps on the envelopes and sent them on their travels again. He felt that he ought to adopt a literary alias, and O. Henry was selected by chance. In 1901 he came to New York, and soon won his way to the top as a story writer. His published books are: "Cabbages and Kings" (1905), "The Four Million" (1906), "The Trimmed Lamp" (1907), "The Heart of the West" (1907), "The Gentle Grafter" (1908), "Voice of the City" (1908), "Options" (1909), "Roads of Destiny" (1909), and "Strictly Business" (1910).

The death is announced from London of Edward Jenkins, who, thirty or forty years ago, was the most talked-of man in Great Britain, on account of a brilliant pamphlet called "Ginx's Baby," in which he ridiculed the British Poor law. He was born in India in 1838, the son of a clergyman. He received his education at McGill University and the University of Pennsylvania. He was called to the English bar at Lincoln's Inn, became agent-general for Canada, entered the British Parliament as a Liberal Imperialist, but drifted into the Conservative ranks. He once contested Truro against Gladstone, but lost. When he died, he was editor of the *Overland Mail* and the *Homeward Mail*. He wrote several other books besides "Ginx's Baby."

Alfred Trübner Nutt, the well-known London author-publisher and scholar, met a tragic death week before last at Medun, where he was drowned in an heroic attempt to save the life of his son. It was Mr. Nutt who first recognized and gave publication to the poems of W. E. Henley. Some of his notable achievements as a publisher were the initiation of the Tudor Translations, the Tudor Library, the Northern Library of old Norse texts, the Bibliothèque de Carabas, of scarce fifteenth and sixteenth century works, and other series. His chief interest as a scholar was in Celtic legend and folk-lore, in which he was a leading authority and an extensive writer. He was one of the founders of the Irish Texts Society, and of the English Goethe Society.

Dr. Gottlieb Planck, the noted jurist and professor at Göttingen University, died recently, aged eighty-five years. In his early days he entered upon a political career, but gave this up and turned his labors to the law. He was a member of the commission appointed in 1874 to revise the civil code. He published several commentaries upon the "Bürgerliche Gesetzbuch," which was the result of the commission's work.

Science.

Die Antike Tierwelt. Erster Band. Säugetiere. By Otto Keller. Leipzig: Wilhelm Engelmann.

Keller's "Thiere des classischen Alterthums" is a standard book well-known to students of antiquity. The volume before us, though giving essentially a new treatment, does not entirely replace the older book, which, with the "Tier- und Pflanzenbilder auf Münzen und Gemmen," published by Keller and Imhoof-Blumer, still offers a valuable supplement in both text and illustrations.

Following Aristotle's classification, which he finds sufficiently modern and satisfactory, the author treats in the present volume the different varieties of mammals. Under Quadrumana, we find the ape, under Chiroptera the bat, under Inseetivora the mole, and so on. The largest class is naturally Carnivora, represented by lion, tiger, lynx, fox, wolf, cat, dog, and twenty others, while Rodentia has seventeen and Ruminantia twelve. At the end, in the proud category of *sui generis*, appears the unicorn. One could hardly name a single source of information that the author has overlooked. Not only ancient scientific authorities like Aristotle and Pliny, but works of literature are constantly cited. Plentiful illustrations, taken from sculptures, gems, coins, vases, wall-paintings, appear in the text, and there are three plates at the end of the volume. Chronologically, the account begins with ear-

ilest Egypt and Assyria and often descends to Byzantium and the western Middle Ages.

While discussing the subject as scientifically as the material allows, the work has inevitably something of the romantic flavor which makes ancient science delightfully readable. Any one of the articles will furnish entertainment, as well as instruction. The reader will learn that elephants are afraid of mice, that rats are a later addition to the legend of the Pied Piper, that to dogs were given names of two syllables, whereas horses often received three syllables or more. What varied interests could name a horse, appears from the following list; Centaurus, Æolus, Tiberis, Octopeda, Psylla (flea), Anthypatos (consul), Mysticus (transcendentalist). The bull-fight, which a learned lecturer has recently declared less brutal than foot-ball, was banished in classical times from all lands save Thessaly, but had flourished in Egypt and Crete. The ass receives a long-deserved vindication. When well born and well treated, he is not stupid, but "ein sehr kluges Tier." A distinguished royal line was proud of its descent from a totemic ass; King Midas's ears were not symbols of stupidity, but instruments for absorbing wisdom quickly and capaciously. The royal Nimrods of old were less favored than those of to-day, for not so many curious specimens could be recognized by name, and many beasts were protected by the symbolic qualities with which a wholesome superstition invested them; thus, as the rhinoceros was, in Buddhistic teaching, an emblem of virtue, even a most bellicose huntsman would hesitate to slay virtue incarnate without provocation.

Among the most interesting articles is that on the cat, to which the author has lately devoted a special study elsewhere. The earliest Egyptian name of the cat is the familiarly onomatopoetic *mau*, which reappears in the French *matou*, and in such personal names as Minette and Mareou; it furnished personal names in other languages, too, as Felicula and Kätzchen witness. The cat came late to Europe, but as Keller shows, it was ridiculously inappropriate for Hehn to congratulate the Occident on procuring the precious animal before Mohammedanism had overrun Egypt and blotted out its religion, including the cat. The truth is, the Prophet was extremely fond of cats, and like Gregory the Great, often carried one about with him. Some time between the second and the fifth centuries of our era, Europe adopted the cat in place of the weasel as a catcher of mice. This fact not only is historically momentous, but helps solve a literary problem, the date of the fabulist Babrius. As Phædrus, in the time of Tiberius, makes no mention of cats, and as Babrius has various stories about them, Babrius did not write before Phædrus, as certain scholars have believed, but some hundred years after. But the weasel was not altogether given up. Keller overlooks at least one later reference to this animal as mouse-catcher, in an idyl of Maximus Planudes who wrote at the end of the thirteenth century.

Dr. D. Everett Lyon, in his well-informed and well-written "How to Keep Bees for Profit" (Macmillan), correctly characterizes the untrustworthiness of Maeterlinck's writings on bee culture as follows:

> The Belgian Maeterlinck is not to be taken seriously in his interesting little book, "The Life of the Bee"; for however attractive it may be from a literary standpoint, it teaches the rankest heresy concerning the habits of these wonderful little people, and shows but a superficial knowledge of them.

It is unfortunate that the most widely read English treatise on the honey bee must be so described. Dr. Lyon has selected his material wisely for his purpose, which is to equip the novice with such information as will enable him to begin practical bee-keeping with a reasonable prospect of success. On some points an experienced bee-keeper would be apt to advise caution, as, for example, reliance upon the "Shook method" of controlling swarming, the production of extracted, rather than comb, honey, and the rearing of queens by beginners. In general it may be said that the art of successful apiculture is somewhat more difficult than it is made to appear in these pages. The reader will derive a good idea of the business of honey production, however, while the earnest novice will do well to pursue his studies further with the aid of the manuals of Cook and Root.

Dr. Arthur Bordier died recently at Grenoble, aged sixty-nine years. He was professor of medical geography at the School of Anthropology, and left there in 1895 to go to the medical school at Grenoble. He was author of a number of scientific works, among them, "La Colonisation scientifique et les colonies françaises," and "La Vie des sociétés"; and he was at one time president of the Society of Anthropology of Paris.

Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, widely known in England and America as a pioneer woman doctor, died in London last week, aged eighty-nine years. Her life was notable for her early struggles to overcome the prejudice against the study of medicine by women; no institution in the United States would accept her, but she gained admission to the University of Geneva, and was graduated at the head of her class. There was much opposition to her practice in New York, but she resolutely set to work, and founded an infirmary for women and children. When the war of the secession broke out, Dr. Blackwell began the movement which led to organization of the National Sanitary Aid Association for the provision of trained nurses. She was the leading spirit in founding, in 1865, the Woman's Medical College, which was later merged with Cornell. She returned to England in 1869, where she took up general practice, and wrote a number of books and pamphlets, among them "The Influence of Women in Medicine," and "The Moral Education of the Young."

Drama and Music.

Forbes Robertson, now once more in London, will reappear in New York on the 26th of September, and expects to remain in this country for two years. This would be extremely good news, if so much of his time was not to be devoted to repetitions of "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," a wholesome enough piece, indeed, but one —from the literary, artistic, or dramatic point of view—almost wholly unworthy of his ability and skill. It is satisfactory, however, to be assured that before he shall leave America for good, he will revive several Shakespearean works. We may hope, therefore, to renew acquaintance with his Hamlet, and see his Othello. It is reported that he does not mean to act for more than four or five years longer.

The success which "La Fleur Merveilleuse" of Miguel Zamacoïs attained recently at the Théâtre Français must be attributed apparently to the charm of the poetry, the excellence of the acting, and the beauty of the scenery, rather than to the interesting quality of the plot. The story, indeed, is of the thinnest possible description to support the burden of a four-act play. Mynheer von Amstel so greatly covets a certain marvellous tulip that he is willing to barter even his lovely daughter, Griet, for it. Florent's mother is the possessor of it, and Florent is in love with Griet, but he, alas, poor fellow, is a little mad. His mother is willing to part with the tulip to insure his happiness, but, when he learns the nature of the bargain, he refuses to profit by it, and magnanimously gives the tulip to Griet for nothing. Griet, for her part, is so touched by this nobility that she returns the flower, and her heart with it; whereupon Florent recovers all his wits, and the two are happy ever after.

Admirers of Brahms will welcome the new collection of fifty songs by him just published by G. Schirmer. They are edited by Max Spicker, with an introductory essay by H. E. Krehbiel.

Ordinary pianists do not succeed in the concert halls, because there is too much sameness in their playing—no variety, no novelty, no expression. The better class of pianists often fail to draw large audiences simply because there is too much sameness in their programmes. One would think that, instead of several thousand good piano pieces, there were barely a hundred in existence. There is Tchaikovsky, for instance. Why does no pianist ever play any of the short pieces of this emotional and popular composer? The average pianist will, no doubt, ask: "Did he write any such?" Indeed he did, and among them are some gems, as may be learned from Edwin Evans's book on that composer (E. P. Dutton & Co.), pp. 173-182. Another neglected composer, with whose pieces concert players could win great favor, is Jensen. The copyright on his works having recently expired, Breitkopf & Härtel are now bringing out a new and much cheaper edition, which will no doubt carry into general vogue again this splendidly melodious composer whom Dr. Riemann called "the real heir of Schumann." The "Album leichter Klavierkompositionen," containing

the best of his easier pieces, is to be especially commended to amateurs. Jensen's songs, also, are included in this cheap edition. Amateurs who do not know them will be astonished by their wealth of melody and their poignant yet always beautiful harmonies.

Carlos de Serrano, the Mexican musician and orchestral conductor, died in New York last week. He was born in Mexico City in 1854, and studied music abroad, chiefly under Thalberg. Returning to Mexico, he was for a time leader of the famous Orfeon chorus, and conductor for several South American opera companies. In New York, Serrano was conductor for the Milan and Clara Louise Kellogg opera companies, which appeared at the Academy of Music. In his later years he devoted himself entirely to teaching.

Art.

SEYMOUR HADEN AND ETCHING.

It is notable in the art of the nineteenth century that so many of its best practitioners were amateurs. Watts, Rossetti, Puvis de Chavannes, Manet, Cézanne are examples of artists who either practised other professions or did not depend upon their art for their living. This was emphatically the case with the late Sir Seymour Haden, who, in the intervals of a successful surgical practice, made himself one of the most distinguished etchers of his time. Within the limits of his art he was highly influential, as much so as Manet or Puvis in the general field of painting.

The young etcher who began just before the middle of the last century found the art of his predilection in a sort of premature dotage. It had served the Italian eclectics as an admirable means of sketching. The cosmopolitan illustrator, Hollar, had applied it charmingly to landscape and architecture; Rembrandt had made it almost a rival of painting. Such artists as Canaletto, Tiepolo, and Piranesi still treated it as a swift and vigorous means of pictorial notation. But the decadence was in sight. The French and English engravers of the eighteenth century used etching chiefly as a first stage in line engraving. Bartolozzi reduced it to clever copyism. Even Turner, one of the greatest masters of the etched line, treated it with more power than finesse, and in the "Liber Studiorum" made it merely the skeleton of compositions finally executed in tone. A few painters in England maintained an etching club which published dull transcripts of the anecdotal pictures of its members, or neatly finished and sapless illustrations for poetry.

The young surgeon, Seymour Haden, quietly reacted against the anæmic tradition to which one might say he had been born. He saw that the acid-bitten line was a means of sketching, not of elaborate picture-making. He felt that the line had a value in itself, must be kept isolated and significant, not lost in masses of cross-hatching or smears of printer's ink. Having divined the sound principle of his art, he very logically attached himself to the great tradition of British sketching, of which, with Hercules Brabazon, who died about four years ago, he was the last distinguished exemplar. The water-colorists, David, Cox, Turner, Cotman, were the natural models for the young amateur, but as he developed he evinced a scholarly and eclectic quality, and became an ardent collector and student of the prints of Rembrandt. This influence betrays itself in a growing incisiveness of line and in a tendency to force the blacks.

The simple, even naïve, compositions of Seymour Haden were so superior to the mass of contemporary etching that he soon gained notice on the Continent, at first in the invidious form of having his plates pirated in Paris. The sanity of his method promptly won the praise of the critics and the suffrages of the dealers. He himself wrote forcefully upon his chosen art. Everything conspired to make him its most prominent representative, and one may say that just as in his youth the possession of a copy of a Carlo Dolci indicated a family of taste, so the display of one of his own prints constituted a kind of diploma of taste during his old age. In fact, with Whistler, he had possibly unduly obsessed the artistic imagination of his time, at the expense of the admirable etching of Méryon, which he did not fail to celebrate, and that of the French romantic painters.

Haden's etchings lack charm. About the lovely qualities of things he recked little. It takes a Whistler to show you the beauty of river barges, of stuccoed walls, of dingy bridges and warehouses. In fact, more than criticism has yet perceived, Whistler quite frankly depended upon the inherent picturesqueness of his material. Seymour Haden's approach to nature was much more intellectual and less passionate. He seems to have almost avoided the obviously picturesque. His endeavor seems to have been so to simplify any scene that the residuum should have consistency as a picture. His art, then, was not one of immediate representation and naïve expression, but of selection, elimination, arrangement. He was versatile, often took an old-fashioned pleasing subject, could give you admirably the actual texture and build of the Agamemnon or the Kensington Oaks, but, in general, he dealt in the broader effects. Indeed, so austere, and in a manner ungenial is much of his sketching that its popularity remains something of a mystery. He can be intimate, but usually is so only in his smaller and slighter plates, such as the little series which he did in a single day in Wales.

He was the last of the great English sketchers, the last who had the synthetic attitude toward big landscape. He did a thing that was more difficult than to be picturesque. More mind went to his sketching than ever to those bungling scrawls with which Corot, after all, conveyed a poem to the copper. It seems to us that Sir Seymour Haden's place is not with the great artists, but with the great preceptors of art, the Pollaiuoli, David, Manet—men who vigorously impose a procedure or point of view. His plates will always constitute a classic course in sketching landscape, and it is in many ways a pity that, in lieu of following his clear leading, modern etching is veering in uncertain directions or too closely following the lead of Whistler and of France.

The St. Louis City Museum has recently acquired two beautiful paintings by George Inness, sr. The Coming Storm was purchased by the museum, and the Storm on the Delaware River, by the Bixby fund, for the collection, belonging to Washington University, which is lent to the city museum.

John Hutchinson, R.S.A., the sculptor, died last week at Edinburgh. He pursued his studies first at the Trustees' Academy, and later in Rome. Among the busts which he executed were those of Norman Macleod, Queen Victoria, and the Prince Consort. He had exhibited for many years at the Royal Scottish Academy, and at the Royal Academy.

Sir Francis Seymour Haden, founder and president of the Royal Society of Painter Etchers, died last week in London, aged ninety-two years. He was educated for the profession of medicine at the University of London and at the Sorbonne, but when some forty years old, turned his attention to art, especially to etching. His first work exhibited at the Royal Academy was in 1869; two of his most notable plates were The Breaking Up of the Agamemnon, and Calais Pier, after Turner, both of which were shown at the centennial exhibition in Philadelphia in 1876. Sir Francis won the Grand Prix at Paris in 1889, and again in 1900. He was an honorary member of the Société des Artistes Français, of the French Academy of Fine Arts, and of the Institute of France.

Finance.

THE RAILWAY RATE SCARE.

Briefly summed up, the real incidents on which the extraordinary stock market of last week hinged were pretty much as follows. The railways advanced freight rates in 1908, despite the industrial depression. This year they conceded demands of their laborers for higher wages, though only for the lower-paid groups, and they very generally increased dividends. There had been much talk of another advance in rates. The Railway Rate bill pending in Congress gives the Interstate Commerce

Commission power to pass by its own initiative on the reasonableness or unreasonableness of a rate increase—a power which it does not now enjoy. On the eve of action upon that bill, the railways announced a general advance, throughout the country. The shippers' protective association, when the one-month's notice was filed, protested that the advance was inequitable, and asked the railways for its suspension pending arbitration of its fairness.

The railways paid no attention to the request. Finally, on Tuesday of last week—the day before the new rates would have gone into effect—the Attorney-General procured an injunction against twenty-five Western railways which had acted through a joint committee, thereby in substance violating the Anti-Trust law of 1890, as interpreted twice by the Supreme Court. No other rate advances were enjoined, among the hundreds filed, but a wild outcry arose from the railway managers. One of them, the president of an important Eastern road, publicly declared that the rates must be advanced to keep the companies solvent, adding later that, since the Government's intervention, credit of the railways had been all but totally destroyed. A violent collapse on the Stock Exchange ensued, running to 10 or 15 points; the selling was enormous. Last Monday, three of the railway managers conferred with President Taft. He agreed to suspend the injunction proceedings if the railways would agree to postpone the advance in rates until Congress should act upon the Railway bill. They consented; thereupon stocks rose violently in Wall Street.

The salient fact, then, is that a thoroughgoing liquidation has occurred on the Stock Exchange. Was this liquidation solely a consequence of the rate dispute? This is a pertinent inquiry, to be answered in the light of actual facts. Early this present year, an admittedly critical situation had been created, first, by an abnormal and unwholesome inflation of credit in this country, resulting in heavy shrinkage of capital reserves at home; secondly, by collapse of our credit balance on foreign trade account, resulting in loss of our hold on foreign capital and in heavy export of gold from our bank reserves. All previous experience has taught that to remedy such a situation, a drastic readjustment of values and speculation must ensue.

That readjustment began with the fall of stocks in January—ascribed, as usual, to something else. It was continued later in the produce markets, and in progressive curtailment of facilities for the country-wide land speculation. The symptoms of the day indicated that the remedy had not yet gone far enough. Recourse was then had to borrowing abroad on railway bond and mortgage—a process which gave apparent relief, but which competent foreign critics declared could be merely a temporary palliative, and which was followed by renewed advances on the Stock Exchange. Next came a three-week period of complete stagnation and deadlock on the Wall Street market, leading to private but forcible expression of opinion, among conservative financiers, that the readjustment process had not been completed.

If the line of least resistance had been followed, next, through a sudden and drastic scaling-down of Stock Exchange values, without "news" of any sort, it is not improbable that the financial community would have agreed that the reckoning had been inevitable. But such a situation usually drags along until there is some news. It may be a crop report, or a Venezuelan message, or a Lawson advertisement, or the death of a celebrity. Whatever it is, that news will thereafter be held responsible for the crash in stocks.

In very large part, it may have been responsible. News such as that of the government rate injunction—especially with the comments which accompanied it—will induce somebody to sell who might not otherwise have sold. But the question even then will remain, why the selling should have had such effect on the market as it had. There will also remain the further question, what is to be the longer sequel on the market, and the answer to both questions must be sought in Wall Street history.

There were three notable events the news of which, in their respective years, was received by Wall Street much as this news was received. The first was the Supreme Court's decision that the Trans-Missouri Freight Association, as organized and conducted, was an illegal combination in restraint of trade; it was handed down on March 22, 1897. To Wall Street, the decision was a complete surprise; a comfortable conviction had existed that the Anti-Trust law could not be made to apply to railways. The news from Washington was followed by a break of 3 to 6 points in the granger railway stocks, and by a further fall of 2 to 4 points in the ensuing week. Then came a period of dulness; next, in May, a slow recovery, gaining ground until, in July and August, an advance of great scope and violence was under way on the Stock Exchange.

It was after the close of business on February 19, 1902, that Attorney-General Knox announced the government suit against Northern Securities. The news was received in Wall Street with a clamor of apprehension. A million shares changed hands in the Stock Exchange the next day; stock declined 1 to 6 points throughout the list. This done, the market steadied; the next week active speculation for the rise began again, some stocks advancing 2 to 9 points. Prices gained ground still further during March, and in April occurred the wild Stock Exchange boom under the "Gates clique."

President Roosevelt's "Standard Oil message" went to Congress on May 4, 1906; it was followed immediately by the beginning of suits against the company. But the market's reception of the news was singular. Prices had already fallen twenty points, or so, since the San Francisco disaster of April 18; they began to recover on the very day when the news from Washington arrived, and they continued this advance until the "boom" reached its culmination along with the Steel Corporation's resumption of dividends in July, and the Union Pacific's increase of its annual dividend rate in August, from 6 to 10 per cent.

The most obvious moral of these earlier episodes, as applied to that of the present week, is that the real effect of unpalatable news of this sort on the Stock Exchange depends on other things than the news itself. Where prices broke violently on the news, as in 1897 and 1902, the reason was that the market was in shape to yield, for causes quite unconnected with the news from Washington. Where they did not break on the news, as in 1906, it was because the market had been already liquidated. Perhaps the most interesting fact is that none of Wall Street's ultra-pessimistic predictions of either period materialized. The case turned out to be altogether different from what the Stock Exchange had excitedly imagined, and the fortunes of the rest of the financial year were governed by such homely considerations as the crops, the export trade, the condition of international exchange, and the credit situation as reflected in the money market.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Albee, J. Confessions of Boyhood. Boston: R. G. Badger. $1.50.

"Badsworth" on Auction Bridge. Putnam. $1.25 net.

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Dickens's David Copperfield. Edited by E. C. Baldwin. Chicago: Scott, Foresman.
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Durell, J. C. v. The Self-Revelation of Our Lord. Scribner. $2 net.
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Gilmore, M. F. Virginia: A Tragedy, and Other Poems. Louisville, Ky.: John P. Morton & Co.
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Glass, M. Potash & Perlmutter. Phila.: Henry Altemus Co. $1.50.
Goldsborough, E. K., jr. The Dream Adventures of Little Bill. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.25.
Greece in Evolution. Translated from the French. Edited by G. F. Abbott. Wessels & Bissell. $1.50 net.
Griffin, G. G. Writings on American History: A Bibliography of Books and Articles Published During the Year 1908. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
Hasse, A. R. Index of Economical Material in Documents of the States of the U. S. Delaware, 1789-1904. Carnegie Inst. of Washington.
Hayes, J. R. In Memory of Whittier. Phila. The Biddle Press. 50 cents.
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Three dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada $3.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union $4.00.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 16, 1910.

The Week.

The compromise which has now been reached by the Railroad-Bill Conference Committee regarding the question of Federal control of issues of stocks and bonds is of a kind very natural under the circumstances. In general, the line-up was between the "regular" Republicans on the conservative side and the Democrats and "insurgent" Republicans on the radical side. But the State-rights aspect of the Federal control of stock and bond issues caused Democratic opposition to that feature of the radical programme, and, though President Taft was strongly committed to it, he could not bring the regulars to support it, along with the insurgents. They had the excuse that, in order to procure the assent of the Democrats to the bill, it had been necessary to promise them that this feature would be left out. The compromise, it is stated, provides for a commission to inquire into stock-watering; this will certainly not interfere with State rights, but will give the States, and the country, information on which future action may be based. It was a happy thought to shelve the difficulty in this way, and with its disappearance the long-continued troubles of the bill on its way to adoption are virtually at an end.

The passage in the House of the bill to create a system of postal savings must be accounted a decided victory for President Taft. But for his urging, the measure certainly would not have been enacted in this session of Congress, although both parties had declared themselves in favor of it. It has to be admitted, also, that a great deal of general support for the plan has been called out, especially in the West. This was shown by the fact that twenty-three Democratic Representatives felt compelled to vote for this Republican bill. The final roll-call showed 195 in favor to 101 against. The bill differs in some respects from the form in which it passed the Senate, so that it now goes to conference. There can be no doubt, however, that it will be made law, and that we are to enter upon this interesting experiment. It has been asserted that in the course of it $500,000,000 in small savings will be drawn out and added to our banking resources. If that proves to be even half true, the financial consequences of the step will be highly important.

On the main question between the President and Representative Harrison, we think that Mr. Taft had a substantial grievance. The Congressman had publicly accused the President of dishonest motives—his statement being that "the President and the Attorney-General had *agreed* to furnish to Congress misleading information." Mr. Taft might well take offence at that, and conclude that he would have no further personal relations with Mr. Harrison. But granting this, the manner in which the President chose to snub the Congressman was most unfortunate. The latter had a regular appointment to go to the White House with a delegation, and no intimation had been conveyed to him that his presence would be unwelcome. It is true that he was there privately told that the President would not see him, but under the circumstances this was tantamount to a public humiliation. As for Mr. Harrison, he is aware that the affront is really a godsend. He now has a new political asset. When Martin Van Buren's nomination as Minister to England was rejected by the Senate, even after Van Buren had begun his service in London under an interim appointment, Lord Aucklaud said to him: "It is an advantage to a public man to be the subject of an outrage." Benton declared to the exulting Whig Senators at the time: "You have killed a Minister, but you have made a Vice-President"; which turned out to be the case. We hope it will not be inferred from this that Mr. Harrison is our candidate for the Vice-Presidency.

John Dalzell, seeking in the courts a temporary stay of the hand that struck him, is apparently anxious to delay the inevitable as long as possible. It was a hard blow to his dignity to come so near to defeat in his own party primary, but when his late opponent procured a recount and Dalzell's meagre majority began to sink rapidly, it was necessary to act at once. The injunction which he obtained last Friday is only temporary and the Pittsburgh Cannon lieutenant cannot hope to put off the agony much longer. At most he can force by court order the opening of the ballot boxes about which Dr. Black, his opponent, has made no protest. As it was, the county commissioners opened one of the boxes in an uncontested district before the injunction was served on them, and it added two votes to Black's total. If this average were kept up in other districts it would more than wipe out the 198 votes by which Dalzell now leads. If that should be the outcome, it would give point to the comment of "Boss" Oliver's paper, the *Gazette-Times*, which, in congratulating Pittsburgh upon its escape from "a national calamity," declared that Dalzell's defeat "would have been hailed from Maine to California as repudiation of the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill, as a rebuke to the Administration, and as a sign of weakening in the Republican phalanx."

The decision of the California Labor Bureau that Japanese immigration is necessary to the welfare of that State, comes as a striking commentary on the anti-Japanese agitation of two years ago. The protest at that time seemed to be unanimous. The Legislature was prepared to pass a whole series of restrictive laws, ranging from the total exclusion of Japanese laborers to the segregation in schools of all Japanese children. But at the eleventh hour pacific influences from Washington prevailed, and the proposed legislation was withdrawn or defeated. As a matter of fact, the apparent solidarity of California against Japanese immigration was an illusion, as apparent solidarities usually are. The anti-Japanese element was organized and vociferous, while the pro-Japanese element was unorganized and quietly busy about its work. The Legislature was induced to compromise the issue by ordering an official inquiry wherein mere lung power would lose its customary advantages. A canvass of the whole State was undertaken by means of circulars. Employers of Asiatic labor were invited to say which kind of As-

iatic they preferred, and why, and to enumerate the benefits and the drawbacks of the different races. A similar inquiry had been made previously, though upon a narrower scale, and the answer then was the same as it is now: the California rancher must employ Asiatic labor because no white labor is available; and while in a great many instances he prefers Chinamen, he is well content with the Japanese. A California "solid against the Japanese" is therefore translated into a California that depends upon the Japanese for crops and general prosperity.

The fact remains, however, that opposition to Japanese immigration will continue as determined as ever, with all its noise and intimidation, and with a better organization. And the Legislature will be fully as amenable as before to the blandishments and the threats of a labor unionism that is more aggressive than elsewhere in the country. San Francisco is opposed to Japanese immigration for the simple reason that the Japanese workman in that city is in direct competition with the white man, whereas elsewhere he is his very obedient and humble servant, doing necessary work that no one else will do.

Last Friday's conviction of two high officers of the Sugar Trust, after a long trial, is not to be taken, as the lawyers for the defence would have the public believe, merely as the result of a blind desire to reach men "higher up." It is, rather, an application of common sense to the whole disgusting scheme of thieving which the Sugar Trust followed. No man in his right mind ever believed that this was the invention or the work of subordinate employees. They were but executing the orders of the unscrupulous men who devised a method of getting rich by daily pilfering from the Government. And the sense of justice would have been revolted had the criminal responsibility been brought home to none of the superior officers. Hence it is a great thing for public morals that a jury, after dispassionately and deliberately considering all the evidence, has found two of the higher officials guilty. If the former head of the Sugar Trust were living, he would undoubtedly have to go to prison for his crimes. But the law which, it is now shown, can reach the men higher up, has no power to go deeper down into the grave.

Princeton's troubles over her Graduate College came to a happy ending last week. Mr. Procter's offer of $500,000 was renewed and accepted, and this sum, added to the Wyman legacy, which it is thought will certainly amount to $3,000,000, will enable the Princeton authorities to lay their foundations broad and deep. An additional $500,000 is to be raised by the first of the coming year, so that there is already in sight a fund larger than the original endowment of Johns Hopkins. On the question of the site at Princeton, President Wilson yielded his personal preference, as it was easy for him to do in view of the way in which the entire scheme has now expanded. In his statement to the trustees, however, he specified the understanding that "the life of the Graduate College should be organized upon the simplest and most natural lines possible, and that the college building should be of common use and benefit to all members." This shows that the money is not to be employed to promote luxury or snobbery.

What large sums are needed to run the Hampton and Tuskegee Institutes is shown again by their annual reports. Thus Booker Washington's budget for next year is $259,164.72, as against $249,522.16 during the financial year just ended, in which no less than $196,777.87 besides was spent for permanent improvements. At Hampton, the outlay is nearly the same; it will be about $250,000 for the year just completed, owing in part to the increased cost of living. Hampton has only $2,180,376 endowment, while the Alabama school possesses $1,387,111.98, and Mr. Washington is asking for $3,000,000 more. No one who is not familiar with the circumstances can appreciate the strain put upon Mr. Washington and Dr. Frissell by the need of perpetual begging. Because of it, they have to forsake their duties as principals; and the struggle becomes harder year by year, as the number of such schools increases. It is difficult to understand how the General Education Board, with its Rockefeller millions, can be unmoved by this state of affairs. Mr. Carnegie, too, having given a million to Tuskegee, might well continue the good work. But the General Education Board seems for the present wrapped up in aiding the smaller colleges. Some day, it is to be hoped, it will enter the field of the small Southern industrial schools for whites and blacks.

Even art comes to him who waits. A Fine Arts Commission to supervise the erection of all new public buildings in Washington, and in general to assist and advise in everything pertaining to the embellishment of the national capital, has been appointed by President Taft. He was authorized to do this by act of Congress. Thus closes an artistic storm. It will be remembered that President Roosevelt undertook on his own motion to constitute such a Fine Arts Commission, but his legal warrant for doing so was doubtful, and Congress legislated his creation out of existence. But Mr. Taft quietly pressed for a reversal of the action, and finally won a real triumph in securing the necessary statute. The whole story shows once more that we do somehow manage to flounder along towards a regard in our public life for what is fit and beautiful.

Mount McKinley has been scaled a second time, and two more expeditions are about to attempt the feat with very fair chances of success. Dr. Cook therefore stands vindicated to this extent, that his claims never embraced the impossible. He may not have climbed Mount McKinley, and he may not have reached the Pole, but by almost a miraculous power of prevision he has seen the coming event a few months in advance of his fellow-citizens; and that is a gift not to be ashamed of. As a harbinger of success he is almost without a rival. It might be a very good thing for civilization if Dr. Cook could be induced to come out of his retirement and announce that he had discovered a cure for tuberculosis, solved the cost-of-living problem, and persuaded the Kaiser to consent to a reduction of armaments. Within a few months these things would actually have been accomplished—by some one else.

Literary free-lancing is usually regarded as an extra-hazardous occupation. The other side of the picture is presented by one of the contributors to a recent volume published by the Women's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston under the title, "Vocations for the Trained Woman," and dealing with

every form of occupation open to the educated woman, other than teaching. Newspaper-work as a profession, on the whole, offers few opportunities for women. The pay is not very good, and the work is exhausting, physically and mentally. But with the free-lance the situation is different:

> It may be said in general, our informant asserts, that it is a comparatively easy thing for a very ordinary writer, with very ordinary industry, to make $1,000 a year free-lancing in New York. It is a very easy and a very speedy matter to write a thousand words. It is not a matter of time or difficulty to get the material to fill a thousand words. The crux of the matter comes in knowing what sort of material to get, how to get it, and where to sell it.

No one will take exception to this sanguine statement of the case. We have no doubt that $50,000 a year is very easy to coin for the lawyer who knows how to find clients who will pay him $50,000 a year, or the author who can sell two hundred thousand copies of his book.

Within a little over a month since the beginning of his reign in England, the new monarch has had the appointment of two "proconsuls," as the English have proudly learned to call their colonial rulers. Lord Gladstone was named Governor-General of South Africa about two weeks ago, and last week Sir Charles Hardinge, permanent Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, was named Viceroy of India, in succession to the Earl of Minto. The Government has thus reverted to the policy it followed in the appointment of Lord Curzon, who held the same post as Sir Charles Hardinge for three years preceding his elevation to the vice-royalty. Unless the precedent of Lord Curzon is followed in another respect and Sir Charles Hardinge is raised to the peerage, he will be with one exception the first commoner in seventy-five years to occupy this exalted position. It must be said, however, that the new Viceroy is the brother of a viscount, the son of a viscount, and the grandson of a viscount—this last one having held the Governor-Generalship of India from 1844 to 1847. The appointment of a man so well trained in diplomacy as Sir Charles Hardinge indicates a desire on the part of the British Government to follow a line of action midway between the traditional policy of naming a noble figurehead and the latter-day policy of blood and iron that found expression in the desire to see Lord Kitchener made Viceroy.

Reports agree on the probability of a harmony conference between the Liberal and Conservative leaders in England. What is not so clear is whether the arrangement contemplated is to be in the nature of a truce or of a more lasting treaty of peace. Nor is it wholly evident just what reasons impel Mr. Asquith to go into a conference in which it is said the representatives of neither the labor party nor the Irish will participate, and of which the radical element among Mr. Asquith's own followers disapproves. Apparently, the Premier seems to be inviting a recurrence of the situation which caused him great embarrassment a few months ago and from which he extricated himself only by making ample concessions to the radical drive within his own party. At that time it was Mr. Asquith's purpose to proceed with his budget legislation without explicitly pledging himself to a policy of fight on the question of the Lords' veto. This position he was compelled to abandon, and the budget was not passed until Mr. Asquith had made the pledge that, in case the Lords threw out the veto resolutions, he would ask for "guarantees" from the King. A new King now rules in England and the desire to spare his reign an inauspicious beginning is probably strong enough among all parties to postpone the quarrel for some time to come. But Mr. Asquith must have got a firmer grip on his followers than he has hitherto held if he feels strong enough to enter into a permanent compromise with the Opposition.

While to the late King of England has been generally accorded the title of the leading "peacemaker" of the world, there is an equally general impression that in the matter of naval armaments England has been the world's "pacemaker." The London *Economist* is by no means pleased with this "double and most unenviable compliment," and proceeds to dispute it by the production of statistics that point in other directions. Of these the most striking are the figures for the naval expenditures of Germany and of the United States. While Great Britain's naval expenditure has risen from £15,600,000 in 1890 to £40,600,000 in 1910, that of Germany has advanced from £3,600,000 in 1890 to £17,400,000 in 1908, and that of the United States from £4,100,000 in 1890 to £23,600,000 in 1908. Thus British naval expenditure was two and a half times as great in 1910 as it had been twenty years before, while in Germany the outlay had been nearly quintupled in eighteen years beginning with the same date, and in the United States, in the same time, nearly sextupled. The *Economist* urges the revival of the proposal looking to limitation of armaments made by the Czar at the first Hague Conference as an imperative duty of the British Government; and it does seem as though England could press such a proposal with a good countenance.

News of the suppression of the Albanian revolt comes surprisingly close on the heels of the report of Turkish reverses. It is only a few weeks since the Government forces were supposed to have been fought to a standstill, and important towns like Pristina and Prizrend seemed in danger of falling into the hands of the insurgent tribes. That a complete reversal of the situation should have taken place in so short a time, and this, too, without the report of a great battle reaching the outside world, would savor almost of magic, if a more matter-of-fact explanation were not available. The truth would seem to be that the Albanians were not beaten, but placated, and that the wholesale surrender of arms by the tribesmen was voluntary. The outcome has been credited to Shefket Pasha, commander-in-chief of the Turkish armies, and the hero of the capture of Constantinople and the overthrow of Abdul Hamid. But it was Shefket Pasha the diplomat, and not the soldier, who won over the Albanians. His appeal is said to have been made to the patriotic and religious sentiments of the rebellious tribesmen. He pointed out that, taking advantage of the Government's difficult situation in Albania, the enemies of Turkish rule in Crete had renewed the campaign against even the semblance of Ottoman authority in that island, and that the Mohammedan remnant in Crete was being persecuted by the Christian majority. The need of making a united front against European aggression seems to have completely won over the Mohammedan Albanians. In Shefket Pasha Turkey has to-day a man as potent in peace as he is in war.

THE NEW FEELING ABOUT THE TARIFF.

Several defences of the Payne-Aldrich tariff have appeared within the past few days, almost as if concerted. Senator Hale praised highly the new law in a speech in the Senate, declaring that there had been an unconscionable and wholly unjustifiable amount of "barking and howling" about it. Then there was the Wisconsin convention of high-tariff Republicans. They resolved solemnly that the new high tariff was just the kind of thing they liked. And on Saturday, the Washington correspondent of the New York *Tribune* set forth an array of figures to show how the Payne-Aldrich tariff has been "persistently maligned." As a matter of fact, he wrote, it is proving a fairly good revenue-producer. For the nine months ending with April 30, it brought $252,000,000 into the Treasury from customs duties, or nearly $40,000,000 more than the Dingley tariff yielded in the like period of 1908. Furthermore, the average rate of duty collected has been 41.73, whereas under the Dingley law it was 42.41. Thus the promised revision downwards is achieved: it amounts to nearly seven-tenths of one per cent. What could be a more complete demonstration of the fact that we ought all to rise up and call the new tariff blessed?

Such defences are, we believe, put forward in good faith. There is every reason to think that the Administration and the old-style Republican leaders regard the argument as entirely sound. From their standpoint, the critics are naturally thought of as querulous or partisan. If the Payne bill can be proved to be no worse than the McKinley bill or the Dingley bill, and, in truth, a shade better than either, why all this continuous complaint? The party and the country acquiesced in the former high-tariff laws, and did not long keep angry over the way in which they were framed, and who will give the reason for so great a difference to-day? It is in genuine perplexity and with real pain that such questions are asked by those bred in the old school of tariff-making.

What the old school fails to perceive is that a new sensitiveness on this subject has taken possession of the nation. It was expressed by Gifford Pinchot in his speech at St. Paul on Saturday, when he alluded to the tariff as an example of the way in which special interests had been allowed to write the acts of Congress. He specified the indefensible woollen schedule—even President Taft admits that there is no defence for it, except the necessity of yielding to *force majeure*—and the cotton duties raised utterly without excuse, and the trick by which the rate on structural steel was increased, with other offences, including the sugar duties. These are the things which, with the belief that the tariff has helped to drive up the cost of living, have made millions of people angry; and they feel that they do well to be angry and propose to keep on being so and to vent their resentment in their votes, at the first opportunity. To men in such a state of mind, it is not of the slightest use to say that the tariff is doing well as a revenue-getter. That is entirely beside the point. Nor is it of any avail to show by a nice handling of the figures that duties have been, on the average, reduced by a hair. This is not at all the question that is troubling the complainants. What they object to is the evidence that interested citizens and corporations were too strong for the President and for Congress, and were able to write their own schedules into the tariff. This grievance cannot be removed by statistics of revenue or comparisons of the rates of duty carried out to four figures of decimals.

The new feeling about the tariff seems highly unreasonable to the old politicians moving about in a world not realized. "Why," they say in their exasperation, "the tariff has always been made in this way, and why do you begin kicking about it now? You say that you can't stand having people get what they want by 'seeing Aldrich,' but they used to 'see' McKinley and Dingley in just the same way, and you never thought of howling about it then. We can't understand your sudden spasm of virtue." Well, this was also the state of mind of men who couldn't understand the popular outcry against railway rebates. Those, too, were an old story; favored shippers had always got them. What was the use of protesting? But the time came when public sentiment would no longer tolerate that practice. Similarly with the exploitation of the public domain by private interests: that, also, had gone on for years virtually unchecked. It was fairly buttressed with arguments from the antiquity of the abuse. Yet it has had to give way: its fortress has been carried by assault. And in the same way it is absolutely foolish for defenders of the tariff to sally forth and say that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary of such methods as were followed by Aldrich. Man's memory is making new dates very rapidly in the United States; and the old fashion of creating tariffs in the dark by secret bargains will soon seem as far away as the Flood.

ROOSEVELT IN EUROPE.

The close of Mr. Roosevelt's European tour pricks the mind with the question: Why was it so extraordinarily successful? Begin by making every allowance. Grant that much of the favor shown to Roosevelt was really an evidence of friendliness to the United States, with which all Europe so evidently desires to be on good terms. Concede that the "publicity" department of his travels was carefully attended to, the press being used with all his old skill. In comparing his European reception with Grant's do not leave out of the account the immense changes in international knowledge and international advertising which have taken place since the day of the silent General. Subtract these and all the other items you can think of from the total, and it still remains so large as to challenge explanation while exciting wonder.

No one at all acquainted with the facts can deny the genuineness and spontaneity of the interest which Europe took in Mr. Roosevelt. His fame had preceded him. We may doubt if he added anything to it by means of his journey, except as the vividness of a personality is always heightened by the chance to visualize it. That may explain in part the crowding of Italians and Frenchmen and the others to see the man of whom they had heard so much, and with whose portrait they were so familiar. But with every abatement made, the tribute paid to Mr. Roosevelt by the rulers and people of Europe is something wholly unparalleled. It constitutes by itself a remarkable event which Americans are bound to try to understand—and this not in a spirit of national vainglory, but solely in the endeavor to estimate at their true significance the political ideas which sway the masses of mankind, and with which we shall have to reckon in all our future striving.

Many partial explanations of the European manifestations over Roosevelt lie ready to hand. His dæmonic energy and versatility are qualities which captivate the common imagination everywhere. Then, too, there was an inevitable idealization of the public career of the man, on the part of those who had simply beheld it looming gigantically across the ocean, and who had not had occasion to scrutinize it from near by. It was easy, for example, for an orator in Europe to hail Mr. Roosevelt as the "conqueror of corruption." Such words would stick in the throat of an American familiar with the ex-President's desire that the arch-corruptionist, Addicks, should be elected to the United States Senate from Delaware, or with his private and "practical" arrangements with Harriman to raise money in order to debauch the voters of New York. In Europe, the run of the people know nothing about any of these flaws in the marble; so they are free to take the statue as one ideally perfect. They believe in Mr. Roosevelt's uncommon civic courage; they think of him as one who took his political life in his hands and dashed against rich monopolists; they delight to regard him as a public man of shining honesty and of unrivalled chivalry. It is thus in part an ideal Roosevelt—and we all of us have an ideal Roosevelt tucked away somewhere—whom Europe has been acclaiming; but we cannot bewail or begrudge the glamour of distance which has made this so easy. If there is truth in the saying that the verdict of foreigners on a public man anticipates the judgment of his countrymen in the future, there is matter in this European triumph of Roosevelt which we cannot afford to ignore.

The chief reason for saying so lies in the chief reason for Europe's having so risen to Mr. Roosevelt. This can be got at only by those who have stopped to analyze the emotions of the throngs who pressed upon him. To those thus attentive, it is clear that Mr. Roosevelt was hailed as the champion of the masses against the classes, of the poor against the rich. To thousands and tens of thousands in Europe, this American typifies what they vaguely call the social revolution. In him they think they hear the voice of the struggling common man uttering protests and warnings to the wealthy. That is the final secret of the great stir of popular admiration for Roosevelt in Europe. He bulks there a large-limbed Goth ready to strike down every form of privilege. He himself seemed to be aware of this, or to respond as an orator does to the sentiments of his audience, in avowing himself, on more than one occasion, a thorough "radical." He has never done that at home. Here he has always chosen to figure as the great mediator between capital and labor, between wealth and poverty, between conservatism and radicalism. But in Europe he instinctively perceived the sign in which he was thought to conquer and declared himself, without mincing words, Theodore Roosevelt the Radical. There is no doubt in our mind that in this he accurately grasped the real cause of the enthusiasm for him on the part of the common people in Europe. They think of him as a fearless and powerful ruler who seizes plutocrats by the throat and compels them to disgorge. He has become a sort of transfigured leader and representative of social and political struggle. That is the thing which made Italian laboring men run after him madly, though they could not understand a word he said, which drew to him even the *blasé* crowd in Paris, which caused the German Social-Democrat to feel that in Roosevelt he had a brother at heart. This is something that goes further and means more than official or academic honors; it is deep answering to deep in the discontent and aspiration of our time. What the European masses see in Roosevelt and hope to get from him, is certain to be more and more in the mind of the American masses, too; so that if he enters public life again we may reasonably look to see him adopt much more radical policies than any that have been associated with his name before. Thus Europe's chorus in praise of Roosevelt is a distinct notification to his fellow-citizens of what they have to expect.

FINLAND AND RUSSIA.

The cry of "Finis Finlandiæ" with which the most notorious reactionary leader in the Russian Duma greeted the passage of the anti-Finland bill may still be belied by the future. But the exultation of the Russian reactionaries does serve to demonstrate how futile it is for Russia's apologists in the matter of Finland to labor at making out a case for the Czar's Government. Even if this bill aiming at the suppression of Finnish liberties were, in the eyes of the Czar's Ministers, just and necessary, the yell of triumph with which it was hailed by the former leader of the Black Hundred would be enough to condemn it. It is Russia's misfortune, and at the same time her just penalty, that the forces of misgovernment and reaction within her may seize even upon the good intention and turn it to base uses. It has been Russia's complaint that her motives are misunderstood in the outside world, which refuses to give the Empire credit for good faith in whatever it may attempt. But how, in this present case of Finland, for instance, is it possible to listen to M. Stolypin's assurances of honest intent when above them sounds the "Finis Finlandiæ" of the men who are enemies to all liberty and all progress? The terms conservatism and nationalism are respectable in every country except Russia. There conservatism has spelt dark reaction, and nationalism has meant the persecution of every minor race within the Empire.

Not that the law against Finland's liberties passed by the Duma on Friday is in any way open to the suspicion of being wise, necessary, or justified. Nor has opinion, even in Government circles, been unanimously in its favor. So important a member of the Russian Cabinet as M. Kokovtsoff, Minister of Finance, has sharply criticised the bill and the policy which it embodies. M. Kokovtsoff has argued that Finnish autonomy has its guarantees in the Fundamental Laws of the Empire and has been confirmed in turn by every Emperor since Alexander I. The bill provides that, in matters of joint imperial interest, the Russian Parliament shall be competent to legislate for Finland, and to that end Finland shall send five representatives to the Russian Duma and one representative to the Council of Empire. Such meagre representation, argued M. Kokovtsoff, would not only leave Finnish interests virtually undefended, but would add to the legislative burdens of the Duma, which is now in danger of being swamped by the mass of accumulated legislation. It is absurd, therefore, to complain, as the anti-Finland leaders invariably do, that the cause of the Finns is strong only among foreign professors, legists, sentimentalists, and anti-Russian agitators. Within

the Czar's own official family criticism has spoken out in unmistakable tones.

The principal argument in favor of the new law has been plausibly put. In its terms the measure does not invade Finland's right to manage her own affairs. It simply transfers to the Duma the right of legislating on affairs common to Russia and Finland, which is at present exercised by the Czar through his Ministers. If Ireland had her Parliament, the argument runs, that body would not be allowed to impose its veto on imperial legislation at Westminster, yet that is just what the Finnish Diet has been doing up to the present and wishes to go on doing. Finland's reply is prompt and sufficient. What are these questions of "imperial" interest which alone the Russian Government plans to reserve for its own consideration? Dr. Dillon, in the *Contemporary Review*, gives a list of "imperial" topics taken up for consideration by the Ministerial Council on a certain day of last January. One question dealt with "the summary dismissal of officials and servants of the Finnish railway department, who come to their official duties in a state of intoxication." The Ministerial Council also debated whether it was expedient to create the positions of watchman to the Geographical Department of Helsingfors University, and stoker in the physical laboratory of the same institution. The appointment of a statistical clerk for the financial department of the Finnish Senate at an annual salary of $1,000 was also discussed. It is such matters of high "imperial" interest that necessitate the dispatch of Finnish representatives to the Russian Duma. After a few years of such active "imperialization," Finland's autonomy and Finland's Diet would be in a fair way of becoming almost as real as the "constitutional" system within Russia itself.

The present campaign against Finland is a resumption of the Bobrikoff policy of 1899, but intensified by the Russian Government's resentment at the part played by the Finns in the revolutionary movement of 1905. Finland alone has kept the liberties which she won in that year of popular upheaval. Elsewhere in Russia the autocratic system has regained its hold. Finland is, therefore, more than ever an eyesore to the champions of the "old Russian" ideals. In her case this hatred is doubled by the fact that Finland is "foreign," as well as free, just as the Jews and Poles in Russia are "foreign" without being free. The campaign against Finland, while it has its own special causes, is also part of this general campaign against the minor races within the Empire. In pursuance of that campaign the Jews are once more being hunted out of the cities of the Empire and herded into the Pale. In pursuance of the same campaign against the Poles, M. Stolypin is even ready to install a Zemstvo system in Polish provinces on the basis of universal suffrage—in the provinces, that is, where the Poles are in a minority. High reasons of state are adducible in plenty. But the driving force behind the policy is reaction and race hatred.

THE AIM OF THE COLLEGE.

When the elective system was introduced into our American colleges some forty years ago, the question seemed simple. On the one hand the field of human knowledge had so broadened, and on the other the demands of professional life had become so intensified, that no single required course of study could satisfy the obvious needs of all college students. How to meet the situation thus presented was, indeed, a problem of some difficulty. But the radicals and the conservatives and the men midway between them differed chiefly in their estimate of means, and stood on essentially the same ground as regards the end. The question was not the object of the college, but how that object could best be attained.

How far we are now from that simple condition of things, there have recently been many reminders. The latest of them is to be found in an article in the *Popular Science Monthly* for June, which is a reproduction of the address given some weeks ago by Professor Cattell of Columbia at the annual dinner or the Harvard Teachers' Association at Cambridge. Professor Cattell is a vigorous fighter and a brilliant controversialist. The fact that the pendulum is now swinging strongly away from the free elective system constitutes for him no reason for compliance or compromise; quite the contrary. Nor did the circumstance that he was talking in a Harvard building to Harvard men deter him from making at the president of Harvard every kind of clever thrust known to the swordsmanship of controversy.

In substance, and almost in form, the speech is a reply to President Lowell's inaugural address. To the views there advanced Professor Cattell objects in almost every instance. He does not believe that the faculty can choose for the student better than the student can; "the collective unwisdom of a college faculty is not often exceeded by an undergraduate student." And he does not believe that the faculty can enforce its choice; its "skill in devising restrictive regulations" being exceeded by "the ingenuity of the student in dodging them." He does not believe in the student being required, or even encouraged, to pursue studies which he does not himself feel will be of special benefit to him in his life work; and he does not believe that interest in such studies can be effectively stimulated by any plan that can be devised. These things, and others like them, are set forth by Professor Cattell, not didactically, but largely in the form of epigram and irony; and his article has rather the pungency of acute special pleading than the convincingness of a thoroughgoing discussion. Placing it alongside Mr. Lowell's inaugural, we do not see—but for one reservation—that it makes any really formidable attack on the position taken by the president of Harvard.

But that reservation is of cardinal importance. The real line of division between Professor Cattell and President Lowell relates not to the mechanism of the college, but to the purpose of the college. President Lowell's address is permeated throughout with the idea that a college education is worth having, and worth giving, for its general effect on the man who gets it; Professor Cattell's words are instinct with contempt and even bitterness for any ideal of a college education in which its results are not measured in terms of specific achievement in after life. It is, we believe, his preoccupation with this view that causes Professor Cattell to present the position of President Lowell in a way that the latter's own statement of it by no means justifies. The reaction against the free elective system has not at all the character of a plea for amateurishness, in any such sense as Professor Cattell seems to suppose; on the contrary, one of its leading motives is the revival of the idea

of mental discipline as a good in itself. That reaction does emphasize the value of culture; but while from the narrower standpoint of the future professional man studies pursued in this spirit may seem those of an amateur, to the student himself they may be the most bracing and the most exacting of intellectual tasks. And it is the idea of subjection to something like a common discipline which, more than anything else, has inspired the opposition to the extreme form of the elective system.

The thesis has been advanced—not by Professor Cattell, though his article points somewhat in that direction—that the funds of a college, being a public trust, cannot justifiably be used for the promotion of the culture of individuals, since such a use serves no public purpose. The premise, however, is decidedly open to question; he would be a bold man who should assert that it is of no benefit to the nation at large to have within it a considerable body of men and women whose intellectual interests have been broadened and deepened by liberal studies, even though no specific outward result may be traceable to those studies. But apart from this, those who advance such a doctrine go into waters far deeper than they are aware of. If everything for which public or quasi-public funds are used is to be held subject to this dogmatic test of surface utility, we must apply it not only to the kind, but also to the degree, of service which any proposed expenditure furnishes. If we may not spend quasi-public money to enable students to acquire knowledge or culture for its own sake because this does no service to the public, how shall we justify the spending of public money on objects that are not primary essentials so long as these primary essentials are not supplied in full measure? What right have we to erect handsome public buildings, or to beautify parks, or to acquire works of art, so long as there are bad streets or inadequate schoolhouses or insufficient provision for the poor? And yet, if we had waited to do the apparently less essential things until the essential things had been completely supplied, we should never have had either the one or the other. More things go to the making of a nation or a city than can be enumerated in the census; and the instinctive common sense of mankind has always sanctioned the acquiring of elusive and intangible things, in due measure, even at the sacrifice of things more obviously necessary. But as soon as you grant this, the ground falls from under the feet of those who would deny to a liberal education any standing as an object of public interest, unless it can be justified by some colorable plea of concrete public service.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

Most readers probably thought that the announcement of the death of Goldwin Smith marked the passing of a scholar, a professor, an historian, a publicist; but more than any of these, he was in a very true sense a great journalist. He himself said that he was by preference a journalist. This definition of his chief activity is based not merely upon his voluminous and lifelong contributions to newspapers and periodicals, but upon the method and aim of most of his writing. It was intensely actual and opportunist, in the best meaning of that word. He was deep in history, but his most vivid interest was in that living pageant of present government and politics which is history in the making. Even some of his books—such as his "Political History of the United States" and his "History of the United Kingdom—have a high touch of journalism. They are like expanded "leaders." Miracles of condensation as those volumes are, and racy with acute characterization, they seem a kind of lofty journalism in their overmastering purpose of flashing all the light to be had from the past upon the instant day.

Forty-five years ago, Cobden said well of Goldwin Smith, "His pen is a power in the state." And what a pen it was! In swift-moving lucidity, in force of phrase, in formidable attack and in even more powerful rejoinder, it was unsurpassed in all the years during which he plied it so busily. Even his ephemeral writings in the press had a masterly ease and a conquering felicity of style. Who like him could embalm a politician in an epigram, or give to even a bitter epithet the character of enduring justice? If his work was essentially journalistic, as he himself, with the grave accuracy in judging himself that he brought to the dissection of others, said that it was, it was a rare species of journalism — dignified, high-minded, courteous, and shot through with learning and conviction.

In Canada, where Goldwin Smith lived for the past forty years, he held a singular position. It might be said that he was at once the most disliked and the most admired citizen of the Dominion. Politically, he became more and more isolated. He never bowed to gales of popular passion; and the greater the majority against his views, the more insistent was his ice-cool demonstration that the majority was wrong. The machine in politics he hated with a perfect hatred, and upon its successive advances in Canada he poured the vitriol of his scorn. This inevitably made him enemies; and as the national feeling in recent years ran so strongly counter to the views he advocated, he seemed to be a sort of Athanasius *contra mundum.* Yet nothing could rob him of the distinction of being the chief Canadian man of letters; nor did any of those who withstood him question the sad sincerity in which he wrought, or doubt that the blade which he wielded with such effect was tempered in deep conviction. On the occasion of his eighty-sixth birthday, greetings came to him from all parts of the Dominion, as well as from over the border and across the seas; and at that time the *Canadian Courier* justly declared that "the homage paid to Dr. Smith is one which has been evoked by his sincere and lofty personality."

It is this personal quality which will long keep green the memory of Goldwin Smith, even after his books and articles are forgotten. His bearing was always that of one who considered himself a soldier in the war of humanity. To his chivalrous spirit, nothing was more natural than to enter the lists in behalf of justice and liberty; and the angry outcry of the crowd simply meant nothing at all to him. If he was occasionally betrayed into a biting retort—as when he telegraphed to England that Disraeli's attacks upon him in "Lothair" were "the stingless insults of the coward"—in general he set a fine example of the honorable spirit in controversy. In all his long battling for free trade between Canada and the United States, one knows not whether to admire more his intrepidity and resourcefulness or his measured courtesy and sobriety of statement. Some of his best work was unsigned—such as the

reviews which for many years he contributed to the *Nation*.

In so prolonged and incessant an intelleetual activity as that of Goldwin Smith, there were inevitable disappointments; and in more than one case even his friends felt that his judgment went sadly astray. But no one questioned the intellectual integrity with which he beat out and defended his views. The world, latterly, did not go according to his mind. Not for him was the flush of the "Happy Warrior" who, in the end of his days, "sees what he foresaw." Yet it could be said of him that through the heat of conflict he kept the law in calmness made. The principles which he espoused in his young manhood animated him through those last remarkable years of his great age, when, amid failing physical powers, his mind gleamed out with all of its early brilliance. His eager keeping abreast of the political and scientific and religious problems of the day; his continued description of himself as yet a learner—though with the pathetic addition that old men have little time left for learning; his undimmed intellectual curiosity, rank him among the most wonderful and inspiring old men that ever lived. In losing him, at last, we are deprived of one of the leading lights of two generations.

ITALIAN BOOKS OF HISTORY.

FLORENCE, Italy, June 1.

Among reeent works on historical topography Giuseppe Tomassetti's "La Campagna Romana" is specially notable. It is to be complete in three volumes, of which the first has just appeared (Rome: Loeseher, 24 lire). The author attempts to deal with the Roman Campagna in all its aspects and throughout its entire history, classical, mediæval, and modern. The present volume is a general essay on the region, and, after a short chapter on its natural conditions (geology, fauna, and flora), the author proceeds to set forth the really vast amount of information which he has collected during more than thirty years' study of its ancient cities, aqueducts, villas, castles, roads, temples, cemeteries, etc. Agricultural and pastoral life are also treated, both in ancient and modern times, and mention is made of such divers matters as country *osterie*, brigandage, tombs, and popular poetry, and many curious documents are included. It cannot be said that Signor Tomassetti has put all his material together very skilfully; the work is much too diffuse and lacking in synthesis. But when complete, it will prove a mine of information for the student and provide excellent material for the compilation of a really useful handbook of the Campagna, of which there is need since Abate's admirable guide is somewhat out of date.

Giacomo Barzellotti's volume on Monte Amiata, and the curious religious agitation promoted by David Lazzaretti ("Il Monte Amiata e il suo Profeta"; Milan: Treves, 10 lire), is a curious study of religious psychology. The book is, in part, a reissue of the author's essay on Lazzaretti published twenty-five years ago, but with a great deal of new material added, especially on the history and general conditions of the region which was the baekground of the movement. Lazzaretti, who was a earrier by profession, became imbued with mysticism at an early age, and assumed the rôle of prophet and advocate of a social and religious reformation which, from the wooded slopes of Monte Amiata, was expected to spread throughout Italy and the rest of the world. By his preachings and writings and by his austere life, he acquired much influence among the mountaineers and the people of the Tuscan Maremma, and was regarded at first with favor by the Clerical party, both in France and Italy, who hoped to use him as an instrument for the reactionary movement then contemplated; but, on account of his subsequent lapses from orthodoxy, he was branded by the Church as a vietim of "diabolic illusions." The fanaticism which he aroused among the peasantry disturbed the political authorities, also, who were at that time alarmed at the Clerical intrigues on the one hand (it was soon after the occupation of Rome by the Italian troops) and by the "internationalist" anarchistic outrages on the other. On the occasion of a great religious procession on Monte Amiata there was an affray between the police and the peasants, and the prophet was shot dead. There is still, however, among the people of the district believers in Lazzaretti's divine inspiration and in his forthcoming resurrection. Prof. Felice Tocco adds another contribution to the already large Francisean literature with his volume "La Questione della povertà nel secolo XIV" (Naples: Perrella, 5 lire), in which he publishes a number of documents on the eontroversies among the Franciscans, the Dominicans, and the secular clergy, concerning Christ's poverty and the duty of Christians to divest themselves of all property. The Francisean movement, which had begun as a reaction against the gross corruption and worldliness of the mediæval ehurch, degenerated eventually into a fantastic doctrine, which denied the rights of property and every form of law and even of family life. In the documents collected by Professor Tocco, the arguments on both sides are set forth in a series of responses to the question put by Pope John XXIII. After hearing the different views, of which the most notable were the replies of Cardinals Della Torre and Vitale on the Franeiscan side, and of Cardinals Ganeelme de Jean, Pietro Colonna, and Napoleone Orsini on that of the Dominieans, the Pope closed the eontroversy with the curious bull which declared that any one denying that Christ possessed property, either individually or in common, was guilty of heresy. The author takes the view that this deeision, although expressed in a surprising form, was sound, and that the Church performed a useful work in condemning the extreme Franciscan argument. Another unpublished document contained in this volume is the polemical dispute on the same subject between Robert Kilwardly and John Peckham, successive Archbishops of Canterbury.

Historical guidebooks of Italian towns are becoming an ever more popular form of literature, and Dr. Massimiliano Falciai's little volume on Arezzo ("Arezzo, la sua storia e i suoi monumenti"; Florence: Lumachi, 2.50 lire) is a useful addition to the series. Vittorio Lugli has published a work on Italian family life in the fifteenth century ("I Trattatisti della famiglia nel quattrocento"; Bologna: Formiggini, 2.50 lire), based on the letters of historical personages and contemporary treatises regarding domestic manners and civil life. The author believes that the common opinion as to the general corruption during that brilliant period of Italian history is greatly exaggerated, being derived from the licentiousness of many of the courts and from the vices of a few celebrated humanists and men of letters.

More recent history forms the subject of several new books. From the pen of Captain Eugenio Barbarich, a distinguished Italian staff officer and author of an excellent volume on Albania, we have the first part of a work on Napoleon's Venetian campaign of 1796 ("La Campagna del 1796 nel Veneto. Parte prima: La Decadenza militare della Serenissima"; Rome: Voghera). Capt. Barbarich describes the conditions of the military forces of the Venetian republic towards its fall, a subject which has hitherto been neglected, most historians having limited themselves to the far more brilliant exploits of the navy, but which deserves attention as explaining some obscure points of Napoleon's Italian campaigns. He has made extensive researches in the bulky and almost unexplored *filze* of the *Senato Militar*, and of the *Provveditori* Foscarini and Battagia in the Frari archives, which shed much fresh light on the operations of the French army from Lodi to Leoben. The Venetian army was composed partly of mercenaries and partly of the *cerne*, or local forces, levied in time of war and modelled on Machiavelli's proposals for

a national militia. The mercenaries had been declining in efficiency and the summoning of the *cerne* had fallen into disuse. A revival of the latter became necessary, in view of the threatening attitude of Bonaparte, but military capacity was wanting and the proposal to raise fresh levies aroused great opposition. The troops which the Republic was able to collect proved no match for the disciplined veterans of France, and the decrepit government, faced by the Austrians on the one hand and the French on the other, collapsed.

The Società Editrice Libraria of Milan continues the Italian edition of Oncken's universal history. The latest instalment is a volume on the Second Empire and the Italian Kingdom ("Il Secondo Impero e il Regno d'Italia"), edited and enlarged from the original German of C. Bulle by Savelli, who often corrects and contradicts the former writer.

A bulky volume on the second Bourbon restoration in France and the July monarchy has been brought out by L. Cappelletti ("La Seconda Restaurazione e la Monarchia di Luglio"; Turin: Bocca, 6 lire), which completes the author's series of studies on French history from the fall of the Bastile to Sedan, filling up the gap between 1815 and 1818. It does not add much to our knowledge of the period, and is, indeed, hardly intended to do so, being merely a piece of careful book-making.

The crop of books on the Risorgimento is larger than usual in this year of patriotic celebrations. Several works on Garibaldi's Sicilian expedition (1860) have appeared, of which the most notable is Alberto Dallolio's "La Spedizione dei Mille nelle memorie bolognesi" (Bologna: Zanichelli, 5 lire). As its title implies, it does not deal with the expedition as a whole, but with the part which Bologna and the Romagna in general played on that occasion. The author has made an exhaustive study of the documents in the Bolognese Museo del Risorgimento, and sheds some fresh light on the history of that wonderful epoch. One of the chief points brought out is the importance of Agostino Bertani's influence. Garibaldi, with all his magnificent audacity, hesitated at the apparent foolhardiness and hopelessness of an invasion of Sicily by a handful of volunteers, and if Bertani, from his sick-bed, had not constantly urged him to persist, he might perhaps have given up the scheme. There were few Bolognese in the first expedition, but the local branch of the famous National Society assisted it in various ways. After the conquest of Sicily it was the Romagnols who organized and carried out the insurrection in the Marche; and this led to the occupation of those provinces by the royal troops, and to the fateful meeting between King Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi which gave birth to the Italian kingdom. The latter part of the volume is made up of documents, mostly unpublished and of considerable interest. E. T. Moneta, an ex-Garibaldian and now president of the Milan branch of the International Peace Society, is continuing his series of volumes on the Italian revolutionary wars, written in a spirit of genuine and militant (I had almost said military) patriotism. His latest publication is an excellent little monograph on the campaign of 1866 ("Custoza e Lissa"; Milan: Società Internazionale per la Pace, 2.50 lire), in which he sets forth the causes of the Italian defeats in that year—the faulty military preparations, the exaggerated quixotism of Lamarmora, who refused to fall in with Prussia's proposal to promote a rising in Hungary, because he considered it "disloyal," his horror of the revolutionary movement in Italy (which Cavour had skilfully utilized), Bismarck's bad faith, and the imperfect welding together of the various parts of Italy's new army. Custoza was lost, according to Signor Moneta, largely on account of Lamarmora's incapacity to handle large bodies of troops and on account of Gen. Della Rocca's culpable jealousy of his chief, which induced him to keep a heavy reserve force inactive when the arrival of reinforcements would have turned defeat into certain victory. At sea the defeat at Lissa was due to Admiral Persano's utter inefficiency and cowardice, although Tegethoff's real merit deserves recognition.

LUIGI VILLARI.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

A fourth copy of an exceedingly rare and little-known pamphlet, which has been styled the first printed book relating to the settlement of Boston, turned up some months ago in England, and has now come to New York. It consists of title and five leaves, and is the notable "farewell address" of John Winthrop and his fellow-passengers to their friends in England, written just before they were setting out for their new homes in the wilderness. The title in full is, "The Humble Request of his Majesties loyall Subjects, the governour and the Company late gone for New-England; To the rest of their Brethern, in and of the Church of England. For the obtaining of their Prayers, and the removall of suspitions, and misconstructions of their Intentions. London, Printed for John Bellamie. 1630." It is dated "From Yarmouth aboard the Arbella April 7, 1630," and is signed by John Winthrop, the Governor, and six others.

Although there is a copy in the Prince collection in the Boston Public Library, and a second in the Bodleian, the book is almost unmentioned by American historians, though the letter itself is cited and quoted. From a third copy, acquired by the John Carter Brown Library a few years ago, a facsimile reprint was published in 1905. The title is given in full, even to the imprint and date, in Joshua Scottow's "Narrative of the Planting of the Massachusetts Colony" (Boston, 1694), and the letter is printed entire in the little book "Massachusetts or the first planters of New England" (Boston, 1796), likewise compiled by Scottow. It has also been frequently reprinted since. The "Request" was probably written by John Winthrop, though early writers attributed it to John White, the Puritan divine, called the Patriarch of Dorchester, who was the father of the Massachusetts Bay Colony and author of "The Planters Plea" (London, 1630), which contains in the words of the title-page "a manifestation of the causes moving such as have lately undertaken a plantation in New England." This little book contains the earliest printed account of the planting of the colony, though White himself never came to America.

The Merwin-Clayton Sales Company will sell on June 22 and 23 a miscellaneous collection, including bibliography, books on the drama, some first editions of Tennyson, etc.

On June 24, they will hold the last sale of the season, a miscellaneous collection, including some thousands of photographs and stereoscopic views.

On June 28 Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge will sell in London the library of Thomas Gray, including several very rare American tracts. The most notable of these is Benjamin Thompson's "New England's Crisis," printed at Boston by John Foster in 1676. This is a small octavo of sixteen leaves. The only copy previously known is in the Boston Athenæum library, and that lacks the title-page. Evans, in describing this, surmises that it bore a title similar to "New England's Tears for her Present Miseries," which is actually another book by the same author printed in London and of which the only known copy is in the John Carter Brown Library. Five rare quarto tracts, Higginson's "New England's Plantation" (1630); Vincent's "Relation of the late Battell fought in New England between the English and the Salvages" (1637); Lederer's "Discoveries in three Several Marches from Virginia to the West of Carolina" (1672), and two of the John Eliot "Progress of the Gospel" series are bound together in one volume and sold as one lot.

On June 24 they sell a large collection of Book-Plates brought together by Matthew Dorey of Dublin and other collectors.

Correspondence.

A PERSISTENT FORGERY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The *Nation* for January 28, 1892, contained two communications, from Prof. Morris Jastrow and myself, in regard to certain archæological forgeries which had recently come to light in a sparsely settled region northwest of Lansing, Mich. These consisted chiefly of caskets and tablets of clay on which a medley of ancient writing, with cuneiform and Egyptian as well as Greek characters, had been stamped before drying. They were taken seriously by many people, who found in them evidence of an early colonization of the region from the Orient; particular interest was manifested in a tablet on which scenes from the Deluge

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were depicted. The workmanship was of the crudest sort, and the clay contained so much sand that the objects were easily broken; the forger had evidently no acquaintance with the things which he had tried to copy, but was translating into substance designs which he had found in printed form. Publicity destroyed the market for the relics, and after a time nothing more was heard of them.

In 1898 a new series of forgeries appeared. The maker had learned something from his critics, and was improving in technique. The clay was baked hard, and slate also was utilized for designs and symbols of writing. Gaining confidence, the forger fashioned a winged clay figure measuring, with the base, twenty-two inches in height; leaning against it in front was a clay tablet. This image and a number of smaller objects were taken about as an itinerant exhibit, which was advertised as "The finest collection of prehistoric relics ever exhibited in the United States." The venture proved unsuccessful pecuniarily, and the collection was left in charge of the Museum of the University of Michigan.

Three years ago the forger again became active. He had turned his hand to copper. Marvellous were the designs and hodgepodge of strange characters incised, not only on tablets, but also on a rude crown of copper. The surface of the metal had been treated to give it the appearance of antiquity. Here, too, was a Deluge tablet; the pictorial design was almost identical with that previously worked out in clay. The copper objects had the advantage of being free from danger of breakage, easy to work, and last, but not least, more marketable. The centre of distribution was now Detroit. Many collectors were skeptical, yet sales were made, and men of high standing were duped. Again the newspapers gave warning of the true character of the "finds," which continued to be solemnly dug out of mounds in the presence of witnesses. An article presenting the important types in illustrations, and pointing out their fraudulent character, was published in the first number of the *American Anthropologist* for 1908. Nevertheless, since then letters of inquiry from various parts of the United States have borne witness to the activity with which the sale of the bogus relics has been pressed; and finally a volume of plates has been published, in order "to arouse the interest of students of philology or those engaged in historical and archæological research."

This brochure, which is obviously designed for foreign as well as domestic consumption, bears the title "Engravings of Prehistoric Specimens from Michigan, U. S. A."; and on the title-page stands: "Copyright, 1910, by Rudolph Etzenhouser, Proprietor," with a certification by the engravers "that the halftones are accurate reproductions of the prehistoric originals." With unconscious humor the compiler placed next to the title-page the portrait of a former Secretary of State of Michigan, who is represented as comfortably seated in an armchair; to him, we are told, "belongs the credit of having been for several years the moving spirit in the investigation of these prehistoric relics," one of which, apparently, he holds in his hand. The claims of those who believe in the relics are thus set forth:

Students of American archæology will find in the following pages, reproductions of the monuments of a race of primitive Americans, monuments of a people whose existence has hitherto been involved in an obscurity as complete as that which envelops their history. They have been unearthed for the most part, through the efforts of amateur investigators, and represent the contents of hundreds of mounds scattered over the lower peninsula of Michigan. The language inscribed on these tablets has not as yet been interpreted, but will doubtless, some day, succumb to the advance of philology, and they will perhaps yield an interesting chapter to the ancient history of this continent.

The thirty-four plates of objects of copper, slate, and clay make a pitiable showing. They reveal such paucity of design, crudeness of execution, and fantastic incongruity that it is amazing that persons of average intelligence—not to speak of experts—should be deceived. Yet it must be acknowledged that for nearly two decades the forger with cunning, persistence, and a brazen face has been on the alert to entrap the guileless; and so long as human nature remains the same, it may be presumed that men will be ready to believe what they wish to believe, and that no hoax will be too preposterous to be without a following.

The early forgeries of clay and the later objects of copper and slate have in common one cuneiform character which the maker seems to have adopted as his sign manual. A reporter for the Detroit *News* in 1908 directed attention to the fact that while a number of persons were engaged in the exploitation of either the first or the third series of forgeries, one man was connected with both. This is James O. Scotford, a sign-painter, who formerly lived in the region where the first discoveries were made, and afterwards moved to Detroit.

While this Scotford was still living in Edmore, Prof. Charles A. Davis, who is now on the staff of the United States Geological Survey in Washington, heard of the wonderful discoveries he had made and called at his house to see him. He was not at home, but his wife was, and while Mr. Davis and another gentleman were waiting she showed them the relics which were on hand; then, to indicate how remarkable these were, she brought out an encyclopædic volume, "which had a full page plate giving in parallel vertical columns various alphabets of the ancient languages, pointing out from the pictures that this character was like the Greek and that was Egyptian or Assyrian. The resemblances were certainly remarkable, so much so, that they actually seemed to have been copied!"

The origin of the spurious relics is easily accounted for; but for the suggestion of a Biblical element in them they would probably have failed to attract attention, and the maker would long ere this have ceased his operations from lack of encouragement.

FRANCIS W. KELSEY.

Ann Arbor, Mich., May 31.

THE ARGENTINE SHIPBUILDING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Charles F. Dole, in his letter in your issue of May 19, does not strengthen his case against Mr. Knox's foreign policy by his remarks about the Argentine battleships. He accuses the United States government of "persuading Argentina to set up a little fleet," and asks: "Is it not somewhat like the old-fashioned business of selling muskets and gunpowder to the Indians?" To this question there is one answer: It is not. The Argentine Republic is a progressive civilized nation, quite capable of judging its own needs. It built its battleships because it needed them, and the United States had nothing to do with the decision. If Mr. Dole will refer to Brassey's Naval Annual for 1910, page 53, he will find an illuminating article on the Argentino programme by the well-known naval writer, John Leyland. This article begins: "The Argentine shipbuilding programme is an answer to the Brazilian." In 1907, a year before the cruise of the American fleet, Brazil adopted a programme including three battleships of the Dreadnought type. Argentina's programme was a well-considered defensive move in reply.

As to the share of the United States in the increase of the Argentine navy: Bids were asked for from the leading builders of the world. The contracts were obtained by American firms—quite independent of the government—after what Mr. Leyland calls "one of the keenest competitions ever known in warship-building business." The ships are building in American yards, because American yards have agreed to build them better and cheaper than they could have been built in Europe. There is no justification for the charge that "the United States uses governmental influence to saddle other and poorer peoples with the burden of building battleships"; still less for Mr. Dole's innuendo that the Argentine Dreadnoughts are the result of apprehensions in regard to American encroachments in South and Central America. Mr. Dole would have us believe that the United States government is inducing the South American republics to buy ships to be used against the United States!

FREDERIC SCHENCK.

Oxford, Eng., May 30.

TEACHERS IN SECONDARY SCHOOLS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As a secondary school executive, there increasingly looms before me a problem vitally concerned with the educational success of our country. It is the inability to procure the highest grade teachers for secondary schools and especially to keep them in such service, even when secured. Unfortunately there seems to be a widespread feeling that secondary teaching is to be engaged in only until some college position opens, even though the college position may offer a smaller salary; and few teachers, I fear, contemplate with any degree of joy the thought of a life spent in secondary school work. Of course, there are fine examples to the contrary in some of the older and better known schools, and I am glad to say that on my own faculty I have several teachers who consider their field and opportunities far beyond those of their college friends. But in general my statement is true.

It is easy to see what some of the causes for this are. Among others is the fact that the college and university have always been overemphasized in this country, and the secondary school has received too little attention, even by educational specialists. The emphasis should rather be placed on the preparatory side. Teachers

should be made to feel that the secondary work is just as dignified, and just as important as the college work, and they should know that the chances for making deep impressions on their pupils and accomplishing real good are greater in the former than in the latter.

Another difficulty is that the teaching profession is adopted by many for the time being until they can get some money and go on with their training for other professions. The disastrous results of this practice are evident: it tends to increase the number of changes in school faculties, since naturally most of these teachers occupy secondary positions; it keeps the salaries lower than they should be, and discourages any who might be inclined to consider teaching as a life-work. It should be the duty of every college professor to withhold from the business of teaching all his pupils who do not intend to make it a life profession.

Another hindrance to permanence in the ranks of secondary teachers is the fact that so many schools have such poor endowments that they cannot compete with the colleges in the matter of salaries, and that the Carnegie pension fund and the Rockefeller foundation do not apply to this field. Naturally the best teachers will seek the college ranks, in order that they may become eligible to pensions, unless some similar fund is established for the secondary schools. While helping to solve the college problem these funds are making the case of the secondary school harder than before. And it must inevitably follow that if the preparation for college is in any way weakened, the colleges themselves will suffer. Not only must the friends of secondary education fight in its behalf, but those who are especially interested in the college and university must for self protection give their aid. It is to be hoped that the trustees of the Carnegie Foundation can be induced to consider this vital problem in American education, or that some other rich benefactor will see the justice of the secondary schools' claims and hasten to their rescue. We must induce more of our really capable young men to enter teaching as a life vocation, with an especial view to remaining in the secondary field; and to do this the dignity of such schools must be raised and their ability to pay living wages and hold out proper inducements must be much increased.

NATHAN WILBUR HELM.

Principal, Evanston Academy, Evanston, Ill., June 10.

THE RHODES SCHOLARSHIPS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your recent article on "The Rhodes Scholarships" (*Nation*, May 12) is in the main sound and just. Some of your readers, however, may be misled by the great emphasis you there lay upon the fact that "the trustees of the fund have refrained from passing judgment on the merits of the scheme." The Oxford secretary to the Rhodes trustees, Mr. F. J. Wylie, has by no means been silent in the matter. From the first he has expressed himself freely, and in these very columns we have had semi-official accounts of the Rhodes scholars which were far from discouraging. In a very interesting pamphlet, "Cecil Rhodes and His Scholars as Factors in International Conciliation" (published by the American Association for International Conciliation), Mr. Wylie has recently given us again his hopeful opinions. In your article you say that "the influence of the Rhode scholars upon Oxford has been exaggerated." In the pamphlet cited, p. 13, Mr. Wylie says:

I will therefore content myself with saying that I believe the great majority of those who know the younger Oxford of to-day would agree, both that it has become in these recent years more catholic in its sympathies and broader in its outlook, and that the contribution of the Rhodes scholars to that result has been material if unobtrusive.

The closing paragraph of his pamphlet is also important. We read:

For my own part—if I may be allowed to close with a personal expression of belief—the consideration of these questions leaves me with the conviction that always among the forces making for harmony of peoples ought to be found, and will be found, the Cecil Rhodes Foundation.

Thus we see that to lay great emphasis on the silence of the trustees is misleading.

G. C. SCOGGIN.

University of Missouri, June 1.

ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have not read the article in the Yale *Alumni Weekly* noticed in your editorial of May 26 on "Physical Training in College," but I wish to express my approval of your argument. Not all doctors of medicine or surgeons are trained and trustworthy experts for estimating the comparative vitality (staying power) of men apparently equal otherwise, or of one man at different times. How, then, can the physical trainer or the ordinary observer be expected to possess that special faculty? The Yale writer, as you read him, "points out that the period between seventeen or eighteen years and twenty-two or twenty-three years is a period of arrested development." Permit me to add to that observation another: The four or five years ending at seventeen or eighteen have been devoted to such prodigious growth and development that the vitality has fallen off, the power of endurance has become lessened or inhibited, and an equal period of time following is needed to replenish the store. Thus the period of arrested development is a necessity to the man. During this period, if its significance is recognized and respected, his physical development is measurably maintained, while his staying power is in process of becoming restored. Teachers should accustom themselves to view the subject in its entirety, and not in a one-sided fashion.

JAMES S. GREENE.

Dorchester, Mass., June 5.

DR. BLACKWELL'S TRIALS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A recent notice in your columns concerning Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, recalls an incident that occurred when I was not more than seven years old. A near and dear family of relatives lived within a few miles of Geneva, where Dr. Blackwell was a student in the Medical College. One day, on entering the sitting-room, I found a dignified stranger present, and as I listened to the conversation I was surprised to see her hurst into tears. When she rose to go to her room, she said:

I can hardly tell you how greatly my courage is renewed by coming into your home. But for the feeling that I can have this privilege any Saturday, when my work is laid aside, I scarcely know whether I should hold out.

After she had closed the door, I asked what made her weep, and one of my aunts told me the awful experience Elizabeth was undergoing. She was daily subjected to insults from the young men in the class, which she had been forced to join because she could in no other place be allowed to fit herself to minister to the physical needs of women and children. "When thee has grown to maturity," said my aunt in conclusion, "I trust every avenue to development, including the ballot, may be open to women."

S. M. H. G.

Andover, Mass., June 8.

Literature.

CLAY AND DOUGLAS.

Henry Clay. By Thomas Hart Clay, completed by Ellis Paxson Oberholzer, Ph.D. American Crisis Biographies. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. $1.25 net.

Stephen A. Douglas. By Clark E. Carr, LL.D. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $2 net.

These lives of two great figures in our national history appear now almost simultaneously half a century after their deaths, and may properly be considered together. In some respects the men stand in strong contrast. One was active to advanced age, the other died in his prime; one was the soul of the Whig party, to whom Jackson was the most dangerous of *bêtes noires*, the other was the sturdiest of Jacksonians, inspired by his ideas and character as he began his public career, and faithful to the end to the Jacksonian tradition; the great work of the one was the Missouri Compromise, of the other the undoing of that Compromise and bringing it to naught. Important differences, indeed. On the other hand, both were alike in these respects: poor boys from the older States, they sought what was then the far West, Clay a friendless emigrant from Virginia into Kentucky, Douglas a Vermont boy of nineteen appearing in an Illinois town with his coat over his arm and thirty-five cents in his pocket; both rose speedily to the highest eminence, displaying extraordinary ability in moving and managing men; both failed of the Presidency when to succeed seemed inevitable, a disappointment borne with dignity and magnanimity; finally, it may be said of each that without his powerful and patriotic agency in our political tempests the Union might have ceased to be.

Good books about statesmen of such

rank are not superfluous even though their lives have been written before, and by able men. This biography of Clay is by a grandson, naturally partial and affectionate, but painstaking and truthful: the portrayal has been capably revised and supplemented by Dr. Oberholzer. Mr. Carr, who recounts the story of Douglas, is an old man who heard in part the great debates of 1858, and then and later was on friendly terms with the contestants, of whom he gives interesting personal anecdotes. He declares himself to have been then and at all times a Republican. He writes his book out of full knowledge and in a spirit of candor, believing that full justice has not been done to a man of whose career he in many ways disapproved.

Although Clay and Douglas were dominant figures in almost every great public event which fell in their eras, it was as preservers of the Union that their service was highest; and since their desert here has perhaps not been adequately recognized, we may well devote a little space to the consideration of their work as it is described by these their latest biographers. Rhodes remarks that, had the civil war come ten years earlier, the chances for the South would have been better. Probably the Union could not have survived. In the decade between 1850 and 1860 a number of circumstances came in to give the North strength which earlier it had not possessed. Chief among these were, first, the construction of great railways bringing together East and West. Whereas, prior to 1850, the easy outlet for the West was southward, down the great rivers, the new lines made it more convenient to go eastward, a fact which at once established a powerful link, not before existing, between the Mississippi Valley and the Middle and Atlantic States. Secondly, the foreign immigration, particularly of Germans, began in those years to be heavily felt, adding much to the sentiment against slavery and in favor of national preservation. In 1850 the clash was imminent. That it was postponed ten years was for the North an advantage of the greatest moment, probably of decisive moment. It will not be denied that this happy postponement was due to the Compromise of 1850, in which Clay was the leading spirit. Denounced it was, and in the Fugitive Slave Law it was certainly repulsive, but it served a happy purpose as a temporary bulwark behind which the North had time to grow strong and knit itself together. Clay was an anti-slavery man, as Washington, Jefferson, and Madison were anti-slavery men, thoroughly persuaded that human bondage was an evil, but persuaded, too, that it was so deep-rooted and inveterate that its gradual extinction must be sought, not its sudden abolition. To avert the horrors of war he was ready to temporize, to permit for a time suffering in order to ward off vastly greater suffering. Vials of wrath and contempt have been poured upon the head of Clay the temporizer, but can it be said he was more a temporizer than Abraham Lincoln, whose views of slavery and methods for dealing with it scarcely differed from those of Henry Clay? As there are good grounds for asserting that the Compromise of 1850 saved the Union by postponing for ten years the civil war, as much, no doubt, can be claimed for the earlier conciliation, equally due to him, the Missouri Compromise of 1820. In that stage of our history the duration of the Union seemed doubtful indeed. The sentiment for its preservation was weak in the North and West as well as the South. The service was great which held the rather uncertain bond together until the influences of a later time reinforced its precarious hold. These facts as regards Clay's desert as a saviour of the Union are, of course, not newly revealed, but they have been to some extent obscured and minimized, and such a setting forth as they receive in this latest biography is not labor thrown away.

If the service of Clay here has lain under unmerited shadow, still more has it been the case with the service of Douglas. His advocacy of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise was regarded both North and South as a going over to the South—a judgment proved presently to be quite erroneous when Douglas denounced the Lecompton Constitution, framed by intruders into Kansas, to be a fraud, declared his conviction that the real settlers preferred a free soil, and stood strenuously, therefore, for the admission of Kansas as a free State. Consistency required of him this course; nevertheless, it was brave and manly for him to pursue it. His declaration was unhesitating and unequivocal, without thought of what he must have seen would be the consequence. It estranged from him solidly the South and cost him the Presidency. When the storm broke he hastened with fine magnanimity to the support of his rival, Lincoln. While the shots were falling upon Sumter, Lincoln and Douglas, closeted at the White House, struck hands to resist. Through the Associated Press, together with the tidings of the bombardment, went forth to the country a message from Douglas. He pledged himself unalterably to support the administration in its battle and summoned his followers to do likewise. This impassioned call, reiterated as it was immediately in the speeches at Springfield and Chicago, brought to the Government, as nothing else could have done, the aid of the millions who till then had stood aloof from it. From the platform at Chicago Douglas went home to die; but not before he had rallied to enthusiastic and persistent defence of the Union a vast army, whose support proved indispensable, and whom only his voice had power to sway. Mr. Carr, a life-long Republican, believing that the man of whom in early life he strongly disapproved has suffered injustice and failed of recognition as a most potent factor in saving the Union, makes very vivid the memorable work of Douglas in his last days; and thus clearly to tell the tale is a work worth while. For Lincoln at the critical moment he made the North solid.

While Clay's anti-slavery sentiment was decided and often strongly expressed, it was yet of that moderate kind which looked to the slow and gradual abatement of the evil, and by no means favored risking the nation's life by an attempt at its sudden extinction. As to Douglas, the woes of the negro affected him but lightly. It was a white man's country, it was the white man's interest that he sought to guard and further, with small thought for the time of bettering the black man's condition. And yet, as Mr. Carr relates, he declined to receive a large fortune in slave property, refusing to become enriched by owning slaves or from the proceeds of their sale. To the impatient consciences of the abolitionists, both men seemed to fall short of their duty. We are not saying here that this judgment was unjust. But with all their imperfections they were statesmen in a high degree well-purposed and able, without whose devoted struggle it is hard to see how the Union could have survived.

CURRENT FICTION.

An Interrupted Friendship. By E. L. Voynich. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Nothing merely light or agreeable is to be looked for from the author of "The Gadfly," but one may have hoped for something a little less clearly reminiscent of that striking book. The literature of obsession is a very old type, centuries older than Peter Schlemihl or Peter Rugg. Poe and Hawthorne developed it in their totally different ways; Mrs. Voynich has been successful in giving it a modern setting. "An Interrupted Friendship" presents a mystery of human character, without venturing upon its solution. It is hard to say whether the man who goes by the name of Felix Alvarez is hero or villain of the tale. We do not know, even at the end, what is the secret of his tragedy. He is a gentleman by birth and breeding; but something has happened in the first hour of his manhood to destroy his faith in human relations—some frightful shock to his moral nature from which he can never recover. He casts family and society behind him, and becomes a wanderer. His personality is winning, and he finds it hard, wander as he will, to keep clear of those bonds of affection

which he dreads and despises. He sinks lower and lower in the scale of living, and has become clown in a South American circus, when a chance of physical rescue comes in the form of a party of French explorers who are going to make their way over the Andes from Ecuador to Brazil, and who need an interpreter. "Rivarez" runs away from the circus, and gets the post of interpreter through the advocacy of one of the party, a young French geographer. This man, René Martel, sees little to be said for the candidate, who bears all the marks of a disreputable adventurer, but is inexplicably drawn to him from the start. Gradually, as the months go on, his feeling for the interpreter becomes the single great emotional experience of René's life, though for a long time he conceals the feeling with shame: they return to France acknowledged friends. René has a sister who, at first keenly jealous, presently falls under the spell of the interloper. But at the height of the three-cornered intimacy Rivarez suddenly and unmistakably withdraws himself, and leaves the brother and sister almost equally stranded in their different ways. They have demanded too much of him—more than the peculiar obsession or curse under which he lives allows him to give. So the blight which lies upon his own life is communicated to theirs. The curious atmosphere of horror in which the author invests the simple incidents of the story is intensified by the vagueness which is allowed to remain, cloud-like, about the looming dreadfulness of that early experience which fixed the fate of Rivarez, and of all who were so luckless as to love him. Morbid is the easy word to apply to this kind of thing; but there is a haunting force in the book which defies so casual an exorcism.

White Magic. By David Graham Phillips. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The bull in the china shop is, perhaps, too vigorous an analogue for this attempt on Mr. Phillips's part to disport himself in the field of romantic comedy, but he has certainly tried to do an unnatural thing. Hitherto we have esteemed his vigorous, if crude performance as the voice of one crying to our edification. We have had other young Lochinvars out of the Middle West, with their lively romantic ways. Far rarer and more valuable the sturdy bruiser, with a heart and thews to fall foul of our little Eastern fashions. Our sybaritic culture, our white-handed young men, our pleasure-seeking young women, our unbridled luxury, have hitherto inflicted upon Mr. Phillips a noble pain. Especially has his righteous indignation been aroused by the thing on the decaying seaboard called "society." He has aimed bitter shafts of irony and invective against it, he has dispatched Western champions hither to trample upon it. In short, he has had "a high old time" at our expense, and we have been glad to pay the bill. The troubling thing is the prospect of his becoming reconciled to us. What if we should presently find him admiring, or affecting to admire, a male something that has come out of Harvard, or a female something that hails from a Newport villa? To that deplorable pass he here draws perilously near. From the band of fashionable romancers he is still happily remote. His present effort aspires rather to the genre of the late Henry Harland—the light and piquant and well-bred. Unluckily, his people are neither well-bred nor especially amusing. The hero, Roger Wade, whose nickname is Chang, is as conventional a hero of the novel à la mode as Mr. Chambers himself could portray. Physically, he is made up for the part—the kind of man called by his sort of girl "stunning." "His countenance, his whole body, seemed an effort of Nature, adequately to express a big nature." The lady in the case is very small, young, fair, and golden-haired. Chang is an "artist" who does not want to marry; and the whole idea of the story lies in the overt pursuit and conquest of him by the girl. She not only does the proposing, she refuses to take no for an answer. Of course, he really loves her desperately, and is grateful to her for bagging him in the end. Mr. Phillips's women are not very "convincing" as a rule; this one is rather ludicrous. She is supposed to be a member of the most exclusive New York set—with the manners and speech of a rather superior shop-girl. No doubt, Mr. Phillips has meant to show the modern woman exercising her privilege of choice. It is a pity he should have chosen to garb his conception in the airy draperies of social comedy. We respectfully suggest that he stick to his blunderbuss.

The Crowds and the Veiled Woman. By Marian Cox. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co.

If it were not for the altogether horrible ending of this book, the weary reviewer might take a certain grim satisfaction in showing samples of the amazing rubbish through which he had been condemned to wade. "The endeared and mutual meaning of these precincts"; "that grim appearance of the species around you in question-marks, of your own flesh's devising"—this apparently means having children; "he is unite with his soul"; "must involute it from out of himself into the elements of its visibility"; "some point of departure which would lead him from the inward mazes, like an Ariadne thread, and would gather all the scattered threads of his thought and being into one perfect chord"; "the heart bitten by aridity and chills"; "all those puerile, modern anacreonics [*sic*]—called love by others—whose inevitable percussion leaves a dead place upon the heart instead of a flame"; "a mysterious, indescribable personale of levitation"; "A wild, frenetic eagerness seized me to make her aware of her circumambience"; "the white finesse of my Othello-like craving"—but one must stop somewhere! The author is hardly more fortunate in French, when she ventures from the safe ground of "mon cher" and "probablement"; "l'amour du beauté est l'horreur de joli" shows what she can do in this line. Her scholarship is evidenced by the interesting statements that "the sunlight was to be to her similar to the blows of Perseus liberating her like an Antigone"; that "Shelley, who deserted Mary, wrote his most exquisite poetry to her."

Why are such books published?

Simon the Jester. By William J. Locke. New York: John Lane Co.

Simon de Gex, M.P., light-hearted man of the world, enjoying apparently perfect health, is told by his physician that he has only six months to live. Thereupon he arranges his affairs, resigns from Parliament, releases himself from a marriage engagement, and calculates how best to pass the short time allotted him. Attracted by a passage in Marcus Aurelius, he adopts a plan of "eumoiriety," which is to give him happiness by indulging in his benevolent impulses. Among other things, his benevolence leads him to undertake the separation of a friend from a woman, a *dompteuse* or animal tamer, who is, he thinks, ruining the young man's career. At the end of the six months, he suddenly finds himself relieved of threatened death by an operation, with his money all gone and in love himself with the woman. Marriage with the woman solves one difficulty. For the rest, he turns in his distress, where all troubled heroes turn these days, to the East End, and in place of "eumoiriety" takes up with his wife a kind of mission work among the poor. The first part of the plot is gayly fantastic; the latter sinks to about the worst abused device of the modern novelist who does not know what to do with his people. It is peculiarly lacking in carrying power in Mr. Locke's hands. The real interest of the book is in the whimsical acts and speeches of the characters. Mr. Locke is always master of the humor of irresponsibility; but the wit of "Simon the Jester" seems a bit more labored and less captivating than that of "Septimus," perhaps because one scents from afar the desperate attempt to be serious and socially constructive in the dénouement.

THE OLD MERCHANT MARINE.

The Ships and Sailors of Old Salem. By Ralph D. Paine. New York: The Outing Publishing Co. $3.50 net.

Within the limits of a review, it is quite impossible to do justice to the variety and extent of the subjects presented by Mr. Paine in this large, handsome, well-illustrated volume. The rise, apogee, and decline of a famous and picturesque New England port, the exploits of her sons off her own coast and in foreign waters; their achievements in carrying her trade to remote parts of the globe; their skill, courage, and farsightedness in war and in peace; their contributions to nautical science, etc., combine to form an epic which finds its appropriate culmination in the extraordinary career of the late Gen. Frederick T. Ward, who created, organized, drilled, and fought the "Ever Victorious Force" which gave the first check to the formidable Tai-ping rebellion, and which, after Ward's untimely death on the field of battle, proved, under a subsequent commander, the instrument by which "Chinese Gordon" earned his chief title to undying fame.

The author himself has been able to present only a general view of his topic, although on occasion yielding to the temptation to enter into the particulars of some exceptionally varied life or some unusually noted vessel. In not a few of such instances, he has wisely used the actor's own words as recorded in log-books, journals, or letters, and so he has brought the writers, as it were, face to face with us of a later day. So diverse are the treasures opened to us in this account that we have only to choose any subject within its scope to have our curiosity immediately gratified. If we seek acquaintance with the early days of the now powerful and growing Empire of Japan, we turn to the log of the ship Franklin, Capt. James Devereux master, which in 1799 was chartered in Batavia to convey to Nagasaki the members of the Dutch Commission which enjoyed the exclusive right to trade with the Japanese; here we obtain the outlines of this first visit of an American craft to those waters together with minute instructions as to the etiquette to be observed on approaching her destination. Following the Franklin, the Salem vessels, Massachusetts, in 1800, and Margaret, in 1801, were similarly chartered. Happily for our benefit, their captains' clerks were brothers, William and George Cleveland, who wrote in copious diaries their experiences and observations during the four months they each spent in this practically unknown harbor and among this little-known people. It is worthy of remark that most of the log-books and letters cited by Mr. Paine are written in a style which for clearness and correctness might serve as models of English composition to-day; while their chirography, in its clear-cut precision, is in marked contrast with the careless slip-shod handwriting now but too common. Mr. Paine appears not to have found so many poetasters among these old-time sailors as have others in prosecuting similar studies, happily for him, since a long cruise told in rhyme is a fearsome thing. The pen and ink sketches which adorn some of these old volumes, as he points out, are always interesting, while in the case of Capt. Carpenter of the Hercules they are distinctly creditable and artistic.

If we are interested in maritime events during the War of the Revolution, Mr. Paine gives us a most readable dissertation on the Salem privateersmen of '76, in which are described the transformation of peaceable traders into armed vessels fitted out to prey on British commerce, with the results of their cruising. One chapter is devoted to Capt. Jonathan Haraden's voyages in command of the letters of marque, Gen. Pickering and the Julius Cæsar, than which no fiction of the sea is more entrancing. Time and again, by coolness and sheer audacity, he captured shipping of greater size and superior force in battery and crew. Meeting at dusk the Golden Eagle mounting eight more guns than his own command, he boldly hailed her, announcing that "This is an American frigate, sir. Strike or I'll sink you, with a broadside." And strike the Englishman did immediately. On another occasion Haraden fought three vessels carrying forty-two guns to his sixteen, manœuvring so skilfully as to engage one at a time and capturing them all, to the immense surprise and delight of his crew, who thought that for once their captain had incurred too great a risk. At the end of a stubborn and inconclusive action with a larger and more powerful "king's mail packet" Haraden found himself with only one round of ammunition left in his magazine. Ramming home his last charge, he ranged up alongside of his enemy and hailed her: "I'll give you five minutes to haul down your colors. If they are not down at the end of that time, I will fire into and sink you, so help me God." He had not counted aloud as far as "four" when down came the English colors, and the prize was his. With men of this stamp in command we are quite prepared to read that the 158 privateers sent out from Salem captured 445 sail of British ships.

Of the vicissitudes of the sea-faring life few narratives exceed in long-continued suffering that of Daniel Saunders, who, in the year 1792, was wrecked in the Salem ship Commerce on the southern shore of Arabia. For five weeks he and his comrades made their toilsome way over the sands to Muscat, now helped and now cruelly treated by the natives, only eight of the original seventeen surviving the hardships. The story was written by Saunders after his return home, and is quoted at considerable length by Mr. Paine. Our modern views of the irresponsibility of youth would seem to require readjustment in view of the fact that those Salem men, in frequent instances, became mates and captains of ships before attaining their majority, sometimes while still in their 'teens. To acquire a competent fortune and retire while under thirty years of age, was among the actual achievements of certain lucky and resourceful individuals.

Salem merchantmen began pushing into the South Seas only a few years after the British East India Company first traded with the Fiji Islands. Sometimes they paid for their temerity with their lives, sacrificed in conflict with natives; or in the loss of their vessels through shipwreck in uncharted waters. It was the tragic fate of the Salem ship Friendship, Capt. Charles M. Endicott, in 1830, which brought about the dispatch of the United States frigate Potomac, Commodore John Downes, to Quallah Battoo on the west coast of Sumatra in the following year, with instructions to punish the treacherous Malays who had killed many of the Friendship's crew and had seized, gutted, and burnt the vessel. Thereafter our flag was highly respected in those quarters and our trade was prosecuted with less hostile interruption. Less picturesque but equally honorable are the careers of certain Salem merchants whose sagacity and enterprise made their town famous and whose sails were to be found the whole world over. Yet even these had served an apprenticeship afloat before taking to the counting-house on shore, as had also Nathaniel Bowditch, author of the "Practical Navigator," still indispensable to those who navigate the seas on account of his methods, which, while accurate, are so simple that the humblest sailor who can read, write, and cipher, can employ them with confidence.

We get in Mr. Paine's book some insight into piracy in the seventeenth century and into its last flickering less than a hundred years ago; a fairly adequate picture of Yankee seamen in British prisons; the story of the building of the Essex, famous in the War of 1812 for her work in the Pacific Ocean and for her surrender by the first David Porter to superior force off Valparaiso; an account of Salem's second contribution to privateering in that same war, but, to her credit, very little about the slave trade. While not wholly guiltless under this head, Salem appears to have had but a minimum share in this nefarious traffic. The spirit of her best men speaks in the language of Capt. Jonathan Ingersoll, of Elias Hasket Derby's ship, Grand Turk, whose "employers

would rather sink the whole capital employed than directly or indirectly be concerned in so infamous a trade."

The author fails to draw the proper distinction between continental (naval) vessels, state vessels, privateers, and letters of marque. For example, the Protector and the Jason were Massachusetts crafts, and were not commissioned by Congress. The work is not free from unimportant errors, such as northwest for northeast monsoon, etc. At times, it lacks specific reference to the authority cited; and the index is quite incomplete, a real fault in a volume of this encyclopædic nature.

Marcus Aurelius and the Later Stoics. By F. W. Bussell, D.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

Vice-Principal Bussell's volume is certainly in one sense the boldest that has yet appeared in the series of The World's Epoch-Makers. To cram page after page of a book with Latin and Greek quotations, generally untranslated, savors more of the seventeenth than the twentieth century, and argues considerable audacity. Those who know their classics will get their reward, though they may be irritated by a fortuitous placing of the Greek accents which often suggests ignorance in addition to carelessness in this matter on the part of the author. But accents are not philosophy, and our only serious criticism of Dr. Bussell's quotations is that they will frighten many an otherwise worthy reader from an unusually thoughtful and penetrating book. Dr. Bussell has an epigrammatic way of putting things. "The practical bent of the Roman mind transferred the Stoa from a mere house of dogmatic paradox into a temple of a devout, though despairing, Theism," he says, and an old truth suddenly becomes fresh. Or he makes a memorable distinction: "Now, the whole difference of philosophic system depends on the one question, Whether the starting-point is from the moral or the intellectual side." Or he translates criticism into poetry: "Thus, in a sense, philosophy performs by anticipation the work of death, showing the constituents, unweaving, like Penelope, the texture of daylight in the gloom of an ascetic wisdom."

But these aphorisms are the adornments and allurements on the way of a substantial and even austere argument. Dr. Bussell takes up the criticism of Seneca and Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius from a point of view which gives him at once the entrance into the heart of their logical contradictions and their unity of intention. "The tendency of all Pantheism," he says in one place, "is to separate more sharply than before the natural mechanism in which it starts, from the transcendent spirit, in which it invariably ends. Every attempt to unify the world in a gigantic and audacious synthesis issues in this strange Dualism." More specifically he applies this truth to Stoicism:

> A like fate probably awaits all schools which start from an assumption of original Unity. Stoicism is but one of many which end in a complete reversal of their most fundamental axioms. Monism has passed into the harshest Dualism; Pantheism into an impossible transcendence; sternness, certainty, and effort into doubt, compassion, and resignation.

Stoicism thus becomes to Dr. Bussell an example of the attempt to supplant the natural and inevitable dualism of the moral sense with a monism created by the reason, and he studies with remorseless penetration the process by which this monism breaks up under the stress of a life into a false dualism which simulates the true. Not often has this reviewer read pages of philosophy which seemed to him to come nearer the heart of things than the chapters in the present work which set forth the Stoical paradox of a universe at once eternal and transient, divine and contemptible, and of a devotion to God side by side with a hatred and scorn of God's embodiment and activity in the world. Hence the pathos of the later Stoic writers. In only one important point do the conclusions of Dr. Bussell appear questionable. Stoicism, he thinks, was driven into fatal self-contradictions because it started out with a false synthesis of religion and science, but "to-day we approach the study of an objective world free from all religious presupposition. Above all, we have abandoned the precarious assumption of teleology." Dr. Bussell would seem not to be aware of the movement which is leading many biologists to abandon the pure Darwinian hypothesis and to assume in the working of evolution a power distinguished more by name than by fact from the old teleological design. The strong, almost poignant, *actualité* of Dr. Bussell's treatment of the ancient Stoics might be taken to show that he himself was aware of a profounder kinship between their philosophy and certain difficulties and tenets of the present day than his own words admit.

Essays on the Spot. By Charles D. Stewart. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

From the best of Mr. Stewart's essays, we get a flavor which recalls Lowell's too rare casual papers. Whether from a convalescent bed he watches the work and antics of Chicago spiders, or in the open notes the prowess of a wheel ox, or, while splitting the boulder jewels on a moraine, indulges in cosmic reflection—there is a strong, winning, humorous, companionable quality about the man. To say frankly how good he thought the little epic of Bully, the wheeler, the reviewer would have to employ superlatives prudently denied by the overruling editorial providence. Let the reader judge not by opinion but by sample:

> In common with other staggy, philosophic wheelers, Bully had another ability that surpasseth human wisdom. On dry, hot days, at three o'clock in the afternoon, he would suddenly "wo" on his own authority, and having brought them all to a stop he would drop in the furrow. Without any ceremony whatever, he would stop them and plump down on the prairie like a big frog in a pond. The idea of taking a rest seemed to strike him in the head with the force of a sledge-hammer and fell him to earth; and then he would deliberately start chewing the cud. When he did this you could not make any impression nor have any influence with him until the appointed time had come. While you mauled his stout carcass, or put your boot-heel into his strong ribs, or prodded him with the whip-stock, he would ruminate in holy quiet, looking out upon the world with a mild and gentle eye. You might torture his body if you would; you could not affect his inner spirit. He had retired within himself; he had duties with his digestion. In this posture he had a distended Falstaffian paunch and an air according: "Shall I not take mine ease in my furrow?" He seemed to have taken in his feelings where they would be out of harm's way; and I have thought at times that he might be one of those who believe in faith.

While Mr. Stewart is at his best out-of-doors, the flexibility of his humor and common-sense tell in other matters. Excellent is the essay "On the Study of Grammar." It goes without technicalities to the marrow of those bothersome forms, the prepositions and adverbs, makes them almost dramatically interesting. We liked also a shrewd interpretation of Kipling's much discussed story "They." It is for our author an allegory of the writer and his public. Very disconcerting is a lengthy commentary on Coleridge's dream poem, "Kubla Khan." Here Mr. Stewart, with quite extraordinary ingenuity dips in and fishes out an entire statement of man's place in the universe, a metrical compendium of universal theology and philosophy. For a time, one suspected a solemn hoax, but the comment is ultra-serious. Mr. Stewart has the mediæval moralizers of Ovid and the recent Baconians fairly beaten, for they never managed to make so much out of so little. And it is oddly unlike the Mr. Stewart we know. Was it foisted into the book by "another man of the same name"? For one reader, who has twice perused the argument it is far too good to be true. In any case this labored, philosophical essay is out of harmony with the mood of this charming book. We wish Mr. Stewart might have set his trap for the unwary reader in the more candid form of a monograph. But to the celebrant of the Chicago spiders and of Bully, much should be forgiven.

A Military Consul in Turkey. By Capt. A. F. Townshend. With many illustrations. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.50.

A British military consul has opportunities of seeing and knowing conditions in Turkey which are hidden from the ordinary resident or traveller; and, on the other hand, his official position is apt to form a partition wall to shut out from his ken some of the things which come within the experience of the unofficial. Capt. Townshend was stationed for about two years at Mersina, in Cilicia, and for a year at Adrianople. His term of service shortly preceded the revolution and overthrow of Abdul Hamid. Both regions in which he served were much disturbed, and a considerable part of his duties seems to have been to protect the Christian populations from oppression or massacre. He sought to get around the partition wall of officialdom by unexpected journeys into disturbed districts, to see with his own eyes the actual conditions, much to the annoyance of the Turkish authorities. He visited, indeed, no unexplored regions, and saw no new things; but, on the other hand, he knew how to use both eyes and ears, and has given a very interesting and instructive account of his experiences and an unbiassed survey of the conditions existing in Turkish Rumelia and southeastern Asia Minor in the years just preceding the revolution. His narrative, while discursive and rough-and-ready in method, and partly on that account very easy reading, leaves a good general impression of the whole matter.

The state of civilization which he describes is fairly comparable with that of mediæval Europe as portrayed, for instance, in Reade's "Cloister and the Hearth"; conditions in Turkey being complicated, however, by the tangle of overlapping races and religions. It is evident that, with all his experience and observation, the Young Turks' revolution, which followed so soon after his departure from the country, was a complete surprise to the author. He discusses the new régime in the last chapter, not very sympathetically or very hopefully. He does not see how Moslem and Christian, much less the conflicting Christian races themselves, can permanently act together. A little glimpse of Koniah in an earlier chapter suggests a partial solution of the problem. This town developed into a busy, cosmopolitan industrial centre as a result of the construction of the Bagdad railway; and here the Armenian dwelt safely in the midst of Turks, Kurds, and Circassians at the very time that a couple of days' journey away his fellow-countrymen were being massacred by the same kind of neighbors. The construction of railways, the opening of mines, the development of industrial enterprises of all sorts, under a more liberal and enlightened government, will be the most efficient means of uniting the divergent and antagonistic elements of the population, by giving them both a common interest and a rational outlet for their energies.

Notes.

The Oxford University Press announces that publication of Dr. Sidney Lee's "French Renaissance in England" has been postponed until early autumn.

A new collection of stories of the late Sydney Porter (O. Henry), entitled "Whirligigs," is announced for publication in September by Doubleday, Page & Co.

A. C. Armstrong & Son, it is announced, have disposed of their publishing business and its good will to George H. Doran Company, publishers and agents in America for Hodder & Stoughton of London. By this disposal the interests of Hodder & Stoughton in this country are amalgamated.

Forthcoming publications announced by the Columbia University Press include "The Authorship of 'Timon of Athens,'" by Dr. Ernest H. Wright; "Stage Decorations in France in the Middles Ages," by Dr. Donald C. Stuart; and "English Tragicomedy," by Dr. Frank H. Ristine.

The Baroness Bertha von Suttner has about finished a new ethical novel, the hero of which is an American of the best type. In this book, entitled "Der Menschheit Hochgedenken," she utilizes the present vogue for aviation to admonish mankind to take an equal interest in mental and ethical flight.

D. Appleton & Co. announce that "The American Year-Book" for 1910, which will be published in February, 1911, is now in preparation. This will be an annual summary of national events, but will include also some account of the most important happenings in foreign countries. The chairman of the board of supervisors of this publication is Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart, and the managing editor is S. N. D. North, recently director of the United States Census.

The next international convention for liberal religious thought will meet at Berlin, from the 6th to the 10th of August. The first of these world congresses was held in London in 1901, the second in Amsterdam in 1903, the third in Geneva in 1905, and the fourth in Boston in 1907. The convention will be termed Weltkongress für freies Christentum und religiösen Fortschritt, and one of its special purposes will be to acquaint outsiders with the religious life and progressive theological scholarship and religious problems of Germany. The announcement of the German committee declares that the Berlin meeting comes at an opportune moment, since a strong revival of religious interests is making itself felt throughout the fatherland. The president of the congress is Dr. K. Schrader, member of the German Parliament.

The pace of Scribner's Memorial Edition of Meredith is quickening. We have again to note two new volumes (XI and XII) containing "Beauchamp's Career." The illustrations in these volumes are photogravures of Watts's well-known portrait of the author, painted in 1893; The Estuary from Holly Hill, the home of Admiral Maxse, Meredith's intimate friend at the time the novel was written; Bursledon, the scene of Nevil Beauchamp's death; and The Old Bridge at Bursledon.

From Maurice Hewlett's novel "Open Country," have been extracted John Senhouse's "Letters to Sanchia" (Scribners). Since they imply a complete episode of love and renunciation, and withal a kind of philosophy of life, their severance from context gives them new emphasis. John Senhouse, realizing one day that he was a free man, walked out of his student's rooms at King's, Cambridge, and became a self-supporting and self-respecting vagabond. A little writing and sketching earned him a cart, a horse, and a tent, with which he proved all the contacts of the roads. It was, however, contact with an eager girl, Sanchia Percival, that impelled him to philosophize and justify his manner of life. His letters to her are a strange mixture of love, impressionistic observation of nature, and guesses at the mysteries of social and individual life. The style is that really eloquent combination of the torrent, the gasp, and the sputter, which, begun by Carlyle, was further developed by Browning and George Meredith. Senhouse wins Sanchia's love, but moved by a double feeling of the impossibility of roadside life for her, and of the inherent unfairness of the marriage bond, leaves her, in lieu of a heart, plentiful fine phrases. Obviously, he is a quite familiar literary figure—the wistful wayfarer of the high romantic stamp who loves and passes, taking refuge instinctively in the free depths of his own personality. Yet Senhouse is not merely the traditional seeker for the blue flower. He has a distinctly modern quirk, or if you will improvement, is convinced that his vagabondage is for the healing of the nations. Let people walk out and be free. Let them stop doing the stupid things that mean wealth and bondage, and elect poverty, freedom, and the road. Again Senhouse is modern in preaching an evangel which he knows will not be heard. His hope is that Socialism will so drastically show the irksomeness of bonds that men will at last be driven, through despair, to his own ideal of freedom. Meanwhile, he talks on the road and sets a good example. Eliminate Senhouse's poetry—an unfair but still clarifying measure—and there remains an old-fashioned, isolated, heart-hungry romantic hero wrapped up with a new-style philosophical anarchist. In a literary way the blend is acceptable; as a fresh glance at the regimented fatuity of the world the letters may even seem important. Philosophically the remedy and its discoverer are compounded of incongruous stuffs. The little book epitomizes the oddly unharmonized elements of Mr. Hewlett's great talent, its fundamental romanticism interpenetrated with an alien realism.

"Rivers and Streams of England," painted by Sutton Palmer, described by A. G. Bradley, is one more of those handsome octavos with colored illustrations which are favored by the Messrs. Black of London (New York: Macmillan). Mr. Palmer's sketches are executed with a solidity and precision which bring them through the ordeal of process reproduction apparently unscathed.

Mr. Bradley's facile vein is too familiar to need characterization. He is fully alive to the picturesque, piscatorial, and legendary features of the streams he follows, and not unmindful of the folk who inhabit the valleys. He takes especial pleasure in the moorland sources of the famous English rivers, preferring these friendly and accessible spots to the sublimities of crag and glacier. These high open moors he thinks are unique. They are not quite so. Their arid counterpart may be found in the high pastures of the Apennines. In spring or early summer the resemblance is close enough to satisfy the most homesick "Englishman in Italy." This is an unusually attractive book.

"Ruskin and his Circle," by Ada Earland (Putnam), brings to focus certain considerations which are slurred in other biographies. Proper emphasis is given to the extraordinary coddling and tyranny he underwent from his parents. At thirty-eight he was ordered to cancel a lecture appointment, and to say "that his parents objected." His physical dependence, narrow evangelical influence, and the absence of normal companionship in youth did much to foster the over-sensitiveness that finally undermined him utterly. This book speaks quite frankly about the ill-omened marriage. Of the honeymoon, with the bridegroom shattered, travelling under his mother's charge, and the bride a kind of tolerated companion, a pathetically vivid picture is given. Certainly no genius, unless it was Elizabeth Barrett, was ever more untowardly "familied," and she had the supreme good luck to escape in time. Ruskin's intimacies with the Pre-Raphaelites, with Carlyle, Lord Acton, Kate Greenaway, and others are pleasantly described. The belated passion for Rose La Touche is sympathetically treated. Of fresher interest is a charming bit of epistolary philandering with old Miss Susanna Beever, who lived across Coniston Mere. There are chapters on Ruskin's ventures in publishing, on his teaching in political economy and education, and on St. George's Guild. While reverent in tone, this book divests Ruskin of something of his awfulness, as a sage, and brings us nearer the real man. In one way or another he was always struggling with principalities and powers, the most formidable of which had their seat within himself. No prophet, surely, was ever more completely a victim of the régime he desired to overthrow. The present tendency is to underestimate his personality and his doctrine. The truer view is that his vision was almost infallible within its range; he merely had more blind spots than most critics of his power. If we use him where he saw, and ignore the cases in which he judged *a priori*, he will seldom fail us. In reminding us how readily he attached to himself the best thinkers and finest personalities of his age, this book will help rehabilitate the memory of a great and misunderstood genius.

The valuable portions of H. K. Sanderson's "Lynn in the Revolution" (W. B. Clarke Co.), with its 504 pages, could be condensed into seventy-five or eighty pages. The first volume contains 148 pages of military history of the American Revolution, gathered from a few standard secondary works, and has no value either literary or historical. Following that is one of the useful parts of this publication, the "Narrative of Henry Hollowell of Lynn, Respecting the Revolution In 1775, 1776, 1777, 1778, 1779, to January 17, 1780." This is thirty-four pages in length, and contains the observations of a man who had eyes to see and some sense of humor. We are not told whether the journal was written from notes made during the war, or from memory, but internal evidence would indicate the latter. It is a fairly interesting account of scenes and incidents common in the Revolutionary period. It is properly reproduced, exactly as its illiterate author wrote it, bad grammar, poor spelling, and incorrect capitalization. This is the only evidence the editor gives of his knowledge of the accepted canons of scholarly editing. The remainder of the first volume, and all of the second volume, are taken up with biographical sketches of the Lynn soldiers who fought in the American Revolution. These sketches are made up of a hodge-podge of information gained from local newspapers, family traditions, tombstones, and town records. This consumes 281 pages, of which the useful part is some half-dozen letters written during the Revolution, and some quotations from the records of the town meetings not presented elsewhere. The book contains a large number of good illustrations, few of which have anything more than local interest. As a whole the work is little better or worse than the average local history. Its patriotism is a little less fervid than that we have become schooled to endure.

Mrs. George Cran is an alert-minded Englishwoman, who was commissioned to visit western Canada and report upon the opportunities for educated women in that land of promise. Her impressions are recorded in "A Woman in Canada" (Lippincott). Every facility was afforded her to study the conditions of life on the Western prairie farms, and she describes what she saw there with the skill of a trained journalist. Some things she criticises frankly and fearlessly, but, on the whole, her attitude is decidedly sympathetic. She does not hesitate to advise her fellow-countrywomen to go to western Canada. England is overcrowded with women, whereas the prairie lands of Canada are crying for them by the thousand. Canada wants women of breeding and endurance, educated, middle-class gentlewomen, many of whom are struggling to-day to make a living in the severe competition of the mother country. She promises them a reasonable certainty of success, if they will adapt themselves to the conditions of a new land. They may look forward to absolute independence, if they will; but Canada needs them primarily to become the mothers of future generations. The Western provinces are full of bachelor farmers, but wives are hard to find. Incidentally, Mrs. Cran enlivens the pages of her book by many vivid sketches of Canadian scenes, and Canadian types, East and West, and leaves one with the conviction that the freshness and vigor and optimism of that land of opportunity made a deep impression upon her heart.

The "Anti-Pragmatisme" of Prof Albert Schinz, already noticed in the *Nation* (May 6, 1909), appears in an Englisl version (Small, Maynard & Co.), enriched with a "Warning to Readers of this Edition," and three appendices, of which the first sets forth at length the author's complaint that the scholarchs of Pragmatism have refused to understand his book or to take it seriously. The English rendering, since it is the work of the author, must be supposed faithful; it is at times divertingly unidiomatic.

The title of Dr. J. M. O'Sullivan's "Old Criticism and New Pragmatism" is scarcely indicative of the book's contents and character. The author or the publishers, no doubt, felt that in bookselling "Pragmatism" is a word to conjure with. The volume is, in fact, composed of three somewhat loosely connected and relatively technical studies. The first, "a comparison of the methods of Kant and Hegel as illustrated by their treatment of the category of quantity," which has already appeared as a monograph in German, fills two-thirds of the volume. The second is a destructive criticism of Kant's reasonings about causality. The third examines the epistemological method of Pragmatism, and analyzes with much penetration the relations of that doctrine to the Kantian theory of knowledge. The author is one of that increasing group of philosophers of the younger generation who, though learned in all the wisdom of the Hegelians, adopt a realistic metaphysics. The sumptuous form of the volume, and the high level of technical competency that characterizes its matter, justify a regret that philosophical books bearing an Irish imprint are quite so great a rarity. (Gill & Son, Dublin; imported by Longmans, Green & Co.)

The supplement of Vol. XXXVII (pp. 313), Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan, yields invaluable data to the student of Far Eastern chronology. The elaborate apparatus of the late William Bramsen is reproduced with revision and supplement, and Prof. Ernest W. Clement adds comparative chronological tables of the Christian era, Japanese, Chinese, and Korean eras and rulers, with the years of the sexagenary cycles from 660 B. C. to 1910 A. D. Rev. C. F. Sweet furnishes notes and Professor Sakuma a supplement, the whole making, with indexes, a unique handbook.

"An Introduction to Old French Phonology and Morphology," by F. B. Luquiens (Yale University Press), makes no attempt to supplant the standard work by Schwan-Behrens. On the contrary, Professor Luquiens's efforts have been directed toward making this grammar less difficult to comprehend; to the treatment of the verb, especially, he has added certain mechanical helps, some of which, however, will seem questionable to the stricter type of scholar. The book will be welcomed chiefly by those candidates for the doctorate to whom the German of Schwan-Behrens is insurmountable.

"Im Vaterland," by Paul V. Bacon (Allyn & Bacon), is a manual of information about Germany and German institutions, in the form of colloquies. It was "made in Germany." It is abundantly illustrated with characteristic photographs; it has an appendix of poems and songs, with music, and statistical as well as explanatory notes. The test of experience only can determine whether a hundred and fifty pages of conversation, here and there rather obviously so manipulated as to satisfy young American curiosity about the Fatherland, may not prove monotonous. Mr. Bacon believes that dialogue is the most stimulating form of exposition for learners. There can be no

doubt that his short chapters can be used to advantage concurrently with other reading. The editorial glosses and the Vocabulary are careful and helpful. The book is a worthy companion to the author's popular Grammar.

Klara Hechtenberg Collitz covers with her "Selections from Early German Literature" (American Book Company) the primitive Germanic territory in general, and the mediæval period in Germany, with versions in modern German that best preserve the spirit of the originals, without departing too much from the original form. This anthology, like Professor Thomas's, will serve at least to give a glimpse into what otherwise might be a shelf of closed books to students who are not specialists in Germanics, but who wish to know something about the works they hear of in lectures or read of in literary histories. A bibliography calls attention to sources and editions for those who wish to go farther.

Lucretius and Cicero had both to face the task of creating a philosophical terminology for a language that seemed less fitted than Greek to express abstract ideas. Dr. Katharine C. Reiley's "Studies in the Philosophical Terminology of Lucretius and Cicero" (Columbia University Press) is an attempt to show how far the two philosophers succeeded, how far they had to fall back on Greek, and how their methods differed. This is an inquiry that could not be handled exhaustively in a brief study of 125 pages, though the discussion is of course limited to the field in which their philosophical interests coincide, the mechanical and physical side of Epicureanism. Lucretius's famous phrase about the poverty of his mother tongue—*patrii sermonis egestas*—is his excuse for coining hundreds of new words, and for introducing not a few from the Greek. But, as Munro pointed out, in a passage that Dr. Reiley might have used, the philosophical Latin of Lucretius is much clearer than the Greek of his admired Epicurus and Empedocles. Could Euripides have expounded their theories more lucidly? Even Lucretius dropped his modest airs about Latin when he said:

> quod obscura de re tam lucida pango
> Carmina, musæo contingens cuncta lepore.

Cicero came to the work with complete confidence in his native language and shows greater facility than Lucretius in the same field, as is indeed natural since he was not hampered by verse. The weak point of this comparative study lies there; the poet and the prose-writer had two very different problems to solve. Dr. Reiley's discussion of special groups of terms is clear and careful, especially of such debated questions as the precise meaning of the Lucretian *omne* and *inane*. The question whether Cicero edited Lucretius is not discussed.

Sir George Newnes, publisher of a number of English magazines, died in London last week, aged fifty-nine years. He founded his first venture, the weekly magazine known as *Tit-Bits*, in 1881, and from then on was chiefly engaged in publishing, giving some attention to politics. At one time or another, he founded and bought the *Westminster Gazette*, the *Review of Reviews*, the *Strand Magazine*, the *Wide World*, *Country Life*, *Garden*, the *Ladies*, *Field*, *Woman's Life*, and the *Scholar's Own*.

Koloman Mikszáth, the noted Hungarian writer, died recently in Budapest. His works, which include political and humorous writings, fiction, descriptions of folk-life in Hungary, and several longer poems, fill thirty volumes. Upon the celebration, not long ago, of the fortieth anniversary of his literary career, an estate was presented to him by his admirers.

Science.

CAMERA-HUNTING IN AFRICA.

Camera Adventures in the African Wilds: Being an Account of a Four Months' Expedition in British East Africa, for the Purpose of Securing Photographs of the Game from Life. By A. Radcliffe Dugmore, F.R.G.S. With 140 photographs from life by the author. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $6 net.

This is Mr. Dugmore's readable and modest narrative account of his remarkable achievements as a camera-hunter of African big game. That he was not the first man to take a camera into the African wilds, readers of the literature of animal photography are aware. C. G. Schillings photographed African animals—even the most dangerous of them—in their natural habitats, several years ago; and he has published two or three books showing the results of his work, notably "Flashlights in the Jungle," which contains perhaps the best of the pictures he secured, and which appeared in this country in 1906. And Herr Schillings himself was preceded by Edward North Buxton, the English sportsman, who advocated the substitution of the camera for the rifle many years ago, and was at first well-laughed at for venturing the suggestion.

So far as actual results are concerned, Herr Schillings's work was the most remarkable that had been done up to that time, and his photographs of the bathing rhinoceroses, the zebras and the leopard at water-holes, and a picture of the giraffe which bears his name, still stand as fine examples of skilful work with a camera. But it must be admitted that Mr. Dugmore's achievements are even more remarkable, and, from the point of view of the naturalist, more valuable than are those of his German predecessor. The flashlight picture of a fine maned lion, which forms the frontispiece, is virtually a perfect likeness of the animal, standing broadside on at a distance of about twelve yards, and showing the characteristic savage expression. This is a veritable triumph in animal photography. Still more extraordinary are the pictures of the rhinoceroses, and especially the one of a huge bull, taken at a distance of fifteen yards; the enraged brute was actually charging Mr. Dugmore. There are three other pictures of charging rhinoceroses which likewise give clear ideas of the animals' appearance, and several which show them at rest in characteristic surroundings, and usually attended by their friends, the tick birds, which feed upon the parasites that infest them.

Besides the extraordinary lion picture already mentioned, Mr. Dugmore got, with a second camera, another picture of the same animal from a different position, showing him advancing toward a dead zebra, which was used as a bait, and there are also two photographs, taken at close quarters, of a pair of lions—one of them wounded—who stalked the author in broad daylight. There are a dozen pictures of hippopotami, showing these uncouth animals in groups or singly, in the water and on land, and several of these are very life-like portraits. A decidedly interesting picture shows a group of about a dozen Grant's zebras digging for water in the sandy bed of the Olgeri River, and there are five other studies of the two species of this beautiful animal shown in its natural haunts, in groups or as individuals, including a remarkably clear and expressive full-page portrait of a perfect specimen of the Grant's type. Mr. Dugmore was also successful in getting characteristic pictures of giraffes, and one of the most informing illustrations in the book shows a herd of six of these strange creatures, in single file and all clearly outlined against the sky—the work of a telephoto lens at a distance of 375 yards. Other animals of which Mr. Dugmore got excellent photographs were the buffalo, hartebeest, wildebeest, dik-dik, water-buck, impalla, Grant's and Waller's gazelles, oryx, eland, forest hog, wart hog, hyena, and jackal. And there are many pictures of birds, as well as studies of native savage types, and several good landscape photographs, including some fine views of Mount Kenia.

The striking fact about Mr. Dugmore's work, however, is that the getting of sixty-odd photographs of more than twenty different species of big game, represented the actual killing of probably less than half a dozen animals, and all of these were rhinoceroses or lions, who were shot purely in self-defence. Indeed, Mr. Dugmore's determination to do no unnecessary killing caused him to subject himself to very great danger. For example, he actually had his companion, whom he relied upon to defend him from charging animals, attempt to stop or turn an oncoming rhinoceros with a charge of buck-shot from a shotgun, an experiment which was successful in the first trial, but which was not repeated after this adventure:

> No sooner had I seized the camera and moved a little to one side, so as to obtain a better view of the animal in case he charged (unless he charged me first!) than the rhinoceros was up and at us. . . . It seemed incredible that so large an animal

could move with such rapidity. I focussed on him as he rushed toward C and the Masai and the two thoroughly scared boys who were behind them. Almost unconsciously I released the shutter when at the moment a shot rang out. C. was trying to turn the animal with a charge of buckshot. The attempt, however, was futile, and the creature came on without even hesitating. C., realizing that the shot had failed, fired a 12-bore ball from the left barrel, and then seizing his revolver, began firing right into its head as it rushed past him not six feet away. It made straight for the Masai, who stood quietly waiting the onrush, and jumped aside when within touching distance of the big horn. Having missed the Masai, it next turned toward me, just as I was endeavoring to put a second plate in position, so that I might get a picture of the actual encounter. In a hurry, I did not put the plate holder all the way in, as I afterward found to my disappointment. But for the moment I had other things with which to occupy my mind, and the camera became less important than the angry beast, when, to my relief, the Masai, with wonderful coolness drove his spear into the side of the rhinoceros. That turned it toward C., who quickly put another revolver shot into its head, and that decided the bewildered animal to leave us alone, and off it went, heading almost directly toward the terrified caravan.

The description of photographing a lion by flashlight at night gives another glimpse of the great danger to which the author exposed himself:

For about two hours I had been straining both eyes and ears, when suddenly to my astonishment a huge lion appeared. . . . As far as I could judge, the big creature was staring at us, and I scarcely dared reach over to my companion and whisper the word "lion." Fortunately, he awoke without making any noise, and leaning gently over me he had his first look at the animal. . . . After a flashlight goes off one can see nothing for several minutes, so the lion might come without our knowing anything until he was on top of us, when shooting would be too late. . . . While we were getting ready for this, the lion seized the zebra, and without the slightest effort turned it round. Fearing that he would carry it off beyond the reach of the cameras, we hurriedly took aim, and as I pressed the electric flash release we both fired. The two shots rang out simultaneously with the explosion of the powerful light, but whether the lion was hit we could not tell. He only went about one hundred yards away, and then began roaring in a manner that made us most uncomfortable. It was not long before he was joined by his mate, and the two kept up the most frightful roars I had ever heard. . . . It was no wonder then that we did not enjoy crawling out of our bomba in order to reset the cameras and flashlight.

Beyond a doubt, Mr. Dugmore, in the preparation of this volume, has rendered a very considerable service to natural history. As we have said, many of the photographs are exceedingly lifelike, and, what perhaps is still more important, they frequently show, as accurately and as completely as a photograph may, the natural habitat of the animal pictured, and its appearance in such surroundings. A still greater value of the book, however, is its effectiveness in calling attention to the really remarkable results which may be obtained by this new and altogether laudable manner of gratifying the love of the chase. It may fairly be doubted whether these results warrant the risks which Mr. Dugmore took in photographing such exceedingly dangerous animals as the lion and the rhinoceros —risks obviously far greater than are taken by the hunter whose only purpose is to kill, and who, as a matter of fact, usually brings down his animal at a comparatively safe distance. But there are many animals which may be photographed with little or no risk of attack, and yet not without the exercise of even more skill, resourcefulness, and determination than are involved in the pursuit of them with the rifle. For, as Mr. Dugmore very truly says: "The efficiency of the modern rifle greatly reduces the chance of failure, and consequently places the balance of chance too much in the sportsman's hands, while the difficulties of photography are lessened almost yearly by the invention of better and more simple devices, with the result that pictures which hitherto were practically unobtainable are to-day becoming common. It will be but a few years before we shall see clubs and societies formed for the advancement of natural history photography."

The last two chapters tell how to arrange a trip to British East Africa, and its cost and equipment; and the photographic outfit needed. The volume is of quarto size and well printed, but apparently is not very durably bound.

Drama and Music.

Arrangements have been completed for the reappearance of Ellen Terry upon the American stage next season, but not—unfortunately—in regular dramatic performances. She is to appear as an entertainer, as Mrs. Siddons, Fanny Kemble, and other famous players did in their time. Her proposal is to give a series of discourses with illustrative acting in Elizabethan costume, on "The Women of Shakespeare," "The Letters of Shakespeare," and "The Children of Shakespeare."

G. P. Huntley, the English comedian who recently played Eccles in "Caste," and Hattie Williams are to play together next season in an English version of "Le Bois sacré," by the authors of "Love Watches" and "Inconstant George." It deals with a woman's demand for the Legion of Honor ribbon.

Sarah Bernhardt continues to defy time and space. Next winter she is to pay another farewell visit to America, and the usual assurances are given that this one, positively, will be her last. According to present arrangements she is to begin her next tour in this country in Chicago, on the 31st of October, and will reach New York one month later, remaining for four weeks. She brings with her an extensive repertory of old and new plays, including "L'Aiglon," "Jeanne d'Arc," "Les Bouffons," "Phèdre," "Monna Vanna," "Hamlet," "Resurrection," "Les Romanesques," etc. During her closing week she will be seen in "La Princesse Lointaine" of Rostand and an act of "Faust." In this she may possibly have the assistance of the eminent actor, Le Bargy.

Hermann Vezin, the well-known actor, died in London on Sunday, aged eighty-one years. He was born in Philadelphia, and was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania. Going to Europe, he there resolved to become an actor, and made rapid success, until, in 1852, Charles Kean engaged him for the part of Pembroke in his famous revival of "King John," at the Princess Theatre in London. He then made a circuit of the English provinces for several years, until he returned to London in 1859, and played "Macbeth" in the Surrey Theatre. Thereafter he appeared with much success as Hamlet, King John, Othello, Shylock, Louis XVI, Sir Giles Overreach, and in "Donna Diana," by Westland Marston; in "The Man o' Airlie," and in "Dan'l Druce," by W. S. Gilbert. In 1868, at the Grand Theatre, Islington, he gave a single performance of "Cenci," Shelley's tragedy, to which the censor had refused a license. One of his famous later rôles was that of Dr. Primrose in "Olivia." He took Henry Irving's place as Macbeth, when the latter broke down, and achieved much success. At eighty years he played as Rowley in Sir Herbert Tree's revival of "The School for Scandal."

W. J. Galloway's "Musical England," which we reviewed in the *Nation* of May 19 from a copy of the London edition, is now published in this country by John Lane Co.

Percy Goetschius does not share the belief that a pupil must study harmony before he can intelligently take up counterpoint. His "Exercises in Elementary Counterpoint" (G. Schirmer) represent in his mind a course in harmony quite as much as in counterpoint, his conviction being that these two courses cannot be separated. While this point is debatable, an attentive student of this volume cannot fail to get a deep insight into the mysteries of harmony (chords and their uses), as well as of counterpoint, or the art of interweaving two or more melodies.

Louis C. Elson's "Pocket Music Dictionary" (Oliver Ditson Co.) is a little book containing in 180 pages, in a condensed form, the information imparted at greater length in the 306 pages of his "Music Dictionary." If singers and players, professional as well as amateur, carried a copy of it in their pocket (it takes up very little space), there would be fewer errors in the interpretation of masterpieces. An appendix of eighteen pages gives the most noted names in music, with places and dates of birth and death—above 500 in all.

"Why do pianos get out of tune? Should they be closed at night? How can the keys be kept white, the varnish clear?" These and many other questions that occur to

owners of instruments are answered in "The Construction, Tuning, and Care of the Pianoforte," by Edward Quincy Norton (Oliver Ditson Co.). Thirteen different reasons are given why strings break, and every other problem that presents itself to the maker, tuner, and player of a piano is treated with the same thoroughness—questions of action, of felt, of temperament, etc., with a page on injuries done by mice.

"Forty-four French Folksongs and Variants from Canada, Normandy, and Brittany" is the title of a collection just issued by G. Schirmer. The songs were gathered and harmonized by Julien Tiersot, and the text accompanying the music is in both French and English. Some of these songs have great rhythmic and melodic charm, and the harmonics added by Mr. Tiersot do not do violence to their spirit. He was pleased to find that, whereas in France such songs are chiefly in vogue among the lower classes, in "New France," particularly in the Province of Quebec, they are far from being despised by the educated classes. It is interesting to note how some of the old songs are colored by the new environment.

Art.

PARIS MUSEUM NOTES.

PARIS, June 3.

In the hall of Greek sculpture of the Louvre Museum, an important addition has been made to the series of archaic "Apollos," as they were once called, or "Kouroi," according to the later, non-committal designation. It is a statue found in the island of Paros in 1902, described the same year by O. Rubensohn (*Athen. Mittheil.*, XXVII, pl. xi), and forming No. 122 in the late work of W. Deonna, "Les Appollons archaïques" (Geneva, 1909). It helps to complete the series begun at the Louvre by the two torsos (Leonna, Nos. 1-2) excavated at Actium by the French consul, who found the Winged Victory of Samothrace, and continued by three fragments in marble of Pentelicus (Leonna, No. 23), and by a head in Parian marble (No. 24). The new piece is a complete figure, head and all, and well enough preserved to furnish the necessary standard of comparison. Three fragments of a larger statue, found at the same place, add to the completeness of the series, which precedes the Medic wars and begins in the second quarter of the sixth century, B. C. The first example recalls the "Apollo" of Thera, the new one that from Mount Ptous in Bœotia, now in the Athens Museum (Deonna, page 157, fig. 32-33).

Farnell ("Cults of the Greek States," Vol. IV, pages 330-1) places these examples of early Greek sculpture, with their multiple relations in archæology, art, religion, and social history:

> The "Apollos" of Tenea, Thera, Orchomenos, etc., have no sure title, for some of these may have been representations of the worshipper who dedicates himself, or of the athlete, or sepulchral monuments of the deceased. . . . It would be too dogmatic and hazardous to say that no Greek divinity had been represented unclothed before 600 B. C. When nudity became the prevalent fashion at the Olympian games, it was natural that the change should affect artistic conventions. That Apollo should have been the first prominent example of the new fashion is an interesting fact, about the explanation of which we may doubt. It may be found in the Dorian worship, in which Apollo was specially associated with the athletic and military epheboi, and therefore himself imagined as essentially a divine ephebos. It may also be that his relation with Zeus which became more explicit in the later period of religious thought, and in which he was essentially regarded as the son of God, assisted the development of the youthful ideal. But it is as a youth in early maturity, not as a boy, that the archaic, and usually also the later, art conceived him.

A transfer from the Auxerre Museum to the Louvre adds a not unimportant example of another period in art history. It is a statuette in limestone, 75 centimetres high, representing a draped woman, and is an undoubted specimen of the sculpture of the "Dædalids," who, from Crete, became the teachers of the Peloponnesians. It goes back to the seventh century B. C., and takes its place in the series of archaic feminine figures of the "xoanon" form. It is related to examples in the Museums of Candia and Athens, and to a find of the English school of Athens at Sparta in the temple of Artemis Orthia. It was described by Collignon in the *Revue Archéologique*, 1908, t. xi, pp. 153-170, pl. x.

A large Madonna in stone, of the years when the latest Gothic tradition was beginning to yield to Italian influence, has taken its place in the hall of Mediæval and Renaissance sculpture. It is of great artistic merit and of historic importance in the series. In the hall of modern sculpture, besides the maquettes of Carpeaux, now appear sketches of Barye, a series of models of David d'Angers, and the ivory statuette of Rachel by Barre. In the collections of the Mission Pelliot gathered from 1906 to 1909 in Chinese Turkestan, besides the manuscript treasure, there are paintings and sculpture showing the transmission of Greek art formulas and types to Indian Buddhism of the Middle Ages. These have a special hall at the Louvre.

The "Inventaire général des dessins du Musée du Louvre," by Jeon Guiffrey and Pierre Marcel (25 francs a volume, or by subscription), continues its good work of rendering this immense and priceless treasure of drawings available for purposes of study in art and history. The fourth volume—French school—comprises 610 illustrations of good quality for the 825 drawings described. The alphabetical order in this new volume happens to concentrate the interest, comprising as it does the work of Corot, Daubigny, David, and Delacroix, all of which is abundantly represented in the Louvre collection. Of particular interest is a series of archæological sketches by David, showing his laborious documentation, and 38 leaves from Delacroix's Moroeco sketchbook. Great space and a learned introduction are given to the drawings of Antoine Coypel, which at his death came in their totality to the royal collection.

The Bibliothèque Nationale has received a legacy of importance for the history of the Restoration. It is the works of the engraver Depaulis, comprising notably a collection of portraits of celebrated contemporaries ordered by Louis XVIII. Alexander I obtained duplicates for the Russian Imperial Museum; but the French collection, which had remained in the engraver's family, will prove more accessible to ordinary students.

The rich decorative art collection of Piet-Lataudrie has now been distributed to different French museums, according to the directions of the testator. The Louvre receives 26 valuable pieces, which have been described by M. Migeon in *Les Arts*, August, 1909. They comprise a series from Persia, Egypt, Asia Minor, and Andalusia, from the twelfth to the sixteenth century. The remainder are of varied European origin from the Middle Ages and Renaissance. The portrait of the donor by Bastien-Lepage will be placed with the collection at the Louvre.

S. D.

"Portrait Miniatures" is the subject of the special spring number of the *Studio*. The text is by the very competent hand of Dr. George C. Williamson, and there are more than fifty plates of fair execution of which more than half are colored. These we think are the less successful. Naturally the treatment has to be selective. Dr. Williamson, for example, gives some attention to Austrian miniaturists, apparently because a book has recently been published on them. No American name appears, though Malbone and Fraser are certainly above the average level of the artists presented. In running through the illustrations one is struck by the general mediocrity displayed. Occasionally the art has allured a Holbein, a Samuel Cooper, and a Füger, but in the main, the Cosways represent its heights and the Plimers its bathetic average. They did things somewhat better, to be sure, in France, where a fair level of technical integrity was maintained. Still the very defects of miniature painting are of an endearing sort. Collectors of a modest kind will doubtless welcome this album of reproductions from rare and virtually inaccessible originals. We regret the absence of Bronzino, who would have added one more great artist to the few here represented.

"English Leadwork, Its Art and History," by Lawrence Weaver, F. S. A., is a large and richly illustrated quarto imported by the Scribners and sold at ten dollars net. The American student of decoration will be astonished at the antiquity and number

of fine remains. Not to mention lead coffins, there are elaborately sculptured baptismal founts of Romanesque period extant in several examples. As we approach the late Gothic period and the classical revival, water pipe heads and cisterns become prominent. Occasionally we find an entire bay window sheathed with the ductile metal. At all times spires and pinnacles have been covered with lead. Often the setting of the plates and the soldering is managed with great vivacity. Aberdeen spires, for instance, are almost without exception picturesquely herringboned. As we reach the century just past, lead work shares the general decline of all handicraft. Many garden statues, mostly copies of classic originals, date from the eighteenth century on. We find this the least interesting and idiomatic employment of the material. The ferment of the arts and crafts movement in England has done something to restore lead to architectural honor. Gutters, water leads, garden tanks—a whole class of decorative exterior plumbing, which had been done flimsily in stamped copper, zinc, or even tinned sheet iron, is now often designed and cast in the more durable metal. Mr. Troup's, Mr. Bankart's, and J. Starkie Gardner's designs all merit praise for their strength, simplicity, and appropriateness to the material. In general exterior leadwork seems best when it is merely serviceable, as roof covering, coping, or water service. The author's warning against milled sheet lead should be noted. With lead used as material for isolated sculpture we have little sympathy. Here there seems to be an æsthetic confusion between the charming little pewter statuettes of the Continental sculptors and the robuster requirements of garden statuary. Concrete or the softer stones for this purpose have every merit of lead and some additional virtues of their own. The appeal of this fully illustrated book to students of English decoration is strong, to practising architects perhaps even stronger.

Louis Auguste Hiolin, the sculptor, died recently at Silly-la-Poterie, aged sixty-three years. He pursued his artistic studies under Viollet-le-Duc, Aimé Perrey, and Jouffroy, and was a member of the Artistes Français, receiving four medals, the last in 1900. Among his works are the monument at Soissons in memory of the defenders of 1870, and the statue of Racine at Ferté-Milon.

Finance.

CAUSES AND CONSEQUENCES.

It is probable that Wall Street tradition will hereafter associate the recent spasm of Stock Exchange liquidation entirely with the collision between government and railways. There will, however, if experience is any guide, be three distinct lines of reasoning. We shall be told that the market would not have collapsed at all, but for Attorney-General Wickersham's injunction. We shall learn that the liquidation was inevitable, but that the Washington action hastened and aggravated it. Finally, we shall hear that economic causes were paramount, and that the railway rate dispute was only a passing incident.

Some light on the judgment of the future may be gained by a rather remarkable parallel case. Observant and reminiscent financiers have generally agreed in the strong points of resemblance between the events of the past few months and what happened towards the end of 1895. The comparison is now an old one, yet a fresh parallel incident is constantly being added. The premature after-panic boom, the violent rise in prices of commodities and stocks, the general outburst of speculation on borrowed money, the turning of an export balance on foreign trade account into an "import excess," the exhausting drain of gold, the wholesale placing of railway loans in Europe to correct the foreign trade position—this was the list of coincidences to date, a fortnight ago. But when financial watchers traced out these rather remarkable parallels, and indulged in more or less vague conjecture as to what would be the outcome on the present occasion, they were not aware that one of the most striking in all the series of parallels was close at hand. What happened next was no more foreseen in 1895 than in 1910, and, on both occasions, it had precisely the same effect on the Stock Exchange.

It was in September, 1895, that the highly unfavorable nature of the economic situation began to be discerned. Prices sold slowly off in the Stock Exchange; but the surplus bank reserve was large, money was very easy, and it was hoped that liquidation in commodities would solve the difficulties. Still, the uncertainty in the Stock Exchange continued, and by December there was anxious discussion, in conservative banking circles, as to whether true economic equilibrium could be restored except through much more radical liquidation. It was then, quite unexpectedly, that President Cleveland sent to Congress on Monday, December 17, his famous Venezuela message.

The wisdom of that message, especially as regards the veiled defiance of Great Britain, was a matter of warm discussion, then and afterward. It was, in fact, a much more disquieting political incident, so far as its ultimate possibilities were concerned, than the railway rate injunction, and the clamor of hysterical excitement which arose throughout the country was such as to make the recent "railway interviews" a trifling matter by comparison. The stock market hesitated; then liquidation on an extreme scale began. Before the week was over, Atchison stock had fallen 7 points, Burlington and Quincy 15, St. Paul 15½, Rock Island 16½, Lake Shore 14, New York Central 10. Even in the Wall Street call money market, rates advanced to 100 per cent. The liquidation in stocks was drastic and complete.

The reader can trace analogies for himself. During the break in stocks in the last fortnight of 1895, it was commonly alleged in Wall Street, first, that no way out of the trouble with England was in sight; secondly, that the Administration had hopelessly injured the financial situation. Yet a very few weeks sufficed to prove that there was a solution to the trouble; England agreed to arbitration of the Venezuela claims, much as the railways last week agreed to leave the rate dispute to the Interstate Commerce Commission. The Stock Exchange, even before the month was over, had recovered half its losses, and the purchases were largely by strong interests, home and foreign.

But the developments which presently ensued in the country's economic position were much more remarkable. During 1895, so deadlocked was the domestic market for capital that an enormously expansive foreign syndicate had to be employed to finance an urgently-needed loan to the United States Government. In January—less than a month after the "Venezuela panic"—another $100,000,000 loan was offered for home subscription by the general public; it elicited total bids of $568,000,000, was taken at a great advance over the price of the "syndicate loan" of 1895, and plainly showed that the market for capital was in a normal condition. Bulwarked thus by a liquidated speculation and by returning soundness in the economic situation, the market sustained with remarkable vitality the shock of Bryan's Presidential canvass. Liquidation was not by any means ended with "Venezuela week"; the markets had some bad quarter-hours in 1896; but three months before election day, prices were rising rapidly in the Stock Exchange; exports of merchandise far exceeded imports; gold poured in from Europe, and the way was prepared for the coming industrial revival.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbe, C. The Mechanics of the Earth's Atmosphere. A collection of translations. Washington: Smithsonian Institution.

Allen, J. Above Life's Turmoil. Putnam. $1.

Ambler, C. H. Sectionalism in Virginia from 1776 to 1861. Univ. of Chicago Press. $1.50 net.

Avery, E. McK. History of the United States and Its People. Vol. VII. Cleveland: Burrows Bros.

Bennett, A. Buried Alive. Brentano's.

Best, R. H., Davies, W. J., Perks, C. Brassworkers of Berlin and of Birmingham. Fifth edition. London: P. S. King & Son.

Bourne, G. The Ascending Effort. Dutton. $1.50.

Bowditch, C. P. Numeration, Calendar Systems, and Astronomical Knowledge of the Mayas. Cambridge Univ. Press.

Browne, E. A. Romanesque Architecture. Macmillan. $1.75 net.

Buchanan, U. Ideals and Conduct. Cochrane Pub. Co.

Burhans, V. The Cave-Woman: a Novel of To-day. Holt.

Calkins, M. W. A First Book in Psychology. Macmillan $1.90 net.

Henry Holt & Company 34 W. 33 St.

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Dock, L. L. Hygiene and Morality. Putnam. $1.25.

Documentary History of American Industrial Society. Vols. IV, V, and VI. Supplement. Cleveland: A. H. Clark Co.

Ebray, A. La France qui meurt. Paris: Société française D'Imprimerie et de Librairie.

Galloway, T. W. Text-Book of Elementary Zoölogy. Philadelphia: Blakiston's Son. $1.25 net.

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

FOUNDED IN 1865.

[Entered at the New York City Post Office as second-class mail matter.]

The Nation is published and owned by the New York Evening Post Co. Oswald Garrison Villard, President; William J. Pattison, Treasurer; Paul Elmer More, Editor.

Three dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada $3.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union $4.00.

Address THE NATION, Box 794, New York.
Publication Office, 20 Vesey Street.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1910.

The Week.

Mr. Roosevelt could not have made a better beginning in the renewal of his American life than by the wireless message he sent as he neared shore. He will place an interval of more than two months between his landing and his first public speech; and he "will have nothing whatever to say in the immediate future about politics, and will hold no interview whatever on the subject with any one." During his absence in far-away lands, home affairs have gone through many phases. Some of the developments, political and personal, have been of a sort to engender bitter controversy, some to provoke differences of opinion on complicated questions of fact or of policy. The tariff, and "Cannonism," and conservation, and Ballinger, and railway control have successively had the centre of the stage; and Mr. Taft's personal part in these affairs has been a special thread running through the whole story. Of all this, Mr. Roosevelt has of course acquired, by this time, very considerable knowledge; but nothing can take the place of actual contact with the situation on the spot, and he is wise in waiting awhile before he puts his influence into the scale on the one side or the other of any of these disputes. Apart from this declaration, too, Mr. Roosevelt's message was all that could be desired in point of simplicity and good taste.

The new rule adopted in the House of Representatives, with but one dissenting vote, involves momentous possibilities. It may alter the entire business of law-making by committee, a system which has been bitterly criticised as anti-democratic and inimical to honest legislation, and defended as an absolutely necessary development of parliamentary government, and which, whether we approve it or not, is a very solid fact that calls for recognition. The new rule provides that upon petition by a member of the House that body may, by a majority vote, discharge a committee from the consideration of any bill it has in hand, and that the measure shall then be placed upon a special calendar for action in the House itself. The great argument in favor of the new rule is that it will prevent the killing of bills in committee, a procedure with which the bulk of legislative graft is intimately bound up. And there may be sufficient additional reasons to overcome the obvious argument that the process of committee-taming, if carried to excess, would swamp the House with business.

In passing the bill authorizing the President to withdraw from entry any public lands of the United States which he thinks should not be open to sale or settlement until Congress has decided how they are to be disposed of, Congress has done a good day's work. This Executive power, under previous legislation, has been in dispute. Roosevelt and Garfield believed that it existed; Taft and the Attorney-General did not. In his letter to ex-Secretary Garfield of last November, President Taft consented for the time to allow many of the withdrawals to stand, though he feared that "a considerable stretch of the Secretary's power" was involved. It was of the highest importance that such doubts should be set at rest. This could be only by an act of Congress expressly granting the needed authority. In obtaining it, the President has not only procured one more item in his legislative programme, but—and this is of much greater consequence—has taken a long step forward in fortifying and making impregnable the whole policy of conservation.

The full text of Senator Dolliver's tariff speech appears in the *Congressional Record* of June 15, and we advise all to read it who like a demonstration of the fallacies which lurk in lump sums and general percentages. It was in itself a specious argument for Mr. Payne and Republicans who cited his figures to base the claim of large tariff reductions upon "consumption values"; but even accepting that basis, Senator Dolliver has shown how misleading is the inference drawn when lower taxes on bituminous coal which we import in but small quantities, and on agricultural products which we do not import at all, are reckoned as actual remissions of money paid by the consumer. In his elaborate analysis of the cotton schedule, of which in the special session last year the Iowa Senator showed that he had made himself a master, he is particularly damaging to Senator Aldrich and the tricksters who worked through him.

Judge Grosscup sees no stopping place in the movement to deal with the monopoly problem short of accepting the great industrial concerns as monopolies *de jure*, as they are *de facto*, and regulating their profits and their prices. "Some think," he said in his address at Philadelphia the other day, "the great corporations of the country can be made by law to compete. To compete with whom—when that particular corporation already has a monopoly of the field?" That may be the conclusion to which we shall all be driven at some time in the future, but there will be a good stout fight for the principle of competition before it is abandoned. Strong as is the grip of the monopolistic corporations, most of them have to keep within pretty definite bounds to ward off competition; and who can say what future developments in the way of mechanical changes, and in the way of changes in patent and other laws, may effect?

At a time when chances for Democratic success would appear to be better than usual in most parts of the Union, the situation in Tennessee presents many disquieting aspects. Primarily the difficulties are not political at all. Hostility to the renomination of Gov. Patterson has resulted, as it was manifest that it would, in a split in the Democratic party and the likelihood that two State tickets both bearing the Democratic stamp will be in the field this autumn. Opposition to Patterson is based on his action in the pardoning of the Coopers, father and son—the convicted slayers of Senator Carmack—and in his pro-saloon attitude. The Carmack faction is active and bitter, and with an alliance with the "State-widers" the result of the election would certainly be in doubt. But Patterson is apparently counting on Republican support to offset this defection. He has always been considerate of the negroes, and no Democratic Governor since the war has had

so strong a following among them. On this fact and the feeling among negroes that they have not been rightly treated by President Taft, he is doubtless counting to carry him again into office.

The city of Tacoma, dreaming dreams of empire on the shores of Puget Sound, has built itself a high-school stadium which is said to be capable of holding more people than Harvard's great amphitheatre. This magnificent monument to Tacoma's pride and her ambitions was dedicated last week with appropriate ceremonies which drew "24,000 cheering Tacomans" within the spacious concrete arena. Properly enough, the school children, whose nickels and dimes went to the making of the stadium, played the principal part in the festival. Four thousand of them were grouped in a great American flag. Seven thousand of them went through picturesque drill and dances. The climax came when the children, flags in hand, kept time to the playing of the "Star-Spangled Banner." Thereupon, says the Tacoma *Daily News*, "with one accord the entire audience rose to its feet, cheered the mass of waving flags, and joined in singing the national air. Men doffed their hats and all were thrilled with a new feeling of patriotism. Tacoma will probably never in her history witness such a patriotic sight as that of yesterday afternoon when the living flag was presented." Having thus dedicated her unsurpassed stadium, Tacoma forthwith telegraphed an offer of $101,000 for the privilege of "pulling off" the Jeffries-Johnson fight on that splendid field.

Two and twenty Mayors are taking part in the two-days' discussion of municipal health problems at the conference which is meeting at Schenectady. There will be specialists there to instruct them in the various phases of a question that is as important as any that confronts the chief executive of a city. Housing and health, rest and recreation, the city and life-waste, the city and tuberculosis, health-department organization, city sanitation, and city food-supply are among the problems that are to be taken up for consideration. Why, it may be asked, should Mayors spend time and the public money in listening to information that is accessible enough in printed form? The answer is that personal contact among a group of men doing the same work is a way of stirring the enthusiasm that begins to flag under the strain of daily routine. The Mayor has hundreds of printed volumes to read if he so desires; but has he either the time or the inclination? From a two-days' threshing out of problems, theories, and remedies, the Mayor may bring back a vivid realization of duty and need that no amount of printed pages can supply. The conference of Mayors may supply just the right spectacular spice which is frequently so necessary to the whole-hearted attack of a problem.

Any one who in a telephone booth has been disturbed by loud talking outside, or some other noise to interrupt the electric conversation, will be interested in an article in a German periodical, *Der Gesundheitsingenieur*. The writer tells how he dealt with this difficulty. He had been making some acoustic experiments which convinced him that if a wooden telephone booth were lined with tin, all noises would be excluded. He nailed sheets of tin on the wooden walls with the result that an expert, who had laughed at his idea, was so impressed that he forthwith proceeded to construct a number of such booths. Nor are telephone users the only ones who may profit by this experiment. The writer referred to appeals to architects to introduce tin, or aluminium, in the walls of houses generally, to deaden sounds. He is convinced that if this were done, the neighbor's daughter's piano and voice would cease to be a disturbing factor in life, except, of course, in summer, when all the windows are open. The tin-manufacturers may be trusted to see to it that this plan is properly pushed and advertised.

Missionary literature, in general, has been slow to admit any dark side to the American occupation of the Philippines. In a recent number of *Missions*, however, the official Baptist missionary organ, certain unpleasant phases of the situation are set forth with candor and vigor. A missionary writing from Jaro finds the chief difficulty to lie in the utter inability of the American to rid himself of race prejudice. "The American in the Orient has the air of being the sole representative of the human race, and the Oriental is classed as a sub-human species that may eventually develop, through long periods of progressive development, into the *genus homo*." It is a pathetically rare thing, he says, to find any American resident among the Filipinos who is not continually berating, in both public and private, the entire Filipino race. The natives had at one time given themselves over to a whole-hearted acceptance of American intervention, and set themselves enthusiastically to the task of acquiring American methods of government, industrial development, and education. But the supercilious air with which their aspirations were met convinced them that "there was only social and moral peonage and serfdom along this way."

The charges of American violation of neutrality made by President Madriz may be impertinent. It may be true, as Secretary Knox declares in his reply, "that the policy of the United States remains as set forth in the Secretary of State's letter of December 1, 1909," wherein this Government announced that it would recognize any Nicaraguan faction which succeeded in organizing a stable government and pacifying the country. It may be true that in prohibiting the bombardment of Bluefields by a Madriz war-vessel, we only followed the example of the British at Greytown. It may be that we are in the right on every point against President Madriz; but there is something that we may owe to the people of Nicaragua as opposed to its Presidents or would-be Presidents. The war there has resulted in a deadlock of exhaustion. The economic condition of Nicaragua is described as very bad, and as getting rapidly worse. Under such circumstances, it would not be amiss if the United States, returning good for evil, were to offer its services for the attainment of peace, or even express the wish that some other agent than ourselves might be entrusted with the task. The mere offer on our part would in itself do a great amount of good in depriving Estrada of all excuse for holding out to his deluded followers the chance of American intervention in his behalf.

Another Mexican revolution has been nipped in the bud. It was planned to come off next Sunday, when that blushing young Presidential candidate, Por-

firio Diaz, is to appeal for the suffrages of his fellow-citizens, or know the reason why. Mexico's revolutionists must be either criminally foolish or criminally reckless in picking out just the week and the day when Porfirio Diaz is likely to be widest awake and to have most troops at his disposal. One would imagine that a revolutionary *coup* would be best set for the day after election, when the victor is a bit dazed with his triumph and the vanquished are sore with defeat. The other hypothesis is that the Mexican revolutionists were neither reckless nor foolish, that no outbreak had been set for election day, and that the entire dreadful plot was the discovery of Diaz and his zealous agents. It is, to say the least, unfortunate that the man who holds Mexico in the hollow of his hand should be so badly frightened by his enemies' plots just a few days before election day.

Amid all the rumors of conferences and an agreement, on the Constitutional issue, between the two parties in England, little has been heard of another movement which may have consequences almost as important. We refer to the non-partisan committee in the House of Commons which has been laboring to make a beginning of woman suffrage in England. Called a Conciliation Committee, and composed of 16 Liberals, 11 Conservatives, 5 Irish Nationalists, and 4 members of the Labor party, it has worked out a bill which, it is hoped, may prove non-contentious, and may pass at least in the Commons during the present sitting of Parliament. The proposed measure is considerably short of complete enfranchisement for woman, yet would, if adopted, put the names of many female voters on the register. In brief, two classes of women would be made voters: householders and the owners of a £10 occupation qualification—that is, occupiers of lands, offices, or shops of that renting value. Not many married women would be admitted to the franchise under this plan, since they could not qualify for the same property as their husbands; but, on the other hand, they would not be disqualified. To this moderate proposal all sections of the committee have agreed; and both the great suffrage societies—the National Union and the National Women's Social and Political Union—have officially accepted it as a payment on account.

The system of proportional representation has had its most extensive trying-out in the recent general elections in Belgium. It has operated acceptably well, but without removing all the anomalies of the ordinary system. The anti-Catholic parties in the Chamber have registered a popular vote of 1,125,000, against 1,063,000 for the Catholics; yet the latter hold a majority of six in the Chamber. At Malines, 24,818 votes gained a single seat, while 41,632 votes gained three seats. At Nivelle, it took only 15,419 votes to elect a Liberal but 24,818 votes to elect a Clerical. At Arlon, 20,521 Liberal votes gained a single seat, and 25,294 Catholic votes won two. The failure of the proportional-representation machine to function perfectly is due, in Belgium, partly to the existence of the plural vote which counterbalances the effect of the proportional distribution. But partly the cause is to be found in the mathematics of the particular system used in that country. There is no denying, however, that R. P., as the French-speaking people call it, is effective against gross misrepresentation. In Belgium, where the Catholics in 1900 had a Parliamentary majority of 29, the rectifying influence of proportional representation has cut down their swollen majority to 26, to 20, to 12, and to 6, successively.

The open advocacy by the Prime Minister of entire religious liberty in Spain, and the firmness with which he is proceeding from step to step in order to procure it, are only parts of the large and comprehensive policy which Señor Canalejas is pursuing. This he explained in person and with great directness to the Madrid correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. His great aim, he said, was the restoration and quickening of the Liberal tradition. On the one side, this would lead to a vigorous opposition to overweening Clerical pretensions, while on the other it would work against the extremes of the Socialists and Republicans. As regards the latter point, Prime Minister Canalejas may point with satisfaction to some of the results of the recent general election. Although Republican successes were unexpectedly won here and there, in Catalonia, so long the seed-bed of Spanish Republicanism, the old Catalan solidarity was rudely shattered. Whereas in the previous Cortes there were eighteen Republican Deputies, working hand in hand with fourteen "regionalists," in the new there will be only ten Republicans and seven regionalists, the Liberals having made great gains and carried thirteen seats. One remark of Canalejas in the interview is striking. He said of the King: "Alfonso XIII is a thoroughly convinced Liberal and a monarch with modern ideas. I have laid before him my entire programme, without any concealment of the difficulties in the way of its realization, yet he has given me his full confidence and co-operation."

Hungary, like France and Belgium, has just had a Parliamentary election. The results are more significant than in either of the other two countries. The Independent or Kossuthite party, which for a half-dozen years has been sufficiently in the ascendant to make government by any other party impossible while not governing very well itself, has been decisively beaten. And its defeat has come not at the hands of any other great party, but of the Crown itself. The Liberal party, after holding power for many years, was overwhelmingly defeated in January, 1905, by a combination headed by Francis Kossuth and Count Albert Apponyi. Confusion followed, and it was not until April, 1906, that a compromise or "functionary" Cabinet was organized, with Wekerle at its head and Kossuth and Apponyi in important Ministerial positions. The question of universal suffrage and a separate state bank for Hungary brought dissension, and in 1909 the Coalition split wide open. The only remedy was the usual one in the Hapsburg domains—the appointment of an interim Ministry of officials to carry on the necessary business of government. Count Khuen-Héderváry was chosen Premier, and he made preparations for the recent general election in which the country gave him a rousing majority, thus indicating its weariness of party strife and turmoil. Inasmuch as the Independent or Coalition party was bent upon greatly loosening the ties with Austria, its defeat has been hailed by the Premier as a return to the principles of the dual arrangement of 1867, "which form the basis of the country's international position."

RAILWAY REGULATION.

Most of the comments upon the railroad bill, as now signed by the President, play upon the surface of the matter. They refer to Mr. Taft's pleasure—very natural under the circumstances—at having persuaded Congress to do what it long appeared probable that it would not do. There is also much said about the due apportionment of credit—or blame—for the final form of the law, as between Republicans and Democrats, insurgents and regulars. The political effect of the new statute is likewise much discussed. What part will it play in the coming Congressional elections? Will it prove to be a winning card for the Administration? Such questions are inevitable; and the personal equation is brought in as a matter of course; but none of these things goes to the heart of the business.

It is apparent at once that the law represents an enormous advance upon what has gone before. When Mr. Roosevelt's modest proposals, a part of which were finally embodied in the Hepburn bill, raised such an outcry and led to such fierce debates and prolonged struggles, few could have supposed that we should so soon and so quietly be adopting much more radical recommendations. The event would certainly lead Machiavelli, if he were alive and writing of current events, to renew and reinforce his sagacious remark: "Let no one who begins an innovation in a state expect that he shall stop it at his pleasure, or regulate it according to his intention."

The precise "intention" of the framers of the original Interstate Commerce Act has been warmly disputed, but there can be no dispute that their handiwork has now been made over so as to be almost beyond their recognition. The control of the Interstate Commerce Commission over the business of railways has been made both more sweeping and more minute. We say nothing of the regulation of the issue of securities, for that has been put aside for the time being by reference to a special commission. But in what stands we have a great expansion of the supervising and regulating power of the Commission. It may, on its own initiative, and without waiting for a complaint, take up any case of rates or practices that seem unreasonable, and issue its order. Chief in importance is the provision making all increases in railway rates ineffective until approved by the Commission, and squarely putting upon the roads the burden of proof that the advances are reasonable and warranted. Other clauses hedge about what the railway managers have hitherto regarded as their liberties; and the whole act constitutes a more drastic scheme of government regulation than would have seemed conceivable—to say nothing of being practicable—ten years ago.

Even those who argue that this vast extension of the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission had become necessary, will not deny that it may be fraught with grave consequences. We will not say, with the president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, that it leads inevitably to the government ownership of railways, but it cannot be denied that, if there is a genuine movement for such ownership, it will be greatly accelerated by what has now been done. Happily, Americans remain, with the English, highly illogical in their politics. Because one step seems to demand an immediate next step, it does not at all follow that we shall take the latter. We are still fond of partial experiment, and are very much rule-of-thumb in our public business. The chances are, therefore, that this new venture in railway regulation will have a long trial before anything further is attempted; that a *modus vivendi* will be worked out between the Interstate Commerce Commission and the railways; and that we are not going to see the property of the great transportation companies either confiscated or nationalized.

It is noteworthy that the railway presidents who talk at all about the new measure assume an optimistic tone. Their cheerfulness may be partly forced, but it is certain that any sound railway company honestly conducted has little to fear. It is to be assumed, to begin with, that the members of the Interstate Commerce Commission are upright and capable men. They have no desire to harry the railways. Abuses and illegalities it is their function to repress and punish, but the normal and lawful prosperity of the business they would wish to cherish and cultivate. Moreover, in all the new publicity and compulsion to prove that their rates are reasonable, no substantial right of the railways is imperilled. They may always take their appeal from unjust decisions to the courts; while all that they ought to ask is the privilege of demonstrating to an impartial tribunal that what they propose is proper and necessary. If, for example, it can be shown that the railways, in order to obtain adequate returns, must raise their freight rates, there is nothing in the new law to prevent its being done. Only, it must be done in an orderly and deliberate and public way. No one supposes that inexorable financial laws can be set aside by statute. All that President Taft and the other champions of the new law have contended for is a kind of working agreement between commercial necessities and the rights of the public. And now that the great experiment is to be entered upon, every one must hope that it will be carried through in a spirit of mutual forbearance and with a desire that justice be done to all concerned.

THE NEW STATES.

Arizona and New Mexico have at last been admitted into the Union as separate States, and their peoples must now set to work at Constitution-making. The addition of two more stars to the flag has peculiar significance in the present instance, because they are the last two stars that the present continental territory of the United States, omitting Alaska on the ground of "non-contiguity," can supply. The process of commonwealth-building between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans is now rounded out; and with it an historical epoch is completed. From unorganized territory to organized territory, from organized territory to Statehood, the process has pursued its play for one hundred and twenty-three years, since the poor, decrepit Congress of the Confederation gave the first solid pledge to the future in the Northwest Ordinance. New Mexico and Arizona enter the Union very much in the same fashion that Tennessee and Ohio came in. This unbroken process is one more striking testimonial to that stability which has gone hand in hand with democracy in this country.

Statehood for Arizona and New Mexico closes also a secondary epoch in the process of commonwealth-building, a period in which the process has moved forward more rapidly than it ever did in the history of the country. In the twenty-two years since the election of Benjamin Harrison to the Presidency,

nine States in all, counting Arizona and New Mexico, have been added to the Union. The only two periods that can show anything like the same record were the years 1812-37, when seven States were admitted, and the years 1840-61, when eight States entered the Union. Of the fourteen States that have been added to the sisterhood in the half-century since the outbreak of the civil war, four were admitted before 1867; then came a pause of nine years, till Colorado, the centennial State, entered; then comes a longer pause of thirteen years, a gathering of strength and wind for the final effort, and the Dakotas, Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, Washington, Oklahoma, and now the two southwesternmost States, are brought within the circle. It is a political growth that has resulted from and kept pace with the marvellous economic development of the last twenty years. And in a way the passing of the territorial form of government from the continental United States suggests that passing of the limitless land areas and limitless resources to which we are just beginning to awaken. The nation has completely grown up and been brought to face the responsibilities that go with maturity. The child ranges free; the man seeks his resources in himself. We speak today of such things as dry-farming and intensive cultivation.

What have these new States to contribute to the Federal partnership? Arizona has 113,000 square miles of territory and New Mexico has nearly 123,000 square miles. Arizona had in 1900 a population of 123,000, but a Federal estimate for the year 1909 places the population at about 155,000. New Mexico has grown a little more slowly and has risen from 195,000 in 1900 to some 227,000 in 1909. It may also be in order to mention that a Federal estimate of five years ago places the value of property in New Mexico as $332,000,000, and in Arizona at $306,000,000, a per capita wealth which is almost the same as that shown in a prosperous old State like Iowa. The public school has kept pace with material prosperity. Arizona's population is one-fifteenth of Iowa's, and so, very nearly, is her school-attendance. New Mexico's record is still better. Her population is one-tenth of Iowa's and her school-attendance is one-eighth. Arizona's fervid objection to Statehood wedlock with New Mexico cannot be justified on the ground that it would be marrying down in the social scale. Of the two, New Mexico, as much the older community, is apparently the more advanced in culture. The prejudice between Arizona and New Mexico is partly racial and partly political.

Politically the admission of the two States will not affect the party strength greatly in either branch of Congress. Arizona sent a Democratic delegate to Congress from 1900 to 1906, and elected a Republican by 700 in 1908, a Presidential year. The Legislature, which had its biennial session last year, stood 27 Democrats to 9 Republicans. New Mexico has sent Republican delegates to Congress, though by majority of less than four hundred votes, but the last Legislature showed a Republican majority of 20 on joint-ballot. Two Democratic Senators from Arizona and two Republican Senators from New Mexico would seem to be the most immediate prospect. The case of Arizona would seem to be the surer one, because in that territory the delays and disappointments it has experienced at the hands of a Republican Congress have engendered sharp resentment. The sentiment has been repeatedly expressed that "the Republican Congress is doing everything in its power to make Arizona overwhelmingly Democratic."

AMERICAN PEACE DIPLOMACY.

Secretary Knox's address at the University of Pennsylvania on "The Spirit and Purpose of American Diplomacy" had a peculiar timeliness. He shows that the whole course of American diplomacy has made for the promotion of peaceful methods of settling international differences, and peaceful means of advancing international welfare; and his words come at a time when attention has been directed to one of the most notable specific developments of these efforts. The permanent arbitration tribunal at The Hague has begun the consideration of the age-long fisheries dispute between this country and Canada; and the fact that two of the leading Powers of the world have submitted this extremely complex problem to judicial determination is justly regarded as an event of the highest significance. The great international jurist who presides over the tribunal, in opening the proceedings, expressed the profound satisfaction which is felt, throughout the world by those who have worked for the promotion of pacific methods, in this signal proof of the progress accomplished in the few years since the first Hague Conference. Mr. Knox's survey shows how this recent development, extraordinary as it has been in scope, and in promise for the future, is a consistent sequel of a long history, in which our own country has a right to feel that it has borne the leading part.

It is interesting to note the source to which Secretary Knox ascribes the early addiction of the statesmen and diplomatists of the United States to peaceful settlement of international controversies. "Representing," he says "a small and weak belligerent nation, beset with difficulties of discipline, organization, equipment, men, and finance, and realizing in the fullest measure, as they did, how near they were to losing, because of these deficencies, their own struggle for what, in their opinion, was a just and righteous cause, it is not strange that these men should have later sought for some method of adjusting their international difficulties other than by the lawless uncertainties of war." John Jay's treaty of 1794, for the settlement of boundary and other disputes with Great Britain, ushered in "the modern era of arbitration," and to the mother country Mr. Knox assigns high praise for assenting to this arrangement when the advantage in an armed conflict seemed so likely to be hers. From that time to this, in a hundred ways, our dealings with a great variety of international affairs have shown a constant tendency in the same direction. Nor has the example of our country in this direction been limited to the promotion of arbitration; the success of its endeavors in promoting various useful ends in China, Japan, Korea, Turkey, and elsewhere, with no threat of force to back its representations, has been a potent factor in the furtherance of the idea that a nation may effect great international results without resort to warlike measures.

A chapter of American diplomacy that has a character apart from all the rest is that which relates to the republics of South and Central America. To the advance of those republics towards their present condition, the United States has contributed chiefly by its constant solicitude for the preservation of their independence and for the inviolability of

their territory. What the condition is, Mr. Knox expressed in his statement that, with some exceptions, they "have achieved government as stable, as enlightened, and as responsible as our own." It is not very many years since such a statement by an American Secretary of State, if mado at all, would have been regarded as a mere bit of conventional politeness. We were in the habit of using the generic term South American republic as synonymous with a country racked by revolution, falling prey, in rapid succession, to one adventurer after another, and incapable of making steady economic, political, or social progress. Now all that is changed; and there could hardly be a more impressive lesson as to the folly of impatient judgment and impulsive action in dealing with the difficulties or imperfections of backward nations.

One landmark in the history of our country's relations with the outside world is conspicuous by its absence in Mr. Knox's address. It has become so customary, in many quarters, to speak of the war with Spain as marking not only a turning-point in our country's history, but the beginning of its importance as an influence among the nations, that it is somewhat curious to find no indication of anything of the kind in this historical survey. One is almost tempted to think that the United States was not an altogether insignificant factor in the affairs of the world even before Dewey smashed the Spanish ships in Manila Bay. Perry's opening of Japan to the world's commerce, for instance, "was justly hailed, both in Europe and America, as a great triumph of peaceful diplomacy"; and—to choose an example that has to do with international wars—the action taken by our Government in 1895 in bringing about the restoration of peace between China and Japan is set down as though it were a respectable achievement. Of the signal part played by the United States, from almost its earliest days, in influencing international law and custom on the subject of the rights of neutrals in time of war, Mr. Knox does not happen to make mention; but the current of American diplomatic effort appears, from his story, as one that has flowed steadily and strongly, and that has made itself felt effectively, from the time of Jay's negotiation of the treaty of 1794 to the present day. Its latest phase is represented by the effort Mr. Knox himself is making, with every prospect of final success, to enlarge the present arrangements at The Hague into a true court, having a continuous life and permanent membership, and devcloping its own body of authoritative rules and precedents—a court to which, in all ordinary conjunctures, the nations of the world will submit their differences just as individuals now submit theirs in an ordinary court of law.

SWELLING PUBLIC EXPENSES.

Gov. Hughes has lopped off nearly $5,000,000 from the appropriations made by the New York Legislature, but even so the total left in force is some $5,000,000 greater than last year. These two facts, taken together, are a telling commentary on the enormous difficulty of keeping down public expenses. Not everything can be charged to the recklessness of the Legislature. It did, indeed, display a cool disregard of the probable revenue of the State, and apparently took no thought for making both ends meet; and it hid away in the supply bills a great many suspicious items through which the Governor thrusts his discriminating pen. There was evidence of a good deal of log-rolling in the make-up of this year's appropriations at Albany; a surprising number of armories were to be built here and there throughout the State, and several local grants in aid of politicians were proposed. Most of these Gov. Hughes has disallowed, and has done it on principle, so that supporters of his in the Legislature suffer as well as his opponents, though the latter are naturally more numerous since more of them had legislative favors promised them for entering into the combination against the Governor. But making allowance for all this, and taking it for granted that Gov. Hughes has cut off every dollar possible, we remain confronted with the unpleasant truth that the necessary expenses of the State have increased $5,000,000 in a single year—or more than 10 per cent.

Yet all of this increase, the Governor shows, falls within the provision of money for the educational, the humane, the reformatory work of the State. The added sum of $540,000 had to be appropriated in order to carry out the Constitutional amendment adopted by the people raising the salaries of the judges. An increase of $325,000 was made in the appropriation for public schools. Hospitals and prisons came in for a provision of needed funds larger by upwards of $2,000,000—though half of this is really arrears. The money required for keeping up with the work of abolishing grade crossings and enforcing the law relating to motor vehicles eats up an additional $850,000. None of these public expenses could be cut off without diminishing the charitable and progressive activities of the State. And the experience of New York is but the same as that of other States and of municipal governments. The public outlay shows everywhere a distinct and seemingly irresistible tendency to increase faster than the growth of population, faster perhaps than the accumulation of wealth.

This, of course, is no argument against making constant and valiant efforts to keep down public expenses. On the contrary, it is a powerful argument for doing it. With so many new demands upon the public purse, that are so hard to refuse, the need of withstanding every form of extravagance and waste becomes all the more imperative. So does the call for perfecting and enforcing better systems of financial control. Of one such we have a happy example in the power bestowed upon the Governor of New York to veto separate items in appropriation bills. The general practice is to compel an Executive to take or reject a measure in its entirety. Under that plan, the temptation to slip all kinds of indefensible projects into an appropriation bill is obvious. Once get them safely tucked within its four corners, and the veto cannot reach them without causing the whole act to fall—and that would often mean serious embarrassment to the public business. Hence the vast importance of being able to strike out dubious items. If President Taft, for instance, had the power of the Governor of New York to single out and refuse to sign bad clauses or vicious details in the money-bills sent to him by Congress, he would be much nearer in sight of effective control of the national expenditures than the Administration can now be said to be. Indeed, at Washington as at Albany, there is much concern over swollen appropriations. Despite the fact that the official estimates were $40,000,000 less this year than the appropriations last year, and notwithstanding all the talk in the Sen-

ate about economy, and the actual formation of something like a budget committee, Congress has been voting money very much in the old fashion, so that the outlook now is, not for a large saving, but for an actual increase in expenses.

Lord Cromer once made a speech on financial administration in which he said that he had always held it a rule in Egypt, whenever the question arose of making a new governmental outlay, to insist upon being shown first where the money was to be found. He added that, of course, the problem was different in a country where elected representatives might force the hand of a Finance Minister. But he said, dryly, that while this altered the political problem, the arithmetical problem remained precisely the same. Money voted has still to be found. And the only place where it can be found is in taxes. Hence before citizens settle down comfortably in the conviction that the increase of public expenses is bound to go on, and that no man, no party, no system can prevent it, they ought to ask themselves whether they will be equally comfortable in the thought that there is to be a like and unavoidable increase in taxation.

GOING FISHING VS. ANGLING.

Only a very dull or untrained reader—of the kind that would confuse fox-hunting with shooting foxes—will stumble over this title. The angler and the man who goes fishing inhabit different worlds, profess mutually incompatible morals, and reciprocally must misunderstand each other. Your angler is essentially an uneasy man, a stickler for form. The mere taking of fish is a trifling incident in a long and complicated process. For months he has weighed the merits and demerits of rod-makers, all winter he has put by with the eye of the critic featly tied flies, has considered the mechanism of reels, by taking thought has cut an ounce from the weight of a rod, and finally, when he reaches lake or stream, he not merely wants fish, but wants them according to an elaborate code. They must be taken on the top of the water, with the lightest tackle. The angler, like a pseudo-classical dramatist, has his unities and scorns mixture of the *genres*. He abounds in distinctions. Under certain circumstances, but carefully restricted, an artificial minnow may be substituted for an artificial fly, but only contempt would be his portion who should add to fly a tiny revolving spoon, or tip the combination with a bit of the loathly earth-worm. In short, the angler seeks not fish, but an engrossingly ceremonious pursuit of them; not relaxation, but a fine and exacting avocation.

Imagine pretty nearly the opposite of this character and you have that of the man who goes fishing. He prefers the coarsest and most handy tackle. Any lure serves him, and a line hitched for security to a tholepin at one end, with a hook at the other, is often his entire outfit. His whole mental attitude differs from that of the angler. Whereas the neo-Waltonian plans an aggressive campaign, the man who goes fishing waits passively until destiny provides fish or night. There is a belief that anglers are contemplative men; Izaak Walton gave some comfort to such a fallacy on his title-page. The error is radical. No one can be more incapacitated for vagrom meditations than he who is conscientiously whipping a stretch of water. After the business of angling, in evening lassitude, an angler might possibly be contemplative; the strength of the mere fishing man's position is that he is never on duty, always free to slumber, to muse, to indulge hazy philosophies, for in so doing he fails in no duty and loses no tactical point. The fish that is simple enough to bite at the crude bait covering a massive hook is doomed to stay on until he is wanted, though a system of morals were evolved the while.

It is, in fact, the simple, instinctive love of vagabondage that takes men fishing. To be for a space dissolved in the flux of things, to escape the calculable, drop a line into mysterious realms above or below conscious thought—this is the privilege of the man who goes fishing. One bond unites him with the angler—neither primarily desires fish, but a special experience; and here the man who goes fishing has the advantage of setting forth impromptu whenever the spirit moves, and of always coming back with some kind of catch. For it cannot be denied that, while the angler, for the sake of a maximum of form, cheerfully puts up with a minimum of fish, the total lack of fish disconcerts him. Here his humbler colleague evinces a superiority, a purer amateurism. Knowing that the inner rewards are his, he has no shame at being outwardly "skunked." It is enough to have restored the unity of his spirit; he has been a-fishing.

A fair consideration of the man who goes fishing will do something to extend the tolerance and reduce the spiritual pride of the angling kind. Angling lends itself to strange perversions; the lowlier pursuit is ever integral and worthy. There are insensate, demoralized anglers who, borrowing the professional fisherman's quite legitimate desire of fish, employ strange artifices. Bottom baits, spinning, or twirling; likenesses of creeping and hopping things there are; nay, one reprobate we have met who shamelessly displayed a moleskin mouse which, twitched on a lake, he held was infallibly appetizing. Such fanatics pursue fish with the ungraceful ardors of a Calvinist doggedly treading the primrose path. They lack the delicacy of the angler, the geniality of the man who goes fishing, and the economic warrant of the pot-fisherman.

It may be urged and should be frankly admitted that the man who goes fishing has the defects of his qualities. Whereas the angler is usually temperate, keeping training as it were, the man who goes fishing is likely to accelerate with stimulants the oncoming of cosmic sympathy. In fact, there is something receptive and sponge-like in his texture; he absorbs either from within or without. To many, on the other hand, the mild progressive narcotization of sun and wind and lapping water is sufficient. These are the elect of the class. There must be times when the angler, substituting laboriously the niceties of his recreation for the rigors of his daily task, envies just a little some motionless vague figure squatted in a punt from the side of which depends inertly a mighty cord. Yet there may be rarer moments, when the trout are leaping, in which the man who goes fishing likewise envies just a little the finished art of the angler.

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE.

A few days ago, an item of news which attracted considerable attention told how a man who had begun life as a bank messenger at the age of fourteen rose to the presidency of the greatest bank in Chicago. Mr. Reynolds, it

was stated, "has never lost a day from sickness; he has never taken a vacation that did not have business inside; he does not drink; he does not smoke; he does not play bridge; he does not play golf; he has no favorite author; he has no hobby but banking; he has no country residence; he does not even take exercise; he works nine hours a day." Mr. Reynolds himself declared that he had adopted as a rule of life the maxim, "Make your business your pleasure." Putting this and that together, one might pleasantly conclude that brilliant outward success and complete inward satisfaction were both within the reach of all of us: work all the time and have unbounded love for your work—that is the sovereign prescription to procure not only success, but also happiness.

Of course, this illusion can be entertained only for a moment; the problem of life obviously admits of no such simple solution. Even if we were to suppose that everybody could follow the prescription if he chose, and that it would be a good thing if everybody did follow it, we should be confronted, first of all, by the manifest impossibility that the result should be similar to that recorded in the case of Mr. Reynolds. High distinction for everybody is a contradiction in terms. It is only in comic opera that the prospect is held out for *all* to become rulers of the Queen's Navee as the reward for sticking close to their desks. There are millions who start in life as messengers or the like; there are tens of thousands who are faithful, competent, and industrious; but those who reach the top must of necessity be counted only by the hundreds. To tell everybody, therefore, to follow Mr. Reynolds's example, with the expectation that this will lead to like achievement, would be obtaining business virtue on false pretences.

As for the maxim, "Make your business your pleasure," it is in itself excellent. To take pleasure or satisfaction in one's work is a prime requirement of contentment; and if a man can have an absorbing love of his work he has gone far toward solving the problem of happiness. In some pursuits, too, it is possible for large numbers of persons to have this unbounded absorption in the labors to which their lives are devoted. The whole tribe of German university professors—as they were, at least, before the commercialization of German life in these latter years—might be reckoned in this class; and there are many artists and musicians who, without achieving high rank or notable artistic success, find a like joy in their labors. But in most fields of activity, such keen satisfaction in the pursuit of the daily business is possible only if a man feels that he is exercising unusual powers and accomplishing unusual results. A man may well be satisfied to be simply an industrious and competent cashier, or foreman, or manager, or what not; but, unless he has a sadly limited range of thought and feeling, he can hardly find that this occupation of itself supplies all the pleasure and gratification that he has reason to look for in the world about him.

There is nothing, therefore, to regret, in the fact that we are not all equally great lovers of work. There is room in the world for an indefinite number of comfortable, easy-going people—people who do not shirk work, but whose appetite for it is limited. But for people of the other kind, who find unfailing joy in ceaseless toil, there is only a limited amount of accommodation. It is for them, indeed, the saying has been invented that there is always room on top; but the saying is rather a truism than a truth. There is always room on top for those persons who can get there; but for those who cannot, it would be folly to order their lives on a plan expressly based on the supposition that they can. Here in America, we are quite as much in need of encouragement to make pleasure a business as to make business a pleasure. Both rules are good in their degree; neither is absolute. Keep your nose to the grindstone by all means, if you enjoy it; but don't tell everybody else that he must enjoy it as much as you do. There is room for a vast difference of tastes in this matter; and the difference of tastes is in itself a good. No one type of man, and no one attitude toward life, should suffice for a whole people; and if there is one thing more than another in which we should benefit by the infusion of a somewhat alien spirit, it is in the appreciation of those pleasures of life which are to be had from a free-hearted use of leisure.

HISTORICAL LITERATURE IN AUSTRALASIA.

SYDNEY, June 1.

Some twenty years ago, the Government of New South Wales decided to publish its early manuscript records. The gentleman commissioned conceived his duty to consist in the composition of an historical narrative from those documents. After the printing of two volumes on these lines, the work was arrested, and the publication of the documents began in 1893. They fill seven considerable volumes, which must remain the foundation of a critical history of Australia. It is fifty years since New Zealand collected in a volume of parliamentary papers the instructive reports of select committees of the British Parliament and other official documents connected with the early colonization and settlement of the islands. At that point, for half a century, the task was left. Then, more than ten years ago, an instructed and capable inquirer, Robert McNab, barrister and farmer, latterly legislator and minister, devoted himself to collecting all discoverable documents relating to the early history of the most southern part of New Zealand. Not only Southland itself, as the portion is termed, but the adjacent islands were his objective, though not the fields of his research, since no documents were to be found there. In Tasmania, Sydney, and London, where he ransacked the Record Office and the British Museum; in many American cities—Salem, Boston, and New Bedford, Nantucket, Providence, and Newport, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Washington; and in Madrid and Paris—not yet in St. Petersburg, though he does not despair of it—he found the precious materials of his historical labors.

What was it he found, and what did it tell? Such documents as have never before, perhaps, been regarded as materials for history—chiefly the log-books of ancient voyages. Of one such find, he tells with the subdued enthusiasm of the fortunate collector. In "the magnificent collections of the Essex Institute," Mass., Mr. McNab had the good luck to discover a volume, "got, no one knows where," containing three precious logs, especially that of the ship Britannia, which landed the first sealing gang on the coast of New Zealand in 1793. How far afield this indefatigable researcher has gone appears from the facts and scenes now first drawn from the narratives of two great navigators—the Spaniard, Malaspina, and the Russian, Bellingshausen. All these documents he has printed copiously in his "Murihiku and the Southern Islands," published in 1907 after nine years' research. Two years of further research brought within his command such a mass of additional materials as compelled him to reconstruct his work. It now appears under a similar title—"Murihiku: a History of the

South Island of New Zealand and the Islands adjacent . . . from 1642 to 1835" (Christchurch: Whitcombe & Tombs). He has extended the scope of his work in both time and space. He now carries it back to the visit of Tasman and brings it down to the early days of British colonization. Mr. McNab has the merit of discovering the fact that New Zealand had a remarkable early history, and to him it is the most fascinating period of her annals. Few will agree with him, but all will admit that he has revealed a wonderful unknown period, when the sea-elephant hunters and the whalers lorded it over the shores of a new land. He has first described their methods and daily life, told of the discovery of the various islands, and narrated the genesis of antipodean commerce. A book so completely original, containing matter so absolutely new, and so thoroughly documented, is seldom published, and much of it concerns American readers, who will find in it new lights on their early maritime history.

National bibliography follows in the wake of the publication of national documents. It is long since the second French Empire issued a bibliography of its history. More than twenty years ago the librarian of the London Athenæum, amid the laughter of his *confrères*, quixotically undertook to produce single-handed, if aid were not forthcoming, a bibliography of English history. The British colonies, which are ahead of the Motherland in so many other things, are ahead of her in this. Many years ago the Public Library of Sydney brought out a bibliography of the seven colonies. In 1889 New Zealand took a step in advance. Its then parliamentary librarian, James Collier, published under the auspices of the Government a bibliography of the literature relating to the colony. It had some special features. Appended to each title in the chronological catalogue there were notes, sometimes lengthy, containing a précis of the work, and embodying information, sometimes recondite, relative to the book. Next, besides the author and the title indexes, there was a classified catalogue, scientifically arranging the contents of all the publications catalogued under thirty-four heads, so as to make them at once available for historians or students.

Dr. Hocken of Dunedin has now published, under his own name, an enlarged and improved edition of his predecessor's work.* He has closely followed Collier's plan, down even to the details of the typography. He has also supplied the unavoidable deficiencies of Collier's work, and he has brought it up to date. How considerably the subject has grown on his hands will appear if we compare the bulk of the two wholes and of one of their sections. Collier's volume consists of some 1,200 titles; Hocken's, of perhaps 6,000. Again, the number of works or portions of works relative to missions in Collier amounts to 59, while in Hocken it exceeds 130. The disparity is, however, exaggerated by the inclusion in the later work, not only of publications relating to New Zealand, but of all works published in that country. This, as well as the inclusion of works not relating to New Zealand by authors well-known in connection with New Zealand, seems a mistaken policy. Similarly questionable is the long list of publications in the Maori language. Yet this has its value, and a similar defence might be made for the other illegitimate inclusions.

Where Dr. Hocken's policy seems altogether indefensible is his verbatim appropriation of his predecessor's notes, sometimes long and elaborate, on works which the doctor has often not seen, and this without using inverted commas or appending the name of the author. Analyses of ethnological theories traced through a series of erudite works, such as those of Lesson and Quatrefages, Fornander and Lang, and ascertainments of authorship in the case of anonymous or pseudonymous treatises, have been "conveyed" without a word of acknowledgment. They will in consequence be read in future as the offspring of Dr. Hocken's research.

These criticisms being made, the work may be strongly eulogized. It is accurate, comprehensive, and complete. The excellent notes often embody information, personal, literary, and historical, accumulated during half a lifetime of unintermitted labor. It may be doubted if a more exhaustive bibliography exists.

We are still on historical ground when we turn to A. St. Ledger's "Socialism in Queensland" (Macmillan). For, if in purpose it is a keen and unsparing polemic against Socialism, the work is historical in form, and professes to give a truthful account of the origin and developments of the socialist movement in Australia and New Zealand. That had its origin in two famous American books — George's "Progress and Poverty" and Bellamy's "Looking Backward." The first gave birth to the movement for the nationalization of the land in New Zealand, where it has had many legislative developments, and whence it has spread to Australia and now to England. This phase of Socialism the author omits, and devotes himself to that aspect of it which consists in the nationalization of the agencies of production, exchange, and distribution. This form of it had its origin in Bellamy's romance, which converted William Lane into a socialist. Lane was the uneducated son of a Warwickshire farm laborer, but no one would discover the fact from his crystalline and sometimes dainty English diction. A journalist, he founded the *Worker* to spread his new faith. He it was who devised the motto of the Labor party in Queensland: "Socialism in our time." From Queensland the gospel passed to the other States, largely pervading the Labor policy in them and in the Australian Commonwealth. How all this happened is vividly told. One or two criticisms reduce but slightly the value of the book. It does not take account of the tendency towards Socialism inherent in all the Australasian States. Particularly, it gives no adequate statement of its multifarious manifestations in New Zealand. And the author, who is a Senator for Queensland in the Federal Parliament, naturally exaggerates the part of Queensland in the movement, and perhaps the part played by Lane in Queensland. Otherwise, the volume is as instructive as interesting.

We are still exploring the field of history when we accompany Dr. T. S. Hall in his "Geological Rambles in Victoria" (Melbourne: T. C. Lothian), though now it is very ancient history. Dr. Hall is everywhere the geologist. To him the aspect and the flora of a district are the natural expression of the structure and composition of the rocks. Geology must supply the key to physical geography and botany; we may add, to biology, ethnology, and sociology. There are many instructive lessons to be learned from our field geologist. While he admits that "the great moulding agency is running water," he finds districts in Victoria where catastrophes must be invoked to explain the fractures of the earth's crust. In Victoria, too, he finds evidence of a long and severe glacial period compared with which the ice-age of Northern Europe and America is a thing of yesterday. The variety of the ice-borne rocks is wonderful, and proves that there were, not one, but several, glacial periods. The simply written volume is rendered attractive by 39 illustrations and maps. J. C.

*"A Bibliography of the Literature relating to New Zealand." Wellington: Government Printing Office.

Correspondence.

THE SOURCE OF POE'S "SOME WORDS WITH A MUMMY."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A dozen or more of Poe's tales have been traced to their sources. Griswold a good many years ago made it clear that the original of "The Pit and the Pendulum" was to be found in a tale in *Blackwood's*. Professor Woodberry, collaborating with Stedman in their well-known edition of Poe's works, pointed out the sources of "King Pest," "Hop Frog," "Metzengerstein," and "The Masque of the Red Death," and indicated partial sources for some four or five other stories; and Stedman, in the same volumes, touched

upon Poe's indebtedness to the German E. T. A. Hoffmann. Within the last few years Professor Palmer Cobb of the University of North Carolina has examined more minutely the problem of Poe's indebtedness to Hoffmann. And there have been other notes in the magazines. But no one appears to have suggested a source for Poe's extravagant tale "Some Words With a Mummy." The original of this tale is to be found, I believe, in R. M. Bird's novel "Sheppard Lee." This novel was published anonymously at Philadelphia in 1836, and was reviewed by Poe in September of the same year in the *Southern Literary Messenger* (see "Poe's Works," Virginia Edition, IX, pp. 126-139). "Some Words With a Mummy" first appeared in the *American Whig Review* for April, 1845.

The chief incident in Poe's tale, it will be recalled, is the restoration to life of an Egyptian mummy by means of a galvanic battery. Bird's novel recounts a series of transmigrations of the soul of its hero, Sheppard Lee, who had met death by accident while digging one night for the treasure of Captain Kidd. His spirit betakes itself first into the body of an asthmatic old squire of the neighborhood, then into the body of a Philadelphia dandy, and after other such feats of metempsychosis brings up finally in the person of a slave, Nigger Tom, on a Virginia plantation. As Nigger Tom, the hero of the story is suspected of having taken part in a slave insurrection, and is hanged and buried. Shortly after burial, his body is taken up by some medical students, who wish to test their skill with the dissecting knife. But before beginning operations, one of their number suggests that they first experiment on the body with an electric battery, and, this suggestion being adopted, the experiment is made as in Poe's tale and with like results. The spirit of Sheppard Lee then takes possession of the body of one of the students who had engaged in the experiment and had been frightened to death by its outcome; and in the guise of this young man it soon has the good fortune to come across the body which it had originally occupied, now, however, reduced to a state of complete mummification and on exhibition in a collection of curiosities displayed by an old German doctor who had lived in the neighborhood of Sheppard Lee's searches after hidden treasure. The spirit, acting in the person of this student, manages to break open the glass case in which the mummy is enclosed and to make its way back into its body, and at the same time Sheppard Lee is fully restored to life again, and the story comes to an end.

It was out of the last two of these episodes, if my theory be correct, that Poe compounded his tale. One furnished the idea of restoring a body to life through the agency of electricity, the other supplied the notion of the resurrection of a mummy. The two episodes are juxtaposed in Bird's novel, and are summarized in the same paragraph in Poe's review. By combining the two, Poe obtained the necessary unity of action, and also increased the absurdity of his story—evidently meant as an extravaganza.

Besides these episodes, there are in Bird's romance two minor details which may have suggested to Poe similar situations in his story. These are, first, the snapping, or batting, of the subject's eyes as it begins to show signs of restored animation; and, secondly, the bestowing by the half-resuscitated body of a prodigious blow upon the stomach of the ring-leader of the experimenters. But these minor similarities may be mere coincidences, and of no significance for my purpose—what is almost surely the case with a further coincidence, in that the improbabilities of both stories are explained away on the theory that all had happened in a dream.

I may add that certain parallels between Bird's novel and Poe's more famous story, "The Gold Bug," are also, in my judgment, accidental; though we find in Bird's story not only the digging for Captain Kidd's gold under a large tree in the depths of a forest, but also in Jim Jumble, with his fears as to his master's sanity, and in Sheppard Lee, with his attempts to give the faithful old darkey the slip on the occasion of his excursions in search of gold, faint suggestions of both Jupiter and Legrand in Poe's story.

KILLIS CAMPBELL.

The University of Texas, June 10.

MISREPRESENTATIONS OF SPAIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I be permitted to disagree with an opinion recently expressed by one of your critics in regard to Mrs. Villiers-Wardell's "Spain of the Spanish?" "In all matters connected with the newer intellectual and artistic movement in Spain," we are told, "Mrs. Villiers-Wardell is an intelligent and diverting guide." Diverting the book frequently is; but that its author is an intelligent or safe guide to things intellectual and artistic in Spain, any Hispanist will deny.

The chapter on Modern Literature, by far the worst in the book, betrays a lack of knowledge which is abysmal. For example, on page 48, the author naïvely remarks of Menéndez y Pelayo: "The writer has already produced a number of important works." An encouraging pat on the back which ought to inspire the dean of Spanish criticism and the author of "Las ideas estéticas en España" to renewed effort. We are further told that he has completed eight volumes of his edition of the works of Lope de Vega. Thirteen is the correct number. This error would be too insignificant to mention if it did not reveal the method employed by the author in the compilation of this chapter. The statement is taken from a ten-year-old edition of Fitzmaurice-Kelly's "History of Spanish Literature" (New York, 1900, p. 409). The whole chapter is largely a rehash of this well-known text-book. Unfortunately Mrs. Villiers-Wardell frequently departs from her authority and then it is that she is prone to fall into error.

A serious oversight may be noticed in the short biography devoted to Pareda. The greatest of modern Spanish novelists is everywhere spoken of in the present tense, and the author is only too evidently unaware of his death. Pareda died in March, 1906. The failure to notice so important a fact is inexcusable in a chapter which comments upon so recent a work as Blasco Ibañez's "Los muertos mandan." Again the antiquated edition of Fitzmaurice-Kelly has proved a broken reed, and the author's lack of first-hand information stands revealed. Although somewhat more familiar with the bull-ring than with Spanish literature, Mrs. Villiers-Wardell makes a similar error in the chapter devoted to Sports and Pastimes. She had not heard of the tragic death of Machaquito.

If errors of fact are frequent throughout the book, errors of judgment are no less numerous. The chapters relating to Spanish politics, for example, are especially misleading. We are told that the King and Queen have won the affections of the Catalans; that "Cataluña as a storm-centre of revolution has fallen into disrepute"; that "the people have confidence in Maura's government, and sooner or later the Regionalists will, in all probability, join forces with the Monarchical party," etc. Last summer's revolt gave a decisive answer to these and similar optimistic statements. The tragic events of last year could not have been foreseen; yet the most elementary acquaintance with real conditions would have prevented the utterance of statements so contrary to the truth. Señor Maura, now happily out of power, is spoken of as a progressive, enlightened statesman. One would almost imagine him to be a reformer instead of a bulwark of reaction. Is Señor Maura's repeal of the civil marriage law so soon forgotten? But most remarkable is the author's apparent approval of the infamous Conde de Romanones (p. 99-100) who, with other politicians of high rank, long enjoyed the unconstitutional privilege of private coinage, thus doubling the value of the yield of the silver mines which they controlled. So flagrant did this abuse become that in the summer of 1908 an honest minister of the treasury felt obliged to withdraw from circulation nineteen issues of the silver duro, good and bad alike. Of this official freebooter Mrs. Villiers-Wardell naïvely remarks: "He is a man of untiring energy and enterprise, and already he has, by successful speculations, greatly augmented the very considerable fortune left him by his father."

Although many more errors might be pointed out, enough has now been said to show that Mrs. Villiers-Wardell's book is not a trustworthy guide. More than almost any other country of Europe Spain has been misrepresented and misunderstood. The dilettante traveller has claimed the land as his own. Théophile Gautier, Washington Irving, George Borrow, and De Amicis are not guiltless, but charm of style has deservedly caused their books to rank as classics. Most recent writers of books of Spanish travel are neither conscientiously accurate in the presentation of fact nor possessed of a literary touch sufficient to bring pardon for other shortcomings. Honorable exception must be made of René Bazin's charming and sympathetic "Terre d'Espagne" and Havelock Ellis's admirable "Soul of Spain."

GEORGE TYLER NORTHUP.

Princeton, N. J., June 15.

THE EARTH OF APOLLONIUS—WAS IT INDIAN?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Since calling attention in your columns to the perfect manner in which the

Sûrya Siddhânta's conception of the earth, with its two heaven-reaching antipodal polar mountains, interprets the peculiar terms employed by Apollonius in "Argonautica," iii, 158, I have seen Bergk's remarks on the passage as found in his "Kleine philologische Schriften," II, 704. "That two mountains should be mentioned," he says, "is peculiar." He confesses his inability to explain the point. He raises the question whether an "error," or a "misunderstanding" on the part of the poet, must not underlie his language. But the words to which Bergk pays no attention, δοιὼ πόλοι, are as plain as words can be, and they fix the location of the two mountains, not in the East or in the West, or in "the East *and* West," but at the earth's two poles. (Permit me to refer to my recent book, "The Earliest Cosmologies," pp. 79-81, 174, 205). Bergk's difficulty in dealing with the "Mountain of Sunrise" and "Mountain of Sunset" is precisely the one which troubled the Assyriologists until Professor Sayce reached the correct conclusion that the two were "one and the same." See his "Hibbert Lectures," p 361. Since that time he has come to see that this one identical mountain, behind which the sun disappeared every evening, and from behind which it emerged every morning, was in the highest north, even at the pole. And the moment one comes to this insight, the strange assertion of Maspero, to the effect that, in their earliest periods, both the Babylonians and Egyptians "believed that the sun and moon revolved round the earth in a horizontal plane," becomes perfectly easy of explanation, for the sun and moon do so revolve at the pole.

If any of our masters in Greek literature have lighted upon a second passage similar to this in Apollonius, all students in comparative mythology and comparative cosmology will be delighted to learn of it. What would not one give for the lost verse from Ibycus, referred to by Bergk?

WILLIAM FAIRFIELD WARREN.

Boston University, June 14.

DEBATING AT SCHOOL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The *Nation* performs an excellent service in its conservative treatment of current tendencies, but now and then it makes an error in condemning that which is new. Such an error, I believe, was made in the editorial of a recent number which attacked the present custom of having students debate modern topics in preference to questions concerning the ancient world. Training for citizenship is undoubtedly one of the primary purposes of the public schools. This being granted, will it not be necessary to concede the corollary, that the discussion of present-day topics by students in schools and colleges will tend to realize this important purpose?

Every one who has given the subject much thought will admit that educational methods are, as a rule, most conservative. The average pedagogue is prone to teach in the same way as he was taught. He clings reverently and firmly to the pedagogic principles of the mediæval schoolmen. This tendency, however, to have the students debate live questions rather than thoroughly dead ones has in it the elements of progress and promise. The student by studying these questions is not only fitted for citizenship in his own country, and in the world, but he at the same time becomes familiar with the best sources of information upon current questions. For the great majority of students in the secondary schools, who cannot go to college, this reference work upon topics of present-day importance will mean the formation of a habit of reading in periodicals which have in them many of the essentials of a liberal education. Such work in the schools will make the public libraries educational centres instead of dispensaries of the latest popular fiction. It will give the nation that which it so much needs—intelligent citizens who are not to be deluded and deceived by the yellow press and the curbstone orator.

Then, too, there are the pupils and students themselves; surely some consideration should be given to their preference. From my own observations I believe that they prefer to study the vital questions of the present rather than the dead issues of the past. One of the most inspiring recitations I ever conducted was a general discussion by high-school students in a class in modern history of militarism vs. arbitration. The students had prepared themselves carefully by reading magazine articles, international conciliation bulletins, and reference books in the public library, so that they had a fairly intelligent idea of what they were talking about.

This book to which you refer in the editorial mentioned may be all that the editorial would indicate, and more, but your condemnation of the principle associated with it is unjust. Does the *Nation* aim to support worthy and well-qualified progress, or is it so bound to the past that it can see no good in anything new?

CLARENCE GREEN.

Tacoma, Wash., June 11.

THE TARIFF AND WAGES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: For as many years as any of us can think back, we have been told that the need for high tariff duties, besides the procuring of revenue, was the protection of American against foreign "pauper" labor. Where European manufacturers employ female labor principally, especially in the so-called "house industries," the wages paid are really so far below any prevailing in the United States that were we attempting that sort of manufacturing, competition on equal lines would be hopeless. However, such is not the case; we have no large numbers of hand-workers skilled in lace-making, embroidering, and the like—the great industries of the United States are built up by means of labor-saving machinery, and it is their products that must compete in the world's markets. Why we are able so to do, our higher wage rate notwithstanding, facts that have come to my knowledge will illustrate.

A New York manufacturing engineer, placed in charge of its English branch by an American firm, told me within the week that the 200 employees under his control, receiving less than half American wages, turned out less than half the amount of work that the same number engaged in similar work on our side do. The profits over here averaged so much less on the output than with the home company, that he was sent over for the very purpose of endeavoring to make this "pauper labor" as productive as that of the high-priced workers in the United States.

A few years ago an American in charge of a similar industry in Berlin employing upward of a thousand men put their outturn as two-thirds that of Americans in the same line.

It has been pointed out, time and again, that comparisons of wages without statements of what such wages represent in production are valueless and misleading. Also, it is necessary to know what the money wages procure in the way of the necessities of life in the countries between which comparisons are made. Modern brick four-room cottages were pointed out to me in English villages, of which the rent is five shillings a week, $1.20; and they had ground attached, large enough to furnish the family vegetables.

A tariff commission can do no more enlightening and useful work than to bring out the facts which will make possible real and intelligent comparisons on the above lines.

MAX LOWENTHAL.

London, June 9.

A RARE PAMPHLET.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The writer of News for Bibliophiles in the *Nation* for June 16 calls attention to the discovery of a fourth copy of "The Humble Request of His Majesties loyall Subjects," issued by Winthrop and others from Yarmouth, "aboard the Arbela, April 7, 1630," and he justly lays stress upon the value and importance of the pamphlet. He and others interested in our colonial history will be glad to know that there is a fifth copy, in perfect condition, in the library of All Souls College, Oxford.

CHARLES M. ANDREWS.

Johns Hopkins University, June 17.

GEN. GRANT'S FATHER.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In November, 1865, I was on a Pennsylvania Railroad train, eastbound from Pittsburgh. In the next seat was an old fellow—that's the way you would describe him—with "country" written all over him. He opened a conversation with our party, and asked if we were going to Washington; said he was going there; and added, with pauses, "I've got a son in Washington—Gen. Grant." Of course, the response was, "Indeed," etc.; and so, feeling encouraged, he turned about with his arm over the back of the seat and proceeded to "tell all about" his son.

I remember it all as plain as yesterday, though I have never written it down till now.

"Yes, he's my son, and he's made quite a name for himself." Long pause and meditation. Speaking slowly and with a great deal of repetition and a country manner, but much earnestness: "They are talking about making him President. They don't want to make him President. He's no man for President. He'd be no good in that place. A soldier is what he's fit for. He ain't good for anything else but a soldier. Why! I've had to set him up in business more than once. He was never any good

in business. He's just a soldier; he's good at that. No, he ain't the man for President. He wouldn't make a good one."

And so on, to this effect and substantially in these words. I remember too many of the words and phrases to be mistaken. It was a striking incident, and I have often thought of it since.

Good, straight-forward, simple-minded old man! That was Jesse R. Grant; and it was six months after the war.

E. R. FRENCH.

Sheridan, Wyo., June 10.

Literature.

A FINE OLD ENGLISH TORY.

Gathorne Hardy, First Earl of Cranbrook: A Memoir, with Extracts from His Diary and Correspondence. Edited by the Hon. Alfred E. Gathorne-Hardy. 2 vols., with portraits and other illustrations. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $7 net.

One by one the biographies of the later Victorian statesmen of the second rank are coming to light. Within a few years, Dufferin, Northcote, Randolph Churchill, Northbrook, Lytton have had their lives written, some of them with such speed as to suggest that biographers realize the necessity of grasping at the brief immortality accorded to most public men. Salisbury is still uncommemorated, and probably years will elapse before the documents are released which alone can give permanent interest to his unsympathetic personality. But Gathorne Hardy, although he died as late as 1906, already belonged to the past generation, and he was not sufficiently at the heart of things to share exclusive confidences and political secrets which it would be indiscreet to publish now. Doubtless, as his son and editor announces, passages have been suppressed and names withheld in the material printed; but there can be little left out that was essential. As to Gathorne Hardy himself, we have here all the elements for a full-length life-like portrait of the most typical, enlightened Tory of the Victorian era. If only one book could be preserved to exhibit to posterity modern Toryism in its most comprehensive and convincing embodiment, that book should be this memoir of Gathorne Hardy.

He was born in 1814, of a middle-class family, which traced its origin to an Irish laborer living in Yorkshire in 1670. The statesman's grandfather laid the basis of a large fortune by buying the Lowmoor Iron Works in 1789; his father was a successful barrister, a judge, and a member of Parliament. He himself went through the brutal schooling which was then supposed to be necessary to the education of English gentlemen. In 1833, he entered Oriel College, Oxford, where he acquitted himself creditably; he read law and was admitted to the bar in London, and soon established a lucrative practice. In 1855, he was elected to Parliament from Bradford, and thenceforth until the general election of 1895, he was continuously in public life, either as commoner, minister, or member of one or another important commission. In the course of his career he was offered every portfolio, and at different times he served as President of the Poor Law Board, Home Secretary, Secretary for War, Secretary for India, and President of the Council. In every position his chief characteristic was his talent for routine work. No better bureaucrat ever sat in an English cabinet. He was neither a great legislator nor a great orator; but he was invaluable to the Premiers under whom he served, because he could be relied upon to defend their platform with unfailing loyalty and discretion, and to carry out their measures with promptness, honesty, and thoroughness. He had "no nonsense about him," which is the highest praise that an Englishman, be he peer or potboy, can bestow. Gathorne Hardy lacked magnetism, but that is a quality which modern Tory statesmen have been so proud to dispense with that they finally chose for their leader Salisbury, who had not only no magnetism, but not even manners.

The most pertinent part of Hardy's memoir covers the thirty years from Disraeli's reëntrance to power in 1874. The Eastern Question and Turkish War, the Berlin Conference, the Bulgarian atrocities, Afghanistan, and Gladstone's unprecedented Midlothian campaign, are the topics that come uppermost during the earlier years of this period; Home Rule, with its collateral problems, occupies the last two decades. Amid the tides and tempests of every crisis, he stood inevitably on his Toryism, like "Teneriff or Atlas unremoved." He had no doubts; from first to last the question presented to him only one side—his side. He looked upon the Liberal proposals in regard to Ireland as either insane or deliberately wicked; so that he seemed to himself to be thwarting the subversive efforts of hordes who had broken loose from prison or from an asylum. And it cannot be denied that he defended his cause as stanchly as any Crusader. Nevertheless, we fail to thrill at his devotion, not because it was not sincere, but because it was tainted with that class selfishness which is the essence of Tory, Junker, or Bourbon ideals.

Hardy, indeed, never suspected that he was not unselfish. A long experience in caste control has bred in England a peculiar form of cant. In America your protected manufacturer can hardly restrain a smile when he declares in public that the protection which makes him a millionaire is wholly for the benefit of the American laborer: he knows that nobody believes that he believes that. But in England, cant has so sunk into the very marrow of the privileged classes that some of them honestly deceive themselves in their attitude towards politics, religion, and society. Gathorne Hardy was one of these. During his ninety-two years he never seems to have questioned the divine sanction of Toryism, either as a system, or in any of its parts. We see at once how homogeneous he was if we contrast him with Malmesbury, among the elders, or with Balfour and Curzon to-day. Liberalism and Radicalism have also their special forms of cant, but these although they may be equally objectionable, are different.

One of the chief charms of memoirs like this is the sidelights they throw on public men. Much depends, however, on the memoirist's gift for reading character and his skill in depicting it. Hardy was neither subtle nor vivid. In most of his records and letters here quoted we find him using, even for expressing his inmost emotions, that impersonal, not to say sterilized style, which English newspapers adopted long ago for reporting public speeches. Nobody would be surprised to read in the London *Times* that "the noble lord rose and said that he regarded it his duty, in reply to the Right Honorable Gentleman who had last spoken, to express the opinion boldly, but always subject to correction, if later reports from His Majesty's Meteorological Bureau should fail to confirm his honest conviction, that it was going to sprinkle." Thus guardedly does Hardy commune with himself in the earlier sections of his journal. It is only in denouncing Gladstone that his language approaches the picturesque. Every historian who aspires to know the state of mind of the unadulterated Tory towards Gladstone—a state of mind which became an obsession, and greatly influenced British politics—will have to read Gathorne Hardy's criticisms of him. We hold no brief for the People's William, but we confess that we are surprised at some of Hardy's remarks. "Having broken in upon the principle of property, sacred, and private," he writes, December 19, 1885, "he [Gladstone] will probably try his hand at severing the United Kingdom." In another place, Gladstone's "appointments roused an instinctive abhorrence in every gentleman." And again: "The conscience, which Mrs. Gladstone assured me, always guided him, and allowed him to sleep tranquilly, *was not a light but a darkness*, and misled him, to the permanent injury of his country." (The italics are ours.) And as a sample of the Tory's historical acumen, we commend his contrast between Bismarck and Gladstone—"construction versus destruction. . . . One made an Empire, the other

nearly destroyed one." Nevertheless, Lord Cranbrook, as Gathorne Hardy became in 1878, seems to have entertained the belief, we will not say the *hope*, that Gladstone might possibly get to heaven. They were, for many years, the foremost lay members of the Anglican Church, but Cranbrook was a hardheaded, "practical" churchman, while Gladstone delighted in weaving theological subtleties and in settling ecclesiastical quibbles.

Quite different is Cranbrook's verdict on Disraeli. The versatile Jew's apparent flightiness and flamboyance troubled the "no-nonsense" Britisher a little at first; but from the moment when Disraeli became the mainstay of the Tories, and the Queen's favorite minister, Cranbrook came to have an almost unlimited admiration for him. He still maintained his private opinion in matters of detail, but, so far as appears, he accepted the "Chief's" guidance on general policy. How little either of them really possessed the statesman's foresight is shown by the immense surprise with which each beheld the shipwreck of the Tory government in 1880. Yet what could be expected of a flippant Premier who could write to his colleague on December 10, 1879: "It certainly is a relief, this drenching rhetoric has at length ceased, *but I have never read a word of it.*" The "drenching rhetoric" was Gladstone's Midlothian speeches, which drove Beaconsfield from office; yet, with characteristic insouciance, the Tory chief and his lieutenants did not think they were worth paying attention to. That is the very strawberry mark of Toryism—to despise your opponent to the point of ignoring his strength; and then your enemy gives you an unpleasant shock—as the Gladstonians gave the Conservatives in 1880, as the Boers gave the British Jingoes in 1899, and as the Germans have more recently done.

Hardy's pages give so true a picture of Tory environment that one sees clearly why it was that Disraeli held for twenty years the ascendency in a party whose leaders should have had *à priori* only distrust or contempt for a Jew, a cynical infidel, a writer of extravagant novels, a glib and shifty talker, a politician without convictions and without scruples. Disraeli possessed what they lacked—wit, mobility, audacity, and the art of getting returns. So a party which had floundered and gone down under the leadership of such aristocratic respectables as the Scotch Earl of Aberdeen and the English Earl of Derby did well to turn to Israel for its salvation.

Scores of other persons, great, small, and mediocre, are mentioned by Hardy, but very few of them stand out distinctly. Most of his associates he speaks of in non-committal phrases; occasionally, however, as in his references to Carnarvon and to the Fifteenth Earl of Derby, he allows his personal antipathy to peer out. His devotion to royalty was so unquestioning that he deplored, in 1889, the niggardliness of Parliament's provision for the Queen's large family. "It augurs ill for monarchy to be so thriftily treated," he remarks. The paradox did not occur to him that the two British sovereigns who had laid the heaviest permanent burdens on the British taxpayers were Charles II—the most profligate—and Victoria—the most virtuous. Like all other court writers of this period, Hardy takes so much care to state, in mentioning the Queen (or the Tecks or other members of the Royal Family), that she was "most gracious," or "most polite," that one cannot help suspecting that politeness was the exception and not the rule in that circle. Once, indeed, Hardy lets slip the interesting news that the Duke of Cambridge went to sleep at a dinner-party and that proceedings had to stop until he woke up.

We lay stress on the great value of these memoirs as a revelation of the highest type of English Tory in the Victorian era, because that is, we believe, their chief distinction. Through Gathorne Hardy we understand an entire species. What would we not give for a similarly exhaustive autobiographic confession of a Spanish grandee under Charles V, or of a Venetian procurator under Tommaso Mocenigo, or of a Roman patrician under the Antonines? The contribution to the political history of his time which Hardy makes is not to be disparaged; but it is of secondary importance compared with the biographical and caste considerations. His son has so selected from his father's mass of memoranda that we cannot follow consecutively any event or measure to its conclusion. Even the records for the first months of 1878, when, as Beaconsfield wrote him on March 27, "we are drifting into war," have so many gaps, that one must seek elsewhere in order to learn what the Tory Cabinet itself was doing. At almost every step throughout the two volumes the editor refers the reader to Morley's "Gladstone" for a clear and fair statement of the matter in question. This is a deserved tribute to John Morley, but a serious defect in biographical construction. The humor of elucidating Hardy by means of Gladstone, whom Hardy regarded as a fearful incarnation of the Spirit of Darkness, seems to have escaped the editor's notice. A few of the confidential letters that passed between Cranbrook and his colleagues have real importance. The long private dispatch from Lytton, describing the situation in India in the summer of 1878, may be regarded as an "original source." But, in general, the representative character of these memoirs gives them their highest value.

In emphasizing this fact, we have necessarily passed by some of the more personal matters. Gathorne Hardy had many excellent traits which are not the monopoly of Tories, but the possession of all sterling natures. His virtues, however, were almost exclusively practical. There is in the two volumes hardly a smile, or a twinkle of the eye—and that, in spite of the Irish peasant ancestor. So, too, there are few references to books, and none whatever to ideas: but a prevailing mastery of business facts and an unflagging interest in political administration. Although not born in the purple, Gathorne Hardy was predisposed to accept the aristocratic régime as the highest manifestation on earth of the Divine will. His talents and party service entitled him to a peerage, and the profits from the family iron works enabled him to accept it, instead of his being obliged, as he tells us Monty Corry was, to rely upon a rich aunt to finance his ascent to the House of Lords. There will always be Tories, but there will be no more Tories like him. A peerage recruited from the proprietors of yellow journals and of breweries, from successful promoters, and from transportation managers, has already gone far towards losing that glamour which used to wrap the British lords. Every one understands now that money is as indispensable for the maintenance of an aristocracy in England as for the creation of a plutocracy in America. The first Lord Cranbrook belonged to the earlier period, when the glamour had not yet been stripped off. What that glamour was—what the ideals and beliefs were which exhaled it—can nowhere be more concretely observed than in his Memoirs.

CURRENT FICTION.

Samuel the Seeker. By Upton Sinclair. New York: B. W. Dodge & Co.

The childlike youth, upon whom the world dawns as an object not hitherto observed, seems to be fairly taking his place as the most popular of modern heroes of fiction. Three recent examples, notable out of many, are Mr. Locke's Septimus, Mr. Herrick's Hugh Grant, and Mr. Sinclair's Samuel. Between the two latter there are especially strong resemblances. Samuel, like Hugh, is a farmer's boy, who has reached manhood before setting out to make a living, and to learn the meaning of life, in the cities. Like Hugh, he has grown up in a state of guileless innocence of the ways of the world such as may have been possible for rustic youth before the era of the telephone and the Sunday newspaper. Like Hugh, he must be accepted as the central figure in a parable, rather than a portrait drawn from the model.

The day comes when, eager and ingenuous, he sets out for New York from

his native village. He is lured into danger by the first man he meets, robbed by the second, and cast forth, penniless and starving, into the busy town of "Lockmanville." This is a city built upon the sands of dishonor and selfishness. The arraignment of old man Lockman by a burglar acquaintance of Samuel's may be quoted as the basis for Mr. Sinclair's tale:

> He began by cheating his sisters out of their inheritance. Then he foreclosed a mortgage on a glass factory and went into the business . . . they say he burned the plant down for the insurance. . . . He made a crooked deal with some of the railroad people—gave them stock, you know, and got rebates. And he had some union leaders on his pay rolls, and he called strikes on his rivals, and when he had ruined them, he bought them out for a song. And when he had everything in his hands, and got tired of paying high wages, he fired some of the union men and forced a strike. Then he brought in some strike-breakers and ordered some thugs to slug them, and turned the police loose on the men—and that was the end of the unions. Meanwhile he'd been running the politics of the town, and he's given himself all the franchises. . . .

Nothing is omitted from the indictment of this all-round villain. And his wealth, Samuel finds, gives him power over all the supposably better element in Lockmanville society. In the end, Samuel makes up his mind to expose the rottenness of the place. His method is naïve to the point of ludicrousness—the method of the socialist agitator—to make a speech in public. The police forbid, but, backed up by the local socialist body, a meeting is attempted, which is quickly put down by the police, Samuel himself being knocked in the head by a "thug." And so the action ends with an inconclusive street squabble which evidently seems to Mr. Sinclair a meaning battle for the right. Mr. Herrick's Hugh Grant had no solution for the political and industrial corruption of American society: Mr. Sinclair's solution is Socialism.

The Taming of Red Butte Western. By Francis Lynde. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

It is a little difficult to see how a self-confessed coward could be brave enough to go through all the dangers and trials endured by Lidgerwood, superintendent of the Red Butte Western. The author, however, is not troubled by this at all. He sets forth the condition of the railway, and then describes Lidgerwood's attempts to better it. Without a doubt it was much in need of betterment. The engineers were mostly desperadoes, the firemen brutes, the switchmen ghouls, the dispatchers escaped convicts. The line was laid across the Red Desert, the chief town was named Angels, and wrecks happened every day. With all that we can understand why Lidgerwood shied at the appointment, when Ford, vice-president of the system, offered it to him. He told Ford candidly he was a coward. To prove it he related his experiences at the hold-up of a stage coach, in which he was riding with the girl he loved. After the highwaymen had departed with his money and the lady's rings, she asked why he had not shot the robbers dead with his revolver. He failed to show cause, whereupon she spoke bitter words and left him forever—or rather, for a year. But Ford still thought he could do it, and Lidgerwood spent the above-mentioned year wrestling with the Red Butte Western and his rascally subordinates. During this time, we are supposed to trace the transformation of the coward into the brave man. But Mr. Lynde's psychology is lame. He keeps insisting on Lidgerwood's cowardice, while he is making him do all sorts of courageous things. Not till the end, when the author realizes the responsibilities of the modern novelist, does he abruptly change front and admit that Lidgerwood is a hero after all.

Maurin, the Illustrious: A Translation from the French of Jean Aicard by Alfred Allinson. New York: John Lane Co.

Dr. Mitchell and Mr. Hewlett were none too successful in their attempts to revive the *picaro*, perhaps because the one turned to eighteenth-century Italy, and an English "fool-errant," the other to the great French Revolution. For M. Aicard has drawn something of a *picaro*, too, in his woodsman Maurin; and has been better rewarded for his pains by wisely eschewing historical romance. The present is his time, a corner of Provence his scene. And his Maurin is the happy result: a Provençal who comes near to rivalling Tartarin. Like Daudet with his Tartarin, M. Aicard has found it profitable to devote more than one volume to his hero's fortunes.

And such volumes! This sequel to "The Diverting Adventures" runs to more than four hundred pages. The characters in the new volume are those of its predecessor. Maurin is the same "Don Juan of the Woods" to the end, dying of a wound inflicted by the hand of woman. His anecdotes are, perhaps, a shade less piquant. The author is grown almost moralistic; though when Pastouré, Maurin's best friend, waxes metaphysical, his philosophy is ever of the simplest: and not the less sound for that.

Best of all, however, are the accounts of weddings, funerals, and political reunions, in this vivid Southland; where men are, as Daudet expressed it, forever drunk with the alcohol of the sun. A fine, earthy story, wholly dependent upon incident and character, with no plot to speak of, but redolent of the woods and marshland where its hero fills his game-bag so easily and so well. A novel—if one may so name it—spicy with love and sport and apt escapes from constables. Mr. Allinson is to be praised for his competent Englishing of these lively occurrences.

The Garden at 19. By Edgar Jepson. New York: Wessels & Bissell Co.

A London bachelor who has come into a little money buys a house in Hertford Park. He soon discovers that an air of mystery hangs about the place, and that the other houses in the street, with the exception of No. 19, are empty. Strange sounds and odors, and stranger emanations of an indefinable nature, assail him from this garden. He finds the house is occupied by a young girl and her morose uncle. The former he, of course, falls in love with; the latter turns out to be a necromancer, from the terror of whose influence the girl is to be rescued. The subject, baldly stated, may seem rather puerile. As a matter of fact, Mr. Jepson has surrounded the proceedings of the necromancer and his group of adepts with a sense of mystery which is likely to stir a creeping of the flesh on most readers. The first coming of the terror in the invisible beast is thoroughly effective, and the rites in the garden about the statue of Pan are veiled with just the right amount of ambiguity, leaving the reader in doubt whether the effect on the performers is the work of hypnotic suggestion or of some real emanation from the abyss. Unfortunately, the terror does not maintain itself quite to the end of the book.

LEADING AMERICANS.

Leading American Novelists. By John Erskine. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.75 net.

Leading American Essayists. By William Morton Payne. The same.

These two volumes in the Biographies of Leading Americans do not ask to be taken over-seriously. Dr. Erskine says frankly: "In so far as each biography pronounces any final judgment on the writer, I have tried to render the opinion of the best critics of to-day, rather than my own impression." And Mr. Payne, in his turn, asserts: "In the preparation of the present volume, the author has relied almost wholly upon the work of his predecessors." It would almost seem that the writers have been coached to attempt nothing original, and are putting their work before the public with some nervousness lest a trace of personal bias or conviction may here and there be discoverable. This is not an attitude which can be expected to produce biography of a high order, but it is an excellent working attitude for the bookmaker. We do not know to

what specific audience this series is addressed, but it is evidently an audience which publisher and editor wish to instruct rather than to reason with; and a process of bookmaking, very good bookmaking, is the result.

It is, perhaps, as well not to question Dr. Erskine's choice of "leading American novelists." A strong emphasis on the word "American" is the key to it. But for their Americanism, and for their interest as landmarks along the relatively obscure trail of American literature, Brockden Brown and Simms would appear to have no reasonable place in a book of this kind. Their works are dead: they have long been no more than material for the literary historian. Mrs. Stowe was a great power, but hardly a great novelist, and Bret Harte was not a novelist at all. We may best take the book as a series of brief biographies of certain American story-writers. Whatever the choice of minor names, Cooper and Hawthorne would still stand head and shoulders above them.

Taken by itself, the chapter on Brown is an interesting study of a man, though it does not make out very much for the author.

> He was not by temperament a novelist; he could neither tell a vital coherent narrative, nor draw a true picture of manners. That he wrote stories at all was due to his need of a medium for his speculations about life, and as Godwin had used the novel effectively to attack domestic tryanny, it was easy for Brown to exploit his psychological notions through the same form.

Godwin was Brown's master and superior, but "Caleb Williams" would scarcely give him place in a group of leading English novelists. Brown's real power, as Dr. Erskine says, lay in his character of publicist. "It is to his credit as a citizen that Brown probably never wrote without the welfare of men, especially of his countrymen, in mind." In short, we are to cherish Brown's memory as a bad novelist, on the ground that he was a good citizen; though his apologist would hardly include him in a study of leading American citizens. The valuable and original portions of this paper, as of the chapter on Simms, are the passages which analyze and criticise the more important works of these half-forgotten novelists.

In the chapter on Cooper, too much space is given to the analysis of books which "every school-boy knows." The résumé of plot is unnecessary, and the criticism, if, as we suppose, the volume is intended for the school-boy, is often over-subtle—as, for example:

> He makes the dim moonlit forest seem to close in upon the human adventure and supplant it; had his temperament been less sane, so much susceptibility would have endowed the northern pinewoods with sylvan deities out of hand.

The chapter on Hawthorne, inevitably the most important in the book, is uncommonly good: here, certainly, Dr. Erskine belies his waiver of critical originality. The analysis of New England Puritanism, and of Hawthorne's interpretation of it in his art and embodiment of it in his nature, is much more than an echo or a variation. He finds the secret of Hawthorne's character and work to be "the subjective habit of Puritanism." . . . "The Puritan vision in him is his only reality, and by comparison the outside world seems to him a thing of phantom and allegory. He is the child of the author of the 'Faerie Queene.'" It is doubtless because of one's interest in the writer's study of Hawthorne's life and character that one feels here especially a certain obstructiveness in the long critical analyses of the romances which so frequently bar the narrative. One notes a little over-severity in the treatment of "The Blithedale Romance"; but its real weakness is fairly explained. This is due, says Dr. Erskine, to the subject itself: "Hawthorne was at home only in the moral world, and only in problems of such gravity as to involve the salvation of a soul. Here there is no sin, no ancient wrong, nothing that connects itself with the idea of retribution."

Mr. Payne's volume is furnished with an introduction of some forty pages which gives not so much a discussion of the essay in America, as a series of Who's-Who-like sketches of the chief American essayists born before 1860. The make-up of the book proper has suffered greatly from the fact that it is one of a series. One must question the editorial policy which excludes Holmes and Lowell from a book of this title, even if one agree with the doubtful premise that the place of either is primarily with the poets. As matters stand, the team of essayists chosen to represent us (to use a vulgar figure) is necessarily small. It would still have been easier, however, after all concession to the poet and novelist, to find four essayists to consort with Irving and Emerson than it was to find four novelists to figure worthily in the same volume with Cooper and Hawthorne. Mr. Payne's style is conscientious rather than animated. He has diligently studied the authorities, and here sets forth, as it were, in a fair round hand, the results of his investigations. The treatment of Thoreau and Curtis seems fresher, largely, no doubt, because they have fallen less frequently into the hands of the minor biographer. Emerson and Irving have figured repeatedly as matter for the short biography of the present type and scale; and Mr. Payne has little or nothing to add to the picture thus afforded. The sketch of Thoreau, on the other hand, is the first, or among the first, of its kind, and very good of its kind. He has the advantage over Dr. Erskine of simplicity, and by dealing less in criticism and more in biography, better fulfils, we suppose, the purpose of the series. Taken by itself, each of these brief "lives" has its sterling qualities.

Ezra Studies. By Charles C. Torrey, Professor of Semitic Languages in Yale University. The University of Chicago Press. $1.50 net.

The Chronicler—the author of Chronicles, Ezra and Nehemiah—is rather an imaginative reconstructor than an historian; he transfers the ideas and usages of his time (the third century B. C.) to the past, and in addition freely embellishes his material. But, as in Chronicles he takes material from Samuel and Kings, it is possible that in Ezra and Nehemiah also he has preserved good historical matter. This is admittedly true in the case of Neh. i-vi, but in regard to the rest of these two books there is difference of opinion among critics. Holding, apparently, that the land was practically depopulated by the Chaldeans (2 Kgs., xxv), he represents the building of the temple and the introduction of the complete ritual law as having been accomplished by the exiles who returned from Babylonia—and this statement is accepted as historical by the majority of critics today. Professor Torrey's volume is a protest against this view. He maintains that the Chronicler was himself the author of the Ezra story (Ezr. vii-x, Neh. vii-xiii), and that his object was not to write history, but to champion the Jewish sacred institutions, especially against the Samaritans, who claimed to have a share in them; therefore, Torrey concludes, "there was no return of exiles, no scribe-potentate Ezra, no law brought from Babylonia, no wholesale expulsion of Gentile wives and children." The larger and more important fact elicited by this treatment of the Chronicler is that the religious development from Deuteronomy to the time of the Roman rule was continuous—the influence of the Dispersion on the Jews of the home-land was broadening and salutary, but "Judaism grew up in Judea, it was not transplanted from foreign soil."

As regards the continuity of the religious development Dr. Torrey's contention must be accepted as correct—it is proved by the great Prophetic writings (parts of the Second Isaiah, etc.), the book of Job, and certain psalms. It is no longer possible to make the exile a dividing fact between a higher and a lower literature. Nor is there conclusive evidence that the later legal development was made in Babylonia. On this point data are lacking. And, it must be added, so far as the growth of Jewish thought is concerned, it is immaterial whether the contributions to it came from Judea or from Babylonia or Egypt.

The logical and chronological disorder in Ezra and Nehemiah Torrey proposes to remedy by a couple of transpositions and insertions. First, he puts Neh. viii (more precisely vii, 70—viii, 18) between Ezra viii and ix; thus the great movement for putting away foreign wives (Ezr. ix) is explained by the public reading of the law (Neh. viii), which presumably aroused the conscience of the people, and in Neh. ix is followed by a general separation between Israelites and foreigners. This transposition certainly makes the narrative clearer, and it is not difficult to suppose that the original order of sections may have been changed by a scribe. The other revision defended by Professor Torrey is more revolutionary, and has given rise to much discussion: it is to insert after Ezra i a passage (iv, 47b—v, 6) from the apocryphal book known as First Esdras, or Third Ezra, which (after "Darius" has been changed to "Cyrus") gives a detailed account of the provision made by Cyrus for the building of the temple, and thus fits in with the statement of Ezr. iv, 5 that adversaries hindered the building from the time of Cyrus to the time of Darius. Torrey's view, set forth with great skill and learning, is that First Esdras is not an apocryphon, but a fragment of the old Greek translation of Chronicles-Ezra-Nehemiah (a view previously held by Sir Henry Howorth, but elaborated by Torrey). The question does not affect the historical material, since Ezra and First Esdras are virtually identical in historical content. The latter, however, contains the interesting story of the three youths at the court of Darius, a discussion of the question, "What is the strongest thing in the world?" This Torrey properly regards as a popular story inserted by a scribe. Probably there were in circulation different forms of the Ezra story, and one of these is preserved in First Esdras; Torrey is right in holding that the book is not properly an apocryphon.

To the perplexing question as to the genuineness of the royal decrees and certain letters in Ezra (all, except the decree of Cyrus in ch. i and the letter of Artaxerxes in ch. vii, written in Aramaic), Torrey's answer is that they are wholly the invention of the Chronicler. The current opinion is that they are trustworthy documents, though colored by Jewish scribes. It is urged that they are too full of details to be inventions, and that no motive can be assigned for their invention. Torrey replies that such free compositions are found elsewhere in ancient historical writings (in Thucydides and Livy, for example), that they are quite in the Chronicler's manner (see Abijah's speech in 2 Chron. xii, not found in Kings), and that his obvious motive in inserting them was to glorify his nation by representing it as honored by great princes. In view of these facts, the possibility must be admitted that the documents in question are pure inventions. On the other hand, it is equally supposable that they contain real historical facts, good traditions of favors shown by kings (so Artaxerxes was very friendly to Nehemiah), dramatically elaborated and dressed in Jewish language by the imaginative and clever Chronicler. Until we get a better knowledge of this obscure period of Jewish history it is hardly possible to decide between the rival theories. Also there is much to say in favor of the view that the second temple was built by the people who had remained in the land, and not by returned exiles; this point, however, does not affect the final result or the course of the Judean religious development.

In addition to these historical discussions Professor Torrey has done admirable work on the Greek and Aramaic texts involved. He makes it probable that our received Greek translation is that of Theodotion, and shows that the Alexandrian codex is in the main here superior to the Vatican, which is the one generally adopted. He publishes for the first time a part of the Hexaplar text of Nehemiah. He has made a careful study of the Aramaic of the book of Ezra, with comparison of other Aramaic writings of the period. His concluding chapter is a suggestive sketch of the fortunes of the Jews from the deportation to Babylonia down to the time of Nehemiah (586-444 B. C.), and valuable observations are scattered throughout the volume. Whether or not all his results be accepted, it remains true that his scholarly investigations offer a noteworthy contribution to our knowledge of Jewish life in the period under discussion and to the criticism of a considerable part of the later Old Testament writings.

Equal Suffrage: The Results of an Investigation in Colorado made for the Collegiate Equal Suffrage League of New York State. By Helen L. Sumner, Ph.D. New York: Harper & Bros. $2 net.

The subject matter of this volume is accurately indicated in the sub-title. The investigation was undertaken under a stipulation creditable alike to the League and the author, that the inquiry should be prosecuted without bias and with scientific impartiality. With no "formulated conclusions" upon the question of equal suffrage, Dr. Sumner in September, 1906, began fifteen months of field work in Colorado. The investigation proceeded "on the assumption that the answer to the proposition, Shall women vote? is to be found in the good or evil effects of equal suffrage in practice." The methods chiefly employed were, first, the issuance of a rather comprehensive *questionnaire*, which was answered by about twelve hundred out of five thousand persons addressed; secondly, the examination of newspaper files, registration books, and official reports, both State and local; thirdly, the attendance upon nominating conventions and other public political meetings; and, lastly, the frequent interview. The good faith and scientific impartiality of the investigator are undoubted. She has not concealed or minimized evidence adverse to equal suffrage, although she has personally emerged with a conclusion favorable thereto, largely on the grounds that "while the effect on party politics has been slight" (p. 258), the ballot has enlarged women's interest in public affairs and developed "the spirit of comradeship between the sexes" (p. 260).

Two questions suggest themselves after a perusal of the volume: how may Dr. Sumner's significant findings be epitomized; and how far ought these findings to weigh in assuming an attitude upon the whole matter?

As to the first, it may be said that in Colorado, where women have had full suffrage since 1894, about 40 per cent. of the vote cast is cast by women. Their activity in the primaries is very much more limited than at the polls. Over a tenth of the men who answered the *questionnaire* declared that "no women attend" the primaries. Certainly, less than one-fourth of those at primaries throughout the State are women. It appears, too, that political activity among the women is very much more noticeable in the cities and towns than in the rural districts. At nominating conventions a few women delegates frequently appear, although in this rôle, as well as in the rôle of nominee for elective office, women are somewhat less in evidence than when equal suffrage was first tried. In the cities a greater percentage of the women in the better residence districts register and vote than in the slums or cheap tenement-house districts. On the other hand, "prostitutes generally vote, and their vote is cast solidly for the party in control of the police force. This is true not only in Denver, but usually in Pueblo, Cripple Creek, and Trinidad, and often in other cities. . . . Neither is it surprising to learn that the prostitutes vote not only once, but often more than once . . . [for] registration books are most easily and unobtrusively 'padded' . . . in the red-light districts" (p. 84).

So far as the influence of the women voters on politics and the resultant type of government is concerned, it appears incontestable that the party managers have grown chary of nominating "men of notoriously unclean lives and men connected with saloons" (p. 47). "Outside of the question of personal morality and relation to the liquor business . . . women take little interest in the char-

acter of candidates" (p. 47). Apart from these two points not a dozen of all who testified to the improvement of the character of candidates by reason of equal suffrage "even so much as mentioned the standard of ability, business honesty, and public honor" (p. 48).

Though several women have sat in the Colorado Legislature, no particular preëminence is claimed for legislation passed since 1894 in the interest of women or children. Women's property rights in Colorado had been well secured by law prior to the extension of the suffrage (p. 181). "On the social evil, too, it is impossible to see that equal suffrage has had any effect" (p. 205). On the other hand, in the administration of schools and charities women in increasing numbers have shown marked capacity as public servants. The effect of equal suffrage on the economic status of women in Colorado in the last dozen years "has evidently been slight" (p. 178). The effect of suffrage upon the character of women themselves has been imperceptible. Certain types of women, ambitious and imperious, have, at times, been prominent in politics. They have sometimes not kept aloof from corrupt political practices, such as repeating. On a list of fraudulent registrations, published in 1900 by the chairman of the Arapahoe County Republican Central Committee, there were the names of 3,512 men and 1,772 women (p. 85). Dr. Sumner concedes that "the one direct evil of equal suffrage" is that it imbues some women politicians with the pernicious "tricks of the trade" (p. 258). So far as any net effect has been exercised by equal suffrage upon the care of the home and the children therein, it has been exiguous (p. 250). On the whole, our author is inclined to think equal suffrage has exercised a good influence. It ought to be credited, we are told, with cultivating intelligent public spirit among the majority of women, with enlarging their interests, with developing in many cases public administrative ability of a high order, and with broadening the comradeship between men and women.

How far the crucible of political experiment can avail to solve the issue of equal suffrage is perhaps doubtful. If our author is correct in her contention that "to fully perform, under the existing system, the duties of an enfranchised citizen requires not only an inflexible moral code, but the public spirit, the self-immolation, and the unselfish devotion of a martyr" (p. 258), there will be some who will still incline to argue that so heavy and so universal a "public responsibility should not be laid upon the already overburdened shoulders of mothers." Many a thoughtful citizen will echo the bull that the only weak brother he cares much about is his wife. The Colorado practice of excusing women, though legally liable, from jury service, on the ground that "the duties of a housewife cannot be postponed during her service on a jury" (p. 129), would seem to be in point here. Upon one truth there can hardly fail to be agreement. If men are going to confer political power and responsibility upon women, the men voters would do well first to procure both for themselves. If the conditions of machine politics are such that virtue has gone out of the nominal sovereigns; if even in Colorado, as Dr. Sumner tells us, "equal suffrage . . . serves to show, in the most striking way, the essential rottenness and degrading character of the present [political] system" (p. 96), it should seem almost a worthless gift to convey to women this hollow shell of decayed political power. One is inevitably reminded of the young woman in class meeting who confessed that when she found her jewels were dragging her down to perdition, she gave them to her sister.

Confessions of a Barbarian. By George Sylvester Viereck. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.25 net.

The name of young Mr. Viereck is doubtless known to a good many readers of the *Nation* as author of certain well-advertised poems, not, as we suppose, very widely read, but generally understood to be of rather a shocking character. In the present volume he shows himself proprietor of a prose manner oddly compounded of Shaw, Chesterton, and George Moore. He struts, he sparkles, he belabors; he waves his capital I with happy abandon in the face of a startled world. Like his great original, he disdains not the cart-tail or the drum. Bumptiousness is the god of whom, to take him literally, he is the delighted prophet. "This book," he announces with triumph, "reveals America to herself by interpreting Europe. I stand in symbolic relation, so to speak, to both hemispheres." That is, Mr. Viereck was born in Germany, and entered this country with his teens. The book records a series of impressions evoked by a return to Europe, some dozen years later, as an American. The timeliness of the performance is, he declares, no limitation—for him. The book "is journalism only in the sense in which that term may also be applied to the 'Reisebilder' of Heine. . . . Only those are of all time who, like Rabelais, Cervantes, and Voltaire, are in immediate touch with their own time." Cheered by this reflection, he goes on to state, with much enthusiasm, if less coherence, the upshot of his present work:

> I urge Europe's gospel of tolerance. I lead those who follow me out of the Babylonian captivity of Puritan prejudice. I have been accused of posing, because, in a world of antinomies, I am an inveterate truth-teller. This is my flesh and blood. I could not more frankly denude myself in the sanctity of the Confessional. I speak with the truthfulness of Saint Augustine, of Rousseau, and of George Moore.

Also, we observe, with the impudence of Shaw. . . . Miching mallecho!—let us look out for ourselves. Something a bit "racy" is, no doubt, to be divulged: something connected with the liberality observed by European society in relation to—we know very well what.

Let us hasten to offer our tribute in the form of a confession that certain passages in the book have revolted us not a little. We have been able to encounter without excessive perturbation the not altogether novel theory that matters of sex have nothing to do with morals. But a "tolerance" which permits the poet's fancy to busy itself ardently with the horrors of sexual perversion is a thing to be loathed. The author's command of paradox doubtless enables him to acquit himself on this head. The Kaiser is "logical, because he is illogical." So-and-so is a perfectly healthy man, because he is morbid; and so on. Apart from the passages in question, there is nothing shocking or even surprising in the book. When Mr. Viereck is able to get away from the concerns of sex he is often better than brilliant. The chapters on "The Philosophy of Militarism" and "Inspired Bureaucracy" give a sympathetic interpretation of the German system. His pronouncements on art and life commonly fall too far short of dignity to deserve serious appraisal. There is little to be said for the critic who is pleased with himself for declaring: "We shall never have a full-blooded art until we develop the liaison"; or who, far less tolerably, announces: "I am fully aware that all art is a form of exhibitionism."

A History of Mediæval Political Theory in the West. By R. W. Carlyle and A. J. Carlyle. Vol. II: The Political Theory of the Roman Lawyers and the Canonists, from the Tenth Century to the Thirteenth Century, by A. J. Carlyle. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

The second volume of this painstaking work is devoted to an analysis of the legal and political conceptions of the civilians and the canonists belonging to the period under review. In Part i certain mediæval manuals of Roman law (the "Brachylogus" and "Petri Exceptiones") are referred to, and then the views of jurists of the Bologna school are given, Irnerius, Placentinus, Azo, Accursius—a mention of whose dates might assist the non-specialist reader. Mr. Carlyle discusses the significance of definitions of *æquitas*, *jus*, and *justitia*, which these *Glossators* borrowed or adapted from Justinian's Digest; then their theory of the *jus naturale*, and of slavery which existed in apparent opposition to its mandates.

Next their ideas as to the source of political authority are discursively presented, and their views are set forth upon the mutual relations and respective prerogatives of the ecclesiastical and secular governments and courts.

Part ii adds a somewhat lengthier and more suggestive treatment of like matters by the Canonists—their theory of law in general, of natural law, of slavery, property, of secular authority, of the nature and character of canon law, and of the relations between Church and State. In this part of his volume Mr. Carlyle emphasizes two points: The first is, that with the Canonists, Scripture, and the *jus naturale* so closely related to Scriptural precepts, contain the peremptory law of God, and that every contravening ordainment, whether emanating from a secular or an ecclesiastical source, is void—Constitutiones ergo vel ecclesiasticæ vel seculares, si naturali jure contrariæ probantur, penitus sunt excludendæ. According to this view, which is Gratian's,

> The canons of the church belong to the same category as the civil law of the state; they do not represent an absolutely final authority, but are rather the expression of the authority residing in the church and its proper officers for the government of the society, subject always to the authority which lies behind the society. But they are binding upon all the members of the society; to refuse to obey them is to refuse to recognize the authority of God, from whom this authority is derived (p. 177).

Such an exposition makes evident how many things that view left open to dispute!

The second point is perhaps more novel, and, so far as sound, of much importance to students of the relations between mediæval kings or emperors and the papacy. The author says:

> It is necessary to distinguish carefully between incidental and sometimes hasty sayings, made under the stress of some great controversy, and judgments expressed in legal and other works which were compiled in cold blood and represent reasoned and considered conclusions (p. 93).

He then proceeds to show that the statements which were embodied in authoritative compilations of canon law, regarding the supremacy of the papal church over rulers and states, and touching the sinful nature of secular power, were considerably less extreme than the language used, for example, by a Hildebrand (before or after he became Gregory VII), or by a Boniface VIII, whose utterances the authors of this work expect to discuss in a later volume. In the meanwhile, the conclusion is thus stated:

> And finally, we think that an examination of the subject will have made it clear that while the church had come to claim a tremendous authority in relation to the empire, it is not the case that the church as represented in the deliberate judgments of the canon law claimed to be supreme over the state. The normal doctrine of the canon law down to the time of the Decretals [of Gregory IX, completed in 1234] is the same as that of the fifth and the ninth centuries, that the two authorities, the ecclesiastical and the civil, were equally and separately derived from Christ, and that strictly each was supreme in its own sphere (p. 254).

As the present volume sets forth but the first part of the argument of our authors, it would be premature to offer a decision—at least one adverse to their contention. Yet if the matter were to be judged on the evidence given in this volume, we should say that a good deal of stress is laid upon the omission of extreme pretensions from certain papal documents, and a disclaimer is inferred from their silence, where there was no call to speak. Moreover, the authors' position seem to counter the conclusions, or generalizations, of Dr. Otto Gierke's "Deutsche Genossenschaftsrecht," a section of which was translated by the late Frederic William Maitland, and made by him into that wonderful little book (*multum in parvo!*) entitled "Political Theories of the Middle Age." Pages 11 to 16 of the Maitland-Gierke book, with the corresponding notes (9 to 39), bear on this matter.

In conclusion, a reviewer's duty to the craft of book-making compels a disapproval of the way in which the preface, and to some extent the "Texts of Authorities referred to in Volume II," give a list, meagre enough, of modern works without stating the dates of their publication. And we must remark that the awkward language (style we cannot call it) of the author not infrequently retards the reader's apprehension of his meaning.

Notes.

Theodore Roosevelt's book about his African trip, which will be published by the Scribners in August, will contain some material which has not yet appeared in magazine form. The book will be a large octavo of about 500 pages.

Houghton Mifflin Co. publishes this week "An American Citizen: The Life of William H. Baldwin, jr.," by John Graham Brooks.

A volume of essays on English language and literature, by members of the English Association, is announced for publication next autumn by the Clarendon Press. The editor will be A. C. Bradley; the contributors will be Dr. Henry Bradley, Robert Bridges, Prof. W. P. Ker, Dr. George Neilson, Prof. George Saintsbury, Miss Edith Sichel, and Prof. C. E. Vaughan.

A correspondent informs us that the late Goldwin Smith left upon his death a volume of "Recollections," ready for the press. These will make a work of about the size of Mr. Smith's "United States."

A selection of poems from the manuscripts which the late Father Tabb left is announced for publication next week by Mitchell Kennerley.

Publication of a volume of speeches of the late Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) is announced by Harper & Brothers. The book will cover some forty years of his life, and will appear late this month.

The Putnams announce for immediate publication "The Real Roosevelt," a volume of selections from his speeches, arranged by Alan Warner; "The Government Ownership of Railways," by Judge A. Von Wagenen; and "The Commercial Power of Congress Considered in the Light of Its Origin," by David Walter Brown.

Henry Frowde announces for early publication "The Oxford Book of Italian Verse, XIIIth Century—XIXth Century," chosen by St. John Lucas; "Wood-Carvings in English Churches. I, Misericords," by Francis Bond"; "Selections from the Latin Literature of the Early Empire," edited by A. C. B. Brown; and "Gesenius's Hebrew Grammar," as edited and enlarged by E. Kautzsch, and translated by A. E. Cowley.

Henry Holt & Co. announce the addition to their foreign language texts this month of three volumes: "La Barraca," by Ibañez, edited by R. H. Keniston; Ludwig's "Der Erbförster," edited by Morton Stewart; and a new edition, with vocabulary, of Heyse's "Anfang und Ende," edited by Professor McLoutb.

A comprehensive summary of "The Iron Ore Resources of the World," which has been compiled under the auspices of the executive committee of the eleventh International Geological Congress, and edited by J. G. Anderson, general secretary of the congress, is now nearly ready, according to an announcement of the publishers. The volume may be had from Lemeke & Buechner of New York.

In the *Geographical Journal* for June, Dr. T. G. Longstaff gives an account of his recent explorations in an unsurveyed part of the Himalayas. The most important geographical results were the fixing the exact position of the greatest watershed in Asia—that which divides the rivers flowing to Central Asia from those which flow to India—and the discovery of a peak which may prove to exceed Mount Everest in height. His rough observations made it about 30,000 feet. An American traveller, Hamilton Rice, in describing two trips on a South American river, the Uapés, in Colombia and Brazil, gives most interesting facts in regard to the life of the Indians living on its shores. Attention is directed by Prof. J. W. Gregory to the undeveloped wealth of northern Australia, and its fitness for colonization by white races. It has large tracts of fertile land, considerable mineral deposits, and a wonderful stock-raising capacity, while its magnificent harbor, Port Darwin, is only six days' voyage from the great markets of Southern China.

"La Transhumance," or the migration of sheep between their summer and winter pastures, according to A. Fribourg in the *Annales de Géographie* for May, has exerted a profound influence on Spain for a thousand years. Up to recent times they traversed the country in every direction by regularly prescribed routes in herds 10,000 strong, led by a *mayoral*. In 1347

the owners formed a union called La Mesta, which obtained from the government certain privileges, especially that of feeding their flocks in the lands adjacent to these routes. Consequently, in extensive regions agriculture became impossible, forests disappeared, and a large part of Castile was turned into an arid desert. This privilege was taken away in 1837, and now the railways take the larger part of the "transhumants." In this number attention is called to the opening in April of the railway connecting the capital of the Chinese province of Yun-nan with the sea at Haiphong, Tonkin, thereby shortening a journey of a month to two days and bringing within reach of the markets of the world a region rich in deposits of coal, copper, and tin. And interesting facts are given as to the great increase at the present time of the rubber cultivation in the Federated Malay States. There are now plantations of about 200,000 acres, with between forty and fifty million trees cared for by 80,000 coolies.

The Prix Delalande-Guérineau, which is at the disposal of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres has been divided in two parts and awarded to George Doutrepont, author of "La Littérature française à la cour du Duc de Bourgogne," and René Sturel, author of "Jacques Amyot, traducteur de Plutarque." Of the Prix Santour, which has been divided in several portions, the larger shares have been awarded to M. Masqueray, for his 'Euripide et ses idées," and to Paul Vilatte for his "Apologie d'Apulée."

Those who have graduated from bridge to auction bridge, or are contemplating that promotion, will find help in a volume on the game, with cases and decisions by the committee of the Portland Club, reviewed and explained by "Badsworth." The book is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Duffield & Co. have added two volumes to their complete edition of the writings of Fiona Macleod (William Sharp), brought out under the supervision of Mrs. William Sharp. The present instalment embraces the stories collected under four titles: "The Dominion of Dreams" and "Under the Dark Stars," "The Sin Eater" and "The Washer of the Ford." Mr. Sharp had before his death set about a revision and rearrangement of his works, and the changes, including some rather drastic omissions, now introduced, are in accordance with his express directions. The volume of "The Sin Eater" contains the interesting introductory letter written to George Meredith from Iona, in which Mr. Sharp sets forth his notion of the Gaelic spirit, and the part it is destined to play in English literature of the future. On the whole, the contents of these two volumes are rather further removed than were those of the first volume, "Pharais and the Mountain Lovers," from the ordinary passions and imaginations of mankind, and strike us as less successful artistically. They are, however, a rare addition to letters.

We wish the word "lost" might have been omitted from the title of Horatio S. Krans's "Lost Art of Conversation" (Sturgis & Walton), for the contents of the book nowhere take so desperate a view of the art. The editor, to be sure, says in his introduction: "The assertions that present-day conversation has sunk far below the high levels of the talk of the past; that our conversational performances are flat, thin, and poor; and the even more sweeping assertion that conversation is indeed a lost art—these are commonplaces that pass unchallenged, and can hardly be gainsaid." The book is made up of essays on conversation by Bacon, Swift, De Quincey, Mahaffy, Hazlitt, and Stevenson. It would hardly be maintained that conversation has become a lost art since the day of Hazlitt and De Quincey. The latter, in the essay here published, plainly treats conversation as an art still in its infancy. It had, he argues, hitherto lacked the regulation of which other arts had the advantage:

> A corresponding change will gradually take place in the usages which regulate conversation. It will come to be considered an infringement of the general rights for any man to detain the conversation, or arrest its movement, for more than a short space of time—which gradually will be more and more defined. This one curtailment of arrogant pretensions will lead to others.

In the preface to his treatise on "The Principles of the Art of Conversation," Professor Mahaffy states it as one of his qualifications that he lives "in a country where the practice of it is confessedly on a high level, and where the average man is able to talk well." Clearly, it does not occur to him that it may be a dead art of which he is about to discourse. Hazlitt, in the papers here reprinted, speaks of conversation as if it were a stable thing in all ages, chiefly varying in quality in accordance with the classification of the speaker—author, lord, or what not. And in the three essays by Stevenson, which bring the volume to a close, there is no suggestion that the art of conversation (a phrase which, to be sure, he does not use) is obsolete or obsolescent. But the title of the collection is less important than the essays themselves. Mr. Krans has supplied a good text, and in his introduction has a few appropriate comments to make upon a somewhat casually assembled group.

The career of "Edward Bulwer, First Baron Lytton of Knebworth," has many of the elements that go to make an interesting book, and these have not been neglected by T. H. S. Escott in the volume now published by E. P. Dutton & Co. Bulwer's novels, if publishers' figures are a proof, have by no means lost their favor with the larger public, but they are probably little read by those to whom a solid biographical study like this of Mr. Escott's would naturally appeal. Toward the close of Bulwer's literary career Routledge (the London publisher of the present biography) paid £20,000 for a ten years' right of producing nineteen of his novels in cheap form; and the venture was a success. Such a transaction we can understand, but it is not so easy to-day to put one's self in the place of an intelligent critic like Plumer Ward, who said of Bulwer: "He is the most accomplished writer of the most accomplished era in English letters, practising all classes and styles of composition, novelist, dramatist, poet, historian, moral philosopher, essayist, critic, political pamphleteer—in each superior to all others, and only rivalled in each by himself." Critical readers of a younger generation are, on the contrary, too likely to forget the large amount of genuine entertainment his books provide, and to overlook the fact that, with all the melodrama and despite the cheapness of tone that mars so much of his work, the pages of "My Novel" and its companions are packed with the shrewdest remarks on politics and life in general.

In his biography Mr. Escott gives a full account of Bulwer's political career, with a sufficient number of anecdotes. Perhaps the most entertaining of these is the remark of Disraeli when at Bulwer's house he was asked to take Mrs. Wyndham Lewis down to dinner. "Oh," was the answer of Mrs. Lewis's future devoted husband, "anything rather than that insufferable woman. But Allah is great." The political careers of Bulwer and Disraeli were not without resemblances, but their matrimonial ventures were sufficiently diverse. Mr. Escott naturally, and no doubt purposely, takes the part of Bulwer in the long disease he called his marriage. Perhaps, however, the character of Bulwer on this side was not fairly presented without some specimens of the superlatively foolish letters to his wife, which Mr. Escott virtually ignores. The most interesting part of the book is that which gives the youthful years of Bulwer with their broken education and melodramatic passions. The child in this case was truly father of the novelist.

The University of Berlin, in a congratulatory letter on the fiftieth anniversary of the late Prof. Philip Schaff's career as a teacher, pronounced his "History of the Christian Church" "the most notable monument of universal historical learning produced by the school of Neander." Dr. Schaff did not live to complete the work, and it was left for his son, David S. Schaff, professor of church history in the Western Theological Seminary of Pittsburgh, to treat the period from 1050 to 1517. This filial duty he has now performed, a former volume, published in 1907, having covered the period to 1294, and the present volume (V, Part ii; Scribner) bringing the narrative to the opening of the German Reformation. The son has written in the manner of the father. There is the same wealth of fact, the same caution of opinion, the same mild Protestant prejudice, the same graphic characterization of periods and persons with parallels from all ages. The historian is still of the "school of Neander," not of the modern scientific historians. One does not find new judgments of men or movements, based on newly discovered documents or new interpretations of the sources, but there is always wise selection of the best judgments wrought by others. The period treated is that of the decline and corruption of the papacy, the reformatory councils, the great mystics, the early reformers, and the Renaissance. The bibliographical references are full and valuable, the volume has a good index, and is published in the style of the series to which it belongs.

In the New International Year Book for 1909 (Dodd, Mead & Co.) we find a work adapted to the uses of the newspaper office as well as the general reference library. It is a bulky volume of nearly 800 quarto pages, and it makes good use of its generous elbow room of nearly a million words. An exception, however, is the article on Polar Research, which, in view of the dramatic and essential importance of the facts it has to record, might easily have been two or three times as long. We still find the most

valuable single feature in the historical summaries for the year accompanying the articles on the States and foreign countries. If only vigorous precautions be taken against error, these summaries are bound to grow more valuable from year to year, and the file of the International Year Book will serve the historian as appreciably as the long chain of Appleton's Annuals now extinct. Specialized tables like those given under Necrology and under Gifts and Bequests are particularly useful.

Winthrop Packard, in his "Woodland Paths" (Small, Maynard & Co.), describes the oncoming of spring with the trying imperturbability of the professional nature lover. He sees muskrats and crows fighting for their lady loves, dates you the returning birds by the calendar, greets the moths and butterflies by their Latin names. All this he does with a certain whimsicality and humor, but the stride of his fancy is pretty short, and the little book contains long, tedious passages to all who are not enthralled at the budding of simple primroses or the antics of "Grapta interrogationis." But, of course, the book is intended for the devout observer of times and seasons. For him it even provides several pages of index well stuffed with birds, beasts, insects, trees, herbs, and flowers. The uninitiated, if, indeed, any one has escaped the teaching of the "how-to-know" books, will find more to their purpose a capital sketch about the manly art of bobbing for eels, or an amusing characterization of grotesque young night-herons unadvisedly adopted as pets. There is a tang to these things that we miss when the author muses on clouds and butterflies. He conveys an enormous deal of nature, to be sure, but usually with rather slight personal contribution of imagination. Six pen drawings, by Charles Copeland, have a pleasing old-fashioned quality. To all appearances they might have come out of the portfolio of some patriarch of the Hudson River School.

The last publication of the Pali Society is a volume by Mrs. Rhys Davids, entitled "Psalms of the Sisters" (Henry Frowde), being verses attributed, in the tradition of the Pali Canon to certain eminent sisters (Theri-Bhikkhunīs) of the Buddhist Order, and forming the second and smaller portion of the work known as Thera-therī-gāthā (*i. e.*, verses of the Elders, Bretbren, and Sisters), which was first committed to writing in 80 B. C. In her labors as a translator, Mrs. Rhys Davids has derived great assistance from the Commentary of Dhammapāla of Kāñcipura, and it is because the MSS. of the first part of this work—that on the Thera-gāthā, or psalms of the Brothers—are less numerous and harder to obtain than those on the Therī-gāthā, not from any wish to invert the ancient order, that this, the latter division, has been put into English earlier. While no one, not even the pious Buddbist, any longer believes that these poems contain the actual words of the women to whom they are ascribed, or that the Bhikkhunīs in question conversed in Pali slokas, they are none the less valuable as registering for us the thoughts and aspirations which large congregations of believers have for centuries ascribed to saintly builders-up of certain ideals, and as forming part of a literature, which has for so long a period been revered as holy writ. Allowing for variations in the history and temperament of the heroine, the theme of these poems is everywhere the same. It is the thanksgiving of the enlightened, the joyous utterances of one who "having made a resolve (to escape the round of rebirths) under former Buddhas, and heaped up merit in this and that state of becoming," has under this Buddha dispensation severed herself from earthly ties, has overcome all unholy desires, and, having attained to "thorough knowledge of the Norm in form and meaning," has Nirvāna already within her grasp. Mrs. Rhys Davids's rendering is masterly—in places it reflects what seems to be very fine poetry—and her notes and introduction sustain her high reputation as a scholar.

"En Haïti" (A. Colin, 380 pages, 32 phototypes, 2 maps, 5 francs), by Eugène Aubin, is the well-written description of present-day Hayti by an experienced traveller who had eighteen months' close observation in the interior of that not easily accessible island. To this the author joins a minute knowledge of the colonial history; and he writes with the personal photographic sprightliness of French correspondents. Landscapes, fêtes, Voodoo worship, the manner of common life, are vividly and authentically portrayed.

"Les Finances des cités grecques" (H. Champion, 315 pages, 7 francs), by Henri Francotte, professor in the University of Liège, is a collection of learned studies which show agreeably that Greek cities, quite like our own, were not without their money worries. The taxes of the autonomous cities are first explained, including separately the *Eisphora* at Athens; next, subject or allied cities; then financial administration as organized, and in its history from Pericles and the Peloponnesian war down to the third century B. C., with a special chapter on the finances of the temple at Delphi; a few pages of conclusions regarding the effect of finances on Greek history; and a good index of proper names, subjects, and Greek words.

Thomas Hitchcock, journalist, died on Monday in New York city, aged seventy-nine years. He contributed social and financial articles to the *Sun* for many years, signing himself "Matthew Marshall," and was author of one book, "Unhappy Loves of Men of Genius."

John Austin Stevens, founder and sometime editor of the *Magazine of American History*, died at Newport, R. I., last week, aged eighty-three years. Mr. Stevens was graduated from Harvard in the class of 1846. He was active in public affairs at the time of the civil war, and was elected secretary of the Chamber of Commerce in 1862. While in this office he had charge of publication of the colonial records of the chamber, and was, some years afterward, elected librarian of the New York Historical Society. Always interested in the affairs of patriotic societies, he founded, in 1876, the order of the Sons of the Revolution, and one year later the *Magazine of American History*, which he continued to edit until 1882. Mr. Stevens wrote much on the colonial and Revolutionary history of this country. His principal works are "Memoirs of George Gibbs, Librarian," "Progress of New York in a Century," "The Burgoyne Campaign," "The Expedition of Lafayette Against Arnold," "The French in Rhode Island," "Memoirs of William Kelby, Librarian," "New York City in the Nineteenth Century," and the "Life of Albert Gallatin."

Sir William Butler, writer of many books of travel and adventure, died last week in Ireland, aged seventy-two years. His writings, which enjoyed great popularity among English readers, were a history of the Sixty-ninth Regiment, "The Great Lone Land," "The Wild North Land," "Red Cloud, the Solitary Sioux." "Far Out," "Akim-Foo, the History of a Failure," "Life of Gordon," "Life of Sir Charles Napier," "The Life of Sir George Pomeroy-Colley," "From Naboth's Vineyard," and "The Light of the West."

Julius Wolff, the popular poet of the school of Victor Scheffel, died recently in Charlottenburg, at the age of seventy-two. He wrote many military poems, besides his lyrical verses. Among his works are the "Rattenfänger," "Till Eulenspiegel Redivivus," "Wilder Jäger," "Der Raubgraf," "Das Recht der Hagestolze," and "Die Hohkönigsburg."

Georg, Freiherr von Oertzen, died recently in Freiburg im Breisgau. He wrote extensively, but was best known for his poems and satires, some of which are "Aus Kämpfen des Lebens," "Deutsche Träume, Deutsche Siege," "Lieder und Leute," and "Zwischen Runen und Rosen."

Science.

Rara Arithmetica: A catalogue of the arithmetics written before the year MDCI, with a description of those in the library of George Arthur Plimpton of New York. By David Eugene Smith of Teachers College, Columbia University. Boston: Ginn & Co. $5.50 net.

The collection of fifteenth and sixteenth century arithmetics owned by George A. Plimpton of New York is the largest of its kind ever made, not excepting the famous private libraries once owned in Italy by Libri and Prince Boncompagni. Professor Smith has made a genuine contribution to the history of science by cataloguing and describing the books in this collection, stating briefly their contents, and adding a list of other arithmetics published before 1601. Altogether 550 different works are mentioned, which aggregate to about 1,200 books, if all the editions are included in the count. Besides this, a large number of manuscripts on arithmetic are catalogued and described. It is the most complete bibliography of early arithmetics yet attempted.

The volume as a whole is a remarkably fine example of the modern art of book manufacture. There are nine plates, illustrating certain interesting parts of manuscripts and books. Moreover, the title pages of the more prominent texts are reproduced by photography, as are also many pages illustrating the notation and the methods of computation in use during the Renaissance.

Not only is this publication of inter-

est to teachers and lovers of old books, but it contains material which will be of marked service to the historian. Thus, a book of 1483 contains a passage believed to be the first reference to a slate. The rhyme beginning "Thirty days hath September" is given in Latin as early as 1488. A very close approach to the invention of decimal fractions, which are usually attributed to Stevin (1585), occurs in a book dated 1492. There appears in photographic reproduction the finger symbolism for numbers, published by Paciuolo in 1494. Pascal's arithmetical triangle, so-called, is shown in an engraving made a century before Pascal. One photograph exhibits symbols which may throw some light on the disputed origin of the dollar symbol, $.

The reader may, at times, wish that Professor Smith had given a still greater variety of arithmetical detail, even if some facsimile illustrations of title pages had been forced out in consequence. Bibliographically the title page may seem the most important page of a book for facsimile reproduction, but historically the case may be quite different. We have looked in vain, in this volume, for an illustration of the old "scratch method" of extracting square and cube roots. Professor Smith examined the mathematical works of Maurolycus, but, by confining his attention to elementary matters, he missed the capital discovery that in this book occurs for the first time (so far as now known) the method of "mathematical induction," a method of vital interest, which has been variously attributed to such later writers as Kaestner, Jacob Bernoulli, Fermat, and Pascal. No doubt many such points will be brought out in a work on the history of arithmetic during the Renaissance, which Professor Smith has now in preparation.

Wilhelm Ostwald reiterates in the introduction to his new work, "Die Entwicklung der Elektrochemie" (Leipzig: J. A. Barth), his theory that "the history of the sciences offers the best and most authoritative material for the study of law in the evolution of mankind." The history of science, as Professor Ostwald sees it, is not merely history for history's sake, but a new method of study, a new way of getting at the results of research. The nineteenth century was too full of creative work in the various fields of science to give historical studies their full play. The new century, on the other hand, though it has achieved already some very remarkable results in the way of positive additions to our knowledge of the forces of nature, will offer a larger field for historical studies, for the reason that the practical value of such studies will be more clearly demonstrated. The author deprecates the idea that pure science can have no connection with life. The great investigators, he says, "were almost without exception in their younger days passionately enthusiastic over some concrete, practical aim, and it was in the course of the further and higher development of these problems (which indeed followed rapidly one upon the other) that they themselves attained a wider and higher point of view. The tree of knowledge raises its crown high in the ether of pure science, but it is rooted in the firm ground of human needs and activities." Electrochemistry is particularly adapted to the subject of historical study in this sense. Its history is not yet more than a century old, and it has received a powerful impetus from men still living. Its documents are all easily available, and require no special linguistic or diplomatic criticism in order to be unearthed and interpreted. Furthermore, its technical importance is evenly balanced with its scientific. In an interesting paragraph the author sets up against each other the great books, works of men of genius, and the text-book writers who usually are men of moderate stature. We find, he says, so much in the original works of the great scientists that has not become part and parcel of the text-book literature. The selective work of the text-book writer is the result of his deliberate judgment, and the mere fact that he has profited by the advance of science does not necessarily give him the requisite critical faculty. He acts as a sieve which retains the wheat but lets the gold sand slip out.

"La Vie du language" (A. Colin, 310 pages, 3.50 francs), by Albert Dauzat, reasons very readably about the various evolutions of sounds and words, the psychological and social phenomena with which they are connected, and their literary influences. The book goes from phonetics, Greek and Roman formations, the "noble" style, to popular reactions. One of the latest of these was the Parisian common people's effort to pronounce Wilbur Wright, resulting in "vilburétt" which they promptly turned to "vieille burette" (old oil-feeder).

The Janssen gold medal has been awarded by the Académie des Sciences to W. W. Campbell, director of the Lick Observatory, in California. The Prix Boudin, of 3,000 francs, goes to I. G. Chauveaud, for the "Etudes sur les tissus des plantes vasculaires"; the Prix Hébert to Professor Barbillon of Grenoble, for his works on electricity; and the Prix Lalande to Messrs. Cowell and Crommelin for their work on Halley's comet.

Drama and Music.

"Glass Houses" is the title finally chosen for the adaptation of the "Connais-toi" of Paul Hervieu, made by Kenneth Barnes, and recently produced in the London Globe Theatre with a fair measure of success.

Robert Arthur's revival of the Robertsonian Comedies at the London Coronet Theatre has begun, apparently very successfully. The first piece, "M. P.," had a most cordial reception and seems to have been well acted.

Cyril Maude, the well-known English comedian, is to try his hand at Rip Van Winkle. He is a player of intelligence, humor, and delicacy, and therefore has some obvious qualifications for the undertaking. An entirely new stage version of Irving's tale will be made for him—by Austin Strong—in which special stress will be laid upon the preternatural scenes in the Catskills. There certainly ought to be no difficulty in making a better play than the bit of dramatic patchwork employed by Jefferson, but Jefferson's Rip himself was a creation which is not likely to be equalled, let alone improved upon.

Lewis Waller will make his first appearance here in September in "Henry V." His impersonation of that gallant monarch is said to be full of nobility and eloquence. Old playgoers will remember the popularity which George Rignold won in the part thirty-five years ago. Richard Mansfield, an actor of higher degree, was far less successful in it. Mr. Waller will bring several other plays with him.

The revival of Henry Arthur Jones's comedy, "The Case of Rebellious Susan," at the London Criterion Theatre seems to have been a decided success. Sir Charles Wyndham is once more seen at his best as Sir Richard Kato, Mr. Bishop is as richly humorous as ever as the old Admiral, while Miss Mary Moore resumes her old part of Lady Susan Harrabin with all the old effect.

Owing to the demand from many parts of Great Britain, the colonies, and America, from persons who were unable to witness the annual Shakespeare birthday celebrations, it has been decided to hold a summer festival at Stratford-upon-Avon of three weeks from July 25 to August 13. Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Benson and their Shakespearean company will present many of the plays of Shakespeare, several being given in the open air. "The Piper," the prize play by Josephine Preston Peabody, will be produced on Wednesday, July 27, its original production having been postponed owing to the death of King Edward. Miss Marion Terry has been engaged for the part of Veronika. The festival programme will also include concerts—arranged by Mr. and Mrs. Albert Mallinson—Morris dances, country dances, folk songs, and old English games.

The Irish Abbey Theatre Company has been drawing good audiences and attracting much favorable critical attention at the London Court Theatre, but some of their pieces are puzzling even to the most ardent admirers. They show a tendency to drift toward the merely extravagant or grotesque—a common weakness of such organizations. In their plays of peasant life they are almost always delightful, but in their more ambitious efforts they are less happy. The scene of one of their latest productions—"The Glittering Gate," by Lord Dunsany—is laid in hell, whence two burglars, one killed during a robbery and the other hanged, break into heaven; only to find it empty space. Another play, "Harvest," by S. L. Robinson, purporting to be a study of the effects of a bad system of education upon a particular family, seems to be too extravagant, depressing, and illogical, to be valuable either as entertainment or suggestion. "The Eloquent Dempsey," by William Boyle, a study of modern municipal politics, in which the hero strives to be all things to all men and is finally repudiated by everybody, is described as an amusing piece, full of native humor, but somewhat deficient in variety and action. "The Image," a three-act comedy, by Lady

Gregory, relates to the determination of a group of village gossips to devote certain money to be raised by the sale of two whales, to the erection of an image. While they are debating the matter, one whale is appropriated by rivals, and the other washed away. The plot is the thinnest thing in the world, but the characterization is said to be admirable.

The French minister of public instruction and of fine arts has submitted to the President of the republic for signature a decree by virtue of which the "reading committee" of the Comédie Française, which was abolished in 1901, is to be re-established. For the last nine years the power of accepting or rejecting new plays has been vested in the director of the theatre. The committee is to consist of ten regular members and two deputy members, who will consider new plays under the presidency of the director. The ten regular members are to comprise the six members of the managing committee of the theatre, together with two *sociétaires* elected by the general body of their fellows, and the two senior female members of the society. It is provided that at least seven members, in addition to the president, must be present at meetings of the committee. New plays are to be read either by the author himself or by his representative, or by a member of the committee in the presence of the author, if he desires to attend. The committee will express its views by ballot, and the president will have a casting vote. The abolition of the reading committee constituted one of the grievances which M. le Bargy alleged as a reason for his resignation from the Comédie Française.

"Le Drame en France au XVIIIe siècle" (A. Colin, 600 pages, 12 plates, 10 francs), by F. Gaiffe, *docteur ès lettres*, is a very complete study of an important subject in the history of French literature. It begins from the decadence and transformation of tragedy and comedy in the eighteenth century; the influence of foreign literatures, and the social origins of the "Drame"—a new *genre* created by the philosophic party to soften and moralize *bourgeoisie* and people by presenting to them touching scenes from their own adventures. The second part takes up in chronological order the history of this dramatic *genre*, from the "Fils naturel" (1757) and Diderot as leader of a school to the transformation of the Comédie Italienne and the proclamation of the liberty of theatres in 1791. The third part studies the matter of the "Drame"—its philosophic and moral ideas; characters, portrayal of sentiment, sensibility (that eighteenth century discovery); its scenes of contemporary society, historical truth, and local color. The fourth and last part deals with the form of the "Drame"—its classic rules, romance, and mingled tones; the verse, language, and style; the representation, declamation, pantomime, costumes, and stage decoration, and a summing up of its influence on melodrama which sprang from it, and its success in foreign countries; its connection with romantic drama and modern comedy, and four complete indexes.

William R. Chapman announces that the next Maine Music Festival will open in Bangor on October 6 and close at Portland six days later. The list of soloists includes Alma Gluck, Marie Rappold, Estelle Harriss, Mary Desmond, Pearl Benedict, Luigi Samolli, besides Cecil Fanning who sang also at last year's festival. The programmes will be made up largely of excerpts from operas—"Lohengrin," "Samson and Dalila," "Carmen," "Mefistofele," "Queen of Sheba."

Italy's leading opera house, the Scala of Milan, kept its doors open the past season considerably longer than usual. Formerly the season always ended with the carnival; this time it extended even beyond Easter day, the object being to reduce the deficit, which in the previous operatic year had been 270,000 francs. This sum was reduced to 100,000 francs by the extra spring performances. The outlook for the future is encouraging, as the city fathers have voted to increase their annual contribution from 60,000 francs to 150,000, for a period of eight years. The chief difficulty is the scarcity of singers, as the best continue to migrate to North and South America, where salaries are high. First-class conductors also are becoming scarce, the music-lovers of Milan mourn the loss of Vitali, who has gone to Buenos Ayres. The number of performances given during the past season at the Scala was seventy-two. Only eight operas were included in the repertory. "La Damnation de Faust" led with 15 representations, followed by "Sonnambula" with 13, "Walküre" 12, "Medea" 11, "Samson and Dalila" 8, "L'Africaine" 8, "Rhea" 3. Two performances were also given of "Margarete," a new opera by Alfred Brüggemann, whose music suggests, it is said, the influence of Puccini, Strauss, and Debussy.

Art.

A Catalogue Raisonné of the Works of the Most Eminent Dutch, Flemish, and French Painters, Etc. By John Smith. Eight volumes and supplement: A textual reprint of the original edition, imported by E. P. Dutton & Co. $25 net.

In the year 1839, John Smith, picture dealer of London, published tentatively with one of the longest title-pages on record the first volume of this remarkable catalogue. Its usefulness was apparent, and volume succeeded volume until the series was concluded by a supplement, in 1842. His aim was to include only important artists and paintings of a certain consequence. His taste was that of his time. Systematically he disregarded all Dutch painters before Rembrandt, and all Flemish painters before Rubens. Of the French school only three French masters seemed worthy of record, Poussin, Claude, and Greuze. Within his chosen limits his diligence was extraordinary. He consulted thoroughly the sales catalogues of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, thus catching many pictures before the dispersion of the old galleries. He travelled much, and watched closely the greatest picture market of the world, London. So faithful was his search that even now, after seventy years, of the artists whom he treats only one work out of five, on a rough average, escaped his notice.

We have said his taste was limited. Frans Hals did not seem an artist important enough to be fully listed. Vermeer of Delft makes a bare appearance as an imitator of De Hooghe and as a painter of street scenes. Several of the signed works of this incomparable artist are set down to the mediocre Eglon van der Neer. To do Smith justice, Vermeer impressed him; considering the scarcity of works by this painter, he writes: "It is quite inexplicable how he attained the excellence many of them exhibit." Yes, Smith's taste was pretty restricted, but a narrow taste may be remarkable within its range. Smith's was that. His observations on the quality of the Dutch little masters are as keen as they are unpretentious. It would be an interesting exercise to note the many instances in which he has anticipated the criticisms of Taine and Fromentin. He was not merely an excellent connoisseur, but an enthusiast; and it still is a comforting thing to dealer or collector to be able to identify a favorite picture as "Smith, No. —," and to quote a word of praise. He came upon the end of an exclusive enthusiasm. Before his catalogue was finished a little book, called "Modern Painters," by a "Graduate of Oxford," had, though no one knew it, announced a new period of taste. Still, the half-gods with whom Smith chiefly dealt survived the coming of the primitive gods, and his work is still valuable enough amply to justify this handsome reprint. Not that the catalogue is ideal. Smith himself frankly admitted its limitations. Frequently, the measurements are only approximate. Sometimes the ambiguous "right" and "left," that bugbear of cataloguers, makes trouble. Signatures are neither facsimiled nor located on the pictures. But with all its faults it remains the completest census we have of a national school.

The reissuing of a standard work of reference of this sort is always something of a poser for a publisher. He is under pressure to revise it and bring it up to date. Unquestionably, if a connoisseur of, say, Dr. Bode's competence would give us a revised and enlarged Smith, tracing the fates of the pictures, and adding the works and the artists that were omitted—such a catalogue would be invaluable. On the other hand, such a revision could be undertaken with more confidence twenty years from now, on the basis of monographs on the single artists. Within the short memory of the reviewer at least ten unlisted pictures by Frans Hals have been published. Evidently, the situation as regards the painting of the Low Countries is still fluid, and no list made now could pretend to definitive character.

Accordingly, the publishers, avoiding the temptation of partial revision, which is generally worse than none, have simply reprinted textually the original catalogue, bringing it into the more convenient form of nine volumes, and adding, beside the original engraved illustrations, an excellent photogravure for nearly every artist mentioned. It is a minor defect that the location of these paintings is not given. Most of them, however, are in famous galleries and readily recognizable by those interested. Since the original edition is both scarce and dear, this seemly reprint, with its white labelled backs, is very welcome. These extra tall octavos would lend themselves to the purposes of the extra-illustrator, and, in fact, the serious student of the painting of the Low Countries could probably take no better course than to make this catalogue the basis of an album.

A committee, headed by Lawrence Alma Tadema, asks subscriptions to a memorial fund with which to purchase from the executors works of the late John M. Swan, for presentation to the British people, through the National Art Collections. The committee wishes to place several examples of Mr. Swan's drawings or paintings of animal life in the British Museum, the Tate Gallery, and perhaps elsewhere. Subscriptions will be gratefully received by J. C. J. Drucker, No. 24 Grosvenor Street, London, W.

"Sir J. E. Millais, P.R.A.," by J. Eadie Reid, is the latest addition to the "Makers of British Art" (Scribner importation). It is conceived in a mood of excessive and unmodulated enthusiasm and is commonplace in style. The method is annalistic with one or two semi-critical chapters to top off with. If one wants pretty much all the facts about this eminently British master, here they are. Mr. Reid, as a brother painter, holds firmly to the faith that Millais's development was perfectly normal and temperamental. There is no question of a great refusal of Pre-Rapbaelite faith, or of recreancy. Here the fellow worker sees more clearly than most critics. The Pre-Raphaellte gospeller Holman Hunt caught Millais at a young and impressionable age. Millais succumbed, as at seventeen a sympathetic lad will to any stronger nature. It was mere luck that he trooped with the Pre-Raphaelites. But for this fortuitous enthusiasm he would have placidly started in to be the continuer of Sir Thomas Lawrence in portraiture, of Stothard in illustration. When he came to man's estate he shook off a false entanglement and followed his star. Possibly he had gained something by the minute naturalism of his apprenticeship, but we think not much. His gift lay elsewhere, and was of an essentially insular sort. Outside of England his pictures look oddly insignificant. With the technical facility of the eighteenth century masters he united a peculiarly Victorian sentiment, fresh, unsophisticated, and without distinction. Essential seriousness was denied him at all times. His juvenile pictures are his best, simply because his kind of nature is chastened by the requirement of an elaborate and painstaking make-believe. Masquerade is often a dignifier. Millais could have been a better Baron Leys had he chosen to take the pains. His elaborate confections are always engaging after the friendly fashion of Leigh Hunt's "Francesca da Rimini" or Tennyson's "Princess." But the root of self-discipline was rarely in the man, and he breaks the level surface of British pictorial achievement only in virtue of a technique which after all was not superlative. We think the future will value the few fine drawings he made for engraving longer than it will his pictures. As an illustrator of Tennyson and Trollope he was ideal. His line was singularly expressive, his method concise and austere. A discipline was forced upon him from without by the requirements of old-style wood-cutting. One almost regrets a prosperity that made this work exceptional. As a man he is a very amiable and characteristic figure. He represents that facile sympathy and quick response to obvious sentiment which England gladly accepts as an equivalent for artistic inspiration. He was the common man's ideal of a great artist, and his gift was specific enough to content the critics, large enough in fact to suggest that had any capacity for self-criticism been granted him he might indeed have become a great painter. The present volume gives many details as to date, ownership, and even prices of his pictures, and is illustrated with twenty-one cuts.

Finance.

THE AUTUMN MONEY MARKET.

No one who reads, marks, and inwardly digests the New York bank statement can fail to discover what the matter is with the financial situation in the United States. It is doubtless comforting to be told that last week the surplus reserve of the New York banks was materially larger than for any corresponding period in ten years, with two exceptions. But there is a fly in the ointment, for these exceptions were 1904 and 1908. The first half of 1904 and the whole of 1908 were periods of hard times when money piled up in the banks for want of confidence. Obviously 1910 is not without resemblance to two and six years ago.

But even more interesting as an object of study than the surplus reserve is the variation in the total amount of specie and legal tenders held by the banks—that is, in the amount of lawful reserve money. At the close of business last Saturday, the New York Clearing House Banks held in round numbers $327,500,000 of gold, or its equivalent, as against $382,200,000 on June 19, 1909. That is, they had something like $54,700,000 less money for reserve purposes than twelve months earlier, and, as a consequence, they had almost $220,000,000 less deposits. Other things being equal, this would imply that they had reduced their outstanding loans by virtually $220,000,000 also. But, as a matter of fact, they cut them down by only about $147,000,000. Obviously their loan item has in the first half of 1910 eaten much more heavily than usual into their capital and surplus.

The loss of $54,700,000 gold in the past year is easily accounted for—the metal has gone abroad. On the face of it, this is not a light matter. In the first place, there is no evidence that the country has derived any general benefit from buying more than it sold abroad; for that is what the movement amounts to, virtually none of this $54,000,000 being sent out for the purpose of bringing back interest. A large part of it, no doubt, represents unproductive expenditure. The long and short of the matter is that our manner of life has been such during the past year as to cut into our principal, and we have had to borrow of Europe, in order not to sell our assets for what they would bring. Of late months, Europe has wished to see some of her money, and we have had to liquidate, in order to satisfy her.

The result is that we are not to-day in the best condition to take care of this year's crops. But, of course, the crops must be harvested and marketed, and money must be found somewhere for these purposes. There seem to be but two sources—further liquidation at home or renewed borrowing abroad, or both. Each of these contingencies is sufficiently near at hand to merit careful consideration. Seldom have the banks of this country been to a greater extent "loaned up" than during the last twelve months. Capital has lost a large measure of its fluidity and acquired a fixed character. Several months ago, the Eastern banks saw the necessity of getting it once more into a state of flux, and more recently the Western banks have set themselves to the same task. This is always, however, a thankless effort. So far, the result has been a heavy liquidation in securities and a pretty general and pronounced recession in commodity prices. Unless money can be borrowed in unusually large amounts abroad, this process must go on, for there is certainly not enough floating capital in the United States to-day to take care of this year's crops and finance

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Financial.

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general business on a liberal scale; were it not for the fact that the demand for money from merchants and manufacturers is abnormally light, it is quite conceivable that we might now be confronted with a really acute situation.

Two contingencies are at present receiving a good deal of consideration—a collapse in the Western land speculation and a wholesale unloading of surplus stocks by agriculturists. The amount of capital tied up in land at enhanced prices and in products of the soil that are being held for higher quotations than are now current, is believed to be altogether larger than can be spared at this time from the industrial operations of the nation.

But this aspect of the situation cannot be treated apart from the question of Europe's attitude toward us. Will she have the money to finance us in case of need this autumn? And what is equally important, will she have the inclination? It is fairly safe to answer the first question in the affirmative. The exceptionally large proportion of reserve to liability which the Bank of England has shown of late weeks, when taken in connection with the Bank's extensive holdings of bullion, is auspicious for us. The indications at the moment point to an unusually comfortable state of affairs in the European money market during the balance of the year. Several months ago Paul Leroy-Beaulieu declared in *L'Economiste Français* that Western Europe was in danger of being burdened with an excessive amount of capital, for which it would be impossible to find employment at home. He looked the world over pretty carefully to discover outlets, and reached the conviction that the only thing that could prevent a drop in the return on capital similar to that of the closing years of the nineteenth century was a strong demand for money from America, or from national governments in pursuance of large financial schemes. For some weeks after M. Leroy-Beaulieu ventured this prediction, the international money market seemed bent on giving the lie to him. If, however, he had then any justification for saying what he did, he has perhaps even more justification for such a prophecy to-day. America will no doubt need money badly enough three months from now; but there is more than a little ground for the hope that she will be able to get an adequate supply in Europe at a price which she can afford to pay.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Butler, E. P. The Water Goats, and Other Troubles. Doubleday, Page.
Butler, S. Unconscious Memory. New and revised edition. Intro. by M. Hartog. London: Fifield.
Cervantes' Fregona. Edited, with notes, by F. A. Kirkpatriek. Putnam. $1 net.
Colonial Society of Massachusetts publications. Vols. IV and XI. Boston.
Crispe, T. E. Reminiseences of a K. C. Boston: Little, Brown. $3.50 net.
Curtis, E. L., and Madson, A. A. Chronicles. International Critical Commentary Series. Scribner. $3 net.
"Dr. Coggs." Teddy in Darkest Africa, or, the Daring Exploits of Bwana-Tumbo. Privately printed.
Eastman, C. Work—Aeeidents and the Law. Charities Publishing Company. $1.50 net.
Everyman's Library. 53 new volumes. Dutton. 35 cents net each.
Facsimile Queen Alexandra's message, engraved. London: Raphael Tuck & Sons.
Feldman, E. Intermarriage Historically Considered.
Formby, J. The American Civil War; Maps. 2 vols. Scribner.
Frazer, J. G. Totemism and Exogamy. A Treatise on Certain Early Forms of Superstition and Soeicty. 4 vols. Macmillan. $16 net.
Galsworthy, J. A Motley. Scribner. $1.20 net.
Hill, J. J. Highways of Progress. Doubleday, Page. $1.50 net.
Hughes, C. E. A Book of the Black Forest Dutton. $3 net.
King, L. W. A History of Sumer and Akkad. Stokes.
Lyle, E. P., jr. Blaze Derringer. Doubleday, Page. $1.20.
Maeewen, H. A. Food Inspection. Van Nostrand. $2.50 net.
Macnamara, N. C. The Evolution and Function of Living Purposive Matter. D. Appleton.
Martinez, J. Método práctico para aprender á eseribir por el tacto. Underwood Typewriter Co.
Oakenfull, J. C. Brazil in 1910. Second edition. Commission for Economic Expansion of Brazil.
Paul, N. B. Parliamentary Law. Century Co. 75 eents.
Reid, G. A. The Laws of Heredity. Maemillan. $5.50 net.
Rings, F. Reinforced Concrete. Van Nostrand. $2.50 net.
Saintsbury, G. A History of English Prosody. Vol. III. Macmillan. $3.75 net.
Sanday, W. Christologies Ancient and Modern. Frowde.
Sehwarz, E. H. L. Causal Geology. Van Nostrand. $2.50 net.
Skinner, J. Genesis. International Critical Commentary Series. Scribner. $3 net.
Stacpoo e, H. de V. Fanny Lambert: a Novel. Fenno & Co. $1.50.
Stopes, M. C. Ancient Plants. Van Nostrand. $2 net.
Usher, R. G. The Reconstruetion of the English Church. 2 vols. D. Appleton. $6 net.
Weigall, A. E. P. A Guide to the Antiquities of Upper Egypt. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
Wisdom of the Apoerypha. Wisdom of the East Series. Dutton. 60 cents net.

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The Nation is published and owned by the New York Evening Post Co. Oswald Garrison Villard, President; William J. Pattison, Treasurer; Paul Elmer More, Editor.

Three dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada $3.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union $4.00.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 30, 1910.

The Week.

Fifty years ago there was held at the old Front Street Theatre in Baltimore a session of a party convention that made world history. The Democratic National Convention at Charleston, which had failed to nominate a candidate for President, and which was already plainly facing the prospect of a rupture in the party that would mean a rupture of the Union itself, had adjourned to meet again at Baltimore on June 18. But—as had been expected by all who looked the gravity of the crisis in the face—conciliation proved impossible, and on the fifth day of the convention the Southern members walked out and held a meeting in another hall. The regulars nominated Douglas, the seceders Breckenridge, and the die was cast which resulted in making the "irrepressible conflict" a bloody reality. The great party insurgencies of those thrilling times make present-day struggles over postal savings banks, or the details of railway-rate regulation, seem tame and innocuous. But each age has its own problems and conflicts, and there may be enough perilous matter underlying our economic tussles to develop all the stature of heroic conflict in the fulness of time. Meanwhile, we can afford to smile at some of our own excitements when we contrast them with the events of fifty years ago.

It will not do to take the endorsement of Gov. Harmon for the Presidency, by the Ohio Democrats, as merely a good-natured and unmeaning bringing forward of a "favorite son." There can be no doubt that the Ohio Governor stands as the most promising Presidential candidate of his party now in sight. His firm and clear attitude on the tariff, his vigor and honesty and skill as an administrator, his success in running down rascals and making political corruption in Ohio unsafe as well as odious, mark him as a man to be reckoned with. In presenting him before the country the Ohio Democrats called special attention to his own phrase, "guilt is personal." These were the words he used when, as special counsel appointed by President Roosevelt, he urged a legal process against Secretary Morton of Roosevelt's own Cabinet. It will be remembered that the delicate Roosevelt would not permit such rough methods to be used against a friend. As he is said to have expressed it, he "would not throw Paul Morton to the wolves." But it is certain that Gov. Harmon's rugged honesty and directness on that occasion would be recalled to his credit if he were to be the nominee of the Democrats two years from now. The immediate question is that of his reëlection as Governor; but national questions certainly will be injected.

That it took a blind senator to discover corruption in a pending bill, is not wholly to the credit of the senators with normal vision. Yet the charges made by Senator Gore were too specific to be ignored. The evidence that interested parties were trying to get scandalous and fraudulent contracts of theirs with the Indians of Oklahoma validated by Congress, and that they used, or offered to use, bribery in order to compass their ends, was too strong for Congress to disregard. It was a good thing to order a thorough investigation of Senator Gore's detailed allegations. Stealing money from Indians is a shade worse than robbing children. Children have parents to look after them, but the Indians have no one—unless they can find real guardians in the government whose wards they are. It is for Congress not merely to clear its own skirts by dealing rigorously with the members implicated, but also to show that the defenceless Indians need not appeal in vain for their rights.

A voluminous report has been made by the Senate committee on the increased cost of living, of which Senator Lodge is chairman. The full document is not yet available, but a somewhat comprehensive summary has been given in the press dispatches. There is to be a minority report later on, made by the Democratic members of the committee, who are not content with the conclusions drawn by the majority members from the figures. To pass judgment on the report upon the basis of the summaries given in the press dispatches, would be rash. One statement, for example, that appears in the epitome given in many papers is on its face absurd. Speaking of wholesale prices of food-products, it says:

> A comparison of meat prices in the United Kingdom and the United States shows that bacon in 1900 was 73.4 per cent. higher in the United Kingdom than in the United States, and that in 1909 it was 31.5 per cent. higher in the United Kingdom than in the United States. About the same ratio existed in comparing beef, mutton, wheat, and corn.

The members of the committee may not be great economists, but they can scarcely have made just this statement. Certainly, the price of wheat and corn, and the wholesale price of beef and other refrigerator meats, cannot have been, either in 1900 or in 1909, higher by more than the merest trifle in the United Kingdom than in the United States; though it is possible for the English price to be somewhat *lower* than the American price, owing to our tariff.

In the main, however, the report is doubtless sufficiently represented by newspaper accounts. As might have been expected, the influence of the tariff in the matter is wholly denied; but it is surprising that so extremely subordinate a place should be given to the increased production of gold as a cause of the high prices. This latter circumstance must be accepted as in some degree an evidence of good faith; some persons of muck-raking proclivities, it may be remembered, have been seeing in the propagation of the doctrine that gold production is the main cause of the high prices a deep conspiracy on the part of the Trusts and the tariff-protected interests. Had we entertained these dark suspicions, we should now be ready to make a humble apology, and accept the Lodge report as a complete exculpation. But since that is not the case, we are constrained only to remark that, however complete may be the *bona fides* of the committee in this matter, we have no reason to believe that their judgment on the subject of the influence of gold-production upon prices is entitled to a particle of weight. If the full report should contain matter calculated to alter this estimate of their authority in such a matter, we shall be glad to acknowledge the fact.

Now it is the ultimate government ownership of ships that Mr. Bryan advocates. In an article contributed by him to the July *American Exporter*, he argues against subsidies, but takes the view that, inasmuch as it is essential to do something to restore the American commercial marine, the government should go into the business. "Government ships," he writes, "would help our trade." "Our Government can own a few transports and use them in time of peace to develop trade. They could be leased to carriers on conditions which would enable the Government to train seamen. . . . and the policy could be stopped any time if found unprofitable." Nothing could better illustrate the happy-go-lucky nature of Mr. Bryan's mind and statesmanship. Here is a subject upon which it is evident that he has thought little, yet he throws out a large and revolutionary suggestion with the cheerful air of a man for whom such things as details do not exist, though in such a matter the details are everything. But none of these things troubles Mr. Bryan. In his finest happy-thought manner, he advises us to embark lightheartedly upon the great venture, and then if we find that it does not prosper, to abandon it with equal light-heartedness. And yet people complain that there is a dearth of Democratic leaders!

There are encouraging signs that the agitation against technical absurdities and unnecessary delay in our courts of justice is having its effect. In Chicago, recently, the court made short work of a contention in the Lorimer case, which virtually amounted almost to a plea that under the laws of Illinois bribery is not a crime. This did much to discourage the worst type of modern defence—that built entirely on technicalities and not at all on a real denial of the crime. In Oregon, a circuit judge has taken the Kiernan case, which was clouded with fictitious issues by a score of pettifogging lawyers, and disposed of it in an hour and a half. Now comes a case in Kansas which exhibits true Western audacity. A Kansas statute defining embezzlement had been printed with the word "State" spelled "estate." A lower court held that, as the word "State" was not in the statute, embezzlement by a State officer was not a crime. But the Supreme Court of Kansas held that the illiteracy of the typesetter should not prevail over the morality and common sense of the whole people, and that the manifest intent of the statute should be adhered to. The law is common sense. This is a sound ideal of justice, but one with too little of the refinements of quibbling to suit many of our courts.

The bribery trial at Chicago in connection with the Lorimer case has also brought out into striking relief that other curse of our judicial system—the abuse of the right of appeal. It has been made manifest that counsel for State Representative Lee O'Neill Browne, charged with giving $1,000 for a Lorimer vote in the Legislature, have not done all they could to secure a favorable verdict for their client. The reason appears in the position taken by Browne's principal lawyer, who "has insisted from the beginning that he is not concerned materially over the outcome in the criminal court, as he has made out a legal case for his client to stand on in a higher court." Here is as frank and as outrageous an affirmation as we can recall of a lawyer's intention to take advantage of the technicalities which may win him his case in a higher court without regard to the essential merits of the question. According to this view, which regards conviction or acquittal in a lower court with indifference, the jury system is reduced to absurdity. For if the higher court may be confidently counted upon to undo what the lower court has decided, it is obvious that the calling in of twelve good men and true to pass on the guilt or innocence of the accused is only a survival that has long lost its meaning. And not only the jury, but the lower court itself, stands forth as an expensive rudimentary organ in our system of judicial procedure.

The news of the unqualified acquittal of Chief Kohler, and his reinstatement as Chief of Police of Cleveland, will be received with sincere pleasure throughout the country. There was abundant reason to suspect from the beginning that the charges against him were the result of malicious fabrication, but it was a good thing to have them brought out into the open and disposed of by full legal inquiry. It appears, further—what was also fairly evident from the beginning—that the attack on Kohler was part of the reaction against the standards and methods of Tom Johnson's Mayoralty which set in with the election of the present Republican Mayor; and the vindication of Kohler is therefore matter for congratulation in its bearing on sound municipal government in Cleveland. But the wider interest in Mr. Kohler turns on his extraordinary initiative and efficiency in carrying out his special views of police administration. His work in this direction, whether open to criticism in some of its aspects or not, is worthy of study by municipal authorities everywhere.

The English playwright, Henry Arthur Jones, has lately been making remarks that deserve attention. He asserted, what is indeed matter of common knowledge, that there has been a marked "decline in the art of speaking blank verse on the English stage." Yet this is the very foundation of any tolerable school of Shakespearean acting. Mr. Jones recalled his own experience of Shakespearean productions during the last thirty years, and declared that the rule was to hear the great passages "merely mangled and mumbled." Too often a similar verdict would have to be passed upon the rendering of significant prose on the modern stage. The failure to grasp accent and pause in verse passes over into prose dialogue, and results in that entire displacement of emphasis and absence of articulate and expressive delivery which so frequently torture the ear of a sensitive theatregoer. Whether it be the "star" system or the disappearance of the repertory theatre or the extinction of stock companies that is chiefly at fault, the melancholy fact remains that an art which is based upon good speaking seems more and more to neglect it in ways that deserve worse reproaches than those addressed by Hamlet to the players.

The Chicago *Record-Herald* is excited over what it calls the "ridiculous honorary degrees," not because it thinks them out of place but because it finds them badly named. "Has not the time come for a little modernity and vitality in the system of honorary degrees itself?"

Miss Addams, the *Record-Herald* argues, is an author and public educator, but such a degree as, say, master or doctor of practical sociology and applied social science would mean much more in her case than that of master of arts. Here is Oberlin giving degrees of doctor of laws to the Wrights, pioneers among air conquerors. The Wrights

deserve all the honors that Oberlin can confer, but nothing can make them doctors of laws. They were repairers of bicycles a few years ago. Why should not a degree be established to apply to such inventors, mechanical geniuses, daring and resourceful experimenters, as they have shown themselves to be?

This is pretty heavy girding at nothing in particular. Once the degree is admittedly "honorary," what difference does it make what its two or three letters spell if behind them is simply the desire to confer generous recognition? In England, distinguished chemists, statesmen, brewers, soldiers, ship-builders, and poets, all end up as lords. In France they all become chevaliers or commanders of the Legion of Honor. Here we do the best we can with an M.A. or an LL.D. Master of Practical Sociology would be an attempt to define that indefinite thing we mean when we give Jane Addams a degree. It is all *causâ honoris*.

Among the more important laws enacted were those giving greater advantage to foreign mining interests; facilitating the colonization of public lands; validating foreign educational degrees conferred upon native students; improving the consular and diplomatic services; encouraging the construction of artesian wells throughout the country, and providing for the coinage of 18,000,000 bolivars in gold and silver.

What country can it be, the work of whose Legislature is thus recapitulated upon its adjournment? But for the word "bolivar" we should not look for it in South America at all; and even so, it must be outside that terrible Caribbean area in which revolutions and counter-revolutions are the only public events of interest, unless it be the robbery of the people by the government for the time being, and the imprisonment and execution of those not content with the process. But the date-line of the dispatch from which we have quoted is Caracas, Venezuela, June 27; and the body that has been occupying itself with these peaceful and apparently virtuous measures is the Venezuelan Congress. Castro's country was unquestionably for years a horrible example of the depths to which South American misrule and violence were capable of descending; and yet it now seems that it was a wise thing to let Venezuela live and work out a better state of things, rather than gobble her up and make her an everlasting problem.

In a letter to the London *Economist* Lord Eversley—better known as George John Shaw-Lefevre, long one of the leading public men of England—subjects the increase of naval expenditure to a searching criticism. The cost of the navy for the current fiscal year, 1910-11, will exceed that for the preceding year by about $28,000,000, and that for the year 1908-9 by about $38,000,000, the total naval appropriation in the present budget being nearly $200,000,000. This is four times the amount annually expended during the decade 1870-80, and double the amount of the expenditure during the years 1880-1890. But Lord Eversley falls foul not only of this enormous increase taken as a whole, but of certain of the particular applications of the money. He points out that the big spurt made by Germany in naval construction has been largely provided for out of borrowed money, with the object of making up for past deficiencies, and that after 1912 the annual increase of the German navy will shrink to modest proportions, while the British programme is based on the idea that Germany is to keep up the present pace. Again, if enormous increase in the construction of new ships is justified on the ground that existing ships are becoming obsolete, Lord Eversley asks why the old vessels are not put out of commission, thus reducing the expense of upkeep and personnel. Indeed, it is in the vast cost of the personnel of the navy that he finds perhaps the greatest grievance; the number of men in the navy is now 132,000, a great force maintained at the cost of the nation and withdrawn from industrial work. The programme for future years is kept a secret; a new policy by which, says Lord Eversley, "the only persons hoodwinked are the taxpayers of this country, for foreign governments have no difficulty in getting underhand information;" but it is certain that 1911-12 will make a large advance over the swollen figures of 1910-11, the prospective increase in the appropriations on account of the building of Dreadnoughts already undertaken being, in itself, at least $13,000,000.

Announcement of a new treaty between Korea and Japan tends primarily to raise the wonder that Korea should still have anything to give away by treaty, or Japan should still have anything to take. The latest convention confides to Japan the entire Korean police administration. A unified police system is to be created under the authority of a commander of gendarmes. This move would indicate that despite the lack of disturbing news from Korea recently, the grim work of "pacification" has by no means been brought to an end. It is one of the marvels of folk-psychology that a people so notoriously lacking in courage as the Koreans when it comes to open fighting at fair odds, should be so steadfast in carrying on a guerrilla warfare against their Japanese masters when the odds are so hopelessly against them. Japan's methods of maintaining peace and order in Korea are described in the handsomely printed and bound "Second Annual Report on Reforms and Progress in Korea," issued by the Japanese Resident-General's office at Seul. The basis of Japanese authority in the peninsula is the garrison army of a division and a half. A garrison gendarmerie force of some 2,200 Japanese and 4,000 Koreans, under the command of a major-general and charged with functions of "high and ordinary police," covers the country like a network.

The regular police force in Korea consisted in 1908 of 1,837 Japanese and 3,171 natives. Our report states that, in view of the "complicated" conditions existing in the country, a policeman in Korea is a good deal more than what the name ordinarily signifies. He sometimes acts as public bailiff "in the matter of distraining properties," and a police inspector or sergeant may serve as prosecuting officer in a district court where no such functionary exists. If in spite of garrison army, garrison gendarmerie, and police, aided by such modern devices as "political telephone-lines" designed for use against the Korean insurgents, the latter persist in holding the field, the conclusion is unescapable that their ranks are made up of others than brigands, pirates, and "forest robbers," as the report asserts. With characteristic Japanese precision, prominence is given to a detailed table of casualties in the campaign against the Korean insurgents. It shows that from July, 1907, to the end of 1908, the Japanese lost 179 soldiers, gendarmes, and policemen killed, and 277 wounded. Of the insurgents, 14,566 were killed, and 8,728 surrendered. The figures are eloquent testimony to Korean courage and resolution.

PERFORMANCE AND CREDIT.

Mr. Wade Ellis, chairman of the Republican Executive Committee of Ohio, is promptly out in an interview with the assertion that Congress has kept all the Administration's pledges, and that nothing remains but to count up the big majorities by which President Taft will be sustained in Ohio and everywhere else. This is a trifle premature. There can be no doubt, however, that the unexpectedly good record of the session has led to the revising of a great many political figures. Mr. Taft unquestionably came off with a much better showing of laws enacted than for a long time seemed possible. For this result his personal activity is conceded to have been largely responsible, and it cannot be denied that his prestige, both personal and political, is correspondingly heightened. They are not very delicate scales of justice in which the people roughly weigh such things; and as politics go, Mr. Taft will get most of the credit for what Congress did, just as he would have received most of the blame if it had failed to do anything. But those who strive to make a nicer estimate of performance and credit therefor must see that there is something to be done besides lumping the whole thing.

In the matter of the railway bill, for example, it has to be noted that the measure which finally passed bore very little resemblance to the bill which the Attorney-General kindly drafted for Congress. In the course of debate many of its clauses were entirely rejected, others radically made over, while several new provisions were inserted. Thus, if there were to be a strict apportionment of credit, a great deal would have to be set down to the account of the insurgent Senators, who, with the Democrats, really shaped the law in many of its main features. Nor should the exertions of the House insurgents be overlooked. They broke down the autocratic power of the Speaker's machine, and undoubtedly contributed in that way to the passage of the railway bill in a form much more satisfactory than we should otherwise have got. Moreover, they demonstrated that it is not necessary to have a little clique in absolute control of the House in order to "get things done." In praising, as he does to-day, the past session as one of the most fruitful in legislation that he has ever known, Speaker Cannon is tacitly giving the lie to his former protest that the destruction of his individual power would make it impossible for the Administration to get any laws passed at all.

In referring to these aspects of the case, we have not the slightest thought of taking from the President what is his due. The general opinion in these matters is likely to be pretty nearly right, and there can be no question that the general opinion about President Taft has changed very much during the past few weeks. Perhaps his fortunes were not actually at so low an ebb two months ago as most people thought, and possibly all is not so clear sailing for him now as his friends assert; but there is no dispute that he stands much better with the country, and that this is to be accounted for largely by his success in inducing Congress to enact so many of the bills he favored. In the language of his favorite sport, the President has made a fine "recovery," after slicing badly into the long grass, but it still remains to be seen how skilfully he will be able to approach the November green and hole out.

It is needless to go again over the list of bills which are displayed as so many Presidential trophies. To them was added in the dying hours of Congress a law to compel the publishing of election expenses. This, too, was a measure to which the President stood committed, and it was presumably owing to his urging that it was finally passed. It is a novelty in Federal legislation, but is in line with the most progressive State laws, and ought to prove a useful check upon inordinate or corrupt expenditure in national elections. To have been able to add this important act to the railway bill, a conservation bill, the postal-savings law, the Statehood bill, with several minor measures, certainly entitles the President to the felicitations which he is receiving.

At one point he confesses that his programme has failed. He has not been able to compass the economies in government which he strove for. The estimates vary as usual, but it seems certain that the total appropriations of the Congress will exceed those of the past fiscal year by from $10,000,000 to $40,000,000. If the President had vetoed the river and harbor bill, carrying more than $50,000,000, he would have turned the balance on the right side. And a veto would have been highly popular. It would have served also to deepen the impression of his political force and courage. He himself frankly says that at one time he thought it would be his duty to veto the bill, but careful consideration inclined his judgment the other way. He concluded that the meritorious and indispensable projects so far outweighed the doubtful or indefensible appropriations that the good ought not to be sacificed in defeating the evil. We have no doubt that Mr. Taft took pains to reach a judicial decision in this matter; and to stand by it may have required more courage than would have been demanded by a veto sure to be applauded. His determination to sign the bill, however, accentuates the bad practice of holding back such log-rolling measures till the final days of Congress, when there is no chance to reconsider them after a veto. If the President could have vetoed separate items, it is clear that many of those in the river and harbor bill would have fallen before his pen; and in reluctantly deciding to approve, Mr. Taft knew that he was fixing the charge of extravagance upon a Congress legislating in a time of Treasury deficits.

All this balancing of performance and credit is usually the preliminary to confident prophecies. In fact, sweeping predictions are made in the press: the President will be triumphantly vindicated at the polls; his eleventh-hour recovery will not avail to save him, and the Democrats will win a great victory in the autumn elections. The reader may make his choice according to taste and fancy. However, after a time of such political confusion as we have been going through, the wise man will be chary of prophecies. He will first demand a guarantee that present conditions will continue; and before deciding that the record of Congress will be sufficient to carry the Administration through, he will want to be assured that the voters are going to make that record the chief issue. They may possibly vote in resentment of high prices, which Congress did nothing to lower. All told, there never was a better time for prophets to hold their peace and to wait for that infallible wisdom which comes after the event.

PLAIN HONESTY INSPIRING.

Two public men have recently been subject to the same criticism. They do not closely resemble each other, whether in their personal traits or their political convictions, but the objection has been made to both alike that they are uninspiring. Of Gov. Harmon of Ohio it is admitted that he is upright and able, a hard worker, an enemy of rascality, a vigorous hunter down of corruptionists, but, it is added, there is nothing stirring or thrilling about him. A Westerner when asked what he thought of Harmon as a possible Democratic candidate for the Presidency, replied: "Oh, he's a good man, but archaic. He is not capable of uttering a note of spiritual summons." Our readers must know how often similar remarks have been made concerning President Taft. "Oh, yes, a solid and steady man, no doubt, but too easy-going and humdrum, no dash about him, no clarion appeal."

Now, we do not wish to write a word against enthusiasm in public life or brilliant leadership and magnetic personalities. These things are of the highest value, and at times they are absolutely indispensable. When mighty abuses are to be attacked and uprooted we are thankful enough if some man of native energy and audacity and infectious zeal comes along to get up an excitement and rouse the masses of the people and build up a great personal following and call forth the driving forces without which radical reforms cannot be carried to completion. But such political geniuses are rare. Their rarity is one proof of their genius. And the fact that we sometimes fall upon a period when there is a dearth of such men, or of the crises which call them into activity, is no excuse for shutting our eyes and hearts to the sturdy if less showy qualities of other men. It might be argued, in fact, that one of the evils which follow in the wake of a captivating and spectacular leader is that he spoils a certain number of men. They must always, after their experience with him, be set vibrating with emotion and be thrilled by spectacles of political daring, or they lose all interest and refuse to budge. If one good custom may corrupt the world, one public man all fire and dynamics may leave behind him a set of citizens with jaded but yearning sensibilities, who will not be satisfied until they again have a leader ready to drink up Esel and eat crocodiles.

It is, in a word, dangerous for the public palate to be fed so long on highly-spiced food that it rebels at good bread. Moreover, the very susceptibility to political emotion has, by the process, been narrowed in range. For our part we should think it a very bad sign if men like Harmon and Taft lost their peculiar appeal to Americans. Is there nothing to move us in the sight of a Governor pushing aside the selfish promptings of the bosses of his own party, little and big, and going straight on to do what he thinks right? Have we lost our power to respond to displays of downright honesty and independence? If we have, we had better look to the state of our own souls before complaining that men in public life have become very flat, stale, and unprofitable to us. We pity that man who did not feel his pulses quicken as he read the calm but determined reply of President Taft to the labor leaders. There was no firing of the Ephesian dome about it, but there was a quiet courage in it, and a manly note, that are really as thrilling as the sound of a trumpet.

We would also ask those who impatiently demand grand spiritual uplift and passionate appeals from their leaders, to note the fact that the great mass of government work is not theatrical, but plodding. It will not do for high officials to be always in a condition of lofty exaltation, seeing visions and warning the people and leading on the valiant host. There is an immense amount of humdrum labor which they must attend to; and what they need is not shouting and triumphant song, but the sober qualities of industry, thoroughness, sagacity, honesty as long as the day, and sincerity as transparent as light. We cannot be always storming breaches and slaying dragons; there are a thousand and one bills to be drafted and scrutinized, appointments to be made, scoundrels to be unearthed, public charities to be sweetened and made more efficient, leaks in the Treasury to be stopped, assaults on the public honor to be repelled—in short, a vast and complex work of administration to be done. And we maintain that the honest, the courageous, the indomitable man sticking to these thankless but necessary tasks is really as much of a hero there in the routine dust of his official duties, and is truly as inspiring a figure, as the other who charges the battlements and sets the crowd to huzzaing. We repeat that we are not averse to political excitements when there is fit occasion for them. The alarm-bell must be rung, as Burke said, and a clamor raised, when the house is on fire. But we should be ashamed to ask for glories every day, on pain of becoming indifferent, or to refuse our meed of admiration to the exhibition of the homely virtues which, after all, make up nine-tenths of what is important in our public life.

SERIOUS HUMORISTS.

Mark Twain's memory may suffer from a certain paradoxical habit we have fallen into when passing judgment on the illustrious dead. The habit consists in picking out for particular commendation in the man what one least expects. If the world thinks of him as a great humorist, the point to make is that at bottom he was really a philosopher. If his shafts struck at everybody and everything, the thing to say is that he liked best what he hit hardest. If one of his books sold five thousand copies, the attempt is made to base his future fame on the comparatively unknown book. The motive behind such reasoning is commendable enough. It is the desire not to judge superficially, the desire to get at the "real" man behind the mask which all of us, according to tradition, wear in life. It is a praiseworthy purpose, but, in the hands of the unskilled or the careless, a perilous one. And worse than either is the intellectual snob whose business it is constitutionally to disagree with the obvious. We make no attempt to classify the writer who has declared that Mark Twain, when he wrote "Innocents Abroad," was terribly in earnest; that he set out to satirize and was funny only because he could not help it. This represents the extreme of a tendency that is made manifest on every side, to turn Mark Twain into everything but what he was—a great compeller of laughter.

One gets dreadfully weary of such topsy-turvy criticism. There are times when one would like to believe that Napoleon will be remembered because he won Austerlitz and Marengo, and not because he divided up France into a vast number of small peasant holdings; that Lincoln was a great man because

he signed the Proclamation of Emancipation and wrote the Gettysburg address, and not because he kept his temper under criticism and in adversity. It is well to try to pierce behind the veil of Maya, but no amount of analysis can do away with the popularly accepted beliefs that mothers are primarily maternal, that actresses' talents lie in the direction of the stage, that joyful people laugh, and that people who make wry faces are either pessimists or dyspeptics. What use is there in trying to make a serious book out of the "Innocents Abroad," when we know well that the Mark Twain who wrote it was primarily a fun-maker? For ourselves, we confess that we have been unable to find any grave purpose in the "Jumping Frog of Calaveras." We recall the Hawaiian stranger whom Mark Twain kissed for his mother's sake before robbing him of his small change. We recall the horse he rode in Honolulu; it had many fine points, and our traveller hung his hat upon one of them. We recall that other horse behind which he went driving one Sunday with the lady of his choice; it was a milk-dealer's horse on week-days, and it persisted in travelling diagonally across the street and stopping before every gate. These adventures are easy to recall, but the hidden serious purpose within them remains hidden from us.

The serious element in Mark Twain the man and the writer, it would, of course, be futile to deny. His hatred of sham, his hatred of cruelty, his hatred of oppression, appear in the "Innocents Abroad," as they do in his "Connecticut Yankee" and in his bitter assaults on the Christian Scientists and the American missionaries in China of the Boxer days. But to say that Mark Twain was a great humorist because he was an intensely serious man is not true, whatever truth there may be in the formula that humorists are humorists because they are men of sorrow. We would reverse the formula. We would say that humorists are often sad because they are humorists, and that from much laughing the rebound must necessarily be towards much grief. If it is commonly asserted that the humorist laughs because of the incongruities of life, it is, nevertheless, just as safe to maintain that the man born to laughter will be driven by his instincts to search out incongruities. There was no fundamental pessimism in Mark Twain. As Mr. Howells brings out in his chapter of reminiscences in the last *Harper's*, Mr. Clemens had the soul of untamed boyishness. He was boyish in his exuberance of manner, in his taste for extraordinary clothes, and in his glee at earning a great deal of money:

> The postals [announcing his share of the daily profits from the "Gilded Age"] used to come about dinner-time, and Clemens would read them aloud to us in wild triumph. $150—$200—$300 were the gay figures which they bore, and which he flaunted in the air before he sat down at table, or rose from it to brandish, and then, flinging his napkin into his chair, walked up and down to exult in.

One thing there was in Mark Twain that was not apparently boyish or simple. Mr. Howells asserts positively that in his later years Twain believed neither in the Christian theology, in God, nor in immortality:

> All his expressions to me were of a courageous renunciation of any hope of living again, or elsewhere seeing those he had lost. He suffered terribly in their loss, and he was not fool enough to try ignoring his grief. He knew that for that there were but two medicines; that it would wear itself out with the years, and that meanwhile there was nothing for it but those respites in which the mourner forgets himself in slumber. I remember that in a black hour of my own when I was called down to see him, as he thought from sleep, he said, with an infinite, an exquisite compassion, "Oh, did I wake you, did I *wake* you?" Nothing more, but the look, the voice, were everything; and while I live they cannot pass from my sense.

Here at last we have the disillusion that is said to dwell in the innermost soul of the great humorist. But here, too, we seem to feel that the gray vision of the future was with him not a cause, but a result. When the buoyant soul sinks back upon itself it is apt to feel the riddle of life very keenly indeed.

THE CASE OF GEORGE MEEK.

George Meek had been eighteen years a bath-chair man at Eastbourne, England, had suffered from the uncertainties of his calling, contributed to the Socialist press, and nourished more ambitious plans of books on ethics and scientific progress, when, falling in with H. G. Wells, he was induced to write instead his autobiography. The book, "George Meek, Bath Chairman, by Himself" (Dutton) has no great literary merit; but it does tell a varied and pitiful story simply and with unsparing self-revelation. Mr. Wells insists that it is a genuine document, and an important one, and we are willing to take him at his word. For, after all, whether this particular Mr. Meek (and we confess that the very name bears the suspicion of a hoax) was ever born in the flesh, or is the creation of Mr. Wells's exuberant and self-complacent fancy, he has all the pungency of life and raises questions that are very real. Society must sooner or later answer the question, "What is to be done with our Meeks?"

It is easier to put such a question than to answer it. Candor will sometimes impose the acknowledgment that no answer can be found. Let us assume that Mr. Meek's miseries are, as Mr. Wells declares, highly typical, and ask what society could have done. First, plainly, we have to know Mr. Meek's vicissitudes. Under the lax bringing up of an indulgent grandfather, he passed a happy boyhood. Handicapped at the outset by defective sight, due apparently to his mother's ignorance and neglect, he had a desultory schooling, but learned no trade. As opportunity offered, he passed from employment to employment, always of a casual sort. He was by turns a helper in a Liberal club, a baker, a theatre dresser, before he settled down to piloting a roller chair. At intervals he got several kinds of religion, relapsing ultimately into a fatalistic agnosticism. Happening upon a couple of Socialist books, he became a Fabian. At the visionary task of blending the oil of Fabianism with the vinegar of Social Democracy, he worked with self-abnegating devotion. Idyllic intervals in an existence mostly distressful were an inconclusive love affair and a visit to American farmer-cousins where peace and plenty reigned. Marriage taxed his very slender earning capacity. He lived much in a squalor and amid neighbors singularly repugnant to a man whose tastes were essentially gentle, and on one occasion he was imprisoned for what, but for the fine name "contempt of court," was good old-fashioned inability to pay a debt. Through all his troubles he maintained a kindly and quizzical attitude towards life, consoled himself by much reading, and kept unquenched some tenuous spark of literary ambition. To complete the story, a well-to-do American uncle turned up opportunely, and the Meeks will henceforth have a surer support than the chair business or mere litera-

ture affords. The question, What shall we do with our Meeks? is thus academic, unless Mr. Wells is right that the instance is typical.

George Meek is the unskilled workman exposed to the hazards of casual employment. Yet he is both more and less than this. He has none of the stolidity that helps such unfortunates to bear their lot, nor any of the instinctive resourcefulness that blindly moves such laborers towards work. Being a superior person, in his measure an *intellectuel*, his lack of initiative is amazing; so is his lack of thrift. Mentally, he is an avowed vagabond and dilettante. Impelled by a desire for experience and a royal disregard for ways and means, speculative and devoid of practical ingenuity, he really belongs to a class that thrives only under parasitic conditions; is somewhat in the isolated and precarious position of a windflower to whom no foster-parent tree has been assigned. Temperament more than circumstances is responsible for his sorrows, and as successful dilettantism in every sphere implies a patron, the real solution of Mr. Meek's case has probably been found in the American uncle *ex machina*.

Unhappily, this remedy cannot be generally applied. Moreover, against the misfortunes of casual employment society can do something. Even a Socialistic régime probably could not have prevented Mr. Meek's father from choosing a worthless wife, but government as it is can help to insure to babies the use of good eyes, and by practical education may raise the general average of efficiency; it can improve the conditions of poor relief, and even the manners of prison warders. But it might as well be avowed that these things are palliatives, not remedies. They must be striven for without indulging millennial hopes. Even the fatherly Collective State could not reach those profounder dissonances between duty and temperament, ambition and capacity, which are of the essence of Mr. Meek's pale tragedy. Of course, there are those who cherish the dream that the Socialist State may play the veritable American uncle to all good fellows in distress. Even Mr. Wells, however, will admit that the question, Who shall pay? would in that case soon cry down the futile challenge, What shall we do with our Meeks?

POPE.

After all this, it is surely superfluous to answer the question that has once been asked, whether Pope was a poet? otherwise than by asking in return, if Pope be not a poet, where is poetry to be found? To circumscribe poetry by a definition will only show the narrowness of the definer, though a definition which shall exclude Pope will not easily be made.

When Dr. Johnson handed down that famous decision he had no means of foreseeing, and indeed would not have cared to see, the great romantic revival which was to ask a good many times whether Pope was a poet, and was to circumscribe poetry with innumerable definitions. Even so cautious and classical a critic as Matthew Arnold was reduced by his Wordsworthian fervor into saying that, "though they may write in verse, though they may in a certain sense be masters of the art of versification, Dryden and Pope are not classics of our poetry, they are classics of our prose." Probably the majority of readers of verse to-day, certainly the lagging "official critics," still talk of Pope in an off-hand way as a great writer, perhaps, but as at bottom scarcely a poet at all. Yet there are signs that the sounder taste of the present, grown a little weary of the old romantic presumptions, borrowed from Germany, is tending rather to rehabilitate the neo-classic school. A pleasant witness of this returning sanity may be found in the new life of Pope* by Miss Symonds, whose measured judgment shows by its very lack of originality—I mean nothing disparaging by the phrase—the new set of the tide.

I.

No doubt the character of the poet and the indecorous squabbles in which his life was passed have had something to do with the critical obloquy that has occasionally fallen upon him. If you wish to hear the worst of him—and it is pretty bad—you have only to read Professor Lounsbury's learned work, in which the quarrel between Pope and Theobald over the "Text of Shakespeare" is made the excuse for raking together half the scandalous doings of the little bard. Professor Lounsbury, as an eminent and honest scholar, may show just a touch of partiality for the able editor and poor poet against the slovenly editor and great poet, but, with the best of allowances, his exposition of Pope's treacheries and endless machinations leaves the would-be moralist a sorry figure to contemplate. Well, let us admit that in stooping to Truth, as he boasted, Pope showed rather a magnificent contempt for the prosaic precepts of that Goddess. As a claimant on eternity he was ready to treat the periods of passing time most cavalierly, antedating and post-dating his satirical thrusts quite as it suited him. All this can be admitted, yet much is left to be said on the other side. Wit was a recognized warfare in those days, and the honors went too often, no doubt, to the ablest and not to the most honorable; but the reverse is also true that dishonor has now overtaken Pope, not because he was more treacherous than his rivals, but because he was cleverer—time is likely to take this revenge on a man for lying too successfully.

Outside of that warfare Pope had his admirable traits. His filial piety was scarcely less beautiful because he made poetical capital of it. His friendship, barring the grievous and deplorable feud with Addison, was with his real rivals to fame; and the correspondence of these men, though its frank moralizing may sometimes offend an age grown dull to the distinction between reflection and affectation, is one of the great documents for human nature. When Pope lay "dying of a hundred good symptoms" he said to the priest, after taking the last sacraments: "There is nothing that is meritorious but virtue and friendship, and indeed friendship itself is only a part of virtue." It was indeed so accounted to him. Warburton, possibly as much to affront the world as to elevate Pope, called him "one of the noblest works of God, . . . an honest man." And Spence, in his anecdotes of Pope's last moments and of Bolingbroke's tenderness, raises their friendship into something almost as beautiful as the faith that gave sanctity to the death-bed scenes of the previous century.

I suspect that we should be indifferent enough to the blamable passages of his life—for it needs a rare literary detective to trace his winding satirical course—were it not that his greatest poems have become to us what Johnson called one of his letters, "nothing but tedious malignity." We might forgive the man his irritable tricks, if for no other reason, for his poor, crazy body and raw nerves; but as a poet he needs, as he gave, no mercy. There are, of course, aspects of his work which can arouse no resentment in the reader of to-day. Mr. Courthope has made a strong plea for the variety and beauty of the heroic measure in his hands; and it is certainly a dull taste that will not respond to the sweet felicity of that couplet in the "Rape of the Lock":

> The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
> From the fair head—for ever and for ever;

or feel the passion of Eloisa's solitary cry:

> Shrines! where their vigils pale-eyed virgins keep,
> And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep!

*"Mr. Pope: His Life and Times." By George Paston [Miss E. M. Symonds]. Two volumes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $6.50 net.

Though cold like you, unmoved and silent grown,
I have not yet forgot myself to stone.

II.

But dexterously wrought out as such gems may be, we shall have a feeble case for Pope if we rest his claims on work in this *genre;* magnificent as it is, it lacks the glamour, the last touch of magic, which even the little poets of another school could command in isolated passages. And for the same reason true admirers of Pope will feel a touch of impatience at the extravagant praise so often bestowed upon "The Rape of the Lock," as if his consummate success in this filagree of the mock-heroic should be held up as an excuse for his failure in the more serious style. There is only one honest way to deal with him; we must treat him squarely as the poet of satire, and, unfortunately for his fame, the world has come to regard satire as scarcely poetry at all. If it is not poetry, then, indeed, Pope was but the fragment of a poet. There are, no doubt, special reasons why such a satire as the "Dunciad," which by reason of its size and scope comes first to mind, should find few and painful readers. All great poems, even those most universal in their human appeal, require a fairly high-developed historic sense for their appreciation, and it is idle to suppose that the Æneid will mean much to those who have not trained themselves to live in the Latin world, or that "Paradise Lost" can ever be interesting except to the scholar. No poem of the past is really popular, but the "Dunciad" demands for its comprehension an altogether exorbitant acquaintance with men and manners of a brief particular age.

And even after the necessary minute knowledge has been acquired—and to the scholar this local habitation and name of the "Dunciad" may have a special though somewhat artificial attraction—there remains the fact that the current of historic sympathy has set strongly away from Pope, and that most of us in our hearts are stung by his ridicule as were his living enemies. For that battle of the wits was no causeless or merely bookish event, but was part of the great political war of the land. It grew inevitably out of the ruinous divisions, as it echoed the drums and tramplings, of the previous century; and if ink now flowed instead of blood, the contest was hardly the less venomous for that, or the consequences less serious. It all goes back to that terrible mischance which in the days of the Stuarts divided the imagination and the practical sense of England into irreconcilable camps, and separated the loyalty to symbols of authority so far from the actualities of force. That separation kept its character through the following century, if it has not continued down to this day. Bolingbroke's vision of the Patriot King was a reassumption of the faith of the Cavaliers, and as it was a product of the imagination divorced of practical sense, we see its working out in the follies of George III and the loss of an empire. Walpole's policy was at bottom a continuation of the empire of Cromwell, and as it failed to make a place for the imagination in its practice, we see the result in the gradual lowering of England's ideal life. At the beginning of the eighteenth century she was the intellectual leader of Europe; at the end she followed at a distance. I know of no more distressing fact in history than the situation which, at the critical moment of 1714, set almost all the notable men of letters on the losing side—all of them, I should say, with the exception of Addison and Steele, for Defoe at least served Harley and fell with him. Consider the consequences to literature of the coming of the Hanoverians: Harley himself imprisoned and tried for his head; Bolingbroke frightened out of the country; Atterbury exiled; Swift confined to Dublin; Parnell also kept in Ireland; Pope cut off from political life and retired to Twickenham; Gay nursing the insult of an offer to be gentleman-usher to the infant Princess Louisa; Prior imprisoned for two years, and then sinking to a frowsy degradation; Arbuthnot removed from St. James's, and at the end writing to Pope his pathetic plea for euthanasia. It was with no mere poetic license that Pope painted the new sovereignty:

She mounts the throne: her head a cloud conceal'd,
In broad effulgence all below reveal'd
('Tis thus aspiring Dulness ever shines);
Soft on her lap her Laureate son reclines.
Beneath her footstool Science groans in chains,
And Wit dreads exile, penalties, and pains.

There is personal spite aplenty in the "Dunciad," innumerable strokes of mean retaliation and wanton offence—these faults cannot be severed from the character of the author; but beneath these motives of personal satire we shall miss the whole meaning of the poem if we fail to see the passionate warfare of the losing party of wit against the triumphant party of practical, not precisely common, sense. Picture to yourself one of the dinners at Lord Oxford's, the guests that met there and what they stood for, or call up one of the more intimate evenings in the apartments of that great talker and gourmand, Dr. Arbuthnot, at St. James's, and in comparison with these think of what passed in the palace of George I and his son, or even in the chambers of Caroline, and what these things meant to letters. There is no doubt much to admire in the deistic society that Caroline affected, and an evening at St. James's, when the Queen and perhaps Mrs. Clayton drew out the conversation of Berkeley or Clarke or Butler is one of the things I like best to contemplate in those days, even though, as Chesterfield and Walpole unite in saying, the mistress of the palace only bewildered herself in metaphysical disputes which she did not comprehend. But the master of the palace, like his own master, Sir Robert, had, I know, "a contempt for *Belles Lettres,* which he called trifling," and the Queen herself, I remember, in place of the poets she frowned upon or neglected, showered her favors upon the sad thresher-poet Stephen Duck, whom she made librarian of her grotto, "Merlin's Cave," in Richmond Gardens. George called the grotto "silly stuff"; what he thought of the poor favorite who was patronized to suicide, I do not know.

In the contrast of Queen Anne's reign with that of the Hanoverians lies the real meaning of the "Dunciad," and therein is the excuse for its bitterness. The pity of it is that politically, at least as we contemplate affairs within a narrow range of years, the Hanoverians were right, and as they seem to us right, we are drawn away from sympathy, even of a literary sort, with the satire that exposed the intellectual bareness of the land.

III.

But there is still a deeper cause of our distaste than the old echoes of faction and our political incompatibility. A great change has come upon us in our attitude toward human nature itself, and, curiously enough, Pope himself is one of the prime movers of this revolution which has carried us away from the very comprehension of his own principal works. For there is this paradox in the philosophy of Pope. On the one hand, we have his contemptuous treatment of mankind, as if his satires were no more than a long development of the text of Machiavelli that "all men are caitive [*cattivi,* captive to the base impulses of egotism], and are ever ready to use the malignity of their spirit, when they have free opportunity." While on the other hand, in his "Essay on Man," inspired by the dubious optimism of his friend Bolingbroke, we have the deistic conception of the world as the best possible creation and of men as naturally altruistic in desire and as needing only liberty from restraint to develop into unselfishness of action. Now deism, which, it should be noted, was the express theme of the philosophers and divines who hung upon the court of Caroline, won the day, altering our whole conception of society and our manner of judging the individual. We have in the course of the last two hundred years acquired a kind of tenderness for humanity, which causes us to shrink from the old theological notion of absolute evil in the world, and also from the literature of the moralists which was based on the same belief. With that tenderness, if it be not the source of the feeling, our in-

dividual sensitiveness has increased enormously, so that we take in a quite personal way the attacks of moralist and satirist on mankind in general. We can listen to the singing of the still sad music of humanity with a delicate selfpity, but from the philosophy of a Rochefoucault or a Machiavelli we start back as if a hand were laid on a concealed sore. It is certainly true that he who has imbibed deeply this modern humanitarianism will be repelled from the literature of which Pope's satires are so perfect an example; in those attacks on the meanness and folly and dulness and venality of the world he will suffer a kind of uneasiness, and, taking his revenge by decrying them as a base form of art, will turn for consolation to what Cowper calls the

charity that soothes a lie,
And thrusts the truth with scorn and anger by.

I would not say that Machiavelli expressed the whole truth, any more than did the deists, but it may as well be recognized that, without some lingering suspicion of the eternal deceitfulness of the heart and some malicious glee in the unveiling of the deceit, no man shall feel at home in the old battle of the wits. Only the absence of that suspicion and glee can account, I think, for the common apathy toward Pope's masterpiece, the "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot," which is at once the prologue and the consummation of his satires.

IV.

For myself I will admit frankly that I have read the "Epistle" oftener, perhaps, than any other English poem except "Lycidas," and that long familiarity with its lines has given me always a deepening admiration for its art. If it is not poetry, I do not know where poetry is to be found. That Pope's inspiration moves on a lower plane than Milton's, I should be the last to deny. Yet in a way their themes, despite the great difference of their age and faith, have an odd similarity. Milton, like the poet of Queen Anne, wrote in the heat of battle, and with him, too, *fecit indignatio versus*. In a way, one is complementary to the other, and nothing can better show the mischievous nature of the division in the Stuart days than the fact that the practical party which Milton represented—so far as he can be said to have represented anybody but himself—was now the people of Dullness, while the party of the imagination, as we see it in the writings of Swift and Pope, was divested of all the old magnificences of morality. Yet if the "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot" lacks Milton's mighty impulse of religion and draws from lower springs of Helicon, it still has its great compensations. The indignation is as terrible, if its causes are more mixed. Here, even more ruinously than in the "Dunciad," and without the longer poem's tediousness of obscure detail, the dreaded secret is revealed—

That secret to each fool, that he's an ass.

We may doubt what was the exact nature of that two-handed engine which Milton suspended against the enemies of Puritanism, but there is nothing ambiguous about the revenge of Pope, whether with one blade he hews down his open enemies or with the other attacks his pretended friends. From the opening appeal to the poet's old and faithful servant:

Shut, shut the door, good John! fatigued I said;
Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.
The Dog-star rages! nay, 'tis past a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land—

to the last fling at the hypocrites:

One from all Grub-street will my fame defend,
And, more abusive, calls himself my friend—

there is a succession of lines of almost dazzling wit, and every line a stab. Thackeray, as the father of Pendennis and the half-ironical patron of the Grub Street of his own day, has some pretty words of abuse upon Pope for fixing in the public mind this notion of the snarling, starving attic-world of authorship. No doubt Pope has touched up the picture with high lights, but an acquaintance with the lesser literature of the day, and with the periodicals, not omitting Pope's own blackguardly *Grub Street Journal*, gives all the justification needed for the portrait. And here again we shall miss the point if we take this fury as purely personal. There were principles involved, though Pope himself, I dare say, never really knew the difference between his principles and his spite. Something more than personal hatred envenoms the deadly caricature of Lord Hervey and the desire to "flap this bug with gilded wings." With the culmination of the satire,

Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,

should be read Jonathan Richardson's comment:

I have heard that this lord had actually a seat managed behind the queen's hunting chaise, where he sat perched behind her close at her ear, but he could never stand it above three or four times. Besides the ridicule of his friends, folks hooted at him as the machine passed along.

The real animus of the attack is the relation of Hervey to Caroline and the Hanoverian court, and all that this meant to the intellectual and imaginative life of England. This, too, must be the excuse for the portrait of Addison, though it may scarcely palliate the author's shiftiness in regard to the date of writing the lines. They must be quoted:

Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;
Blest with each talent, and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserved to blame, or to commend,
A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading e'en fools, by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging, that he ne'er obliged;
Like Cato, give his little Senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While wits and Templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he!

Of the exquisite finish of these verses there can, I suppose, be no question, unless De Quincey's frivolous criticism is to be listened to. The other day, while they were fresh in my memory, a friend of mine who loves and gathers beautiful things was showing me his collection of Japanese sword-guards; and as I looked at those wonderfully wrought plates of steel and considered their ancient place on the instruments of battle, it occurred to me that their craftsmanship was not unlike that which had gone into the making of this detached masterpiece of words. And it seemed to me that the rectitude and patience of the work in each case was one of the causes of their perpetual charm. I have a prejudice in favor of genius, an invincible feeling that true art is in some way based on truth. And so, whether this portrait of Addison was written, as Warburton declares, in 1815, because the Earl of Warwick, Addison's stepson, had warned Pope of Addison's jealousy and of his instigation of Gildon to publish a scurrilous pamphlet against his supposed friend, or because Pope believed Addison to be responsible for Tickell's rival translation of the Iliad—whatever may have been the devious ways of Pope in explaining and spreading abroad the satire—I am convinced that Addison was not entirely blameless. In some way the jealousies of his trade had set free the deceitful spirit of egotism that lurks beneath the fairest character. It must be remembered also that in the year when the satire was written, and when the circle of Pope was suffering in so many ways from the death of Queen Anne, Addison as Chief Secretary to Ireland was enjoying the fruits of his service to the Whigs.

That, indeed, may be to his credit politically; it will help to explain, nevertheless, why Pope placed him, not among the dunces, for that would have been to stultify the writer, but among those who in the desperate battle of the mind followed the false standard—the one lost leader, when so many lesser and more ignoble men were faithful. I think Pope had loved, and did always admire, Addison. There is the true pathos of wit—and wit may have its tears—a cry of grief from a very great bitterness and regret in the last line,

Who would not weep, if Atticus were he!

If the emotion here is not genuine, we may as well shut our bosoms to every appeal of books.

V.

But there is in this satire something besides sorrow for the perversion, or at least the failure, of a noble friend; it must be read in connection with Pope's own feeling of weariness, if not of degradation. By the side of this scorn of the dull and the base, runs the contrasted note of friendship, which was always the finest trait of his character. Nowhere else does he express the union that bound together this body of defeated wits with so exquisite a charm as in the lines to the genial, much-beloved physician:

Friend to my life, which did you not prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song.

In comparison with that peaceful bond, of what profit was the long-protracted and in the end losing enmity which inspired his satire? What evil genius projected him into this hateful air of conflict?—

Why did I write? What sin to me unknown.
Dipp'd me in ink, my parents' or my own?

To understand the "Epistle" we must read it as Pope's *apologia pro vita sua*, at once an excuse for the warfare in which his days had passed and an acknowledgment of their waste and bitter fruit. With a kind of childlike and, I think, utterly sincere regret he compares the quiet tenor of his father's life with the discordant ambitions of literature, and counts as the one indisputable blessing to himself the homely respect for that life which he had preserved against all the inroads of the world's malice:

O friend! May each domestic bliss be th'ne!
Be no unpleasing melancholy mine:
Me, let the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of reposing age,
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death,
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the sky!
On cares like these if length of days attend,
May Heaven, to bless those days, preserve my friend,
Preserve him social, cheerful, and serene,
And just as rich as when he served a queen.

Not Goldsmith himself painted a sweeter picture of resignation and piety; and, whatever else may have been true of Pope, these lines also speak the truth of him.

VI.

It may seem that the beauty of these contrasted notes in Pope's greatest poem is lost to the world to-day, because one of them at least, the warfare of the wits, was a temporary thing, now long forgotten and of interest only to the special student. To a certain degree and in form this is no doubt the case. Yet the warfare substantially is not ended, and shall not end while the differences of human nature remain unreconciled. Men in this living age, always a few, are still fighting for the rights of the mind against a dull and delusive materialism, for the freedom of the imagination against a prosaic tyranny, for a pure and patient ambition against the quick successes of vanity and pliant cleverness, for the reality of human nature against a fatuous self-complacency. To these the triumphant satire of Pope is a perpetual encouragement, while his pathetic apology expresses for them the relief needed when success appears far away, or, even if near, not worth the cost in the humiliating wager of soul against soul. Nor is the theme of the "Epistle" without its more universal aspect. For after all life itself, not for the wit only, but for each man in his place, is a contest, and poetry, from the time when Homer portrayed his heroes battling with sword and fire on the banks of the Simois, and longing for the peace of hearth and kindred and friends across the seas, has been the expression, varying in form and instruments, of that inevitable fate. The presentation of this truth may in Pope be narrowed to a particular manner and time, it may assume ignoble images and speak too often in reprehensible language, nevertheless he who does not respond to the deep emotion and humanity underlying the "Satires" has travelled but a short way into the realm of letters; he has even, I dare assert, felt but a little of the great realities of man's life.

P. E. M.

Correspondence.

"LEST WE FORGET."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Authors are apt to be strangely forgetful of facts in their own literary history, and have therefore sometimes misled editors and critics in their comments and annotations. Your keen-eyed bibliophile has more than once called attention to these lapses, as in the *Nation* for July 22, 1909, where he illustrates them by Lowell's inaccuracy in his note on the final edition (1890) concerning the composition of the "Fable for Critics." Lowell there says:

This *jeu d'esprit* was extemporized, I may fairly say, so rapidly was it written, purely for my own amusement, and with no thought of publication. I sent daily instalments of it to a friend in New York, the late Charles F. Briggs. He urged me to let it be printed, and I at last consented to its anonymous publication.

And in a letter to R. W. Gilder (February 9, 1887) he had said of the poem: "I wrote it (slap-dash, in less than a week, I think) with no notion of publication."

The fact was that in November and December, 1847, Lowell sent "about six hundred lines" to Briggs, with instructions for its publication. From that time he worked upon it irregularly, with much prodding from his friend and the printer, until October, 1848, when the poem was completed and published.

Tennyson was more surprisingly forgetful in regard to the date of his first book, the "Poems by Two Brothers." It was certainly published in March, 1827, as all authorities agreed down to 1892. Dr. Van Dyke so gave the date in the "Chronology" appended to the first edition of his excellent "Poetry of Tennyson" in 1889 and to the second in 1891. But in the third (1892) it is changed to "1826," with the following note:

It was post-dated according to the common custom among publishers at that time. For this true date of its appearance, which has I believe never before been given correctly, I am indebted to Lord Tennyson.

He had visited the poet in 1892, "a few weeks" before this third edition went to press. I noticed the error as soon as I saw it, for I remembered, though Tennyson forgot it, that the preface of his book is dated "March, 1827," and the "Memoir" by his son so states it. Title pages are often "post-dated" (particularly in the case of holiday books brought out late in the year, compelling cataloguers and bibliographers to print two dates), but prefaces are likely to give the true date. The book was doubtless sent to press in 1826, and many of the poems in it were written some years earlier, as we know, but Tennyson confused the facts. The error, however, is not corrected in the seventh (1896) edition of Dr. Van Dyke's book, the latest that I have seen.

Within a few months I have accidentally discovered that Tennyson led me into a similar mistake in my notes on the second poem entitled "Freedom," which was first printed in this country (from "advance copy") in 1884. The second line then had "column'd Parthenon" instead of "pillar'd Parthenon," the reading in the "Tiresias" volume, published the very next year (1885), which I followed in "Enoch Arden and Other Poems" (1887), referring in the notes to the earlier reading. I sent the book to Tennyson, and, when acknowledging it, he said I was wrong in ascribing "column'd" to him, and intimated that it was a blunder in the *Independent*. I took his word for it, without looking the poem up in *Macmillan's Magazine* (where it first appeared in England in December, 1884), and "corrected" the note accordingly in my next edition, as also in a revised and enlarged edition in 1895, in Vol. VIII of the *de luxe* twelve-volume edition of Tennyson's works (1896), and in the "Cambridge" edition

(1878). But, having occasion lately to look into *Macmillan's* for something else, my eye chanced to fall on the poem there (printed of course from the poet's manuscript), and found "column'd Parthenon." So much for an honest effort on my part to be accurate!

I may add that the fifth stanza in this poem ("Of Knowledge fusing class with class," etc.) was added in the "Tiresias" volume, and some minor changes were made.

Tennyson also wrote to me once—or told me at one of my visits to him—that often what were supposed to be new readings in his poems were really the original ones. I am quite sure that in some cases of the kind they were not the first readings *in print*, though they may have been in the first *manuscript* to which he subsequently returned.

It is well known that occasionally he altered his printed text, and was led by the criticisms upon the new reading to restore the earlier one. In "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," for instance, he changed "The gardener Adam" of 1842 to "The grand old gardener," which was generally condemned, and in 1875 he returned to the first reading. The extensive changes made in "The Charge of the Light Brigade" were more vehemently resented by the critics, and the poem now varies only slightly from the earliest printed text.

The reader may remember that in a former letter to the *Nation* (May 6, 1909), I showed that the poet printed no less than four considerable variations of a passage in 'Merlin and Vivien," one of which appears only in the first American edition (1857); and *three* forms of some passages in his works are by no means rare.

I am strongly inclined, moreover, to think that Tennyson sometimes forgot (as Browning occasionally admitted that he did) what he meant in certain figurative passages in his earlier poems; but "that's another story," and I will not dwell upon it here.

Another eminent author, Mr. Gladstone, caused me more than one "bad quarter of an hour," on account of a supposed injustice I had done him, in the notes of my edition of "In Memoriam" (1895). Among the tributes to Arthur Hallam which I had quoted therein, was one of considerable length, ascribed to "W. E. Gladstone"; but when I sent him the book, he wrote to me somewhat curtly, asking on what authority I had mentioned him as having written it. After search through twenty or more books on Tennyson, I found it in Mr. E. C. Tainsh's capital little "Study," of which three editions appeared (1868, 1869, 1870). Then I wrote to Gladstone, referring him to Tainsh, and begging him to inform me whether the passage had been wrongly attributed to him, in order that I might make the necessary correction in my next edition. He did not write in reply, but two years later, when the "Memoir" of Tennyson, by his son, appeared, I found the passage quoted there (Vol. I, p. 299), as from a review of "In Memoriam," "by Mr. Gladstone," which the poet "thought one of the ablest." The quotation was said to be from "Gladstone's 'Gleanings of Past Years,' Vol. II, pp. 136-137." There it is credited to the *Quarterly Review*, October, 1859, with a foot-note stating that the sentence beginning "The writer of this paper," and ending with the quotation, "I marked him," etc. (from De Vere's "Mary Tudor") "has now (1878) been added." Tainsh had evidently taken it from the "Gleanings," with one slight accidental change ("the rapid, full, and rich development," instead of "the rapid growth and rich development"). It is curious that Gladstone, after reprinting the paper and adding to it in 1878, should have forgotten that he wrote it. His note to me, however, was written when he was eighty-five years old; and he died in May, 1898, less than a year after the Memoir of Tennyson was published. I had not troubled myself to write to him again about the matter. W. J. ROLFE.

Cambridge, Mass., June 21.

ENGLISH ROMANTICISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Mather's able essay on Professor Babbitt's "New Laokoön" raises many points of interest. The doctrine that art should be governed rather by reason than by the emotions is unquestionably a sound one for America to-day. A public which prefers Tchaikovsky to Bach, which dotes on Puccini and neglects Mozart, is in urgent need of higher intellectual standards.

Yet it is unfair to let the reader infer that the so-called romantic movement in English poetry about 1800 was a mere worship of emotionalism. It was rather a loosening of conventional strait-lacings which allowed the poet not only to breathe, but also to think more freely. The result was, as Mr. Courthope shows in his "History of English Poetry," an individualism according to the temperament of the given poet; and although each of them went to some extreme, each made a valuable contribution to the future possibilities of the literature by opening a new field of thought or developing a new method of expression. Thus Wordsworth enriched our contemplative joy in nature for all time, and Shelley gave us visions of political perfection, many of which have come true since he wrote. These two poets widened the thought as well as the emotional range of posterity. Nor should we forget that this was the period of our most inspiring critics: Coleridge, Lamb, Hazlitt, De Quincey.

Perhaps we can best gauge the value of the romantic poets by observing their influence on the more classic of the Victorians. Tennyson and Arnold till the soil broken by Keats and Wordsworth; or we might call the romanticists the pioneers and the Victorians the settlers. Again, what a charm is added to Augustinism by a fresh personal impulse, as in the lyrics of Mr. Austin Dobson! In his rondeaux and ballades we have all the dainty perfection of "teacup times," combined with a wistful touch of feeling that is original and captivating.

CHARLES WHARTON STORK.

University of Pennsylvania, June 22.

PARTY PLATFORMS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have long been contemplating the suggestion that our political parties are too diffuse in their platforms, and that only one or two issues should be set forth and continued until they are fought to the finish. The old parties will hardly consent to this—the present old party leaders I mean. Why not the Progressive party?

Let the tariff issue or the conservation issue or the corporation issue be taken up—perhaps all three—and placed in the platform of each Congressional district this autumn. Then have the general statement made that all other issues which happen to come up in Congress will be referred to the Progressive constituencies for their approval before final action is taken upon them by the Progressives.

In addition then to the one—or two—issue platform, we would have the referendum introduced.

Here is a solution of our present political difficulties.

CHARLES A. WENFIELD.

Providence, R. I., June 20.

CHAR-À-BANC.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: What is the earliest date of the appearance of *char-à-banc* in an English book? The first example cited in the Oxford Dictionary is dated 1832. But the following passage from James Edward Smith's "Sketch of a Tour on the Continent," III, 174-5 (second edition, London, 1807), shows that the word was used in England at least a generation earlier:

Sept. 4, [1786]. From hence I sent back the mules of Chamouni, hired at Salenche, with their owner, and proceeded to Villeneuve in a *char-à-banc*, a singular species of vehicle, in which one rides sideways very little raised above the dirt or dust of the road, and quite open to it.

WILLIAM EDWARD MEAD.

Middletown, Conn., June 23.

Literature.

ALASKA AND THE FAR NORTH.

Cruises in the Bering Sea, being Records of Further Sport and Travel. By Paul Niedieck. Translated from the German by R. A. Ploetz. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $5 net.

Trailing and Camping in Alaska. By Addison M. Powell. New York: A. Wessels. $2 net.

The New North, being Some Account of a Woman's Journey through Canada to the Arctic. By Agnes Deans Cameron. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $3 net.

Handbook of Polar Discoveries. By A. W. Greely. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50 net.

Tent Life in Siberia. By George Kennan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

An Explorer's Adventures in Tibet. By A. Henry Savage Landor. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.50.

Mr. Niedieck describes a journey to Kamschatka and Alaska, in the summer of 1906, with a passing glimpse at Japan. About half the book is devoted

to Kamschatka, and the balance to Alaska. While the primary object of the expedition was to hunt bears and bighorn along the Siberian coast, and moose on the American side, its chief value lies in the author's interesting notes on the geography, fauna, and ethnology of the region about Bering Sea. His account of the Siberian coast is particularly welcome, the available literature on that subject being very meagre. We have had better opportunities of becoming acquainted with Alaska, but this book offers an excellent summary of the history and development of the territory, and at least in the chapters on the manners and customs of the aborigines, and their mythology, contains much that has not hitherto appeared in print. A synopsis of the animals collected during the expedition is given in an appendix, and the book is illustrated by a large number of excellent photographs, as well as a chart.

With every desire to see the good points of "Trailing and Camping in Alaska," the reviewer fails to discover the reason for its writing. It is almost everything that a book of description and travel should not be. In his introduction, Mr. Powell tells us that "many incidents which were commonplace to the author, but which might have proved interesting and unusual to the reader, have been curtailed or withheld in order not to interfere with the general character, or to become tedious by their added length." Unfortunately, his book is packed with commonplace incidents. That in itself is no fault. Commonplace incidents may be made highly entertaining. These are not. That Mr. Powell knows Alaska one can have no reasonable doubt; but he lacks the gift to make his knowledge either serviceable or interesting to others. One gets the impression of a collection of unrelated notes, strung together in narrative form; a jumble of history that is common knowledge, anecdote that is lifeless, and facetious comments that do not amuse. The one redeeming feature is the photographic illustrations, many of which are admirable.

The extent to which a writer may make or mar a good subject is strikingly illustrated in the book just mentioned and in Miss Cameron's "New North." The same elements are present in both, but the result is very different. Miss Cameron describes a journey from Edmonton to Athabasca Landing, and down the Athabasca, Slave, and Mackenzie rivers to the Arctic. The incidents of the journey are often commonplace, but she has made them intensely interesting. Her history and anecdotes are always well told, and to the point; the narrative is enlivened by touches of humor that is spontaneous and real; and the whole is presented in a style that lifts the book well above the average story of travel. She describes the life of fur-trader and Indian, missionary, Eskimo, and whaler, with a touch that is sympathetic, vigorous, and compelling. She reveals to us a new field of achievement, full of human interest; and incidentally opens to the traveller a virtually undiscovered country, readily accessible, and most attractive from every point of view.

In the fourth edition of his well-known handbook, Gen. Greely has added the results of Arctic and Antarctic discoveries within the last few years. One scarcely realizes the extent and importance of recent explorations until one compares this with the previous edition. The twentieth century has already been marked by achievements in these fields surpassing those of many previous centuries. Abruzzi, Amundsen, Ericksen, Peary, and Sverdrup, in the north, and Bruce, Charcot, Nordenskiold, Scott, and Shackleton, in the south, have thrown a flood of light upon hitherto unknown regions; the North Pole has been actually reached, and the South Pole brought within measurable distance. Generally speaking, comment is unnecessary upon the character of the book as a work of reference. It has long since taken its place as an indispensable companion to the student and general reader. It must, however, be matter of regret to the compiler that he did not await the issue of the dispute touching Dr. Cook's alleged polar discovery. The standing of his work is seriously impaired by the unreserved acceptance of Dr. Cook's claim to the discovery of the North Pole.

As long ago as 1870 Mr. Kennan issued his narrative of life and adventures in Siberia, and because of the readable qualities of the book, as well as the interest of the subject, it has never since ceased to find readers. He has now revised and enlarged his narrative, and added a considerable number of excellent illustrations. "Tent Life in Siberia" embodies a history of the explorations and surveys of the Russian American Telegraph Company, on the Siberian side of Bering Strait. Although first issued so many years ago, Mr. Kennan's account of the country, its scenery, and the manners and customs of its people, is still valuable, and has been made more so by the addition of several new chapters, notably one embodying the incidents and adventures of a winter journey overland from the Okhotsk Sea to the Volga River—a "straight-away sleigh-ride of more than five thousand miles."

In his larger work, "In the Forbidden Land," Mr. Landor gave a detailed account of the scientific results of his memorable journey through Tibet in 1897. The intensely dramatic story of the journey itself, stripped of scientific data, is now made available in "An Explorer's Adventures in Tibet." Seldom indeed has any traveller lived to tell such a tale of privation, suffering, and hairbreadth escapes. The story is one of unconquerable pluck and endurance, under extraordinary difficulties. Although his presence in Tibet was known from the moment he crossed the boundary, and troops of soldiers were constantly searching for him, Mr. Landor almost succeeded in his mad attempt to reach the sacred city of Lhassa, before he was finally captured. He was cruelly tortured, but by rare good fortune his life was spared, and he was conducted back to the boundary. Of the many important geographical results of his journey, perhaps the most interesting was the discovery of the sources of the Brahmaputra and Sutlej Rivers.

CURRENT FICTION.

East London Visions. By O'Dermid W. Lawler. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Imagine a combination of "Sartor Resartus" with the "New Arabian Nights," the blend slightly tinctured also by the "Vita Nuova," and you will gain some notion of the most oddly fascinating book that for many a day has come under one reviewer's eye. Ostensibly, this is the autobiography of a star-gazing young poet struggling with the conditions of East London. Many of the characters are plainly drawn from the life. Admirable is the picture of the hero's sardonic, friendly, irascible father. Even more massive is the effigy of the Jew Abzedion, lord of his alley and keeper of a fried-fish bar. Vastly amusing and pathetic is the confession of an evangelical clergyman who without a faith, by the shifts and turns of the comedian, "keeps the show going." The women, however, are almost without exception symbols of the religious life. Indeed, the book, taken broadly, is an allegory of the search for a faith.

What redeems it from the aridity of its kind is the foundation of urgent realism and the passion with which the symbolism is created and unwound. This book has eloquence and emotion, and its texture is of a cunningly varied interest. It is humorous withal, with something of the rich extravagance of a Sterne or a Carlyle. We have found its mixture of the sublime with the topsy-turvical always refreshing. Obviously, the widely assorted ingredients of the work make the task of the critic a difficult one. What strikes him as raey and enjoyable in an æsthetic sense, may to another reader seem of oracular importance; to a third, sheer nonsense. We prefer, then, to avoid the judicial duty, merely recording a keen personal enjoyment and representing the temper of the book by an extract.

The author, metamorphosed in a vision into a bird, flits above the haunts

of three religions. He tries in vain to catch the ear of the ritualists, and finally gets the answer from a priest, "I neither see you nor understand you; but I am quite willing to admit anything you say." Wholly failing to get the attention of the evangelicals, a folk who seemed to lack a social language, he next tried the religious nurslings of the gentle skeptic, Matthew Arnold:

> Then I flitted to a third group between the two others, and repeated my operations, desiring to call their attention to the stellar arrangements. But they were talking of Religion. "Religion," said one, "is Morality touched with Emotion." On this, with an effort, I found my speech: "What a culinary definition!" I exclaimed. "You take a little Morality, and you touch it with a little Emotion (kind of Emotion not stated—Query, Spite?) and behold—you produce Religion! How little you comfortable people know about it! I tell you Religion is—Life!"—"But what is Life?" asked a gentleman.
>
> I was glad of the interruption. . . . "You People put," I said, "the cart before the horse. Steam is—Locomotion—touched with Explosiveness. What do you think of that absurdity? Are you totally unaware of the Threefold Arch of Being?—THAT WHICH IS—THAT WHICH MAKES—THAT WHICH IS MADE!"
>
> To this there was no answer. Perhaps it sounded to them perilous nonsense, just as their high-class words had sounded to me. They disregarded me, and I flew back to my roof.

A Marriage Under the Terror. By Patricia Wentworth. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

As a story which won first prize in an English novel competition, this has a certain preliminary claim upon the curiosity of the reader. Three competent woman-judges, it is announced, all well-known writers of fiction, independently chose this as the best novel submitted. Of course the choice under the given conditions might naturally lie between worse and the better, rather than between better and the best. Certainly the three judges in question could hardly have been expected to pick an historical romance. Such, however, on the face of it, is "A Marriage Under the Terror," and a highly respectable achievement of its kind. The action begins on the very eve of the Terror. A convent-bred girl of noble birth is brought to Paris to marry a middle-aged roué to whom she has been betrothed as a child. She has barely been presented to her affianced, when he and his worldly mistress and all the circle to which they belong, are arrested and imprisoned in La Force. The girl, Mademoiselle de Rochambeau, follows them to the jail, but is refused admission. A stout *bourgeoise* rescues her from the street, and she becomes a seamstress, taking a plebeian name. When we say that one of her housemates is Dangeau, young and handsome champion of liberty, of ordinary blood, but a heart of gold, we have told the rest of the story. They love, but aristocratic prejudice forbids her succumbing; they are nominally married under dramatic necessity. Thereafter they are separated, and after many adventures connected with the rise and passing of the Terror, after they have been brought side by side to the scaffold, Fate kindly, if not unexpectedly, rescues them. In fact, Robespierre takes that appropriate moment for falling, and thereby makes two lovers happy. There is, it will be seen, a good sort of plot for this sort of story; and the historical part of the tale, the picture of that perturbed and finally obsessed Paris of the Revolution, is managed with a good deal of vividness.

The Illustrious Prince. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

The first few pages of Mr. Oppenheim's latest production promise a detective story of thrilling quality. At the very start, a mysterious American traveller, who has sufficient influence to command a special landing when the Lusitania is unable to put her passengers ashore at Liverpool, and to conjure into being a special train for the run from Liverpool to London, is murdered in that train in a peculiar manner, and to the bewilderment of the guard. Only a chapter or two further on, another murder in a London taxi-cab thickens the plot, and makes the lover of the detective story settle down more comfortably in his easy chair. But his hopes are dashed, for from this point the story seems to go to pieces; motives spring up apparently without reason, characters develop to fill vacancies with surprising readiness, and all the while the reader, being entirely certain of the identity of the criminal, is only annoyed, not mystified, by the attempt to divert suspicion to new characters.

Meanwhile the heroine falls in love with the paragon of all heroes, Prince Maiyo of Japan, after first believing that she hates him; and even when she realizes her true feeling, she becomes engaged to an athletic young Englishman. Under these conditions she is scarcely the proper champion of the Prince's cause, whom all the while she believes to be the murderer!

Altogether Mr. Oppenheim has given us an unsatisfactory and disappointing book, which is not saved as a detective story by an ending which lacks conviction. It is possible that it was not meant for a detective story at all, but for a serious warning to England to beware an alliance with Japan. Evidently the Prince is made the spokesman of the author's theories of European politics, as he denounces the death of true patriotism in England—due, he says, in large measure, to the British love of "sport"—and predicts the world domination of Japan and China, when the United States shall have been fought and conquered.

The Messenger. By Katharine Holland Brown—*The Lifted Bandage.* By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Though by different writers and not in the same volume, these are companion stories, and the publisher has recognized the fact by printing them in almost identical form. They have to do with the same theme: the hunger of the modern skeptical or worldly mind for a belief in the hereafter. In the first tale, a young widow struggles in vain to feel that death has not cut her off forever from her husband. They have never talked of death; she does not know what he has believed about it. Her quandary has become almost an obsession, when chance brings to her proof that he has been absolutely certain of a future life; with the knowledge, the cloud lifts from her spirit, and she feels herself once more united to her dead.

Mrs. Andrews's sufferer from doubt is an old man whose dead son has been accused of murder by a coroner's jury. In default of a belief that he is to be reunited to his wife and son, his only possible reason for continuing to live would be a belief in the son's innocence of the charge. But he admits the evidence, and is on the way to madness when a sudden revelation comes to him of the continued existence of those he has loved, and of the beneficent nature of things which have hitherto seemed to him cruel and unjust. Both stories are effectively told; curiously enough, the style is so similar in the two tales that they might easily have been written by the same hand.

THE CIVIL WAR.

The History of the Confederate War. By George Cary Eggleston. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co. 2 vols. $4 net.

Mr. Eggleston has here set himself the large task of telling the story of the civil war with "absolute loyalty to truth." He believes that the time has come when this may be done, and that no fair-minded American desires any longer a perversion of facts. The implication that some, at least, of the host of previous historians of the war have inclined to distortion or suppression of facts is, unfortunately, not without foundation, though whether Northern or Southern partisans have been on the whole the more culpable is not apparent from these pages. Be that as it may, Mr. Eggleston himself has sought to lay aside prejudice, to forget the chagrin of defeat and the joy of

victory, to reckon no participant as either friend or foe, and to set down, in the clear, dry light of nearly a half-century of peace, the history of the greatest of all wars as that history really is.

It would, indeed, be gratifying if criticism could give to the substance of these well-printed and attractive volumes as high praise as must be accorded to the spirit in which the writing of them was undertaken. That the book is readable goes without saying. In the appraisal of the motives and conduct of the South and its leaders, there is notable restraint, and the really heroic character of the Southern resistance, both in the field and on the lonely plantation, is so delicately touched as hardly to do full justice to it. If Mr. Eggleston has had any expectation that his book will warm the Southern heart, or make the present generation prouder than it now is of the deeds of the fathers, we fear that the response will be less enthusiastic than he has hoped; for the balance of commendation, if balance there be, inclines to the North.

As a serious contribution to history, however, the work cannot be called weighty. The absence of footnotes makes it, to be sure, impossible to say what authorities Mr. Eggleston has used, but the text gives no evidence of special research, nor even of an altogether careful study of secondary narratives. From time to time, we are assured that this or that view of the matter in controversy is sustained or disproved by the "documents"; but since the conclusions of the author do not differ from those already familiar in the pages of other historians, one cannot help questioning whether Mr. Eggleston has examined the authorities for himself. Some loose and inaccurate statements could have been avoided had even the secondary authorities been more carefully followed. The claim of impartiality, too, must at times be challenged. The administrative incapacity of both Federal and Confederate officials is severely scored, though with little apparent recognition of the difficulties, political and other, which attended the conduct of the war on both sides; while the denunciation of Halleck, especially for his treatment of Grant, is so insistent as to pass the bounds of scholarly disapproval.

In its discursiveness and emphatic iteration, Mr. Eggleston's writing suggests the later manner of Mr. Roosevelt. The inevitable antithesis of good and evil is heightened by a strenuous application of adjectives. Neither men nor actions appear in simple, unadorned relations, but as "absolutely" this or "unquestionably" that. All the great are colossal, all the small contemptible. There are a few good descriptive passages, but, in general, the accounts of military operations, though commendably clear, are not inspiring; while the most touching scene among them, the surrender of Lee, is not described at all. Of other than strictly military matters, the narrative as a whole takes only incidental notice—an omission the more regrettable because of Mr. Eggleston's intimate acquaintance with Southern life, both before and after the war. The summary account of American history down to 1861, with special reference to slavery and the relations of the sections, which fills nearly half of the first volume, might well have been dispensed with in favor of a fuller treatment of economic and social conditions.

The value of Mr. Eggleston's work consists in its exposition, first, of the inevitableness of the war, in view of the divergent history and interests of the two sections; and, secondly, of the sincerity of those who fought for the success of the Southern cause. While for legal purposes the struggle is perhaps best described as a rebellion, it was rebellion of so large and fundamental a sort as to elevate the contest to the plane of public war, and give to it the character of a war for independence. Mr. Eggleston would have us believe that those who fought to disrupt the Union were, after all, patriots, and entitled, now that the strife is over, to be held in honor for their principles, as well as for their courage and constancy. We cannot take this view, but we can at least rejoice with him that slavery was abolished and the Union saved, and praise the chivalry that essays a story which the victor may read without glorying, and the vanquished peruse without pain.

Central America and Its Problems: An Account of a Journey from the Rio Grande to Panama, with Introductory Chapters on Mexico and Her Relations to Her Neighbors. By Frederick Palmer, F.R.G.S. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. $2.50 net.

In these days of subsidized official "boosting" one cannot help being grateful for the presentation in book form of Mr. Palmer's Chicago *Tribune* correspondence. Let it be admitted at the outset that the book has the defects of its journalistic origin. Snap judgments, brilliant generalities, and startling emphasis are not the qualities which go to make a standard work. At the same time, Mr. Palmer is a clever writer and a discerning observer, and his book is decidedly readable and entertaining. The first two hundred pages, devoted to the narrative of his hurried journey from one Central American capital to another, are really fascinating. Nothing so interesting has been written about Honduras since Richard Harding Davis's "Three Gringos" journeyed across that debt-laden republic. It is a pity that Mr. Palmer thought it necessary to fill out his volume with so much theorizing and preaching about matters for which his short trip did not qualify him to speak with authority. Nevertheless, many of his observations show good judgment and keen penetration. Such remarks as the following deserve repetition: "Waste your money in any way you please, but do not put it in a rubber plantation in Mexico"; "Let it be repeated without equivocation that anybody who invests in any land or plantation scheme south of the Rio Grande, when he has not seen the property or does not know his men, may consider his money lost"; "Too frequently the American concession-hunter judges the country's possibilities by its natural wealth, rather than by the human handicaps."

Apart from these astute warnings, the most noticeable work which Mr. Palmer has done is the presentation in a graphic fashion of incidents and conditions which lead him to the conclusion that if we are going to stand by the Monroe Doctrine we must take the consequences. The diplomats we send to tropical America should be the ablest men in the service and their hands should be strengthened, not weakened, by a badly informed State Department. It should be their aim, says Mr. Palmer, without arousing local animosity, to keep the bellicose republics from falling foul of each other and to prevent the inevitable dictators from taking advantage of our protection to give their tyrannical tendencies free play. Without for a moment implying that we should annex any of that territory, the inference is that we must do something to make it possible for the unfortunate inhabitants of Central America to enjoy the blessings of civilization which have been denied them hitherto as one of the results of our dog-in-the-manger policy. In a word, we must face squarely the responsibilities which logically follow our adherence to the Monroe Doctrine in the form in which it has been put by recent presidents. Mr. Palmer has done a distinct service to the cause of Pan-American peace by enabling his fellow-citizens to see this side of the question more clearly. His book deserves to be widely read.

The Life of Mary Lyon. By Beth Bradford Gilchrist. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50 net.

One catches in this enthusiastic book bare glimpses of an ardent personality, a teacher of apostolic hopefulness and energy, a prophet of sound and practical education for her sex. Yet somehow the individuality only half defines itself. There is nothing in her letters and very little in the notes that rapturous students took of her Mount Holyoke talks to explain the spell that Mary Lyon cast upon her contemporaries. This deficiency cannot be laid wholly at the biograph-

er's door. It is more or less in the nature of the case. Mary Lyon belonged to that class of artists who deal immediately with mankind as their material. Such artists, unless they evoke a Plato or a Boswell, slip away quickly, are merged in their specific work. In fact, the conditions of such dominant personal influence are not quite those of art. The tactful shifts that a Mary Lyon had to make before a generation skeptical about solid education for women, the deft repetitions implied in persuasion, the genial commonplace of encouragement and exhortation to her girls—all this is refractory material, cold star dust in which the glow refuses to be rekindled.

As far as the facts of her life go, and in recalling the temper of the New England in which she worked, this biography is excellent. The descriptive part is carried off with animation; the author has a sense of the relevant incident. How eloquent are the mere statistics of the first fund for Mount Holyoke Seminary. Largely through the personal appeals of the founder $27,000 was collected from 1,800 people living in ninety-one towns. Certainly, few bagmen of great causes have paid so generously with their persons, and Mary Lyon herself was so exhausted in these solicitations that she reigned only a few years over her Academe. We think that, despite the defective materials, a keener analysis might have done something to make the woman clearer. She was obviously far finer than anything she wrote or said. Her biographer, while adequate on the descriptive side, lapses into rather lifeless technicalities in her brief attempts at interpretation, depends too much upon documents from which the savor has departed and too little on her own insight. We have to do with a singular flowering of the New England temperament, its doggedness ennobled by a great and central cause, its rather ungentle shrewdness become fine worldly wisdom, its narrow and individualistic religion raised to social passion, its "closeness" converted into that administrative prudence that guided a lavish generosity. Out of her little savings Mary Lyon gave and lent recklessly to her seminary, and, when better days came, she devoted a large share of a tiny income to missions and charities. People criticised her public speaking and begging for her cause. She wrote, "My heart is sick, my soul is pained with this empty gentility, this genteel nothingness. I am doing a great work. I cannot come down." Such outbursts are rare, but they bring us near the real mood of the smiling advocate of what passed for a dangerous innovation.

With its partly inevitable shortcomings, this book is a valuable one both for the student of woman's education and of New England in its constructive moment. All the facts are well deployed and the stage is well set. If the heroine's voice only rarely carries across the footlights, that may be small fault of the stage management. Those who talk themselves out fully to their contemporaries seldom possess cadences adjusted to the more difficult ear of posterity.

Sumerian Administrative Documents from the Second Dynasty of Ur. By David W. Myhrman, Ph.D. 146 pp. and 72 plates. Philadelphia: Department of Archæology of the University of Pennsylvania. $6.

The 171 tablets and fragments in this volume represent part of the material obtained from the first three expeditions sent out to Nippur by the University of Pennsylvania. The excavations were conducted by Dr. J. P. Peters and J. H. Haynes, with the result of enriching the collections of the university with thousands of tablets coming from various periods and representing chiefly business documents. Dr. Myhrman is to be commended for the admirable copies that he has furnished of these difficult texts. He has avoided the mistake made by some copyists of following too closely the shadings and peculiarities of the scribes, and thus merely increasing the labor of those who are to study the copies.

We cannot agree with Dr. Myhrman in his use of the phrase, "Second Dynasty" of Ur, and he fails in his introduction to justify his view that there were two such dynasties. Not so many years ago Assyriologists supposed that there were three, or even four, Ur dynasties, but the general consensus now holds that there was only one. Dr. Myhrman is inclined to place the five rulers of Ur, who constitute what he calls the "Second Dynasty," from 2408 B. C. to 2291 B. C. In this respect he differs from Prof. Eduard Meyer and others, who place the beginning of the Ur Dynasty about a century later. It all depends upon the question whether the so-called First Dynasty of Babylon was immediately followed by the Kassites or not. Dr. Myhrman thinks that there must have been a considerable interval between the two; but satisfactory evidence for this is wanting; and until further material of a definite character is forthcoming the problem will have to be kept in abeyance.

The most valuable part of Dr. Myhrman's introduction is in the chapters on the date formulas, and on the names and orders of the months, according to the tablets published by him. He has given a complete list of the dates attached to the documents, which are entered according to events in the careers of the reigning kings. The custom of dating according to the years of rulers was not introduced into Babylonia until the days of the Kassites. Supplementing the material furnished by his text from that to be found in other publications, we have now a complete series, with the exception of sixteen years in the rule of the first member of the dynasty, and ten years in the rule of the second member. In his chapter on the names and orders of the months he has shown that during the Ur Dynasty no less than four different series of Sumerian names were used. From other sources we know that each month had even a larger number of names than four, and there is a problem connected with this rather bewildering state of affairs that remains to be solved. An advance towards its solution has been made by Dr. Kugler in the second volume of his great work on Babylonian astronomy, which unfortunately came out too late to enable Dr. Myhrman to discuss the points in which he differs with Dr. Kugler. There appears to be even some question as to the order of the months, though it is doubtful whether Dr. Myhrman is justified in raising the question whether one order was used at Ur and another at Nippur. The names, or rather the various series of names, being the same, the presumption is in favor of a uniform calendar at this period throughout the Euphrates Valley. There was apparently, however, a shifting in the order of the months, for a designation that appears in one series as the seventh month appears in another as the eighth. The question is a most important one, and deserves a fuller treatment than Dr. Myhrman was able to accord it in his summary introduction.

The Works of James Buchanan. Collected and edited by J. B. Moore. Vols. IX, X, XI. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

With the eleventh volume the publication of Buchanan's works is complete, so far as the text is concerned. There remains only an index volume. The last three volumes cover his service as Minister to the Court of St. James, his Presidency, and his retirement. An appendix contains the comparatively small number of letters which had escaped the search of the editor. When in London he was concerned with the occupation of a part of Central America by Great Britain, in contravention, as was supposed, of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, and with trade between Canada and the United States. His relations with the Aberdeen Ministry were cordial, and the points at issue were about to be settled, when Aberdeen gave place to Palmerston, and at once Buchanan saw that the probability of coming to an agreement was remote. His voluminous letters to Marcy contain much that is of interest, from court-dress to the war in the Crimea, and mark the real ability of the

man to deal with the conditions. He went to the Ostend Conference reluctantly, and, although the report was prepared by him, he did not place a high estimate on the value of the performance. All this time he denied that he was seeking or desirous of receiving the nomination to the Presidency. His party called him, and he was elected. It cannot be said that this series of volumes will materially alter the general opinion of Buchanan's character and capabilities.

He was first a politician, and not until he returned to England did he develop a statesmanship which stood him in good stead at the time, but proved to be inadequate when the real test came. The slavery question hampered him time and again, and necessarily narrowed his range of vision as well as of action. He never realized the greatness of the question involved, and could not lay aside his opinion formed in Jackson's day, never seeing that in more than thirty years the problem had become a moral as well as a social question. He believed no one understood his policy as President, and gathered material for a defence of his conduct. But he could not agree with Black, whom he selected to prepare this defence, and so the material came to naught. He lived long enough to see the end of the war, and the first experiments of reconstruction, but he contributed nothing to the history of the times after his retirement. Mr. Moore has been very industrious in gathering his material and skilful in its use. The number of private letters is astonishingly small, and they are not rich in historical material. It is much to have this well-arranged set of papers, for the growth of Buchanan is more readily measured. We wish the editor had not been so sparing of notes, and that he had more often given his experienced view of the course of diplomatic relations coming under Buchanan's direction.

Notes.

The Index of the *Nation*, January 1 to June 30, will be printed with the issue of July 7.

J. F. Taylor & Co., New York, announce for publication early in August "Ingersoll: A Biographical Appreciation," by Herman E. Kittredge. This volume will be uniform with the Dresden edition of Robert G. Ingersoll's works.

"The Ships and Sailors of Old Salem," by Ralph D. Paine, was credited in our review of June 16 to the Outing Publishing Co. It should have been noted that the books of this house have been taken over by A. C. McClurg & Co. of Chicago.

Sturgis & Walton Co. announce for publication next autumn "The Suffragette," by Miss E. Sylvia Pankhurst; "Leopold II, King of the Belgians," by Angelo S. Rappoport; "Hunting Camps in Wood and Wilderness," by H. Hesketh-Prichard; and "Famous Impostors," by Bram Stoker.

George H. Doran Company has obtained the exclusive selling agency for the book and calendar publications of the Life Publishing Company.

The Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities, which has for its object the purchase and care of places of historical or other interest, has just issued the first number of its illustrated bulletin. The society invites applications for membership. Information may be had from W. S. Appleton, No. 20 Beacon Street, Boston.

The Société des Gens de Lettres has awarded the French Bourse Nationale Littéraire, 3,000 francs, to the poet, Maurice Levaillant. Two books of verse, "Le Miroir d'étain" and "Le Temple intérieur," have been published by M. Levaillant, who is a native of Normandy.

"Federal Fish Farming" is the suggestive title of an interesting account of our fish cultural work by Deputy Commissioner Hugh M. Smith in the *National Geographic Magazine* for May. Beginning nearly forty years ago with the investigation of the reported decrease of food fishes in New England waters, the bureau now puts out yearly more than three billion fishes—the perch being the largest number. Among its subsidiary contributions to our national welfare is the discovery of widely prevalent fish cancer, which may be of great and far-reaching consequence because of its bearing on the cause of human cancer, and the improvement of the fishing vessels. By the introduction of a type of craft which combines large carrying capacity and great speed with enhanced safety, the loss of fishing schooners from the port of Gloucester alone has decreased from 82 vessels and 895 men in the ten years ending in 1883 to "only a fourth as many vessels and men" in the ten years ending in 1907. "One of our worst enemies.' the house-fly, is described by N. A. Cobb, with enlarged photographs, and Harriet C. Adams tells of a trip by the recently opened Transandine Railroad from Buenos Ayres to Valparaiso. All the articles are illustrated in the admirable manner now characteristic of this magazine.

Hutchins Hapgood shares with Gilbert Chesterton an odd philosophy of commonness, but illustrates it in a fashion at once more vague and less paradoxical. He holds that in mankind brought through poverty or vice near to the limit there inheres a distinction born of complete spontaneity. The lowly (like aristocrats, who are also brought near to the limit by the opportunities of wealth aiding a strong sense of life) are the "real thing." They know how they feel, and say what they mean, are open hearted and unvexed by small scruples. Thus the aristocrat and the tough are akin in being infinitely superior to the bourgeois, who is *par excellence* the unspontaneous man. Already the thesis of the book begins to look familiar. We have the romantic craving for extremes, the romantic scorn for qualified or middling things. But readers generally of Mr. Hapgood's "Types from City Streets" (Funk & Wagnalls) will bother rather little about the thesis. They know that Mr. Hapgood has thoroughly coasted his Bohemia and Alsatia, and that his discoveries are usually interesting, invested with a glamour that looks like that of life, and is perhaps the more attractive because it is nothing of the kind. Such readers will hold high expectations of a book that presents not merely a single thief or a small group of anarchists, but a full hundred of eccentric types. In the eating of the pudding, however, there may be some disappointment. Most of this work is early and sketchy. A great enthusiasm, a fairly religious zeal for the morally unbraced individual, is everywhere apparent; but the types themselves are of a disconcerting sameness. They seem dissolved in the author's admiration of them, so that what one really gets is not a vivid and various picture of the low life of New York, but a continuous revelation of a soul privateering among phantoms which it generously takes to be tall fellows. The reason for a kind of "woolliness" in this book is probably that in these early explorations Mr. Hapgood's eye was less on the object, than on the general gorgeousness of the quest. There may have been a still sorer obstacle to clear vision. Just as the too sympathetic physician may actually induce all manner of symptoms in a sensitive patient, so it seems possible that Mr. Hapgood so captivated his types that they insensibly assumed the colors of his expectations. However that be, the book is of a beguiling enthusiasm, and that reader who should explore the East Side in the hope of seeing it with Mr. Hapgood's eyes would have to blame for a disappointment merely his own lack of critical psychology.

The latest section of the "New English Dictionary," prepared by W. A. Craigie (Clarendon Press), carries the story from *round-nosed* to *ryze*. It is interesting to notice that in the last three sections the language has been almost equally indebted to the Teutonic and to the Romanic tributaries. Among the words of obscure origin, *rowdy* is one of the most piquant. It is of pretty recent coinage, and it is assigned to America. In the first instance, 1819, it was a term for American backwoodsmen—"the hunters, or Illinois Rowdies, as they are called, are rather troublesome." In Queensland, in 1872, one could speak of a "rowdy bullock." In England, in 1862, the term was applied to the brawlers at an election. The leviathan of this gathering is the little word *run*, a rich idiom-maker, which, with all its forms and senses, occupies thirty-seven columns—simple reading for one to the manner born, but appallingly difficult for a foreigner. Fancy, for example, the sorrows of a French schoolboy pondering on the difference between *running up* a road and *running up a bill*; *running for* office or *running for the* office, and *running for* life or a silver cup; *running off* a race and *running off* the track; *running down* a hill and *running down* a pedestrian or a rival; looking *run down* or letting a clock or a house *run down*.

The historic vista which this section opens and the change which has taken place in the ideals of dictionary-makers may perhaps be suggested by saying that it carries the story from *Round Table* to *rubberneck*. Even though the material had been accessible, it would have appeared to the classical Dr. Johnson sheer idleness to wade through mediæval romance, blazing his way to Wace's *Roman de Brut* (1155) to find the first mention of the Arthurian board. To-day a student wishing to investi-

gate that famous institution may turn to the dictionary for a fairly extensive directory of original sources. Chesterfield, who, though not essentially frivolous, had a keen relish for frivolity, urged Johnson in a periodical of the day to include in his forthcoming dictionary a list of the gay cant words of polite society, including "flirtation," at the birth of which he had himself assisted. But, alas for the earl, the lexicographer, with a thunderbolt in his sleeve, was meditating at that time on the meaning of literary patronage, and was in no mood for the cant of polite society. *Tempora mutantur*—hence the indecorous act, and the atrociously indecorous word for the act, of "rubbernecking," and their record in the treasury of our speech. The reflection that many of us here at this hour assisted at the birth of this ill-featured monster should lead us to set a guard upon our lips. The indiscretions of yesterday become the precedents of to-morrow; the hapless purist must be prepared to hear the schoolboy's irrefragable retort, "It's in the dictionary!"

"An Outdoor Breviary," by M. Jourdain (London: The Academy Press), is one of those rather numerous books about nature in which preciosity of phrase and plentiful literary allusion serve to cover essential thinness and vagueness of feeling. Thus the annual round in England is tricked out with oddments of a somewhat rococo sort, the result being perhaps entrancing to the more sophisticated reader of to-day. A stray figure or two may serve for allurement or warning. Cherry blossoms "shine like the silver veins of a niello"—such reversion from nature to art is characteristic. "The sun, from beneath a blue cloud pours his rayed water-carriers, regular as the pale amber sticks of a delicate fan, upon the heavy-headed elms steeped in a film of blue, and upon the infinite distance built up of wet light and pale cloud-like forms of hill and plain." Here is distinction, of a sort, but the sort is pretty familiar.

To the attractive uniform edition of the works of Vernon Lee, the John Lane Co. has added the volume of essays on social subjects entitled "Althea." Sympathy and frugality on the part of the favored class is the sum of the matter as threshed out by the amiable figureheads who speak the author's thoughts. One or two of them have a certain life of their own. The dialogues are an eloquent plea for a discreet undoctrinal Socialism that implies rather change of heart than overturning of political forms.

From English writings of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the Rev. W. W. Skeat has collected 302 proverbs. These are illustrated by parallels from English and other literatures, so that the total mass of proverbs is large and instructive. Professor Skeat remarks the scarcity of such "bywords" in Anglo-Saxon literature. This is due surely only to the fact that we have almost nothing of a truly popular sort transmitted from this period. The proverbs must have existed, they merely did not get written down. Recent criticism has suggested that such thirteenth century documents as the "Ancren Riwle" and much of the material in Morris's "Old English Homilies" are really transcripts of originals neary two centuries older. If so, a certain amount of the proverbial stuff in this book should be credited to Anglo-Saxon times. But Professor Skeat is silent as to these redatings. Chaucer is naturally the chief source of proverbial wisdom, providing more than a third of the whole. His sapient Pandarus in "Troilus and Cressida" is full of sententious examples, but the fair Cressida herself is skilful in glozing her own frailty by these moral commonplaces. Civilizations are pictured in proverbs. We say to-day, "Don't crack a hazelnut with a triphammer." The fourteenth century equivalent of this maxim is "Don't start a falcon at a fly" (No. 102). This learned little book, which is called "Early English Proverbs" (Henry Frowde), represents the recreations of a great scholar. It will not fail to interest readers of antiquarian bent.

In one of the last letters Grover Cleveland ever wrote he expressed the belief that the man to lead the Democratic party back to its old creed and its old policies was John A. Johnson, thrice elected as a Democrat Governor of Republican Minnesota. When Gov. Johnson died last autumn Theodore Roosevelt wrote from Central Africa to Mrs. Johnson that her husband's death was a "loss to good citizenship," and characterized him as "one of those Americans who we like to believe are typical of our people as a whole." Few Americans in public view in the past decade have so strikingly illustrated the opportunities of American life as Gov. Johnson. The story of his career is interestingly told by Frank A. Day and Theodore M. Knappen, two of his close associates, in their "Life of John Albert Johnson" (Forbes & Co.). The book, as the authors explain, is not intended to be a critical biography. Their hope is "to extend as widely and as soon as possible the influence that Gov. Johnson would have continued to exert in person had he lived." As far as any memorial biography can accomplish such an end, this will probably accomplish it. It is too early to measure the man's influence or determine his place in the history of the nation, but the sympathetic picture here presented by those who knew and loved him is well worth preserving. That this son of poor immigrant parents, who was born in a frontier State in one of the civil-war years, and spent almost his entire life as the editor of a little country newspaper, should in so brief a time have overcome both political and social obstacles and stood forth as a Presidential possibility, is reason enough to make the story of his life worth telling.

Prof. J. H. Wigmore, not content with the contribution made in his elaborate "Treatise on the System of Evidence," has now rendered the trial lawyer a further service by compressing into a compact code the essential rules of the subject ("A Pocket Code of the Rules of Evidence in Trials at Law"; Little Brown & Co.). In this handbook of 485 pages of text (and 80 pages of index) the law of evidence is stated in the form of some 230 leading propositions, with their various qualifications running into more than 2,000 sections, with no citation of authorities but with a multitude of cross references and of citations to the corresponding discussions in the "Treatise." We can agree that the usefulness of Stephen's "Digest" has been "barred by limitation," and may add that, even if such were not the case, its usefulness will lessen appreciably with the appearance of this code. The make-up of any such book is an important matter. There is here the ordinary device of blank alternate pages, and a system of brackets gives real guidance to the fast worker. The recognized rules of evidence are stated in ordinary form. Those rules, or modifications, which prevail in some, but not all, jurisdictions, are placed within single brackets, while propositions which are nowhere recognized as law, but should be, are within double brackets. The curved brace is used to identify a rule which "is the law in every jurisdiction, but ought not to be law"; only two instances of this last notation are found, although its place seems sometimes to be taken by a footnote (§§ 710, 712). Where the single bracket is used, in addition to the citation to the discussion in the "Treatise," a foot-note often indicates the jurisdiction of dissent. The bracket may enclose only one word, often "not," in a rule, but it at once puts one on inquiry. That a careful use of this code will guard the prudent trial lawyer against proceeding on a chance is shown by the fact that the single bracket appears in more than 500 instances. In some cases, the single bracket seems wrongly superseded by the double, as in the proposition (§16) that the "judge may express to the jury, after the close of evidence and argument, his personal opinion as to the credibility or weight of the evidence or any part thereof," the foot-note adding: "This is not the law to-day in any jurisdiction, except in New Jersey and in the Federal courts. But it ought to be." Professor Wigmore files a claim on his quarter-section of legal authorship by the notice that he proposes to bring out a series of the code with special annotations suitable for each of the jurisdictions "having voluminous authorities." It is to be hoped that the New York edition will be widely used. His preface points out truly, with unpleasant candor, that "an accurate familiarity with the local rules of evidence is to-day lamentably lacking among practitioners who try cases (most notably in metropolitan courts)."

In the *Nation* of February 17 reference was made to the approaching completion of the Weimar edition of Goethe. Since that date two of the promised volumes have appeared, the final volume of the "Gedichte" (V^2) and volume XLIX of the "Briefe." The volume of the poems, edited by Julius Wahle, is composed for the most part of the critical apparatus, with some necessary commentary, to volumes IV and V^1. It includes also the corrections and additions essential to offset the errors and oversights arising out of and revealed by the change of editors, Loeper having died in 1891 and Redlich in 1900, with the difficult editorial task still far from completed. Under the head of "Nachträge" there is given but one poem by Goethe, viz., "Das Tagebuch," which doubtless would not have been included in this edition at all, if it had not already appeared elsewhere. Goethe probably intended that it should never be published, because, as he said, "the world is accustomed to call such things immoral." His own manuscript was sealed up some years ago, never to be opened, not even for this edition. But Hirzel published his unauthorized copy of it privately, in 1861, for a small circle of Goethe admirers, and one

or more of the copies passed into strange hands, to be seized upon by unscrupulous publishers as an irresistible lure for the pathological public. The poem was later included in some of the editions of Goethe. Among the "Paralipomena" are a considerable number of interesting scraps from the poet's workshop, which Wahle endeavors, with rare knowledge and insight, to bring into their proper connection. The alphabetical index of first lines includes not only the poems of the first six volumes, but also all the lyrics scattered throughout the many volumes of the edition, except those to be found in the dramas. Why the latter should have been omitted, we are not told. The index is the work of Hans Gerhard Gräf, and will be of great service to all who use the edition, especially as convenience for reference was not the fundamental purpose of the arrangement of the early volumes. The Weimar edition being the only complete one and the only one that attempts to give full information as to manuscripts, first publication, and variant readings, scholars are now for the first time in possession of all the critical material bearing on the poems. The volume of the letters, edited by Max Hecker, covers the period from July, 1831, to the poet's death in March, 1832. It contains 194 letters, of which 65 are here published for the first time in their entirety, though extracts from some of them have previously appeared in other publications. The last letter of the series is the important and oft-quoted one of the 17th of March, 1832, to Wilhelm von Humboldt. Goethe died five days later. By a peculiar slip of the pen, or oversight in proof-reading, Hecker gives the date of his death as the 9th of March (p. 287), perhaps a confusion of the 9th of May, the date of Schiller's death (in 1805), with the 22d of March.

George A. Hubbell has given us the most satisfactory biography of Horace Mann that has been written, under the title "Horace Mann: Educator, Patriot and Reformer" (Philadelphia: Wm. F. Fell Co.). When the author was teaching a village school in Ohio, a copy of the inaugural address of Horace Mann as president of Antioch College fell into his hands and greatly moved him. Later as a student and as a professor at Antioch he studied and was greatly influenced by the life work of this our greatest educational reformer. He has spent six years in the preparation of the biography and a large amount of material has been placed at his disposal by the family and friends of Mr. Mann. The book is affectionately appreciative. It seems almost as though it were written by one who had known Horace Mann and loved him. And yet it is not unmindful of his faults. Not only his career as a reformer in the Massachusetts Legislature and in Congress, and those years of struggle in which he did the greatest work for American education that has ever been done, but those more peaceful final years at Antioch are adequately portrayed. We see here a fascinating personality and a great and devoted leader. The story is told in a style simple and direct.

The value of such a manual as "L'Age d'Or de la littérature française," by Louise Delpit (Heath), is questionable. American students are likely still to turn, if they read French, to Lanson or Pellissier, to which this book adds little. A manual in English, based upon such substantial works, would probably have a better chance.

In "Education for Efficiency" (Heath & Co.) Prof E. Davenport of the University of Illinois makes a vigorous and convincing argument for such changes in our schools, and especially in the high schools, as shall make them serve all the people in their needs for everyday life. He thinks that through vocational studies in the already established institutions, and not through separate trade schools, our youth should obtain that education for efficiency and service which is more and more demanded. He would give one-fourth of the time of the high-school pupil to this vocational work. Professor Davenport writes from the agricultural standpoint and points out very clearly and definitely how vocational work in agriculture can be made a part of the course of schools which draw their pupils wholly or in part from the country. We wish that he or some one else would indicate how vocational training for every one can be given in a city high school, which draws its pupils not from a single occupation like farming, but from a multitude of occupations.

"L'Invention et la composition dans l'œuvre de Rabelais" (H. Champion, 400 pages, 8 francs), by Jean Plattard, *docteur ès lettres*, has a triple interest—in history, in university matters, and in language and literature. In successive chapters it deals with the relations of Rabelais's work to the romance literature of his time; of *moinage* and the Respublica Scholastica; law studies and legists; medical science; humanism; popular wit; and the general characters of Rabelais's style.

"Les Civilisations de l'Afrique du Nord" (Armand Colin, 400 pages, 4 maps, 4 francs), by Victor Piquet, treats with succinct erudition of the past history of what is now a French sphere of influence—Tunis, Algiers, and Morocco. Except for Tripoli, this answers to the former Barbary States. The present volume has to do with Berbers—the primitive, and still the most numerous race—conquering Arabs and Turks, and notes by the way such adventitious elements as Phœnicians of Carthage, Romans and Byzantines, and Spaniards. It stops short of present French "Berberie," to which a future volume is to be given.

Ludwig Rapp, the historian, died recently at Innsbruck, at the age of eighty-two. Among his works, which deal chiefly with Tyrolese history, are "Königin Magdalena von Oesterreich," "Hexenprozesse in Tirol," and "Eine Jakobiner Verschwörung in Tirol."

Science.

Frederick A. Stokes Company will publish, early in July, "Common Weeds of the Farm and Garden," by Harold C. Long.

At the meeting of the board of trustees of Cornell University on commencement day, June 23, Burt G. Wilder, the last active member of the original faculty, having resigned after a service of forty-two years, was made emeritus professor of neurology and vertebrate zoölogy.

The "History of Gardening in England," by the Hon. Mrs. Evelyn Cecil (Dutton), has now, after a lapse of fifteen years, appeared in a third edition, enlarged and revised. It is an interesting book, appropriately illustrated, and made with the unusual combination of industry and taste. Its multitudes of facts are almost bewildering, but the general impression is curiously the same as that made by Curtler's "Short History of English Agriculture," lately reviewed in these columns. For centuries after the period of stability under the Romans, agriculture and gardening in England flourished in peace, languished in domestic war. There were, for the simple home folk, dreadful periods in the dark ages, when neither prosperity nor glimpses of beauty could be counted on, sometimes for generations together. Taste was not known; gardening was scarcely undertaken outside of monastery walls. But when these walls were thrown down by Henry VIII we mark the commencement of England's internal prosperity, which, except at two epochs under the Stuarts, has continued till this day. Then first began the general home-gardening, which meant comfort to the householder; next followed the development of styles.

To Americans the glimpses into English gardening are interesting, chiefly for the thoroughness with which changes in taste were accepted by the nation, and the great scale on which improvements were made. Enormous gardens made for fêtes to visiting ambassadors were but temporary; large undertakings at noblemen's country seats seldom lasted longer than from father to son. It is only the gardens of the eighteenth century, and very few of those, which have lasted till our day. When we read of the five-hundred acre garden at Stow, we marvel. If an imitator's garden of but twenty-eight acres cost, with its walks, ponds, fountains, and bridges, its statues, temples, and columns, the greater part of the great fortune of its owner's wife, what must have been the outlay on the larger place? Every change of style produced similar expenditures throughout the kingdom. And the changes were wide. When the excesses of the Dutch style, with its formal designs and sheared trees, brought about the imitation of landscape (it was Kent, says Walpole, who "leaped the fence, and saw that all Nature was a garden"), the extreme of fashion was as great. "Capability" Brown made the final developments of a style according to which an avenue of trees was a blemish, and a flower visible from the house a painful discrepancy. It is interesting to find that in the changes from these two excesses of taste an influence was exerted by men of letters, in the first case Addison and Pope, in the latter, Scott. The landscape style was eventually followed by the bedding system, by which for three months the garden flared with the brilliant hues of hothouse plants, and for the remaining nine was a withered waste. William Robinson, late in the nineteenth century, brought about the beginning of the change to the old hardy plants which now, in a combination of wildness and formality, procure for English gardens (alas, not for ours!) flowers for every month. This is made possible, of course, partly by climate partly by the wonderful plant discoveries of the nineteenth century. Innumerable new varieties, and even species, were found,

imported, and propagated, so that now, with bulbs and shrubs, and new hardy annuals and perennials, the English garden is at a far remove from the monastery *herbarium*. When we read the list of plants recently discovered, but not yet propagated in England, we realize the further possibilities of the English garden —and of our own.

"Mosquito or Man" (Dutton) is the title of a handsome and attractive book by Sir Rubert W. Boyce, a professor of the University of Liverpool, who has extended personal knowledge of his subject and writes charmingly about it. As indicated by a secondary title, the author's purpose is to show the relation of the mosquito to the diseases of man, and to make clear what may be done to exterminate the mosquito or limit its harmfulness to man in tropical countries. The point of view is that of the British schools of tropical medicine, and the problems considered are those of British residents in the tropics, but the writer is thoroughly and appreciatively familiar with the important work done by Americans, more especially that in Cuba and at New Orleans. Less attention is paid to the problem as it presents itself in the temperate zones, but here the solution is essentially the same. The practical work in other countries is briefly treated. These qualifications do not impair the value of the book, which is one of the best for the general reader, well calculated to give him a clear idea of what man may do for his own protection. In a few short final chapters some other diseases due to insects, or other causes controllable by hygienic measures, are considered most suggestively, but almost too briefly. Boyce calls particular attention to the fly, the common house fly (*Musca domestica*), proposing to name it in general the "septic fly." Howard's name, the "typhoid fly," he holds to be unsatisfactory in its apparent limitation of the vast variety of harm done by this animal, which is the disgrace as well as the pest of domestic economy. The thoughtful reader will quickly perceive that when the community really recognizes what the fly can do there will begin a campaign far more remarkable than that against the mosquito, wonderful as that has been. The book has many interesting illustrations, exceptionally well reproduced.

Although not so stated, either on the title page or in the preface, the "popular" edition of Prof. Elie Metchnikoff's "Prolongation of Life" (Putnam), translated by P. Chalmers Mitchell, is a reprint of the edition published in 1908. There is therefore nothing new in it except the introduction by Prof. Charles S. Minot of the Harvard Medical School. Professor Minot says that Metchnikoff's greatest contributions to science are his two volumes, "Lessons on the Comparative Pathology of Inflammation," published in 1892, and his "L'Immunité," which appeared in 1901. Professor Metchnikoff's discovery that the white blood cells (leucocytes) are the scavengers of the body has exerted a tremendous influence in promoting experimentation with sera and anti-toxins. This discovery alone should be sufficient to award him a lasting place in the history of medical experimentation. The optimism of Professor Metchnikoff is evident in all his work, and as Professor Minot puts it, "One feels that here is a man to whom hope is a habit of mind." For more than forty years (he is now sixty-five) Metchnikoff's great gifts have been employed in the cause of science, and, unlike some of his less fortunate predecessors and colleagues, he has seen these gifts bear rich fruit in the service of mankind.

Drama and Music.

A Garland to Sylvia. By Percy MacKaye. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

This is an early work begun originally in 1897, when Mr. MacKaye was a senior in Harvard, and completed in 1899, when he was a student in Italy. He now publishes it with an explanatory preface, or rather two prefaces—his present introduction including one written at a much earlier period—and after some editing, the extent of which is not indicated. On the title page, it is called a dramatic reverie, which is, perhaps, as good a definition as any other. Its dramatic value is nil and its purport vain, but regarded as a poetic fantasy, born of youthful speculation in unfathomable metaphysical and psychological mysteries, it is fanciful and interesting. Briefly it is a tale of a Harvard undergraduate of mystical tendencies, who has chosen for the heroine of his first play the subject of Shakespeare's famous song, "Who is Sylvia?" He pictures her as a daughter of Pan, the spiritual essence of all loveliness in Nature, and having embodied her in his poetic vision, falls in love with his own creation and has moments of illusion when he can see her and speak with her. In the play she is the object of general adoration, but can be won only by that suitor who shall be able to divine her secret, which is that, although apparently mortal, she is actually a spirit. The riddle is solved only by the villain, Sandrac, a dealer in magic; and the problem is how she may be saved from him, without the violation of dramatic truth, which to the poet lover is sacred. Finally, in despair, after a hint from the apparition of Sylvia herself, the author, as a last resource, burns his manuscript.

Then in a vision—the reverie is a play within a play—he sees his plot enacted, and discovers that the fanciful creatures whom he has willed into existence have become persistent entities in the realm which they inhabit, and that he no longer has the power to divert them from their destined course. They are the living beings while he is a futile ghost. Then he is compelled to stand by in impotence and see his adored Sylvia delivered into the power of the hated Sandrac. In the end, however, Sylvia teaches him how even dreams must perish in the waters of oblivion, and Sandrac and his mates having been beguiled into drinking of Lethe's stream, the lovers are happily united and the curtain falls.

Such a scheme could not be worked out with any great semblance of logical coherence, even on the theory of which the young poet seems to have been enamoured—that men are as insubstantial unrealities as the fancies begotten of them. Inconsistencies in the workmanship weaken its effect, either as fairy tale or allegory. But underlying it all is a pregnant suggestion of the persistency of the uttered thought and of the incalculable influence of the personality of the dramatist, not only upon the inventions of his fancy, but upon the actors who interpret them and the individual minds of the spectators. The idea of the play originated, Mr. MacKaye says, in some such considerations as these, which, of course, are not entirely new. But in his more mature preface, Mr. MacKaye is careful to disavow present responsibility for either the philosophy or the fallacies of this juvenile product, which, however, is well worthy the dignity of print. With all its occasional crudity, imitativeness and temerity, it is often amazingly clever and contains much charming poetry. Many of the conceptions of nature are particularly striking.

Daniel Suily, the actor, died on Saturday at Woodstock, N. Y., at the age of fifty-five. After some years' experience in music halls he wrote, in 1884, "The Corner Grocery," playing the leading part in this for five years. He produced several other pieces, and, in 1889, "The Parish Priest." In this and in a number of subsequent productions he always appeared in the rôle of a priest. He was well known throughout the United States. He retired in 1907.

A monograph upon the life and work of the late Edward MacDowell, by Mrs. Elizabeth Fry Page, is announced for immediate publication by the Dodge Publishing Co., New York. This house will also publish, in September, a work on costumes, covering nineteen centuries, by Mrs. Charles H. Ashdown.

The revival of the "Mikado" in New York has been rewarded with crowded houses, and its run has been extended two weeks. The theatrical managers should be laying the moral to heart. They are constantly telling us that the public gets what it deserves; they say they would be glad enough to put on good things, but good things never pay. Their mistake is plain to be seen. Finding that many good things—things that the inner circles rave about—have no attraction for the mass of men, they conclude that it is their goodness that works their undoing. But this is not in the least true. To be sure, there are many out-of-the-way things that are excellent of their kind, and yet do not win large popularity. But that is not because they are good, but because they are of a certain kind. As Chesterton says, "the public does not like good introspective sonnets, but neither does it like bad introspective sonnets." Similarly, the public may choose bad comic opera rather than good grand

opera, but it had still rather, any day, have good comic opera. Certainly, there is a very large public that has been craving the Gilbert and Sullivan repast—many have been craving it without even knowing of its existence. And their hunger is not sated. Besides, the "Mikado," with all its abounding fun, is a good deal less delightful than "Pinafore," and a good deal less clever than "Patience." Surely, the much-abused public has proved that it deserves to be subjected to these tests, too!

There is great satisfaction in England over the appointment of Henry J. Wood as conductor of the Birmingham Festival in succession to Hans Richter. Owing to the glamour which still attaches to the foreigner, where the British musical public is concerned, it was feared that English conductors would be overlooked.

In Germany alone there are 373 composers who belong to a society formed six years ago for the purpose, chiefly, of collecting fees for performing rights. Such fees were gathered in 1909 to the amount of $62,500, an increase of $15,000 above the receipts of the previous year. No less than 80 per cent. of the sum collected went to the composers, librettists, and publishers, who are included in the society to the number of seventy-six. The number of librettists is not given. Since 1904, the society has collected altogether $220,000. Among the members are Richard Strauss, Engelbert, Humperdinck, and Georg Schumann. A similar organization has been founded in England.

It is reported from Dresden that Richard Strauss's next opera, "Cavaliers of the Rose," will be produced for the first time there early in December. The libretto is by Hugo von Hofmannsthal, and the subtitle for the opera is a "comedy for music." The plot is the hackneyed one—a young *elegant*, entrusted with a proposal of marriage on behalf of an elderly, rich suitor, falling in love with the lady, and having his love returned. The scene is laid in the middle of the eighteenth century, in Vienna, at the time of Maria Theresa.

The story of Mascagni's new opera, "Ysobel," which is to be produced for the first time in any country in America next autumn by the newly organized Bessie Abbott Opera Company, is taken from the legend of Lady Godiva, the oldest known version of which dates back to the thirteenth century, but which is most familiar through Tennyson's poem. The action is set in the town of Coventry, in the eleventh century. Luigi Illica, the librettist, who also wrote the libretti of "Tosca" and several other standard operas, has departed from the original legend in many instances. It is "Ysobel," the daughter of the Earl of Chester, who makes the famous ride to save her townfolk. To protect her during her act of sacrifice, an edict is issued condemning any to the loss of eyesight who do not remain behind closed doors, while Ysobel makes her ride. The hero of the opera, a young huntsman who has worshipped Lady Ysobel from afar, takes advantage of the only chance to bring himself to her notice by defying the edict. He remains on a balcony and pelts her with flowers as she passes. Hero begins the love story around which the opera is built. A descriptive intermezzo will depict the ride. Signor Mascagni will himself conduct each performance of the new opera.

Art.

The Boston Museum of Fine Arts. By Julia de Wolf Addison. Illustrated. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

Since the New Art Museum at Boston has been opened barely six months, this book has a topical character unusual in its class. At times it betrays the haste of its preparation, but in general it gives about the technical, historical, and biographical information that a visitor will wish. It is more discursive than most of the series to which it belongs, and, in a way, less business-like. It is readable without much sense of proportion. For example, the Wedgwood potteries are quite preposterously overwritten, while Chinese porcelains are treated quite inadequately. The work is planned for the longitude of Boston, which, since there will be its best reading, should perhaps not be counted a defect. For anybody but a Bostonian the story of the disputable Velasquez, and the famous referendum to a lot of more or less competent artists is unduly amplified. It would be enough to say that this was a transitional work, presumably genuine, but of rather slight artistic importance.

The matter of this book, barring exceptions which will be noted later, is much more satisfactory than its manner, which is, in a word, the New England amateur literary style. It is a diction as marked and worthy of investigation as, say, African Latinity. The cardinal maxims seem to be, When you have nothing to say, say it pretentiously, and when you have very little, say it repetitiously. A fair example is the phrase in which the author praises the installation of the Far Eastern department. "Not until such a museum as this is seen, may a visitor fully understand the message of Japanese art as displayed in this way." Here is merely an extreme case of a frequent defect.

In spite of these drawbacks, the book contains a considerable amount of relevant illustrative material, and with a little overhauling can be made very useful. A few suggestions are offered for a second edition. David Cox and D. Roberts are apparently taken to be American artists, and furthermore no mention is made of Cox's importance as a technician. The Museum's remarkable collection of drawings by William Blake is not properly emphasized. Hokusai's Thirty-six Views of Fuji, the large colored series, is erroneously described as a first stage towards the unduly famous Hundred Views in monochrone and small dimensions. On page 209 Dürer receives credit for a woodcut, Death in the Belfry, which must be Rethel's well-known composition. On page 116 a rug is dated 1640, but the corresponding illustration reads "sixteenth century." Spagnoletto, page 63, is a very ugly misprint for Lo Spagna. A number of the foreign names have been distorted in the types. Mezzotint engraving might have been treated more at length, but toward the merely charming in art our author is inexorable. Of Boucher's tapestry designs she says that they are "lacking in dignity as the type of a noble art." This is uncontrovertible, and she proceeds, "It would be as justifiable to treat the mane of the British lion with Marcel waves as to cover these textile monuments of human industry with these fluttering idiocies." At this point it appears unmistakably that Boston disapproves of Trianon: "It was all part and parcel of the smirking sentimental folly of that France which could not hear its own death-knell ringing in the groans of the oppressed who were compelled to suffer that the court might scintillate." We agree that these were feckless folk, but are as glad, from the point of view of art, that instead of pursuing the melancholy duty of listening for their death-knell, which our author retrospectively advises, they thoughtlessly employed such artists as Watteau, Boucher, and Fragonard.

Feeling that it is a mistake te try to see all the pictures of the chief European galleries in a single season, Mrs. Lorinda Munson Bryant has prepared a book called "What Pictures to See in Europe in a Single Summer" (John Lane Co.). Her counsel of moderation and selection is pretty well vitiated by her lack of knowledge, taste, or confidence in the teachableness of her readers. They are sent out of Italy without having seen anything of Giotto but the Dante portrait still falsely ascribed to him in the Bargello. They quit the Berlin Museum without seeing the Van Eycks or the Holbeins that are its glory. In the Louvre the book makes no mention of Watteau. For the author no working distinction between various Ghirlandalos and Vivarinis exists. The comment throughout is thoroughly philistine and poor in expression. On the other hand, it may for that reason be better adjusted than a better guide could be to the capacity of those whom it addresses.

Charles A. Lasar, in "Practical Hints for Art Students" (Duffield), sets forth in brief maxims, which are frequently repeated, the law and gospel of the modern neo-impressionistic method of landscape painting. Purple is the great harmonizer. Blue—shades of Sir Joshua!—is an advancing color; red a retreating one. Of course this is only true when painting is a purple feat. Perugino's distances, perhaps the loveliest and remotest we have, are in blue untempered by warmer color. But then the artless Umbrian laid in his foregrounds in the despised browns and went back through cool grays. We fear that to take Mr. Lasar's color hints literally would result in a generation painting uniformly like Mr. Redfield. Still the maxims are wholesome as to simplicity, elimination, and concentration of effect. The initial chapter on linear design and the expression of the figures, though eccentric in phrase, should be useful. It hammers into

the beginner the truth that composition is not merely an arrangement of the obvious lines, but of their projections in space. A few quotations will suggest the temper of this little manual:

Civilize everything except the eye.
Never economize knowledge, but economize labor.
Every scene has a principal sensation, multiply this sensation until the spectator can get at it quickly.

This book is calculated to make the beginner think. Its defect is a too narrow contemporaneousness. The student should add to Mr. Lasar's maxims the old prosaic one—"There are many ways."

The Société des Artistes Français has announced the award of four prizes, as follows: The Prix Rosa Bonheur to Louis Désiré Lucas, for his Femme à la Quenouille; the Prix Marie Bashkirtseff, to Léon Cassel, for his Sortie du Salut: Béguinage de Bruges (exhibited in this year's Salon); the Prix Balin-Dolet to F. L. Duluard, for his original etching, Le Triomphe de Mardochée, and the Prix Raigecourt Guyon to C. L. E. Signoret for his two pictures which he showed in the Salon.

Finance.

BALANCE OF TRADE.

The persistent hold of the mercantilist idea of the balance of trade on the general mind was never more strikingly illustrated than in the place given to it in the late Secretary Hay's splendid eulogy of President McKinley. That portion of his speech which dealt with the economic advancement of the country under McKinley's Administration reached its climax in the following passage, relating to the extraordinary increase in the balance of trade—the excess of our merchandise exports over our merchandise imports:

> But, coming to the development of our trade in the four McKinley years, we seem to be entering the realm of fable. In the last fiscal year our excess of exports over imports was $644,592,826. In the last four years it was $2,354,442,213. These figures are so stupendous that they mean little to a careless reader—but consider! The excess of exports over imports for the whole preceding period from 1790 to 1897—from Washington to McKinley—was only $356,808,822.
>
> The most extravagant promises made by the sanguine McKinley advocates five years ago are left out of sight by these sober facts. The "debtor nation" has become the chief creditor nation. The financial centre of the world, which required thousands of years to journey from the Euphrates to the Thames and the Seine, seems passing to the Hudson, between daybreak and dark.

Coming from a man of Mr. Hay's broad culture and fine intellect, and upon so high an occasion, this bears singular testimony to the dominion exercised over men's habitual thought by the old notion that to sell more to foreigners than you buy from them is the great desideratum, the potent cause of prosperity, the sure sign of commercial and financial dominion.

To those who acclaimed in this way the balance-of-trade figures of the McKinley years—figures which, indeed, were highly remarkable and noteworthy—the showing of the fiscal year now drawing to a close ought to be extremely depressing. The excess of our exports above our imports during the eleven months ending with May is only $179,000,000, and the final figure for the fiscal year will not exceed $200,000,000. To find as small a "favorable" balance as this in the past, we have to go back fourteen years. In the fiscal year ending June 30, 1897, the excess of exports was $286,000,000, and it has been above $400,000,000 in every fiscal year since that time, with the single exception of the year ending June 30, 1909. For each of the four full fiscal years of McKinley's Presidency, the balance was well above $500,000,000; the average annual balance for those years was nearly $600,000,000. On the other hand, for the four years 1907-10, the average will be but a trifle above $400,000,000, a falling off of thirty per cent. as compared with the four McKinley years, in spite of the vastly increased scale of business and the world-wide rise of prices. In 1909, we came down to $351,000,000; and this year, as already stated, we shall have to record the melancholy figure of a paltry $200,000,000. In two of Cleveland's years we did better than that—$237,000,000 and $286,000,000 in the years ending June 30, 1894, and June 30, 1897, respectively.

But the worst remains to be told; for these results are only what we get on the face of the figures, and a mere glance at what is behind them suffices to show that the precious balance has suffered much more than appears on the surface. Even the most devoted believer in the saving grace of a "favorable" balance of trade does not hold that its blessings arise from the mere existence of the figures in a statistical report; the beneficent fact to him is that we have actually sold to foreigners so much more than we have bought from them. Well, we all know that to get at this surplus we have to make heavy deductions from the figures of excess of exports above imports. The two most important deductions are the amounts we pay out for transportation by foreign carriers, and the amounts expended by American travellers abroad. Neither of these big items enters into the government tables giving excess of merchandise exports over merchandise imports. It has long been customary to reckon these two items together at more than $200,000,000. But whatever they were in the past, it is evident that both of them are greatly increased now. The habit of European travel has been growing rapidly and steadily, year by year; the amount spent by Americans abroad has been increasing by leaps and bounds. And as for freight charges, since the total volume of our foreign trade has increased enormously, it is certain that we have had to pay decidedly more to foreign carriers than in former years. It is highly probable that, if these two items of expenditure were duly taken into account, and allowance also made for undervaluations, our balance of trade this year would be found a pretty heavy "adverse" one, instead of being a "favorable" balance of $200,000,000; and in any case, so far as a comparison with the McKinley years is concerned, the falling off in the balance is much greater than that shown by the statistical figures, heavy as this is.

Now, from the point of view of the financial expert the ups and downs of the merchandise balance are sometimes highly important elements in the casting of the business horoscope; but they are but one factor in a complex whole, and their significance, such as it is, varies with varying circumstances. A sudden increase in the "favorable" balance, for instance, may mean that we are buying back our own securities, or that we are making investments abroad; but that does not necessarily mean that we are doing better, or saving more, than we should be if we utilized all our capital in enterprises at home and even invited fresh foreign capital for investment. Again, if we kept on having enormous "favorable" balances, and made vast investments abroad, a time would come at last when the annual returns on those investments would be so great as to do more than balance the new investments made each year, and thus, while still increasing our holdings abroad, we should be having, year after year, large "adverse" balances; this has long been the condition of England. In fact, a nation's economic status can no more be inferred from the mere figures of its balance of trade than the condition of a corporation can be told by merely ascertaining the amount of its receipts and its expenditures, without inquiring how much of those expenditures were for running expenses, and how much for permanent betterments.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

About the Farm. Boston: J. R. Whipple Co., Young's Hotel.

A. H. W. (Canada). He Restoreth My Soul. Putnam. $1.50 net.

Albee, H. R. Hardy Plants for Cottage Gardens. Holt. $1.60 net.

Apcar, D. A. Betrayed Armenia. Yokohama: Japan Gazette Press.

Aristophanes' Knights. Greek text revised, translated, etc., by B. B. Rogers. Macmillan. $3.50 net.

Beard, C. A. American Government and Politics. Macmillan. $2.10 net.

Beers, H. A. The Ways of Yale in the Consulship of Plancus. Enlarged ed. Holt. $1.20 net.

Björklund, G. J. Death and Resurrection. Trans. by J. E. Fries. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co.

Carson, N. B. From Irish Castles to French Châteaux. Boston: Small, Maynard.
Corbett, J. S. The Campaign of Trafalgar. Longmans.
Crary, L. E. A Text-Book of Field Zoölogy. Phila.: Blakiston. $1.25 net.
Dawbarn, C. Y. C. The Social Contract. Longmans.
Dole, C. F. The Coming Religion. Boston. Small, Maynard.
Earle, J. The Deeds of Beowulf. Done into modern prose by John Earle. Frowde.
Eliot, C. W. The Future of Trades Unionism and Capitalism in a Democracy. Putnam. $1 net.
Ellis, J. B. The Soul of a Serf. Chicago: Laird & Lee. $1.
Ferrero, F. The Valley of Aosta. Putnam. $2 net.
Garesché, M. R. Art of the Ages. Prang Educational Co.
Garner, J. W. Introduction to Political Science. American Book Co.
Gospel, According to Saint Luke. With introduction and notes by A. S. Walpole. Frowde. 40 cents.
Grillparzer's König Ottokars Glück und Ende. Edited, with notes, by C. E. Eggert. Holt. 60 cents.
Gulick, S. L. and E. L. Growth of the Kingdom of God. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 50 cents net.
Hazen, C. D. Europe Since 1815. Holt. $3.
Heredia, J.-M. de. Les Trophés. Trans. by H. Johnson. Brunswick, Me.: F. W. Chandler & Son.
Hinchman, A. Poems. Cambridge: Riverside Press.
Hudson, H. B. Dictionary of Minneapolis and Vicinity. Minneapolis: Hudson Pub. Co. 25 cents.
Hulst, C. S. St. George of Cappadocia in Legend and History. London: D. Nutt. $3.
Johnson, G. E. What to Do at Recess. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Jordan, R., jr. The Gait of the American Trotter and Pacer. W. R. Jenkins Co. $3.50 net.
Lehman, E. Mysticism in Heathendom and Christendom. Trans. by G. M. G. Hunt, London: Luzac.
MacLean, A. M. Wage-Earning Women. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Macphail, A. Essays in Fallacy. Longmans.
McCutcheon, J. T. T. R. in Cartoons. Chicago: McClurg.
Mackenzie, W. M. Pompeii. Painted by A. Pisa. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
Margetson, G. R. Songs of Life. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.
Meredith Memorial Edition. Vols. XIII and XIV. The Egoist. Scribner. $2 per vol. Sold by subscription.
Miles, A. H. Original Poems, Ballads, and Tales in Verse. London: Stanley Paul.
Mitchell, J. A. Dr. Thorne's Idea. Doran Co. $1 net.
Mole, M. Vera of the Strong Heart. Putnam. $1.25 net.
Myers, G. History of the Great American Fortunes. Vol. III. Chicago: Kerr & Co.
Myers, G. W., and others. Second Year Mathematics. University of Chicago Press. $1.50 net.
National Lumber Manufacturers' Association. Report of Eighth Annual Convention, held in New Orleans, April 19. Chicago. 50 cents.
Nichols, A. B. An Easy German Reader. Holt. 40 cents.
Odum, H. W. Social and Mental Traits of the Negro. Columbia University.
Oman, C. W. C. Column and Line in the Peninsular War. Frowde.
Pater, W. The Renaisance: Studies in Art and Poetry. Macmillan. $2 net.
Ponting, H. G. In Lotus-Land Japan. Macmillan. $6 net.
Practical Real Estate Methods. Doubleday, Page. $2 net.
Public Service Commission Reports. Second District of New York. Vol. I. July 1, 1907, to April 1, 1909. Albany.
Reynolds, Mrs. B. Out of the Night. Doran Co. $1.20 net.
Schoil, J. W. Hesper-Phosphor, and Other Poems. Ann Arbor, Mich.: G. Wahr.
Seager, H. R. Social Insurance; a Program of Social Reform. Macmillan. $1 net.
Seibert, V. The Gossamer Thread. Boston: Small, Maynard.
Silber, M. Jewish Achievement. St. Louis: Modern View Pub. Co.
Skues, G. E. M. Minor Tactics of the Chalk Stream. Macmillan.
Students and the Present Missionary Crisis. Rochester Convention, 1910. Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions. $1.50.
Studies in English and Comparative Literature. By former and present students at Radcliffe College. Boston: Ginn.
Stutfield, H. E. M. The Sovranty of Society. London: Fisher Unwin.
Thayer, J. A. Astir, a Publishers' Life-Story. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.20 net.
Twain. Mark Twain's Speeches. Intro. by W. D. Howells. Harper. $2 net.
Willcocks, W. P. The Way Up. Lane Co. $1.50.
Williams, J. H. The Mountain That Was "God": Being a Little Book About the Great Peak Named "Rainier." Tacoma: J. H. Williams. $1 net.
Winternitz, M. General. Index to the names and subject-matter of the Sacred Books of the East. Frowde. $5.75.
Wright, C. W. Wool-Growing and the Tariff. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin. $2 net.
Xenophontis Opera Omnia. Tomus iv, Institutio Cyri. Frowde.

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